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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM

CHAUCER TO COWPER.

VOL. II.

1866

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

GOWER,	WYAT,
SKELTON,	GASCOIGNE,
HOWARD,	TURBERVILE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON; J. NICHOLS AND SON; R. BALDWIN; F. AND C. RIVINGTON; W. OTRIDGE AND SON; LEIGH AND SOTHEBY; R. FAULDER AND SON; G. NICHOL AND SON; T. PAYNE; G. ROBINSON; WILKIE AND ROBINSON; C. DAVIES; T. EGERTON; SCATCHERD AND LETTERMAN; J. WALKER; VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE; R. LEA; J. NUNN; LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.; J. STOCKDALE; CUTHELL AND MARTIN; CLARKE AND SONS; J. WHITE AND CO.; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME; CADELL AND DAVIES; J. BARKER; JOHN RICHARDSON; J. M. RICHARDSON; J. CARPENTER; B. CROSBY; E. JEFFERY; J. MURRAY; W. MILLER; J. AND A. ARCH; BLACK, PARRY, AND KINGSBURY; J. BOOKER; S. BAGSTER; J. HARDING; J. MACKINLAY; J. HATCHARD; R. H. EVANS; MATTHEWS AND LEIGH; J. MAWMAN; J. BOOTH; J. ASPERNE; P. AND W. WYNNE; AND W. GRACE. DEIGHTON AND SON AT CAMBRIDGE, AND WILSON AND SON AT YORK.

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THE

CONFESSIO AMANTIS

OF

GOWER.

THE

LIFE OF JOHN GOWER.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

AMONG the few poets who flourished in the first periods of our poetical history, the name of Gower has been handed down to us with peculiar honour, as fit to be coupled with that of Chaucer, to whom some have supposed he was prior in his attempt to meliorate our poetry, and others have asserted that he was the early guide and encourager of Chaucer's studies. Yet there is not much in this, were it confirmed, to detract from Chaucer's superiority. Gower might have possessed the judgment of a critic, without the fire of a poet; and it is not uncommon for a pupil to excel his master. We know, however, too little of the history of either, to believe that they stood in these relations, and the point of precedency must still remain conjectural, while we have more substantial evidence that as an English poet Gower was far inferior to his great contemporary.

John Gower is supposed to have been born before Chaucer, but of what family, or in what part of the kingdom, is uncertain. Leland was informed that he was of the ancient family of the Gowers of Stitenham, in Yorkshire, and succeeding biographers appear to have taken for granted what that eminent antiquary gives only as a report. Other particulars from Leland are yet more doubtful, as that he was a knight and some time chief justice of the Common Pleas, for no information respecting any judge of that name can be collected either in the reign of Edward II. during which he is said to have been on the bench, or afterwards. Weaver asserts that he was of a Kentish family, and, in Caxton's edition of the Confessio Amantis, he is said to have been a native of Wales.

He appears, however, to have studied law, and was a member of the Society of the Middle Temple, where it is supposed he met with, and acquired the friendship of Chaucer. The similarity of their studies, and their taste for poetry, were not the only bonds of union. Their political bias was nearly the same. Chaucer attached himself to John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, and Gower to Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, both uncles to king Richard II. The tendency of the Confessio Amantis in censuring the vices of the clergy coincides with Chaucer's sentiments, and although

we have no direct proof of those mutual arguings and disputes between them, which Leland speaks of, there can be no doubt that their friendship was at one time interrupted. Chaucer concludes his Troilus and Cresside, with recommending it to the corrections of "moral Gower," and "philosophical Strode;" and Gower, in the Confessio Amantis, introduces Venus praising Chaucer "as her disciple and poete." Such was their mutual respect; its decline is less intelligible. Mr. Tyrwhit says, "If the reflection (in the Prologue to the Man of Lawes Tale, ver. 4497.) upon those who relate such stories as that of Canace, or of Apollonius Tyrius, was levelled at Gower, as I very much suspect, it will be difficult to reconcile such an attack to our notions of the strict friendship which is generally supposed to have subsisted between the two bards. The attack too at this time must appear the more extraordinary on the part of our bard, as he is just going to put into the mouth of his Man of Lawe a tale, of which almost every circumstance is borrowed from Gower. The fact is, that the story of Canace is related by Gower in his Confessio Amantis, B. iii. and the story of Apollonius (or Apollynus, as he is there called) in the viiith book of the same work: so that, if Chaucer really did not mean to reflect upon his old friend, his choice of these two instances was rather unlucky."

"There is another circumstance," says the same critic, "which rather inclines me to believe, that their friendship suffered some interruption in the latter part of their lives. In the new edition of the Confessio Amantis, which Gower published after the accession of Henry IV. the verses in praise of Chaucer (fol. 190. b. col. 1. ed. 1532.) are omitted. See MS. Harl. 3869. Though perhaps the death of Chaucer at that time had rendered the compliment contained in those verses less proper than it was at first, that alone does not seem to have been a sufficient reason for omitting them, especially as the original date of the work, in the 16 of Richard II. is preserved. Indeed the only other alterations, which I have been able to discover, are towards the beginning and end, where every thing which had been said in praise of Richard in the first edition, is either left out or converted to the use of his successor[1]."

As this is the only evidence of a difference between Chaucer and Gower, we may be allowed to hope that no violent loss of friendship ensued. As to their poetical studies, it is evident that there was a remarkable difference of opinion and pursuit. Chaucer had the courage to emancipate his muse from the trammels of French, in which it was the fashion to write, and the genius to lay the foundation of English poetry, taste and imagination. Gower, probably from his closer intimacy with the French and Latin poets, found it more easy to follow the beaten track. Accordingly the first of his works was written in French measure. It is entitled "SPECULUM MEDITANTIS, Un Traitteé, selonc les auctеurs, pour ensampler les amants marietz, au fins qils la foy de lour seints espousailles, pourront per fine loyalte guarder, et al honeur de Dieu salvement tener." Of this, which is written in Ten Books, there are two copies in the Bodleian library. It is a compilation of precepts and examples from a variety of authors, in favour of the chastity of the marriage bed.

His next work is in Latin, entitled VOX CLAMANTIS. Of this there are many copies extant; that in the Cottonian library is more fully entitled "Johannis Gower Chronica, quæ Vox Clamantis dicitur, siue Poema de Insurrexione Rusticorum contra ingenuos et nobiles, tempore Regis Richardi II. et De Causis ex quibus talia contingunt

[1] Introductory Discourse to the Canterbury Tales, § xiv. and note 15. C.

Enormia: libris septem." Some lesser pieces are annexed to this copy, historical and moral. That in the library of All Souls College, Oxford, appears to have been written, or rather dictated, when he was old and blind. It has an epistle in Latin verse prefixed, and addressed in these words; "Hanc epistolam subscriptam corde devoto, misit senex et cæcus Johannes Gower, reuerendissimo in Christo patri ac domino suo principio D. Thomæ Arundel Cantuar. Archiepiscopo, &c. Pr. Successor Thomæ, Thomas humilem tibi do me." This, therefore, is supposed to have been the last transcript he made of this work, probably near the close of his life. Mr. Warton is of opinion that it was first written in 1397.

The CONFESSIO AMANTIS, which entitles him to a place among English poets, was finished probably in 1393, after Chaucer had written most of his poems, but before he composed the Canterbury Tales. It is said to have been begun at the suggestion of King Richard II. who meeting him accidentally on the Thames, called him into the royal barge, and enjoined him "to booke some new thing." It was first printed by Caxton in 1493. In 1516, Barclay, the author of the Ship of Fools, was requested by sir Giles Aylington to abridge or modernize the Confessio Amantis. Barclay was then old and infirm, and declined it, as Mr. Warton thinks, very prudently, as he was little qualified to correct Gower. This anecdote, however, shews that Gower had already become obsolete. Skelton, in the Boke of Philip Sparrow, says "Gower's Englishe is old." Dean Colet studied Gower as well as Chaucer and Lydgate, in order to improve his style. In Puttenham's age, about the end of the sixteenth century, their language was out of use. In the mean time, a second edition of the Confessio Amantis was printed by Berthelette in 1532, a third in 1544, and a fourth in 1554. At the distance of two centuries and a half, a fifth is now presented to the public. The only stain on his character, which Mr. Ritson has urged with asperity, but which is obscurely discernible, is the alteration he made in this work on the accession of Henry IV. and his consequent disrespect for the memory of Richard, to whom he formerly looked up as to a patron.

The only other circumstances of his history are, that he was esteemed a man of great learning, and lived and died in affluence. That he possessed a munificent spirit, we have a most decisive proof in his contributing largely, if not entirely, to the rebuilding of the conventual church of St. Mary Overry, or, as it is now called, St. Saviour's church, Southwark, and afterwards founded a chauntry in the chapel of St. John, now used as a vestry.

He appears to have lost his sight in the first year of Henry IV. and did not long survive this misfortune, dying at an advanced age in 1402. He was interred in St. Saviour's church, and a monument was afterwards erected to his memory, which, although it has suffered by dilapidations and injudicious repairs, still retains a considerable portion of antique magnificence. It is of the Gothic style, covered with three arches, the roof within springing into many angles, under which lies the statue of the deceased, in a long purple gown; on his head a coronet of roses, resting on three volumes entitled *Vox Clamantis*, *Speculum Meditantis*, and *Confessio Amantis*. His dress has given rise to some of those conjectures respecting his history which cannot now be determined, as his being a knight, a judge, &c.

Besides these larger works, some small poems are preserved in a MS. of Trinity College, Cambridge, but possessing little or no merit are likely to remain in obscurity[2].

[2] Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica, art. Gower. C.

Mr. Warton speaks more highly of a collection, contained in a volume, in the library of the marquis of Stafford, of which he has given a long account, with specimens. They are sonnets in French, and certainly are more tender, pathetic, and poetical than his larger poems. As an English poet, however, his reputation must still rest on the Confessio Amantis, but although he contributed in some degree to bring about a beneficial revolution in our language, it appears to be the universal opinion of the critics that he has very few pretensions to be ranked among inventors. Mr. Warton's analysis of the Confessio will be no improper apology for the meagerness of this biographical article.

The Confessio Amantis, "is a dialogué between a lover and his confessor, who is a priest of Venus, and like the mystagogue in the Picture of Cebes, is called GENIUS. Here, as if it had been impossible for a lover not to be a good catholic, the ritual of religion is applied to the tender passion, and Ovid's Art of Love is blended with the breviary. In the course of the confession, every evil affection of the human heart, which may tend to impede the progress or counteract the success of love, is scientifically subdivided: and its fatal effects exemplified by a variety of apposite stories, extracted from classics and chronicles. The poet often introduces or recapitulates his matter in a few couplets of Latin long and short verses. This was in imitation of Boethius.

"This poem is strongly tinctured with those pedantic affectations concerning the passion of love, which the French and Italian poets of the fourteenth century borrowed from the troubadours of Provence. But the writer's particular model appears more immediately to have been John of Meun's celebrated ROMAUNT DE LA ROSE. He has, however, seldom attempted to imitate the picturesque imagerics, and expressive personifications, of that exquisite allegory. His most striking portraits, which yet are conceived with no powers of creation, nor delineated with any fertility of fancy, are Idleness, Avarice, Micherie or Thieving, and Negligence, the secretary of Sloth. Instead of boldly clothing these qualities with corporeal attributes, aptly and poetically imagined, he coldly, yet sensibly, describes their operations, and enumerates their properties. What Gower wanted in invention, he supplied from his common-place book; which appears to have been stored with an inexhaustible fund of instructive maxims, pleasant narrations, and philosophical definitions. It seems to have been his object to crowd all his erudition into this elaborate performance. Yet there is often some degree of contrivance and art in his manner of introducing and adapting subjects of a very distant nature, and which are totally foreign to his general design.

"In the fourth book, our confessor turns chemist; and discoursing at large on the Hermetic science, developes its principles, and exposes its abuses, with great penetration. He delivers the doctrines concerning the vegetable, mineral, and animal stones, to which Falstaffe alludes in Shakspeare, with amazing accuracy and perspicuity; although this doctrine was adopted from systems then in vogue. In another place he applies the Argonautic expedition in search of the golden fleece, which he relates at length, to the same visionary philosophy. Gower very probably conducted his associate Chaucer into those profound mysteries, which had been just opened to our countrymen by the books of Roger Bacon.

"In the seventh book, the whole circle of the Aristotelic philosophy is explained; which our lover is desirous to learn, supposing that the importance and variety of its speculations might conduce to sooth his anxieties by diverting and engaging his attention. Such a discussion was not very likely to afford him much consolation: especially, as hardly a single ornamental digression is admitted, to decorate a field

naturally so destitute of flowers. Almost the only one is the description of the chariot and crown of the sun; in which the Arabian ideas concerning precious stones are interwoven with Ovid's fictions and the classical mythology.

"Perhaps, in estimating Gower's merit, I have pushed the notion too far, that because he shews so much learning he had no great share of natural abilities. But it should be considered, that when books began to grow fashionable, and the reputation of learning conferred the highest honour, poets became ambitious of being thought scholars: and sacrificed their native powers of invention to the ostentation of displaying an extensive course of reading, and to the pride of profound erudition. On this account, the minstrels of these times, who were totally uneducated, and poured forth spontaneous rhymes in obedience to the workings of nature, often exhibit more genuine strokes of passion and imagination than the professed poets. Chaucer is an exception to this observation: whose original feelings were too strong to be suppressed by books, and whose learning was overbalanced by genius.

"This affectation of appearing learned, which yet was natural on the revival of literature, in our old poets, even in those who were altogether destitute of talents, has left to posterity many a curious picture of manners, and many a romantic image. Some of our ancient bards, however, aimed at no other merit than that of being able to versify: and attempted nothing more, than to cloath in rhyme those sentiments, which would have appeared with equal propriety in prose[3]."

Mr. Warton's account of the sonnets in the marquis of Stafford's library occurs in the emendations and additions to his second volume.

In this library "there is a thin oblong manuscript on vellum, containing some of Gower's poems in Latin, French, and English. By an entry in the first leaf, in the hand-writing, and under the signature, of Thomas Fairfax, Cromwell's general, an antiquarian, and a lover and collector of curious manuscripts, it appears, that this book was presented by the poet Gower, about the year 1400, to Henry the Fourth; and that it was given by lord Fairfax to his *friend and kinsman* sir Thomas Gower, knight and baronet, in the year 1656. By another entry, lord Fairfax acknowledges to have received it, in the same year, as a present, from *that learned gentleman* Charles Gedde, esq. of St. Andrews in Scotland; and at the end are five or six Latin anagrams on Gedde, written and signed by lord Fairfax, with this title, 'In NOMEN venerandi et annosi Amici sui Caroli Geddei.' By king Henry the Fourth it seems to have been placed in the royal library: it appears at least to have been in the hands of king Henry the Seventh, while earl of Richmond, from the name Rychemond, inserted in another of the blank leaves at the beginning, and explained by this note, 'Liber Henrici septimi tunc Comitis Richmond, propria manu scripsit.' This manuscript is neatly written, with miniated and illuminated initials: and contains the following pieces. I. A Panegyric in stanzas, with a Latin prologue or rubric in seven hexameters, on king Henry the Fourth. This poem, commonly called *Carmen de pacis commendatione in laudem Henrici quarti*, is printed in Chaucer's works (Vol. I. p. 548). II. A short Latin poem in elegiacs on the same subject, beginning, '*Rex cæli deus et dominus qui tempora solus.*' (MSS. Cotton. Otho. D. 1. 4.) This is followed by ten other very short pieces, both in French and English, of the same tendency. III. CINKANTE BALADES, or fifty sonnets in French. Part of the first is illegible. They are closed with the following epilogue and colophon:

[3] Hist. of Poetry, Vol. ii. 1—31 passim. C.

O gentill Engletere a toi iescrits,
Pour remembrer ta ioie qest nouelle,
Qe te survient du noble Roy Henris,
Par qui dieus ad redreste ta querele,
A dieu purceo prient et cil et celle,
Qil de sa grace, au fort Roi corone,
Doignit peas, honour, ioie et prosperite.

Expliciunt carmina Iohis Gower que Gallice compesita BALADES *dicuntur.* IV. Two short Latin poems in elegiacs, the first beginning, '*Ecce patet tensus ceci Cupidinis arcus.*' The second, '*O Natura viri potuit quam tollere nemo.*' V. A French poem, imperfect at the beginning, On the Dignity or Excellence of Marriage, in one book. The subject is illustrated by examples. As no part of this poem was ever printed, I transcribe one of the stories.

"Qualiter Iason uxorem suam Medeam relinquens, Creusam Creontis regis filiam sibi carnaliter copulavit. Verum ipse cum duobis filiis suis postea infortunatus periit."

Li prus Iason qeu lisle de Colchos
Le toison dor, pour laide de Medee
Conquist dont il donour portoit grant loos
Par tout le monde encourt la renomee
La joefne dame oue soi ad amenee
De son pays en Grece et lespousa
Ffreinte espousaile dieus le vengera.
Quant Medea meulx qui de etre en repos
Ove son mari et qelle avoit porte
Deux fils de luy lors changea le purpos
El quelle Iason permer fuist oblige
Il ad del tout Medeam refuse
Si prist la file au roi Creon Creusa
Ffrenite espousaile dieux le vengera.
Medea qot le coer de dolour cloos
En son corous et ceo fuist grant pite
Sas joefnes fils queux et jadis en clos
Veniz ses costees ensi com forseue
Devant ses oels Iason ele ad tue
Ceo qeu fuist fait pecche le fortuna
Ffrenite espousaile dieux le vengera.

Towards the end of the piece, the poet introduces an apology for any inaccurracies, which, as an Englishman, he may have committed in the French idiom.

Al universite de tout le monde
IOHAN GOWER ceste Balade evoie;
Et si ieo nai da Francois faconde,

Pardonetz moi qe ieo de ceo forsvoie.
Ieo suis Englois: si quier par tiele voie
Etre excuse mais quoique mills endie
L' amonr parfait en dieu se justifie.

It is finished with a few Latin hexameters, viz. "Quis sit vel qualis sacer order connubialis." This poem occurs at the end of two valuable folio manuscripts, illuminated and on vellum, in the Bodleian library, viz. MSS. Fairfax. iii. and NE. F. 8. 9. Also in the manuscript at All Souls college, Oxford, MSS xxvi. And in MSS. Harl. 3869. In all these, and, I believe, in many others, it is properly connected with the Confessio Amantis by the following rubric. "Puisqu' il ad dit cidevant en Englois, par voie dessample, la sotie de cellui qui par amours aimie par especial, dirra ore apres en Francois a tout le mond en general une traitie selonc les auctors, pour essemplar les amants mariez, &c. It begins

Le creature du tout creature.

"But the Cinquante Balades, or fifty French sonnets above-mentioned, are the curious and valuable part of (this) manuscript. They are not mentioned by those who have written the life of this poet, or have catalogued his works. Nor do they appear in any other manuscript of Gower which I have examined. But if they should be discovered in any other, I will venture to pronounce, that a more authentic, unembarrassed, and practicable copy than this before us, will not be produced: although it is for the most part unpointed, and obscured with abbreviations, and with those mispellings which flowed from a scribe unacquainted with the French language.

"To say no more, however, of the value which these little pieces may derive from being so scarce and so little known, they have much real and intrinsic merit. They are tender, pathetic, and poetical; and place our old poet Gower in a more advantageous point of view than that in which he hitherto been usually seen. I know not if even any among the French poets themselves, of this period, have left a set of more finished sonnets: for they were probably written when Gower was a young man, about the year 1350. Nor had yet any English poet treated the passion of love with equal delicacy of sentiment, and elegance of composition. I will transcribe four of these Balades as correctly and intelligibly as I am able: although I must confess, there are some lines which I do not exactly comprehend.

BALADE XXXVI.

Pour comparer ce jolif temps de Maij.
Ieo dirrai semblable a Paradis:
Car lors chantoit et merle et papegai,
Les champs sont vert, les herbes sont floris:
Lors est Nature dame du paijs:
Dont Venus poignt l'amant a tiel assai,
Qencoutre amour nest qui poet dire Nai.

Quant tout ceo voi, et que ieo penserai,
Coment Nature ad tout le mond suspris.
Dont pour le temps se fait minote et gai,
Et ieo des autres suis souleni horspris,
Com al qui sanz amie est vrais amis,
Nest pas mervaile lors si ieo mesmai,
Qencontre amour nest qui poet dire Nai.

En lieu de rose, urtie cuillerai,
Dont mes chapeals ferrai par tiel devis,
Qe tout ioie et confort ieo lerrai,
Si celle soule en qui iai mon coer mis,
Selonc le ponit qe iai sovent requis,
Ne deigne alegger les griefs mals qe iai,
Qencontre amour nest qui poet dire Nai.

Pour pite querre et pourchacer intris,
Va ten balade ou ieo tenvoierai,
Qore en certain ieo lai tresbien apris
Qencontre amour nest qui poet dire Nai.

BALADE XXXIV.

Saint Valentin, l'Amour, et la Nature,
Des touts oiseals ad en gouernement,
Dont chascun deaux, semblable a sa mesure,
Un compaigne honeste a son talent
Eslist, tout dun accord et dun assent,
Pour celle soule laist a covenir:
Toutes les autres car nature aprent
Ou li coers est le corps falt obeir.

Ma doulce Dame, ensi ieo vous assure,
Qe ieo vous ai eslieu semblablement,
Sur toutes autres estes a dessure
De mon amour si tresentierement,
Qe riens y falt pourquoi ioiousement,
De coer et corps ieo vous voldrai servir,
Car de reson cest une experiment
Ou li coers est le corps falt obeir.

Pour remembrer iadis celle aventure
De Alceone et ceix enseinent,
Com dieus muoit en oisel lour figure,
Ma volente serroit tout tielement
Qe sans envie et danger de la gent,
Nous porroions ensemble pour loisir
Voler tout francs en votre esbatement
Ou li coers est le corps falt obeir.

Ma belle oisel, vers qui mon pensement
Seu vole ades sanz null contretenir
Preu cest escript car ieo sai voirement
Ou li coers est le corps fait obeir.

BALADE XLIII.

Plustricherous qe Iason a Medee,
A Deianire ou q' Ercules estoit,
Plus q' Eneas q' avoit Dido lassee,
Plue qe Theseus q' Adriagne [a] amoit,
Ou Demophon qui Phillis oubliot,
Te trieus, helas, qamer iadis soloie,
Dont chanterai desore en mon endroit
Cest ma doulour qe fuist amicois ma joie.

Unques Ector qama Pantasilee [b].
En tiele haste a Troie ne sarmoit,
Qe tu tout mid nes deniz le lit couche
Amis as toutes quelques venir doit,
Ne poet chaloir mais qune femme y soit,
Si es comun plus qe la halte voie,
Helas, qe la fortune me deçoit,
Cest ma dolour qe fuist amicois ma joie.

De Lancelot si fuissetz remembre,
Et de Tristans, coin il se countenoit,
Generides [c], Fflorent [d], par Tonope [e],
Chascun des ceaux sa loialte gardoit;
Mais tu, helas, qest ieo qe te forsvoit
De moi qa toi iamais mill iour falsoie,
Tu es a large et ieo sui en destroit,
Cest ma dolour qe fuist amicois ma joie.

Des touta les mals tu qes le plus maloit,
Ceste compleignte a ton oraille envoie
Sante me laist, et langour me recoit,
Cest ma dolour qe fuist amicois ma joie.

BALADE XX.

Si com la nief, quant le fort vent tempeste,
Pur halte mier se torna ci et la,
Ma dame, ensi mon coer manit en tempeste,
Quant le danger de vo parrole orra,
Le nief qe votre bouche soufflera,

[a] Ariadne. [b] Penthesilea. [c] A name corruptly written. [d] Florence de Rome. [e] Parthenope, or Parthenopeus.

Me fait sigler sur le peril de vie,
Qest en danger falt quil mera supplie.

Rois Ulyxes, sicom nos dist la Geste,
Vers son paiis de Troie qui sigla,
Not tiel paour du peril et moleste,
Quant les Sereines en la mier passa,
Et la danger de Circes eschapa,
Qe le paour nest plus de ma partie,
Qest en danger falt quil mera supplie.

Danger qui tolt damour tout la feste,
Unques un mot de confort ne sona,
Ainz plus cruel qe nest la fiere beste
Au point quant danger me respondera.
La chiere porte et quant le nai dirra,
Plusque la mort mestoie celle oie
Qest en danger falt quil mera supplie.

Vers vous, ma bone dame, horspris cella,
Qe danger manit en votre compainie,
Cest balade en mon message irra
Qest en danger falt quil mera supplie."

TO

THE MOSTE VICTORIOUS, AND OUR MOSTE GRACIOUS SOUERAIGNE LORDE

KYNGE HENRY THE VIII.

KYNGE OF ENGLANDE AND OF FRANCE, DEFENDER OF THE FAYTH, AND LORDE OF IRELANDE, &c.

PLUTARKE writeth, whan Alexander had discomfite Darius the kynge of Perse, amonge other iewels of the saide kynges, there was founde a curious littell cheste of great value, which the noble king Alexander beholding saide: This same shall serue for Homere.

Whiche is noted for the greate loue and fauour, that Alexander had vnto lernyng: But this I thynke verily, that his loue and fauour therto, was not so great as your gracis: whiche caused me, moste victorious, and moste redoubted soueraigne lorde, after I had printed this warke, to deuise with my selfe, whether I might be so bolde to presente your highnesse with one of them, and so in your graces name put them forth. Your moste high and moste princely maiestee abashed and cleane discouraged me so to do, both because the present (as concernynge the value) was farre to simple (as me thought) and because it was none other wise my acte, but as I toke some peyne to printe it more correctly than it was before. And thoughe I shulde saie, it was not muche greatter peyne to that excellent clerke the morall Iohan Gower, to compile the same noble warke, than it was to me to print it, no man will beleue it, without conferringe both the printes, the olde and myn together. And as I stode in this bashment, I remembred your incomparable Clemencie, the whiche, as I haue my selfe sometyme sene, moste graciously accepteth the sklender giftes of small value, which your highnes perceiued were offred with great and louinge affection, and that not onely of the nobuls and great estates, but also of your meane subiectes: the whiche so muche boldeth me againe, that though I of all other am your moste humble subiecte and seruaunte, yet my herte geueth me, that your highnesse, as ye are accustomed to do, woll of your moste benigne nature consider, that I wolde with as good will, if it were as well in my power giue vnto your grace the most goodliest and largest cite of al the worlde. And this more ouer I very well knowe, that both the nobles and commons of this your noble royalme, shall the sooner accepte this boke, the gladlier rede it, and be the more diligent to marke and beare awey the morall doctrines of the same, whan they shal see it come forthe vnder your graces name, whom thei with all their very hertes so truely loue and drede, whom they knowe so excellently well lerned, whom they euer fynde so good, so iuste, and so gracious a prince. And who so euer in redynge of this warke, doth consider it well, shall fynde, that it is plentifully stuffed and fournished with manifolde eloquent reasons, sharpe and quicke argumentes, and examples of great auctoritee, perswadynge vnto vertue, not onely taken out of the poetes, oratours, historie writers, and philosophers, but also out of the holy scripture. There is to my dome no man, but that he maie by readinge of this warke get right great knowlage, as well for the vnderstandynge of many and diuers auctours, whose reasons, sayenges, and histories are translated in to this warke, as for the pleintie of englishe wordes and vulgars, beside the furtherance of the life to vertue. Whiche olde englishe wordes and vulgars no wise man, because of their antiquitee will throwe aside. For the writers of later daies, the which began to loth and hate these olde vulgars, whan they them selfe wolde write in our english tonge, were constreigned to bringe in, in their writynges, newe termes (as some call them) whiche thei borowed out of latine, frenche, and other langages, whiche caused, that they that vnderstode not those langages, from whens these newe vulgars are fette, coude not perceiue their writynges.

And though our most alowed olde autors did otherwhile vse to borowe of other langages, either because of their metre, or elles for lacke of a feete englishe worde, yet that ought not to be a presidente to vs, to heape them in, where as nedeth not, and where as we haue all redie wordes approued and receiued, of the same effecte and strength. The whiche if any man wante, let hym resorte to this worthy olde writer Iohn Gower, that shal as a lanterne giue him lighte to write cunningly, and to garnishe his sentences in our vulgare tonge. The which noble auctour, I prostrate at your graces feete, most lowly present, and beseche your highnes, that it maie go forth vnder your graces fauour. And I shall euer praie: God that is almightie preserue your roiall maiestee in moste longe continuance of all welthe, honour, glorie, and grace infinite. Amen.

TO THE REDER.

In time past whan this warke was printed, I can not coniecte, what was the cause therof, the prologue before was cleane altered. And by that mene it wolde seme, that Gower did compile it at the requeste of the noble duke Henry of Lancastre. And although the bokes that be written, be contrarie, yet I haue folowed therin the print copie, for as muche as it maie serue bothe waies, and because moste copies of the same warke are in printe: but yet I thought it good to warne the reder, that the writen copies do not agree with the printed. Therfore I haue printed here, those same lines, that I fynde in the written copies. The whiche alteracion ye shall perceiue began at the xxiii. line in the prologue, and goth forth on, as ye se here folowyng.

In our englisshe I thinke make
A boke for kynge Richardes sake,
To whom belongeth my ligeance
With all my hertes obeisance,
In all that euer a liege man
Vnto his kynge maie done or can,
So farforth I me recommande
To hym, whiche all me maie commande,
Preiende vnto the high reigne,
Whiche causeth euery kynge to reigne,
That his corone longe stonde.
I thynke and haue it vnderstonde,
As it befill vpon a tide,
As thynge, whiche shulde tho betide,
Under the towne of newe Troie,
Whiche toke of Brute his firste ioye,
In Themse, whan it was flowende,
As I by bote came rowende:
So as fortune hir tyme sette,
My liege lorde perchance I mette.
And so befelle as I cam nigh,
Out of my bote, whan he me sigh,
He had me come into his barge.
And whan I was with hym at large,
Amonges other thynges seyde,
He hath this charge vpon me leyde,
And bad me do my businesse,
That to his high worthinesse
Some newe thynge I shulde boke,
That he hym selfe it might loke,
After the forme of my writynge
And this vpon his commandyng
Myn herte is well the more glad
To write so as he me bad.
And eke my feare is well the lasse,
That none enuie shall compasse,
Without a reasonable wite
To feige and blame that I write.

A gentill herte his tonge stilleth,
That it malice none distilleth
But preiseth, that is to be preised:
But he that hath his worde vnpeised
And handleth with ronge any thynge,
I praie vnto the heuen kynge,
Fro suche tonges he me shilde.
And netheles this worlde is wilde.
Of suche ianglyng and what befall,
My kynges heste shall not falle,
That I in hope to deserue
His thonke, ne shall his will obserue
And els were I nought excused.
For that thyng maie nought be refused,
What that a kynge hym selfe bit.
For thy the simplest of my wit
I thynke if that it maie auaile,
In his seruice to trauaile
Though I sickenes haue vpon honde,
And longe haue had, yet woll I fonde,
So as I made my behieste,
To make a boke after his heste,
And write in suche a maner wise,
Whiche maie be wisedome to the wise,
And plaie to hem that list to plaie.
But in prouerbe I haue herde saie,
That who that well his warke beginneth,
The rather a good ende he winneth.*
And thus the prologue of my boke,
After the worlde, that whilom toke,
And eke somdele after the newe,
I woll begyn for to newe.

And thus I saie for these lxx. lynes, there be as many other printed, that be cleane contrarie vnto these, both in sentence and in meanyng. Farthermore there were lefte out in diuers places of the warke lines and columes, ye and sometyme holle padges, whiche caused, that this moste pleasant and easy auctour coude not well be perceiued: for that and chaungeyng of wordes, and misordrynge of sentences, wolde haue mased his mynde in redyng, that had ben very well lerned: and what can be a greatter blemisshe vnto a noble auctour? And for to preise worthily vnto you the great lernyng of this auctour, I knowe my selfe right muche vnable, ye shal your selfe now deme, whan ye shall see hym (as nere as I can) set forth in his owne shappe and likenes. And this the mene tyme I maie be bolde to saie, that if we shulde neuer haue seue his conuyng warkes, the whiche euen at the full do witnesse, what a clerke he was, the wordes of the moste famous and excellente Geffraie Chaucer, that he wrote in the ende of his moste speciall warke, that is intitled Troilus and Creseide, do sufficiently testifie the same, where he saith:

O morall Gower, this boke I directe
To the, and to the philosophicall Strode
To vouchsafe, ther nede is, to correcte
Of your benignitee and zeles good.

By the whiche wordes of Chaucer, we maie also vnderstonde, that he and Gower were bothe of one selfe tyme, bothe excellently lerned, both great frendes to gether, and both a like endeuoured them selfes and imploied their tyme so well and so vertuously, that thei did not onely passe forth their lifes hertofore honorably, but also for their so doynge, so longe (of likelyhode) as letters shall endure

and continue, this noble roialme shall be the better, ouer and beside their honest fame and renowme. And thus whan thei had gone their iourney, the one of them, that is to saie, Iohn Gower prepared for his bones a restynge place in the monasterie of saynt Marie Oueres, where somwhat after the olde facion he lieth right sumptuously buried, with a garlande on his head, in token that he in his life daies flourisshed fresshely in literature and science. And the same monumente, in remembrance of hym erected, is on the North side of the fore saide churche, in the chapell of sainte Iohn, where he hath of his owne foundacion, a masse daily songe. And more ouer he hath an obite yerely, done for hym within the same churche, on fridaie after the feaste of the blessed pope saynte Gregorie.

Beside on the wall where he lieth, there be peinted three virgins, with crownes on their heades, one whiche is written Charitie, and she holdeth this diuise in hir honde.

En toy qui es fitz de dieu le pere
Sauue soit, que gist souz cest piere.

The seconde is written Mercie, whiche holdeth in hir hande this diuise:

O Sone Jesu fait ta mercie
Al alme, dont le corpe gist icy.

The thyrde of them is written Pitee, whiche holdeth in hir hande this deuise folowynge.

Pur ta Pité Jesu regarde,
Et met cest alme in sauue garde.

And thereby hongeth a table, wherin appereth, that who so euer praith for the soule of Iohn Gower, he shall so oft as he so doth, haue a M. and. D. dates of pardon.

The other lieth buried in the monasterie of seynt Peters at westminster in an ile on the south side of the churche. On whose soules, and all christen, Iesu haue merie. Amen.

POEMS

OF

JOHN GOWER.

PROLOGUS.

Hic imprimis declarat Joanes Gower, quam ob causam presentem libellum composuit, & finaliter compleuit, An. regni regis Ric. secundi. 16.

OF them, that writen vs to fore
The bokes dwelte: and we therfore
Ben taught of that was writen tho,
For thy good is, that we also
In our tune amonge vs here
Do write of newe some mattere
Ensampled of the olde wise
So that it might in suche a wise
Whan we be deade and els where
Beleue to the worldes ere
In tyme comyng after this
And for men seyne, and sothe it is,
That who that all of wisdome write
It dulleth ofte a mans witte.
To hym that shall it all daie rede
For thilke cause if that ye rede
I wyll go the middell wey
And write a boke bytwene the twey
Somwhat of lust, and somwhat of lore
That of the lasse, or of the more
Some man maie like of that I write
And for that few men endite
In our englisshe, for to make
A booke for Englandes sake
The yere xvi. of kynge Richarde
What shall befalle here afterwarde
God wote, for nowe vpon this tide
Men see the worlde on euery side
In sondrie wise so diuersed
That it well nigh stant all reuersed.
Als for to speake of time ago
The cause why it changeth so
It nedeth nought to specifie,
The thynge so open is at the eie
That euery man it maie beholde,
And netheles by daies olde,
Whan that the bokes wer en cuer,
Writyng was beloued euer
Of them, that weren vertuous.
For here in erthe amonge vs
If no man write howe it stode,
The pris of them that were good
Shulde (as who saiyh a great partie)
Be loste: so for to magnifie
The worthy princes, that tho were.
The bookes shewen here and there
Wherof the worlde ensampled is
And tho that diden than amis
Through tyrannie and crueltee
Right as thei stonden in degree,
So was the writyng of the werke.
Thus I, whiche am a borell clerke,
Purpose for to write a booke
After the worlde that whilom toke
Longe time in olde daies passed.
But for men seyn it is now lassed
In wers plight than it was tho,
I thynke for to tonche also
The worlde, whiche neweth euery daie
So as I can, so as I maie
Though I sekenesse haue vpon honde
And longe haue had, yet wolde I fonde
To write, and do my besinesse,
That in some partie, so as I gesse,
The wise man maie be aduised.
For this prologue is so assised
That it to wisedome all belongeth,
That wise man that it vnderfongeth,
He shall draw into remembrance
The fortune of the worldes chance,
The whiche no man in his persone
Maie knowe, but the god alone.
Whan the prologue is so dispended
The boke shall afterwarde be ended

Of Ioue. whiche dothe many a wonder,
And many a wise man hath put vnder.
And in this wise I thynke to treate
Towarde them, that nowe be greate,
Betwene the vertue and the vice,
Whiche longeth vnto this office.
But for my wittes ben to smale
To telle euery mans tale
This booke vpon amendement
To stonde at his commandement
With whom mine herte is of accorde,
I sende vnto mine owne lorde,
Whiche of Lancaster is Henry named
The hygh God hath hym proclamed
Full of knyghthode and all grace,
So wolde I nowe this werke embrace
God graunte I mote it well acheue
With whole truste and whole beleue.

Tempus præteritum præsens fortuna beatum
Linquit, & antiquas vertit in orbe vias.
Progenuit veterem concors dilectio pacem,
Dum facies hominis nuncia mentis erat.
Legibus vnicolor tunc temporis aura refulsit,
Iustitiæ planæ tuncque fuere viæ.
Nunc que latens odius vultum depingit amoris,
Paceque sub ficta tempus ad arma tegit.
Instar & ex variis mutabile cameliontis
Lex gerit, & regnis sunt noua iura nouis.
Climataque fuerant solidissima, sicque per orbem
Soluuntur, nec eó centra quietis habent.

De statu, regnoque, vt dicunt, secundum temporalia,
Vi delicet tempore regis Richardi secundi, Anno
regni sui sextodecimo.

If I shall drawe in to my mynde
The time passed, than I fynde
The worlde stode in all his welthe.
Tho was the life of man in helth,
Tho was plentee, tho was richesse,
Tho was the fortune, tho was prowesse,
Tho was knighthode in price by name,
Wherof the wide worldes fame
Write in cronicles is yet withholde,
Justice of lawe tho was holde,
The priuilege of regalie
Was safe, and all the Baronie
Worshipped was in his astate,
The cities knewe no debate,
The people stode in obeisance
Under the rule of gouernance
And peace with vnrightwisenesse keste
With charitee tho stode in reste:
Of mans herte the courage
Was shewed then in the visage.
The worde was like to the conceite,
Without semblant of deceite.
Tho was there vnenuied loue,
Tho was vertue set aboue,
And vyce was put vnder foote,
Nowe stante the crope vnder the roote.
The worlde is changed ouerall,
And therof moste in speciall
That loue is falle in to discorde,
And that I take in to recorde
Of euery lande for his partie
The common voice, whiche maie not lie,
Nought vpon one, but vpon all
Is that men nowe clepe and calle,
And seyn, that reignes bene deuided,
In stede of loue is hate guided.
The warre woll no peace purchace,
And lawe hath take hir double face,
So that Iestice out of the waie
With rightwisenes is gone awaie.
And thus to loke on euery halue
Men sene the sore without salue,
Whiche all the worlde hath ouertake
There is no reigne of all out take.
For euery climat hath his dele
After the tournyng of the whele,
Whiche blinde fortune ouerthroweth,
Wherof the certaine no man knoweth.
The heuen wote what is to doone,
But we that dwell vnder the moone
Stonde in this worlde vpon a were,
And namely but the powere
Of them that bene the worldes guides
With good counsell on all sides,
Ben kept vpright in suche a wise,
That bate breke nought thassise
Of loue, whiche is all the chiefe
To kepe a reigne out of mischiefe:
For all reason wolde this,
That vnto him, whiche the head is,
The membres buxom shall bowe,
And he shulde eke their trouth alowe
With all his herte, and make them chere:
For good counseill is good to here,
All though a man be wise hym selue,
Yet is the wisdome more of twelue:
And if thei stande both in one,
To hope it were then anone,
That God his grace wolde sende
To make of thilke werre an ende,
Whiche euery daie nowe groweth newe
And that is greatly for to rewe,
In speciall for Christes sake,
Whiche wolde his owne life forsake.
Amonge the men tō yeuen pees,
But nowe men tellen natheles,
That loue is from the worlde departed,
So stant the peace vneuen parted.
With them that liuen now a daies.
But for to loke at all assaies
To him, that wold reson seche
After the comen worldes speche.
It is to wonder of thilke werre,
In whiche none wote who hath the werre.
For euery lond him selfe deceiueth,
And of disease his parte receiueth
And yet take men no kepe,
But thilke lorde, whiche all maie kepe,
To whom no counseill maie be hid,
Upon the worlde, whiche is betide
Amende that, wherof men plaine
With trewe hertes and with plaine
And reconcele loue againe:
As he, whiche is kynge soueraine
Of all the worldes gouernance
And of his high puruiance
Afferme peace betwene the londes,
And take their cause in to his hondes,
So that the world maie stand appeased,
And his godheade also be pleased.

Quas coluit Moses vetus, aut nouus ipse Ioanes,
Hesternas leges vix colit ista dies.
Sic prius Ecclesia bina virtute polita,
Nunc magis inculta pallet vtraque via.

Pacificam Petri vaginam mucro resumens
Horruit ad Christi verba cruoris iter.
Nunc tamen assiduo gladium de sanguine tinctum
Vibrat auaricia lege repente særa.
Sic lupus est pastor, pr hostis, mors miserator,
Prædoque largitor, pax & in orbe timor.

De statu cleri vt dicunt, secundum spiritualia, videlicte tempore Roberti Gilbonensis, qui nomen Clementis sortitus est sibi tunc Antipapæ.

To thinke vpon the daies olde,
The life of clerkes to b holde,
Men seyn how that thei were tho
Ensample, and rewle of all tho,
Whiche of wisdome the vertue soughten,
Unto the god firste thei besoughten,
As to the substance of their schoole,
That thei ne shulde not befoole
Their witte vpon none erthly werkes,
Whiche were ayenst the astate of clerkes.
And that thei mighten flee the vice,
Whiche Symon hath in his office.
Wherof he taketh golde in honde.
For thilke time (I vnderstonde)
The lumbarde made non eschange
The bisshopriches for to change:
Ne yet a letter for to sende
For dignitee, ne for prouende,
Or cured, or without cure.
The churche laie in aduenture
Of armes and of brigantaille
Stode no thyng then vpon battaille:
To fight or for to make cheste
It thought them then not honeste.
But of simplicitee and pacience
Thei maden then no defence.
The courte of worldly regallie
To them was then no baillie,
The vaine honour was nought desired,
Whiche hath the proude herte fired
The humilitee was tho withholde,
And pride was a vice holde.
Of holy churche the largesse,
Yafe then and did great almesse
To poure men, that had neede.
Thei were eke chast in word and deede,
Wherof the people ensample toke,
Their lust was all vpon the boke,
Or for to preche or for to praie,
To wise men the right waie
Of suche as stode of trouth vnlered.
Lo thus is Peters barge stered
Of them, that thilke time were.
And thus came firste to mans ere
The feith of Christe and all good,
Through them that then were good,
And sobre, and chaste, and large, and wise.
And nowe (men seyn) is other wise
Simon the cause hath vndertake,
The worldes swerde in hond is take.
And that is wounder netheles,
Whan Christe him selfe hath bode pees
And set it in his testament.
How now that holy churche is went,
Of that their lawe positife
Hath set to make werre and strife
For wordli goodes, whiche maie not last.
God wote the cause to the last
Of euery right and wronge also.
But whyle the lawe is ruled so,
That clerkes to the werre intende,
I not howe that thei shall amende
The wofull worlde in other thinges
To make peace betwene kynges
After the lawe of charitee,
Whiche is the propre dewtee
Belonged vnto the priestood:
But as it thinketh to mauhood.
The heauen is far, the worlde is nigh,
And vaine glorie is eke so sligh,
Whiche couetise hath now withholde,
That thei none other thinge beholde,
But only that thei mighten winne.
And thus the werres thei beginne,
Wherof the holy churche is taxed,
That in the point as it is axed,
The disme goth to the battaile,
As though Christe might not auaile
To do them right by other waie:
In to the sworde the churche kaie
Is turned, and the holy bede,
In to cursynge, and euery stede,
Whiche shulde stonde vpon the feithe
And to this cause an eare leithe
Astonyed is of the quarele,
That shulde be the worldes hele,
Is nowe men sayn the pestilence,
Whiche hath expelled pacience
Fro the clergie in speciall,
And that is shewed ouerall,
In euery thyng whan thei be greued:
But if Gregorie be beleued,
As it is in the bokes writte,
He dothe vs somdele for to witte
The cause of thilke prelacie
Where God is nought of companie.
For euery werke as it is founded
Shall stande, or els be confounded.
Who that onely for Christes sake
Desireth cure for to take,
And nought for pride of thilke astate
To beare a name of a prelate,
He shall by reason do profite
In holy Churche vpon the plite,
That he that set his conscience:
But in the worldes reuerence
Ther be of suche many glade,
Whan thei to thilke astate be made
Nought for the merite of the charge,
But for thei wolde him selfe discharge
Of pouertee, and become grete,
And thus for pompe and for behete
The scribe and eke the pharisee,
Of Moyses vpon the see,
In the chaire on high ben sette,
Wherof the feith is ofte lette,
Whiche is betake them to kepe.
In Christes cause all daie thei slepe
But of the worlde is nought foryete
For well is him, that nowe maie gete
Office in court to be honoured:
The stronge Coffre hath all deuoured
Under the keie of auarice
The tresour of the benefice,
Wherof the poure shulden clothe,
And ete, and drinke, and house bothe.
The charitee goth all vnknowe.
For thei no graine of pitee sowe,
And slouthe kepeth the librarie,
Whiche longeth to the santuarie.

To studie vpon the worldes lore
Sufficeth nought without more
Delicacie his sweete toothe
Hath suffred so that it fordoothe
Of abstinence all that ther is:
And for to loken ouer this
If Ethna brenne in the clergie
Al openly to mans eie,
At Auignon thexperience
Therof hath youen an euidence,
Of that men seen them so deuided,
And yet the cause is nought decided.
But it is saide, and euer shall
Betwene two stooles is the fall,
Whan that men wenen best to sitte.
In holy churche of suche a slitte
Is for to rewe vnto vs alle,
God graunte it mote well befalle
Towardes him whiche hath the trouth.
But ofte is seen, that muche slouth,
Whan men ben drunken of the cup
Doth muche harme, whan the fire is vp,
But if somwho the flame stanche:
And so to speke vpon this branche,
Whiche proud enuie hath made to spring
Of schisme, causeth for to bringe
This newe secte of lollardie,
And also many an heresie
Amonge the clerkes in them selue,
It were better dike and delue,
And stande vpon the right feith,
Than knowe all that the bible seith,
And erre, as some clerkes doo.
Upon an hande to weare a shoo,
And set vpon the foote a gloue,
Acordeth not to the behoue
Of reasonable mans vse.
If men beheldeu the vertuse
That Christe in erthe taught here,
Thei shulde not in suche manere
Amonge them, that be holde wise
The papacie so desguise,
Upon diuers election,
Whiche stant after thaffection
Of sondrie landes all aboute:
But whan god woll, it shall weare out.
For trothe mote stande at laste,
But yet thei argumenten faste
Upon the pope and his astate,
Wherof thei fallen in great debate.
This clerke saide ye, that other naie:
And thus thei driue foorthe the daie,
And eche of them hym selfe amendeth
Of worldes good: but none entendeth
To that, whiche common profite were.
Thei sein, that god is mighty there,
And shall ordeine, what he wyll,
There make thei none other skyll.
Where is the peryll of the feith,
But euery clerke his herte leieth
To kepe his worlde inspeciall:
And of the cause generall,
Whiche vnto wholy churche longeth,
Is none of them that vnderfongeth
To shapen any resistence,
And thus the right hath no defence:
But there I loue, there I holde.
Lo thus to broke is Christes folde,
Wherof the flocke without guide
Deuourd is on euery side,
In lacke of them, that be vnware
Shepherdes, whiche their witts beware
Upon the worlde in other halue,
The sharpe pricke in stede of salue
They vsen nowe, wherof the hele
Thei hurte of that thei shulde hele,
What shepe, that is full of wulle
Upon his backe thei tose and pulle
Whyle ther is any thynge to pille,
And though there be none other skille,
But onely for thei wolde winne,
Thei leaue nought, whan thei beginne
Upon their acte to procede,
Whiche is no good shepeherdes dede.
And vpon this, also men sayn,
That fro the lease, whiche is plaine,
In to the breres thei forcatche,
Here of for that thei wolden lache
With suche duresse, and so bereue,
That shal vpon the thornes leue
Of wooll, whiche the brere hath tore,
Wherof the shepe ben all to tore,
Of that the herdes make them lese
Lo how thei feignen chalke for chese.
For though thei speake and teche welle,
Thei done them selfe therof no dele.
For if the wolfe come in the waie
Their gostly staffe is then awaie,
Wherof thei shuld their flocke defende.
But if the poure shepe offende
In any thynge, though it be lite,
Thei ben all ready for to smite.
And thus how euer that thei tale
The strokes fall vpon the smale:
And vpon other that bene greate
Them laketh herte for to beate
So that vnder the clerkes lawe
Men seen the merell all misdrawe,
I woll not saie in generall.
For there be some in speciall,
In whom that all vertue dwelleth,
And tho bene, as the Apostell telleth
Qui vocantur a deo tanquam Aaron,
That God of his election
Hath cleped to perfection,
In the maner as Aaron was,
Thei be nothynge in thilke cas
Of Symon, whiche the foldes gate
Hath lete: and goth in other gate:
But thei gone in the right waie.
There bene also somme (as men saie)
That folowen Symon at heles,
Whose carte goth vpon wheles
Of couetise and worldes pride,
And holy churche goth beside:
Whiche sheweth outwarde a visage
Of that is nought in the courage.
For if men loke in holy churche
Betwene the worde, and that thei worche,
There is a full great difference.
Thei prechen vs in audience,
That no man shall his soule empeire.
For all is but a cherie feire
This worldes good, so as thei tell.
Also thei saien, there is an hell,
Whiche vnto mans sinne is due:
And bidden vs therfore escheue
That wicked is, and do the good,
Who that their wordes vnderstode,
It thinketh thei wolde do the same.
But yet betwene ernest and game,

Full oft it torneth other wise,
With holy tales thei deuise,
How meritory is thilke dede
Of charitee to clothe and fede
The poore folke, and for to parte
The worldes good, but thei departe
Ne thinke nought fro that thei haue.
Also thei sain good is to saue
With penance, and with abstinence,
Of chastitee the continence:
But plainly for to speke of that
I not how thilke bodye fat,
Whiche thei with deintie meates kepe,
And laien it softe for to slepe,
Whan it hath elles of his will
With chastitee shall stonde still:
And netheles I can not saye
In aunter that I missaye
Touchend of this, how euer it stande
I here, and will nought vnderstande.
For therof haue I nought to doone,
But he that made first the moone,
The high god of his goodnes,
If ther be cause, he it redresse.
But what that any man can accuse,
This maie reason of trouthe excuse,
The vice of them that ben vngood
Is no repreefe vnto the good.
For euery man his owne werkes
Shall beare: and thus as of the clerkes
The good men ben to commende,
And all these other god amende.
For thei be to the worldes eie
The myrrour of examplarie,
To reulen and taken hede,
Betwene the men, and the godhede.

Vulgaris populus regali lege subactus
Dum iacet vt mitis digna subibit onus:
Si caput extollat, & lex sua frena relaxat,
Vt sibi velle iubet, tygridis instar habet.
Ignis aqua dominans duo sunt pietate carentes,
Ira tamen plebis est violenta magis.

De statu plebis, ut dicunt, secundum accidentia mutabilia.

Nowe for to speke of the commune,
It is to drede of that fortune,
Which hath befalle in sondrye londes:
But ofte for defaute of bondes
All sodeinly, er it be wist,
A tunne, whan his lie arist
Tobreketh, and renneth all aboute,
Whiche els shulde nought gone out.
And eke full ofte a littel skare
Upon a banke, er men be ware,
Let in the streme, whiche with gret peine,
If any man it shall restreine.
Where lawe failleth, errour groweth.
He is not wise, who that ne troweth.
For it hath proued oft er this.
And thus the common clamour is
In euery londe, where people dwelleth:
And eche in his complainte telleth,
How that the worlde is miswent,
And thervpon his argument
Yeueth euery man in sondrie wise:
But what man wolde him selfe auise
His conscience, and nought misuse,
He maie well at the first excuse
His god, whiche euer stant in one,
In him there is defaute none
So must it stande vpon vs selue,
Nought only vpon ten ne twelue,
But plenarly vpon vs all.
For man is cause of that shall fall.

Nota contra hoc, quod aliqui fortem Fortune, aliqui influentiam planetarum ponunt, per quod (ut dicitur) rerum euentus necessario contingit, sed potius dicendum est, quod ea quæ nos prospera et aduersa in hoc mundo vocamus, secundum merita et demerita hominum, digno dei iudicio proueniunt.

And netheles yet some men write
And sayn fortune is to wite:
And some men holde opinion,
That it is constellacion,
Whiche causeth all that a man doothe.
God wote of bothe whiche is soothe,
The worlde, as of his propre kinde
Was euer vntrew, and as the blinde
Improperly he demeth fame:
He blameth, that is nought to blame
And preiseth, that is nought to preise
Thus whan he shall the thinges peise
Ther is deceit in his balance,
And all is that the variance
Of vs, that shulde vs better auise,
For after that we fall and rise
The worlde ariste, and falleth with all:
So that the man is ouer all
His owne cause of wele and wo,
That we fortune clepe so,
Out of the man him selfe it groweth.
And who that other wise troweth,
Beholde the people of Israel,
For euer, while thei didden well,
Fortune was them debonaire:
And when thei didden the contraire,
Fortune was contrariende:
So that it proueth wele at ende,
Why that the worlde is wonderfull,
And maie no while stande full,
Though that it seme wele besayn,
For euery worldes thing is vaine,
And euer goth the whele aboute,
And euer stant a man in doute,
Fortune stant no while still:
So hath ther no man his will,
Als far as any man maie knowe
There lasteth nothing but a throwe.

Boetius.
O quam dulcedo humane vite multa amaritudine aspersa est.

The worlde stante euer vpon debate,
So maie be siker none astate,
Now here, now there, now to, now fro,
Now vp, now down, the world goth so,
And euer hath done, and euer shall:
Wherof I finde in special
A tale writen in the Bible,
Whiche must nedes be credible,
And that as in conclusion,
Saith, that vpon diuision
Stant, why no worldes thing maie laste
Til it be driue to the laste,
And fro the first reigne of all
Unto this daie how so befall

Of that the reignes be meuable,
The man him selfe hath be culpable,
Whiche of his gouernance
Fortuneth all the worldes chance.

Prosper & aduersus obliquo tramite versus
Immundus mundus decipit omne genus.
Mundus in euentu versatur, vt alea casu,
Quam celer in ludis iactat aura manus.
Sicut imago viri variantur tempora mundi,
Statque nihil firmum præter amare deum.

Hic in prologo tractat de statua illa, quam rex Nabugodonosor viderat in somnis, cuius caput aureum, pectus argenteum, venter eneus, tibie ferree, pedum vero quedam pars ferrea, quedam fictuis videbatur: sub qua membrorum diuersitate secundum Danielis expositionem huius mundi variatio figurabatur.

THE high almighty purueiance,
In whose eterne remembrance
From first was euery thing present,
He hath his prophecie sent
(In suche a wise as thou shalt here)
To Daniel of this matere,
How that this world shal torne and wende
Till it be falle vnto his ende:
Wherof the tale tell I shall,
In which is betokened all.
As Nabugonosor slepte
A sweuen him toke, the whiche he kept
Til on the morowe he was arise.
For thereof he was sore agrise,
Til Daniel his dreme he tolde,
And praied him faire, that he wolde
A rede what it token maie,
And saide, a bedde where I laie,
Me thought I scighe vpon a stage,
Where stoode a wonder strange image:
His head with all the necke also
They were of fine golde bothe two,
His breaste, his shoulders, and his armes
Were all of siluer, but tharmes,
The wombe, and all downe to the knee
Of bras thei were vpon to see:
His legges thei were made all of steele,
So were his feete also somdele,
And some dele parte to them was take
Of erthe, whiche men pottes make.
The feble mengled was with the stronge
So might it not stande longe.

Hic narrat viterius de quodam lapide grandi, qui ut in dicto somnio videbatur ab excelso monte super statuam corruens, ipsam quasi in nihilum penitus contriuit.

AND tho me thought, that I sighe
A great stone from an hille on highe
Fell downe of sodeine auenture
Upon the feete of this figure:
With whiche stone all to broke was
Golde, syluer, erthe, steele, and bras,
That was in to pouder brought,
And so forthe torned in to nought.

Hic loquitur de interpretacione somnii, et primo dicit de significacione capitis aurei.

THIS was the sweuen whiche he had,
That Daniell anone arad,
And saied hym, that figure strange
Betokeneth how the worlde shall change,
And war lasse worthe and lasse,
Til it to nought all ouer passe:
The necke, and head, that weren golde
He saied, howe that betoken sholde
A worthie worlde, a noble a riche,
To whiche none after shall be liche.

De pectore argenteo.

Of siluer that was ouer foorthe
Shall ben a worlde of lasse woorthe.

De ventre eneo.

And after that the wombe of bras
Token of a wers worlde it was,
The whiche steele he sawe afterwarde
A worlde betokeneth more harde.

De tibeis ferreis.

But yet the werste of euery deele
Is last, that when of erth and steele
He sawe the feete departed so.
For that betokeneth muche wo.

De significatione pedum, que ex duabus materiis discordantibus adinvicem diuisi extiterunt.

WHAN that the worlde deuided is,
It mot algate fare amis.
For erthe, which mengled is with stele
To gider maie not laste wele.
But if that one that other waste,
So mote it nedes fall at the laste.

De lapide statuam confringente.

The stone, whiche from that hilly stage
He sawe downe fall on that ymage,
And hath it in to poudre broke,
That sweuen hath Daniell vnloke
And saied, that it is gods might,
Whiche whan men wene moste vpright
To stonde, shall them ouer caste:
And that is of this worlde the laste,
And than a newe shall begynne,
From whiche a man shall neuer twinne,
Or all to paine, or all to pees,
That worlde shall laste endles.

Hic scribit, qualiter huius seculi regna variis mutationibus, prout in dicta statua figurabatur, secundum temporum distinctiones sensibiliter hactenus diminuuntur.

Lo thus expowned Daniell
The kynges sweuen faire and well
In Babylone the citee,
Where that the wisest of Caldee
Ne couden witte what it mente,
But he tolde all the whole entente
As in the partie it is befalle
Of golde the firste reigne of all.

De seculo aureo, quod in capite statuæ designatum est a tempore ipsius Nagugodonosoris regis Caldee usque in regnum Cyriregis Persarum.

WAS in that kynges tyme tho,
And last many daies so
There, whiles that the monarchie
Of all the worlde in that partie
To Babylone was subgette
And helde him still in suche a pleght,

Till that the worlde began diuerse,
And that was, whan the kynge of Perse,
Whiche Cyrus hight, ayen the pees
Forthe with his sonne Cambyses
Of Babylone all that Empire,
Right as thei wolde them selfe desire
Pei vnder in subiection,
And toke it in possession,
And slayne was Baltasar the kynge,
Whiche lost his reigne, and all his thynge.

De seculo argenteo, quod in pectore designatum est a tempore ipsius regis Cyri usque in regnum Alexandri regis Macedonie.

And thus whan thei had it wonne
The worlde of siluer was begonne
And that of golde was passed out
And in thus wise it goth aboute
In to the reigne of Darius
And that it felle to Perse thus
There Alexander put them vnder
Whiche wroght of armes many a wonder
So that the monarchie lefte
With grekes, and their astate vp lefte
And Persiens gone vnder foote
So suffre thei, that nedes mote.

De seculo eneo, quod in ventre designatum est a tempore ipsius Alexandri usque in regnum Julii Romanorum imperatoris.

And tho the worlde began of bras
And that of siluer ended was
But for the time thus it laste
Till it befelle, that at laste
This kyng, whan that his daie was come
With strength of dethe was ouercome
And netheles yet or he dyde
He shope his reigne to deuide
To knightes, whiche him had serued
And after that thei haue deserued
Yafe the conquestes, that he wanne
Wherof great werre tho beganne
Amonge them, that the reignes had
Through proud enuy, whiche them lad
Till it befelle ayene them thus
The noble Cesar Julius
Whiche tho was kynge of Rome londe
With great battaile, and stronge honde
All Greece, Perse, and Chaldee
Wan, and put vnder: so that he
Not all only of thorient:
But all the marche of thoccident
Gouerneth vnder his Empire,
As he that was holle lorde and sire
And helde through his cheualrie
Of all the worlde the monarchie
And was the firste of that honour
Whiche taketh name of Emperour.

De seculo ferreo, quod in tibiis designatum est, a tempore Julii Cesaris usque in regnum Caroli magni regis Francorum.

Where Rome than wolde assaile,
There might no thyng contreuaile
But euery contrey must obeye,
Tho goth the reigne of bras aweye,
And comen is the worlde of steele,
And stode aboue vpon the wheele,
As steele is hardest in his kinde
Aboue all other, that men finde
Of metalles, suche was Rome tho
The mightyest, and laste so
Longe time amonge the Romains,
Till thei become so villains
That the emperour Leo,
With Constance his sonne also,
The patrimonie, and the richesse,
Whiche to Siluester in pure almesse,
The first Constantinus lefte,
Fro holy churche thei bereste.
But Adrian, whiche pope was,
And sawe the mischefe of this cas,
Gothe in to France for to plaine,
And praieth the great Charlemaine,
For Christes sake, and soule hele,
That he wolde take the quarele
Of holy churche in his defence.
And Charles, for the reuerence
Of god, the cause hath vndertake,
And with his hoste the waie hath take
Ouer the mountes of Lumbardie
Of Rome, and all the tyrannie
With blodie swerde he ouercome,
And the citee with strength nome
In such a wise, and ther he wrought,
That holy churche ayene he brought
In to Franchise, and dothe restore
The popes luste, and yaf him more.
And thus whan he his god hath serued,
He toke, as he hath well deserued
The diademe, and was coroned
Of Rome, and thus was abandoned
Thempire, whiche came neuer againe
In to the hande of no Romaine:
But a longe time it stode still
Under the Frenche kynges will,
Till that fortune her wheele so lad,
That afterwarde the Lumbardes it had,
Not by the swerd, but by the suffrance
Of him, that tho was kyng of France,
Whiche Carle Calnus cleped was
And he resigned in this cas
Thempire of Rome vnto Lowis
His Cosin, whiche a lumbarde is:
And so it laste in to the yere
Of Alberte, and of Berengere.

De seculo nouissimis iam temporibus ad similitudinem pedum in discordiam lapso et diuiso, quod post decessum ipsius Caroli cum imperium Romanorum in manus Longobardorum peruenerat tempore Alberti et Berengarii incepit. Nam ob eorum diuisionem contingit, ut Alemani imperatoriam adepti sunt maiestatem: in cuius solium quendam principem theutonicum Othonem nomine sublimari primitus constituerant.

But than vpon discencion
Thei fell, and in diuision
Amonge them selfe, that were greate
So that thei lost the beyete
Of worship, and of worldes pees.
But in prouerbe netheles
Men saine, full seldome is, that welthe
Can suffre his owne astate in helthe,
And that was in the lumbardes sene,
Suche common strife was them betwene,
Through couetise, and through enuie,
That euery man drough his partie,

Whiche might lede any route,
Within bourgh and eke without.
The common right hath no felawe,
So that the gouernance of lawe
Was lost: and for necessitee
Of that thei stode in suche degree,
All only through diuision,
Them nedeth in conclusion
Of strange londes helpe beside,
And thus for thei them selfe diuide,
And standen out of rewle vneuen,
Of Almaine princes seuen
Thei chosen in this condicion,
That vpon their election
Thempire of Rome sholde stonde:
And thus thei left it out of honde
For lacke of grace, and it forsoke,
That Almains vpon them toke
And to confermen their astate,
Of that thei stoden in debate
Thei token the possession
After the composicion
Amonge them selfe, and ther vpon
Thei made an Emperour anon,
Whos name (the Cronicle telleth)
Was Othes, and so forth it dwelleth
Fro thilke daie yet vnto this
Thempire of Rome hath be and is
To thalmains, and in this wise,
As to fore ye haue herde deuise
How Daniel the sweuen expouneth
Of that image, on whom he foundeth
The world, whiche afterward shold fall,
Comen is the last token of all
Upon the feete of erthe and stele,
So stant the worlde now euery dele.
Departed, whiche began right tho,
Whan Rome was deuided so,
And that is for to rewe sore.
For alwaie sith more and more
The worlde empeireth euery daie,
Wherof the sooth shewe maie
At Rome first if we begin,
The wall and all the citie within
Stante in ruine, and in decaies
The felde is where was the palais,
The towne is wast, and ouer thate,
If we behold thilke astate
Whiche whilom was of the Romains
Of knighthod, and of citezens
To peise nowe with that beforne,
The chaffe is take from the corne,
And so to speke of Romes might
Unnethes stante ther ought vpright
Of worship or of worldes good,
As it before time stode.
And why the worship is awaie,
If that a man the soothe shall saie:
The cause hath ben deuision,
Whiche moder of confusion
Is, where she cometh ouer all,
Nought only of the temporall,
But of the spirituall also,
The dede proueth it is so
And hath do many a daie er this
Through venim, whiche that medled is
In holy churche of erthely thynge.
For Christ him selfe maketh knowlageing,
That no man maie togeder serue
God and the worlde, but if he swerue
Frowarde that one, and stonde vnstable:
And Christes worde maie not be fable,
The thynge so open is at the eye
It needeth nought to specifie
Or speke ought more in this matere.
But in this wise a man maie lere
How that the worlde is gone aboute,
The whiche well nigh is wered out
After the forme of that figure,
Whiche Daniell in his scripture
Expowned, as to fore is tolde,
Of bras, of siluer, and of golde
The worlde is passed, and agone,
And nowe vpon his olde tone
It stant of brutell erthe and stele,
The whiche acorden neuer a dele:
So mote it nedes swerue aside
As thynge, the whiche men seen diuide.

Hic dicit, secundum apostolum, quod nos sumus, in quos fines seculi deuenerunt.

THE Apostell writeth vnto vs all,
And saieth, that vpon vs is fall
Thend of the worlde: so maie we knowe
This ymage is nighe ouerthrowe,
By whiche this worlde was signified,
That whilom was so magnified,
And nowe is olde, and feble, and vile,
Full of mischyefe, and of perille:
And stante diuided eke also,
Lyke to the feete, that were so
As I tolde of the statue aboue.
And thus men saine for lacke of loue,
Where as the londe diuided is,
It mote algate fare amis.
And now to loke on euery side
A man maie see the worlde diuide.
The warres bene so generall
Amonge the Christen ouer all,
That euery man nowe seketh wreche,
And yet these clerkes aldaie preche
And sayne, good dedes maie none bee,
Whiche stante nought vpon charitee.
I not howe charitee shulde stonde,
Where deadly warre is taken on honde.
But all this wo is cause of man,
The whiche that witte and reason can,
And that in token and in witnesse,
That ilke ymage bare likenesse
Of man, and of none other beste.
For first vnto the mans heste
Was euery creature ordeined.
But afterwarde it was restreined,
Whan that he fell, thei fellen eke,
Whan he wer seke, thei weren seke,
For as the man hath passion,
Of sekenes in comparison,
So suffren other creatures,
Lo firste the heuenly figures.

Hic scribit, quod ex diuisionis passione singula creati detrimentum corruptibile patiuntur.

THE sonne and moone eclypsen both,
And bene with mans sinne wroth.
The purest ayre for sinne alofte,
Hath ben and is corrupted full ofte.
Right now the highe windes blowe:
And anon after thei ben lowe.

Now cloudie, and now clere it is,
So maie it prouen well by this
A mans sinne is for to hate,
Whiche maketh the welken to debate,
And for to see the propertee
Of euery thynge in his degree.
Benethe foorthe amonge vs here
All stante a like in this matere,
The sea nowe ebbeth, and nowe it floweth.
The lond now welketh, and now it groweth.
Now ben the trees with leaues greene,
Now thei be bare and nothynge seene.
Nowe be there lustie somer floures,
Nowe be there stormie winter shoures,
Now be the daies, now be the nightes,
So stant there nothyng all vprightes.
Nowe it is light, now it is derke,
And thus stant all the worldes werke
After the disposicion
Of man and his condicion.
For thy gregorie in his morall
Saieth, that a man in speciall
The lasse worlde is properly,
And that he proueth redily.
For man of soule reasonable
Is to an angell resemblable,
And like to beast he hath felyng,
And like to tres he hath growyng.
The stones ben, and so is hee,
Thus of his propre qualitee
The man (as telleth the Clergie)
Is a worlde in his partie.
And whan this littel worlde mistorneth
The great worlde all ouertorneth,
The londe, the sea, the firmament
Thei asken all iudgement
Ayene the man, and make hym warre
Ther while him selfe stant out of harre,
The remenant stant out of acorde,
And in this wise (as I recorde)
The man is cause of all wo
Why this worlde is diuided so.
Diuision (the gospell saieth)
One house vpon an other laieth
Till that the reigne all ouer throwe.
And thus may euery man well knowe
Diuision aboue all
Is thyng, whiche maketh the worlde fall,
And euer hath do, sith it began,
It maie firste proue vpon a man.

Quod ex sue complexionis materia diuisus homo mortalis existat.

THE whiche for his complexion
Is made vpon diuision
Of colde, hotte, moiste, and drie
He mote by verray kynde die.
For the contrarie of his estate
Stant euermore in suche debate,
Tyll that a parte be ouercome
There maie no finall peas be nome
But otherwise if a man were
Made all togeder of one matere
Without interrupcion,
There shuld no corrupcion
Engendre vpon that vnitee:
But for there is diuersitee
Within him selfe, he maie not laste,
But in a man yet ouer this
Full great diuision there is,
Through whiche that he is euer in strife
While that hym last any life,

Quod homo ex corporis et anime condicione diuisus, sicut saluationis, ita damnationis aptitudinem ingreditur.

THE bodie and the soule also
Amonge them ben deuided so,
That what thyng that the bodie hateth
The soule loueth and debateth:
But netheles full ofte is seene
Of werre, whiche is them betweene
The feble hath wonne the victorie,
And who so draweth in to memorie.

Qualiter Adam a statu innocentie diuisus a paradiso voluptatis in terram laboris pecator proiectus est.

WHAT hath befall of olde and newe,
He maie that werre sore rewe,
Whiche first began in paradis.
For there was proued what it is,
And what disease there it wrought.
For thilke werre tho foorthe brought
The vice of all deadly sinne,
Through whiche diuision came in.

Qualiter populi per vniuersum orbem a cultura dei diuisi, Noe cum sua sequela dumtaxat exceptis, diluuio interierunt.

AMONGE the men in erthe here,
And was the cause and the mattere
Why god the great flodes sende,
Of all the worlde and made an ende:
But Noe, with his felowship,
Whiche only weren saufe by shyp,
And ouer that through sinne it come
That Nembroth suche price nome.

Qualiter in edificatione Turris Babylonis, quam in dei contemptum Nembroth erexit, lingua priu-hebraica in varias linguas cœlica vindicta diuis debatur.

WHAN the toure Babylon on hight
Lette make, as he that wolde fight
Ayene the high goddes might,
Wherof deuided anon right
Was the language in suche entent
There wiste none what other ment,
So that thei might nought procede
And thus it stant of euery dede,
Where sinne taketh the case on honde
It maie vpright not longe stonde.
For sinne of hir condicion
Is mother of diuision.

Qualiter mundus, qui in statu diuisionis quasi cotidianus presenti tempore vexatur flagellis a lapide superueniente, id est a diuina potentia usque ad resolutionem omnis carnis subito conteretur.

AND token whan the world shall faile
For so saith Christe without faile
That nigh vpon the worldes ende
Peace and accorde away shall wende
And all charitee shall ceasse
Amonge the men, and hate encreasse

And whan these tokens ben befall
All sodeinly the stone shall fall
As Daniell it hath beknowe
Whiche all this worlde shall ouerthrow
And euery man shall than arise
To ioye or elles to iuise
Where that he shall for euer dwell
Or streight to heuen, or streight to hell.
In heuen is peace and all accorde
But helle is full of suche discorde
That there maie be no loue day
For thy good is whyle a man may
Echone to sette peace with other
And louen as his owne brother
So maie he wynne worldes welthe
And afterwarde his soule helthe.

Hic narrat exemplum de concordia et vnitate inter homines prouocanda: Et dicit qualiter quidam Arion nuper citharista ex sui cantus citharæ que consona melodiam tante virtutis extiterat, vt ipse non solum virum cum viro, sed etiam leonem cum cerua, lupum cum agno, canem cum lepore (ipsum audientes) vnanimiter absque vlla discordia ad inuicem pacificauit.

But wolde god that nowe were one
An other suche as Arione
Whiche had an harpe of suche temprure
And therto of so good measure
He songe, that he the beastes wilde
Made of his note tame and milde
The hynde in peace with the lyon
The wolfe in peace with the motton
The hare in peace stode with the hounde
And euery man vpon this grounde
Whiche Arion that time herde
As well the lorde as the shepeherde
He brought them all in good accorde
So that the common with the lorde
And lorde with the common also
He sette in loue bothe two
And put awaie melancolie.
That was a lustie melodie
Whan euery man with other lough
And if there were suche one nowe
Whiche coude harpe as he did.
He might auaile in many a stede
To make peace, where nowe is hate
For whan men thinken to debate
I not what other thyng is good
But wher that wisdome waxeth wood
And reason tourneth in to rage
So that measure vpon outrage
Hath set this worlde, it is to drede
For that bringeth in the common drede
Whiche stant at euery mannes dore
But whan the sharpnes of the spore
The hors side smiteth to sore
It greueth ofte. And nowe no more
As for to speke of this mater
Whiche none, but onely god maie stere
owere it good at this tide
That euery man vpon his side
Besought, and prayed for the peace
Whiche is the cause of all increase
Of worshippe, and of worldes welthe
Of herts reste, and soules helthe
Without peace stonde nothyng good
For thi to Christ, which shed his bloud
For peace, byseketh all men.
Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen.
Explicit prologus.

Naturatus amor naturæ legibus orbem.
Subdit, & vnanimes concitat esse feras.
Huius enim mundi princeps amore esse videtur,
Cuius eget diues pauper & omnis opes.
Sunt in agone pares amor & fortunaque cæcas,
Plebis ad insidias vertit vterque rotas.
Est amor, ægra salus, vexata quies, pius error,
Bellica pax, vulnus dulce, suaue malum.

Postquam in prologo tractatum hactenus existit, qualiter hodierne conditionis diuisio charitatis dilectionem superauit, intendit et auctor ad presens suum libellum (cuius nomen Confessio Amantis nuncupatur) componere de illo amore, a quo non solum humanum genus sed et cuncta animantia naturaliter subiiciuntur.

INCIPIT LIBER PRIMUS.

I MAIE not stretche vp to the heuen
Myn honde ne set al in euen
This worlde whiche euer is in balance.
It stant not in my suffisance
So great thinges to compasse:
But I mote lette it ouerpasse,
And treaten vpon other thinges.
For thy the stile of my writinges
Fro this daie forth I thynke change,
And speake of thing is not so strange,
Whiche euery kinde hath vpon honde,
And whervpon the worlde mote stonde,
And hath done sith it began:
And shall while there is any man:
And that his loue, of whiche I meane
To treate, as after shal be sene,
In whiche there can no man him rule.
For loues lawe is out of reule
That of to muche or of to lite
Well nigh is euery man to wite
And netheles there is no man
In all this worlde so wise, that can
Of loue temper the measure:
But as it falleth in auenture.
For witte ne strength maie not helpe
And whiche els wolde him yelpe,
Is rathest throwen vnder foote,
There can no wighte therof do boote.
For yet was neuer suche couine,
That couth ordeine a medicine
To thing, whiche god in law of kynde
Hath set, for there maie no man finde
The right salue for suche a sore,
It hath and shall be euermore,
That loue is maister, where he will:
There can no life make other skille
For where as him seife liste to set
There is no might, which him maie let.
But what shall fallen at laste,
The soth can no wisedome cast,
But as it falleth vpon chance.
For if there euer was balance,
Whiche of fortune stant gouerned,
I maie well leue as I am lerned,

That loue hath that balance on honde,
Whiche will no reason vnderstonde.
For loue is blinde, and maie not see.
For thy maie no certeintee
Besette vpon his iudgement
But as the whele about went
He yeueth his graces vndeserued
And fro that man, whiche hath him serued,
Full ofte he taketh awey his fees,
As he that plaieth at the dies:
And thervpon what shall befall,
He not, till that the chance fall:
Where he shall lese or he shal wynne:
And thus full ofte men begyn,
That if thei wisten what it ment
Thei wolde chauge all their intent.

Hic quasi in persona aliorum, quos amor alligat, fingens se auctor esse amantem, varias eorum passiones variis huius libri distinctionibus per singula scribere proponit.

And for to preue it is so,
I am my selfe one of tho,
Whiche to this schole am vnderfonge.
For it is sothe go not longe
As for to speake of this matere
I maie you tell, if you woll here,
A wonder happe, whiche me befelle
That was to me bothe harde and felle
Touchyng of loue and his fortune,
The whiche me liketh to commune,
And pleynly for to tell it out
To them that louers be aboute,
Fro poynt to poynt I woll declare,
And writen of my wofull care,
My wofull day my wofull chance,
That men nowe take remembrance
Of that thei shall here after rede.
For in good feithe this wolde I rede,
That euery man ensample take
Of wisedome, whiche is hym betake:
And that he wote of good appryse
To teche it forthe for suche emprise
Is for to preyse: And therfore I
Will write and shewe all openly,
Howe loue and I togedre mette,
Wherof the worlde ensample fette
May after this, whan I am go
Of thilke vnsely iolife wo,
Whose reule stant out of the wey,
Nowe gladde, and nowe gladnes aweie:
And yet it maie not be withstonde
For ought that men maie vnderstonde.

Non ego Samsonis vires, non Herculis arma
Vinco, sum sed vt hij victus amore pari,
Vt discant alij docet experiencia facti,
Rebus in ambiguis quæ sunt habenda via,
Deuius ordo ducit temtata pericla sequentem,
Instruit a tergo me simul ille cadat.
Me quibus ergo Venus casus laqueauit amantem,
Orbis in exemplum scribere tendo palam.

Hic declarat materiam dicens qualiter Cupido quodam ignito iaculo, sui cordis memoriam graui vlcere perforauit, quod Venus percipiens ipsum vt dicit, quasi in mortis articulo spasmatum, ad confitendum se Genio sacerdoti superamoris causa sic semiuiuum specialiter commendauit.

Upon the poynt that is befalle
Of loue, in whiche that I am falle,
I thynke tell my matere:
Now herken who that woll it here
Of my fortune howe that it ferde
This endyrdaie, as I forthe ferde
To walke, as I you tell maie,
And that was in the moneth of Maie,
Whan euery brid hath chose his make,
And thinketh his mirthes for to take
Of loue, that he hath acheued:
But so was I nothyng releued,
For I was further fro my loue
Than erthe is from the heauen aboue,
And for to speake of any spede
So wiste I me none other rede,
But as it were a man forsake.
Unto the wood my waie gan take
Not for to synge with the birdes.
For whan I was the wood amiddes,
I fonde a soote greene plaine,
And there I gan my wo complaine,
Wisshyng and wepyng all mine one.
For other mirthes made I none.
So harde me was that ilke throwe
That ofte sithes ouerthrowe
To grounde I was without breathe:
And euer I wisshed after death.
Whan I out of my peine awooke,
And caste vp many a pitous looke
Unto the heauen, and saied thus
O thou Cupide, O thou Venus
Thou god of love, and thou goddesse
Where is pitee? where is mekenesse?
Nowe dothe me plainely liue or die
For certes suche a maladie
As I now haue, and longe haue hadde
It might make a wise man madde
If that it shulde longe endure
O Venus queene of loues cure
Thou life, thou luste, thou mans hele,
Beholde my cause, and my quarele
And yeue me some parte of thy grace
So that I maie finde in this place
If thou be gracious or none.
And with that worde I sawe anone
The kynge of loue, and queene bothe
But he that kynge with eyen wrothe
His chere aweiwarde fro me caste
And forthe he passed at the laste
But netheles or he forthe went
A fyry darte me thought he sent
And threwe it through mine herte roote
In hym fonde I none other boote
For lenger lyst hym note to dwell
But she, whiche is the source and well.
Of wele and wo, that shall betide
To them that louen at that tide
Abode but for to tellen here.
She cast on me no goodly chere.
Thus netheles to me she saide.
What arte thou sonne: and I abraide
Right as a man doth out of slepe,
And therof she toke right good kepe,
And bad me nothyng be adradde.
But for all that I was not gladde.
For I ne sawe no cause why:
And ofte she asked, what was I.
I saide a caitife, that lieth here.
What wolde ye my ladie dere?
Shall I be wholle, or elles die?
She saide, tell me thy maladie.

What is thy sore, of whiche thou pleinest?
Ne hide it nought, for if thou feignest,
I can do the no medicine.
Madame, I am a man of thyne,
That in thy courte haue longe serued,
And aske that I haue deserued,
Some wele after my longe wo.
And she began to loure tho,
And saide, there be many of you
Faitours: and so maie be that thou
Art right suche one, and by feintise
Seyste, that thou haste me do seruice:
And netheles she wiste wele
My worde stode on an other whele,
Without any feiterie.
But algate of my maladie
She had me tell, and saie hir trouthe.
Madame, if ye wolde haue routhe
(Quod I) then wolde I tell you
Sei forth (quod she) and tell me how.
Shew me thy sekeness euery dele.
Madame, that can I do wele:
Be so my lyfe therto woll laste.
With that hir loke on me she caste,
And saide, in aunter if thou liue,
My wyll is first, that thou be shriue.
And netheles how that it is
I wote my selfe, but for all this
Unto my preest, whiche cometh anone,
I woll thou tell it one and one,
Both of thy thought, and all thy werke.
O Genius mine owne clerke
Come forth, and here this mans shrifte
(Quod Venus tho) and I vplifte
My heade with that, and gan beholde
The selfe preeste, whiche as she wolde,
Was redy there, and set him doune
To here my confession.

Confessus Genio sit medicina salutis
Experiar morbis, quos tulit ipsa Venus.
Lesa quidem ferro medicantur membra saluti,
Raro tamen medicum vulnus amoris habet.

Hic dicit qualiter Genio pro confessore sedenti prouolutus amans ad confitendum se flexis genibus incuruatur, supplicans tamen, vt ad sui sensus informationem confessor ille indicendis opponere sibi benignus dignaretur.

THIS worthie preest, this wholy man
To me spekend thus began,
And saide: Benedicite
My sonne of the felicitee
Of loue, and eke of all the wo
Thou shalt be shriue of bothe two,
What thou er this for loues sake
Haste felte, let nothynge be forsake:
Tell pleinly, as it is befall.
And with that worde I gan downe fall
On knees with good deuotion,
And with full great contricion,
I saied than: Dominus,
Myn holy fader Genius
So as thou haste experience
Of loue, for whose reuerence
Thou shalt me shriue at this tyme,
I praie the let me not mistyme
My shrifte. For I am destourbed
In all myn herte, and so conturbed,
That I ne maie my wittes gete:
So shall I muche thynge foryete
But if thou wolte my sinne oppose
Fro pointe to pointe, than I suppose,
There shall nothynge be lefte behynde
But nowe my wittes be so blynde,
That I ne can my selfe teche.
Tho he beganne anone to preche,
And with his wordes debonayre
He saied to me softe and fayre:
In this place I am set here
Thy shrifte to oppose and here
By Venus the goddesse aboue,
Whose preest I am touchend of loue.

Sermo Genii sacerdotis super confessione ad amantem.

BUT netheles for certaine skill
I mote algate, and nedes wille
Nought only make my speckynges
Of loue, but of other thinges,
That touchen to the cause of vice
For that belongeth to thoffice
Of prestes, whose ordre that I bere:
So that I wol nothing forbere,
That I the vices one and one
Ne shall the shewe euery chone,
Wherof thou might take euidence
To rewle with thy conscience.
But of conclusion finall
Conclude I wolde in speciall
For loue, whose seruant I am,
And why the cause is that I am
So thinke I to do bothe two.
Firste that myn ordre longeth to
The vices for to telle on rewe,
But nexte aboue all other shewe
Of loue I wol the propretees
How that thei stande by degrees
After the disposicion
Of Venus, whose condicion
I must folowe as I am holde.
For I with loue am all withholde
So that the lesse I am to wite
Though I now can but a lite
Of other thinges, that bene wise,
I am not taught in suche a wise.
For it is nought my comen vse
To speke of vices, and vertuse:
But all of loue, and of his lore.
For Venus bokes of nomore
Me techen, nether text ne glose:
But for as muche as I suppose
It sit a preest to be well thewde:
And shame it is, if he be lewde.
Of my presthode after the forme
I wol thy shrifte so enforme,
That at the last thou shalte here
The vices, and to thy matere
Of loue I shall them so remeue,
That thou shalt know what thei meue.
For what a man shall axe or seine
Touchend of shrifte, it mote be pleine
It nedeth nought to make it queint.
For trouth his wordes wol not peinte,
That I wol axe of the for thy
My sonne it shall be so pleinly
That thou shalt know and vnderstande
The pointes of shrift how that thei stande.

Visus & auditus fragiles sunt ostia mentis,
2æ vitiosa manus claudere nulla potest.
Est ibi larga via, gradit qua cordis ad antrum,
Hostis & ingrediens fossa talenta rapit.
Hæc mihi confessor Genius primordia prefert,
Dum sit in extremis vita remorsa malis.
Nunc tamen vt poterit fœmina loquela fateri,
Verba per os timide conscia mentis agam.

Hic confessio amantis, cui de duobus precipus quinque sensibus, hoc est de visu et auditu confessor præ ceteris opponit.

RETWENE the life and dethe I herde
This prestes tale er I answerde:
And than I praied him for to saie
His will: and I it wolde obeie
After the forme of his apprise.
Tho spake he to me in suche wise,
And bad me that I shulde me shriue
As thouchende of my wittes fiue,
And shape, that thei were amended.
Of that I had them mispended,
For tho be properly the gates
Through which, as to the hert algates
Cometh all thing ynto the feire,
Whiche maie the mannes soule empeire.
And now is this matter brought in
My sonne I thinke firste begynne
To witte, how that thyn eie hath stande,
The whiche is (as I vnderstande)
The most principall of all
Through whom that peril maie befall.
And for to speke in loues kinde,
Full many suche a man maie finde,
Whiche euer caste aboute their eie
To loke, if that thei might aspie
Full oft thing, whiche them ne toucheth,
But only that their hertes soucheth
In hyndryng of a nother wight.
And thus ful many a worthy knight,
And many a lusty lady bothe
Hath be full ofte sithe wrothe:
So that an eie is as a thefe
To loue, and doth full great meschiefe.
And also for his owne parte,
Ful ofte thilke firie darte
Of loue, whiche that euer brenneth,
Through him in to the hert renneth,
And thus a mans eie first
Him selfe greueth alder werst.
And many a time that he knoweth
Unto his owne harme it groweth.
My sonne herken now for thy
A tale, to be ware therby,
Thyn eie for to kepe and warde,
So that it passe nought his warde.

Hic narrat Confessor exemplum de visu ab illicitis preseruando, dicens, qualiter Acteon Cadmei regis Thebarum nepos, dum in quadam foresta venationis causa spaciarit, accidit, vt ipse quendam fontem nemorosa arborum pulchritudine circumuentum superuenies, vidit ibi Dianam cum suis Nimphis nudam in flumine balneantem, quam diligentius intuens oculos suos a muliebri nuditate nullatenus auertere volebat, vnde indignata Diana ipsum in cerui figuram transformauit.

OUIDE telleth in his boke
Ensample touchend of misloke,
And saith, how whilome ther was one
A worthy lorde, which Acteon
Was hote, and he was cosin nighe
To him, that Thebes firste on high
Upset, which kyng Cadme hight.
This Acteon, as he well might
Aboue all other cast his chere,
And vsed it from yere to yere,
With houndes, and with great hornes
Amonge the woddes, and the thornes,
To make his huntyng, and his chace,
Where him best thought in euery place
To finde game in his waie,
There rode he for to hunte and plaie.
So him befelle vpon a tide
On his huntyng as he can ride,
In a foreste alone he was
He sawe vpon the grene gras
The faire floures fresshe springe,
He herd among the leues singe
The throstel, with the nightyngale.
Thus (er he wiste) in to a dale
He came, wher was a litell plaine
All rounde aboute, well beseyne
With busshes greene, and cedres hie.
And there within he caste his eie
A middes the plaine, he sawe a welle
So faire, there might no man telle,
In whiche Diana naked stoode
To bathe and plaie hir in the floode,
With many nymphes, whiche hir serueth:
But he his eie aweie ne swerueth
From hir, whiche was naked all:
And she was wonder wroth with all,
And him, as she whiche was goddesse,
Forshope anone, and the likenesse
She made him taken of an herte,
Whiche was tofore his houndes sterte,
That rónne besily aboute,
With many an horne, and many a route
That maden muche noyse and crie.
And at the laste vnhappilie
This hert his owne houndes slough,
And him for vengeance all to drough.
Lo nowe my sonne, what it is
A man to caste his eie amis:
Whiche Acteon hath dere abought:
Beware for thy, and do it nought
For ofte, who that hede toke,
Better is to wynke than to loke.
And for to prouen it is so
Ouide the Poete also
A tale (whiche to this matere
Accordeth) saith, as thou shalt here.

Hic ponit aliud exemplum de eodem, vbi dicit, quod quidam princeps nomine Forcus, tres progenuit filias Gorgones a vulgo nuncupatas, quæ vno partu exorte, deformitatem monstrorum serpentinam obtinuerunt, quibus cum in etatem peruenerant, talis destinata fuerit natura, quod quicunque in eas aspiceret, in lapidem subito mutabatur, et sic quamplures incaute respicientes, visis illis perierunt, sed Perseus miles clipeo Palladis, gladioque Mercurii munitus, ea sextra montem Atlantis cohabitantes, animo audaci absque sui periculo interfecit.

IN Methamor, it telleth thus
How that a lorde, whiche Forcus

Was hote, had doughters three:
But vpon their natiuitee
Suche was the constellacion,
That out of mans nacion
Fro kynde thei be so miswent,
That to the likeness of a serpent
Thei were bothe, and that one
Of them was cleped Stellybone,
That other suster Suryale,
The thirde (as telleth in the tale)
Medusa hight, and netheles
Of comon name Gorgones
(In euery countrey there about
As monstres, which that men doute).
Men clepen them, and but one eie
Amonge them thre in purpartie
Thei had, of which thei might se.
Now hath it this, now hath it she
After that cause and nede it ladde
By throwes eche of them it hadde.
A wonder thing yet more amis
There was, wherof I telle all this
What man on them his chere caste,
And them behelde, he was als faste
Out of man in to a stone
Forshape, and thus full many one
Deceiued were, of that thei wolde
Misloke, where thei ne sholde.
But Perseus, that worthie knight,
Whom Pallas, of hir great might
Halpe, and toke him a shelde therto.
And eke the god Mercury also
Lent him a swerde: he as it sille
Beyonde Athlans the highe hille
These monstres sought, and there he fonde
Diuerse men of thilke londe,
Through sight of them mistorned were
Standing as stones here and there:
But he (which wisedome and prowesse
Hath of the god and the godesse)
The shelde of Pallas gan embrace,
With which he couereth saufe his face.
And Mercurius swerde out he drough
And so he bare him, that he slough
These dredfull monstres all thre.

CONFESSOR.

Lo now my sonne auise the,
That thou thy sight not misuse,
Cast not thin eie vpon Meduse,
That thou be torned in to stone.
For so wise man was neuer none,
But if he woll his eie kepe
And take of foule delite no kepe,
That he with luste nis ofte nome
Through strengthe of loue, and ouercome.
Of mislokyng how it hath ferde,
As I haue tolde, now hast thou herde.
My good sonne take good hede,
And ouer this I the rede,
That thou beware of thine hering,
Which to the herte the tiding
Of many a vanitee hath brought
To tarie with a mans thought.
And netheles good is to here,
Suche thing, wherof a man maie lere,
That to vertue is accordant
And towarde all the remenant
Good is to torne his ere fro,
For elles but a man do so,
Him maie full ofte misbefalle.
I rede ensample amonges alle,
Wherof to kepe wel an eare
It ought put a man in feare.

Hic confessor exemplum narrat, vt non ab auris exauditione fatua animus deceptus inuoluatur. Et dicit qualiter ille serpens, qui aspis vocatur, quendam preciosissimum lapidem nomine carbunculus, in sue frontis medio gestans, contra verba incantantis aurem vnam terre affigendo premit, et aliam sue caude stimulo firmissime obturat.

A SERPENT, whiche that aspidis
Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,
That he the stone noblest of all,
The whiche that men Carbuncle call,
Bereth in his heed aboue on high,
For whiche whan that a man by slight
(The stone to wynne, and him to dante)
With his carecte him wolde enchante,
Anone as he perceiueth that,
He leyth downe his one eare all plat
Unto the grounde, and halt it fast:
And eke that other eare als faste
He shoppeth with his taile so sore,
That he the wordes, lasse or more
Of his enchantement ne hereth.
And in this wise him selfe he skiereth,
So that he hath the wordes wayued,
And thus his eare is nought deceiued.

Aliud exemplum super eodem qualiter rex Ulysses cum a bello Troiano versus Greciam nauigio remiaret, et prope illa monstra maxima, Syrenes nuncupata, angelica voce canorans ipsum ventorum aduersitate nauigare oporteret, omnium nautarum suorum aures obturari coegit.

In other thing who that recordeth,
Like vnto this sample accordeth,
Whiche in the tale of Troie I finde.
Syrenes of a wonder kinde
Ben monstres, as the bokes tellen,
And in the great sea thei dwellen,
Of body bothe and of visage
Like vnto women of yonge age
Up fro the nauil on highe thei bee,
And downe benethe (as men maie see)
Thei beare of fishes the figure.
And ouer this of suche nature
Thei ben, that with so sweete a steuen
Like to the melodie of heuen
In womens voice thei singe,
With notes of so great likynge,
Of suche measure, of suche musike,
Wherof the shippes thei beswike,
That passen by the costes there.
For whan the shipmen laie an eare
Unto the voice in there aduice,
Thei wene it be a paradyse:
Whiche after is to them an helle.
For reason maie not with them dwelle,
Whan thei the great lustes here,
Thei can not their shippes stere,
So besily vpon the note
Thei herken, and in suche wise assote,
That thei their right cours and weie
Foryete, and to their eare obeie,
And saylen, till it so befalle,
That thei in to the perille falle,

Where as the shippes ben to drawe,
And ther be with the monstres slawe.
But fro this perille netheles
With his wisedome kinge Ulysses
Escapeth, and it ouerpasseth.
For he to fore the hande compasseth,
That no man of his companie
Hath power vnto that folie
His eare for no luste to caste.
For he then stopped als faste,
That non of them maie here them singe.
So whan thei come forth saylinge,
There was suche gouernance on honde,
That the monstres haue withstonde,
And slough of them a great partie.
Thus was he saufe with his nauie
This wise kinge through gouernance.

CONFESSOR.

Herof my sonne in remembrance
Thou might ensample taken here,
As I haue tolde, and what thou here
Be well ware, and yeue no credence:
But if thou se more euidence.
For if thou woldest take kepe,
And wisely couthest warde and kepe
Thine eie and eare, as I haue spoke:
Than hadst thou the gates stoke
Fro suche folie, as cometh to wynne
Thyn hertes witte, whiche is within:
Whereof that now thy loue excedeth
Measure, and many a peine bredeth.
But if thou couthest sette in rewle
Tho two, the thre were ethe to rewle.
For thy as of thy wittes fiue
I woll as now no more shriue,
But only of these ylke two,
Tel me therfore if it be so,
Hast thou thyne eie ought misthrowē?

AMANS.

My fader ye, I am beknowe,
I haue them cast vpon Medusse,
Therof I may me nought excuse,
Myn hert is growen in to stone,
So that my lady there vpon
Hath suche a printe of loue graue,
That I can nought my selfe saue.

OPPONIT CONFESSOR.

What saiste thou sonne, as of thin ere?
My fader I am giltie there.
For whan I my ladye here,
My witte with that hath loste his stere:
I do nought as Ulysses dede,
But falle anon vpon the stede,
Where as I se my ladye stande:
And there I do you vnderstande
I am to pulled in my thought,
So that of reason leueth nought,
Wherof that I maie me defende.

CONFESSOR.

My good sonne, god the amende.
For as me thinketh by thy speche,
Thy wittes be right far to seche,
As of thyn eare, and of thine eie
I woll no more specifie:
But I woll asken ouer this
Of other thynge how that it is.

Celsior est aquilaque leone ferocior ille,
Quem tumor elati cordis ad alta mouet.
Sunt species quinque, quibus est superbia ductrix
Clamat & in multis mundus adheret eis.
Laruando faciem ficto pallore subornat
Fraudibus hypocrisis mellea verba suis.
Sicque pios animos quoque sæpe ruit muliebres
Ex humili verbo sub latitante dolo.

Hic loquitur, quod septem sunt peccata mortalia, quorum caput superbia varias species habet, et earum prima hypocrisis dicitur, cuius proprietatem secundum vitium Confessor amanti declarat.

My sonne, as I shall the informe,
There ben yet of an other forme
Of dedly vices seuen applied;
Wherof the herte is often plied
To thyng, whiche after shall hym greeue:
The first of them thou shalt beleeue
Is pryde, whiche is principall,
And hath with hym in speciall,
Mynistres fyue full diuerse:
Of whiche as I shall the reherce,
The firste is saide hypocrisie,
If thou arte of his companie
Tell forth my sonne, and shriue the cleane

AMANS.

I wote not fadre what ye meane.
But this I wolde you beseche,
That ye me by some wey teche,
What is to ben an hypocrite,
And than if I be for to wite
I woll beknowen, as it is

CONFESSOR.

My sonne, an hypocrite is this:
A man, whiche feigneth conscience,
As though it were all innocence
Without, and is not so within:
And doth so for he wolde winne
Of his desyre the vaine astate:
And whan he cometh anone there at,
He sheweth than, what he was,
The corne is torned in to grasse.
That was a Rose, is than a thorne,
And he that was a lambe beforne
Is than a wolfe: and thus malice
Under the colour of iustice
Is hid, and as the people telleth,
These ordres witen where he dwelleth,
As he that of her counseyll is,
And thilke worde, whiche thei er this
Forsoken, he draweth in ayene.
He clotheth riches (as men seyne)
Under the simplest of pouerte,
And doth to seme of great desserte
Tynynge, which is litter worthe within.
He seith in open, phy, to sinne,
And in secrete there is no vice,
Of whiche that he nys a norice:
And euer his chere is sobre and softe,
And where he goth he blesseth ofte,
Wherof the blynde worlde he dreteneth.
But yet all onely he ne stretcheth
His rewle vpon religion,
But next to that condicion,
In suche as clepe them holy churche.
It sheweth eke how he can worche

Amonge the wide furred hoodes
To gete them the worldes goodes,
And them selfe ben thilke same,
That setten moste the worlde in blame.
But yet in contrarie of their lore
There is nothyng thei louen more,
So that feignyng of light thei werke
The dedes, whiche are inwarde derke.
And thus this double hypocrisie,
With his deuoute apparancie
A vyser set vpon his face
Wherof towarde the worldes grace
He semeth to be right well thewed:
And yet his herte is all beshrewed.
But netheles he stant beleued,
And hath his purpos ofte acheued
Of worship, and of worldes welthe,
And taketh it, as who saith by stelthe
Through couerture of his fallas:
And right so in semblable cas
This vice hath eke his officers
Amonge these other seculers
Of great men, for of the smale
As for to accompte he set no tale.
But thei that passen the commune,
With suche hym lyketh to commune.
And where he saieth, he woll socoure
The people, there he woll deuoure.
For nowe a daie is many one
Whiche speaketh of Peter and of John,
And thynketh Judas in his herte,
There shall no worldes good asterte
His hande: and yet he geueth almesse,
And fasteth ofte, and hereth messe,
With *mea culpa*, whiche he seith
Upon his breste full ofte he leith
His hande, and cast vpwarde his eie,
As though Christes face he seie:
So that it semeth at sight,
As he alone all other might
Rescue with his holy dede:
But yet his herte in other stede
Amonge his beades moste deuoute,
Goth in the worldes cause aboute
How that he might his warison
Encrease, and in comparison.

Hic tractat confessor cum amante super illa hypocrisia, que sub amoris facie fraudulenter latitando mulieres ipsius ficticiis credulas sepissime decepit innocentes.

THERE ben louers of suche a sorte
That feignen them an humble porte,
And all is but hypocrisie,
Whiche with deceite and flatterie
Hath many a worthy wife begiled.
For whan he hath his tonge afiled
With softe speche, and with lesynge,
Forthwith his false pitous lokynge
He wolde make a woman weene
To gone vpon the feire greene,
Whan that she fauleth in the myre.
For if he maie haue his desyre,
How so falleth of the remenant,
He holte no worde of couenant:
But er the time that he spede
There is no sleigthe at thilke nede,
Whiche any loues faitour maie,
That he ne put it in assaie,
As him belongeth for to doone.
The colour of the reiny Moone
With medicine vpon his face
He set, and than he asketh grace,
As he, whiche hath sekenes feigned,
Whan his visage is so disteigned,
With eie vp caste on her he siketh
And many a countinance he piketh,
To bringen hir in to beleue
Of thing, whiche that he wolde acheue,
Wherof he beareth the pale hewe.
And for he wolde seme trewe,
He maketh him sicke, whan he is heile,
But whan he beareth lowest seile,
Than is he swiftest to begyle
The woman, whiche that ilke whyle
Set vpon hym feith or credence.
My sonne if thou thy conscience
Entamed haste in suche a wise,
In shrifte thou the might auise
And tell it me, if it be so.

AMANS.

Myn holy fadre certes no,
As for to feigne suche sickenesse
It nedeth nought: for this witnesse
I take of god, that my courage
Hath ben more sicke than my visage,
And eke this maie I well auowe
So lowe couthe I neuer bowe
To feigne humilitee without
That me ne liste better loute
With all the thoughtes of mine herte.
For that thynge shall me neuer asterte.
I speke as to my ladie dere
To make hir any feigned chere
God wote well there I lie nought,
My chere hath ben such as my thought.
For in good feithe this leueth wele,
My wyll was better a thousande dele
Than any chere that I couthe.
But syre, if I haue in my youthe
Done other wise in other place,
I put me therof in your grace.
For this excusen I ne shall,
That I haue elles ouer all,
To loue and to his companie
Be pleine without hypocrisie.
But there is one, the whiche I serue,
All though I maie no thanke deserue,
To whom yet neuer vnto this daie
I saied only ye or naie.
But if it so were in my thought,
As touchend other saie I nought,
That I nam somdele for to wite,
Of that ye clepe an hypocrite.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne it sit well euery wight
To kepe his worde in trouth vpright
Towardes loue in all wise.
For who that wolde him well aduise,
What hath befalle in this mattere,
He shulde nought with feigned chere
Deceyue loue in no degree
To loue is euery hert free.
But in deceite if that thou feigneste,
And thervpon thy luste atteyneste,
That thou haste wonne with thy wile,
Though it the like for a while,

Thou shalt it afterwarde repente.
And for to prouen myne entente
I finde ensample in a Cronique,
Of them that loue so biswike.

Quod hypocrisia sit in amore periculosa narrat exemplum, qualiter sub regno Tiberii imperatoris quidam miles nomine Mundus, qui Romanorum dux militie tunc prefuit, dominam Paulinam pulcherrimam castitatisque famosissimam mediantibus duobus falsis presbyteris in Templo Isis domini sui se esse fingens sub ficte sanctitatis hypocrisi nocturno tempore vitiauit, vnde idem dux in exilium, presbyteri in mortem ob sui criminis enormitatem damnati extiterant.

It befelle by olde daies thus
Whilome the emperour Tiberius
The monarche of Rome ladde,
There was a worthy Romain had
A wife, and she Paulina hight:
Whiche was to euery mannis sight
Of all the citee the faireste:
And as men saiden eke the beste.
It is and hath ben euer yet,
That so stronge is no mans witte,
Whiche through beautee ne maie be drawe
To loue, and stande vnder the lawe
Of thilke bore freile kinde,
Whiche maketh the hertes eies blinde,
Where no reason maie be communed:
And in this wise stode fortuned
This tale, of whiche I woll meene.
This wife, whiche in hir lustes greene
Was faire and fresshe and tender of age,
She maie not let the courage
Of him, that wol on hir assotte.
There was a duke, and he was hotte
Mundus, whiche had in his baillie
To lede the chiualrie
Of Rome: and was a worthy knight.
But yet he was nought of suche might
The strengthe of loue to withstonde,
That he ne was so brought to honde,
That maulgre whether he wol or no,
This yonge wife he loueth so,
That he hath put all his assaie
To winne thing, which he ne maie
Gette of hir grant in no maner
By yefte of gold, ne by praier.
And whan he sawe, that by no mede
Toward hir loue he might spede
By sleight feigned than he wrought,
And thervpon he him bethought,
Howe that there was in the citee
A temple of suche auctoritee,
To whiche, with great deuocion
The noble women of the towne
Moste comonly a pilgrimage
Gone, for to pray thilke image,
Whiche the goddesse of childyng is,
And cleped was by name Isis:
And in hir temple than were
(To rewle and to minister there
After the law, whiche was tho)
Abouen all other prestes two.
This duke, which thought his loue get
Upon a daie them two to mete
Hath bede: and thei come at his heste,
Where thei had a riche feste.
And after mete in preuy place
This lord, which wolde his thanke purchace,
To eche of them yafe than a gifte,
And spake so by waie of shrifte
He drough them in to his couine
To helpe and shape how Pauline
After his luste deceiue might:
And thei their trouthes bothe plight,
That thei by night hir shulde winne
Into the temple, and he therinne
Shall haue of hir all his intent.
And thus accorded forth thei wente.
Now liste through whiche hypocrisie
Ordeined was the trecherie,
Wherof this lady was deceiued.
These prestes hadden wel conceiued,
That she was of great holynesse,
And with a counterfeit simplesse,
Whiche hid was in a fals courage,
Feigned an heuenly message.
Thei come, and saide vnto her thus:
Paulyne, the God Anubus
Hath sente vs both presente here,
And saith, he wol to the appere
By nightes time him selfe alone
For loue he hath to thy persone:
And thervpon he hath vs bede
That we in Isis Temple a stede
Honestly for the purueye,
Where thou by night as we the seye
Of him shalt take a vision.
For vpon thy condicion
The whiche is chaste and full of feithe
Suche price (as he vs tolde) he leith,
That he woll stande of thin accorde:
And for to beare herof recorde
He sende vs hider bothe two.
Glad was hir innocence tho
Of suche wordes, as she herd.
With humble chere, and thus answerde
And saide, that the gods wilt
She was all redy to fulfill,
That by hir housbondes leue,
She wolde in Isis Temple at eue
Upon hir gods grace abide,
To seruen him the nightes tide.
The prestes tho gon home againe.
And she goth to hir soueraine,
Of gods will, and as it was
She tolde him all the plaine cas:
Wherof he was deceiued eke,
And badde, that she hir shulde meke
All hole vnto the gods heste.
And thus she, whiche was all honeste
To godwarde, after hir entent,
At night vnto the temple went,
Where that the fals prestes were,
And thei receiuen hir there
With suche a token of holynesse,
As though thei seen a goddesse,
And all within in preuy place
A softe bedde of large space
Thei hadde made, and encorteined,
Where she was afterward engined.
But she, whiche all honour supposeth,
The fals prestes than opposeth
And axeth by what obseruance
She might moste, to the plesance
Of god, that nightes reule kepe.
And thei hir bidden for to slepe

Lyggend vpon the bedde a lofte.
For so thei saiden, still and soft
God Anubus hir wolde awake.
The counseill in this wise take,
The prestes fro this lady gone,
And she that wiste of gile none
In the maner as it was saide
To slepe vpon the bedde, is laide
In hope that she shulde acheue
Thing, whiche stode than vpon beleue,
Fulfilled of all holynesse.
But she hath failed as I gesse.
For in a closet faste by
The duke was hid so priuely,
That she him might not perceiue
And he that thought to deceiue
Hath suche araie vpon nome,
That whan he wolde vnto hir come,
It shulde semen at hir eie,
As though she verily seie
God Anubus, and in suche wise.
This hepocrite, of his queintise
Awayteth euer till she slept,
And than out of his place he crept
So still, that she nothing herde,
And to the bedde stalkyng he ferde:
And sodenly, er she it wiste
Beclipt in armes he hir kiste:
Wherof in womannysshe drede
She woke, and niste what to rede.
But he, with softe wordes milde
Comforteth hir, and saith, with childe
He wolde hir make in suche a kynde,
That all the world shall haue in minde
The worshippe of that ylke sonne.
For he shall with the gods wone,
And ben him selfe a god also.
With suche wordes, and with mo,
The whiche he feigneth in his speche:
This ladies witte was all to seche,
As she, whiche all trouthe weneth.
But he, that all vntrouth meneth,
With blynde tales so hir ladde,
That all his will of hir he hadde.
And whan him thought it was enough,
Againe the daie he him withdrough
So priuely, that she ne wiste
Where he become, but as hym liste
Out of the temple he goth his waie:
And she beganne to bid and praie
Upon the bare grounde knelende:
And after that made hir offrende,
And to the prestes yeftes great
She yafe, and homeward by the strete
The duke hir mette, and saide thus:
The mightie god, whiche Anubus
Is hote, he saue the Pauline.
For thou arte of his discipline
So holy, that no mans might
Maie do, that he hath do to night
Of thyng, whiche thou hast euer eschued:
But I his grace haue so pursued,
That I was made his lieutenant.
For thy by waie of couenant
From this daie foorth I am all thyne,
And if the like to be myne;
That stonte vpon thyn owne wyll:
She herde this tale, and bare it styll,
And home she went as it befill
Into hir chambre, and there she fill
Upon hir bedde to wepe and crie,
And saide, O derke hypocrisie,
Through whose dissimulacion
O false imaginacion,
I am thus wickedly disceiued:
But that I haue it apperceiued,
I thanke vnto the gods all.
For though it ones be befall,
I shall neuer efte while that I liue:
And thilke auowe to god I yeue.
And thus wepende she complaineth,
Hir faire face and all disteineth
With wofull teares hir eie,
So that vpon this agonie
Hir husbonde is in come,
And sawe how she was ouercome
With sorow, and asketh hir what hir eileth.
And she with that hir selfe beweileth
Well more than she did afore,
And saide, alas wifehode is lore
In me, whiche whilom was honest,
I am none other than a beaste:
Nowe I defouled am of two.
And as she might speake tho
Ashamed with a pitous onde
She tolde vnto hir husbonde
The sothe of all the hole tale,
And in hir speche dead and pale
She swonneth well nigh to the last,
And he hir in his armes faste
Uphelde, and ofte swore his othe,
That he with hir is nothynge wroth.
For well he wote she maie there nought.
But netheles within his thought
His herte stode in a sorie plite,
And saide, he wolde of that despite
Be auenged, howe so euer it fall,
And sent vnto his frendes all.
And whan thei were comen in fere,
He tolde them vpon this matere,
And asketh them, what was to done.
And thei auised were soone,
And said: It thought them for the best,
To sette firste his wife in reste:
And after plaine to the kynge
Upon the matter of this thynge.
Tho was his wofull wife comforted
By all waies, and disported,
Tyll that she was somedele amended:
And thus thei a daie or two dispended.
The thirde daie she goth to plaine
With many a worthie citezaine
And he with many a citezeine.
Whan the emperour it herde seine
And knewe the falsehead of the vice,
He saide, he wolde do Justice.
And firste be let the prestes take,
And for thei shulde it not forsake,
He put them in to question:
But thei of the suggestion
Ne coude not a worde refuse:
But for thei wolde them selfe excuse
The blame vpon the duke thei laide.
But there ayene the counsaile saide
That thei be nought excused so.
For he is one, and thei be two:
And two haue more witte than one,
So thilke excusement was none.
And ouer that was saide them eke,
That whan men wolde vertue seke,

Men shulde it in the prestes fynde,
Their order is of so highe a kynde,
That thei be diuisers of the weie.
For thy if any man forswey
Through them, thei be not excusable.
And thus by lawe reasonable
Amonge the wise iudges there,
The prestes both damned were,
So that the priuie trecherie,
Hid vnder the false hipocrisie,
Was than all openly shewed,
That many a man them hath beshrewed.
And whan the prestes weren dede
The temple of thilke horrible dede
Thei thoughten purge, and thilke image,
Whose cause was the pilgremage
Thei drouen out, and also faste
Farre into the Tyber thei it cast,
Where the riuer it hath defied:
And thus the temple purified,
Thei haue of thilke horrible sinne,
Whiche was that time do therin
Of this point suche was the deuise.
But of the duke was otherwise.
For he with loue was bestadde,
His dome was nought so harde ladde.
For loue put reasone awaie,
And can nought see the right waie.
And by this cause he was respited
So that the death him was acquited.
But for all that he was exiled.
For he his loue had so begiled,
That he shall neuer come ayene,
For he that is to trouth vnpleine
He maie not failen of vengeance.
And eke to take remembrance
Of that hipocrisie hath wrought,
On other halue men shulden nought
To lightly leue all that thei here:
But than shulde a wise man stere
The ship, whan suche wyndes blowe.
For first though thei beginne lowe
At ende thei be nought meuable,
But all to broke mast and cable,
So that the ship with sodaine blaste
(Whan men leste wene) is ouercast.
As nowe full often a man maie see.
And of olde tyme howe it hath bee,
I finde a great experience,
Wherof to take an euidence
Good is, and to beware also
Of the perill or him be wo.

Hic vlterius ponit exemplum de illa etiam hipocrisia, que inter virum et virum decipiens periculosissima consistit, et narrat qualiter Greci in obsidione ciuitatis Troie, cum ipsam vi apprehendere nullatenus potuerunt, fallaci animo cum Troianis pacem vt dicunt pro perpetuo statuebant: et super hoc quendam equum mire grossionis de ere fabricatum ad sacrificandum in templo Minerue confingentes.

Of them that ben so derke within,
At Troie also if we beginne
Hypocrisie it hath betraied.
For whan the grekes had all assaied,
And fonde, that by no bataile,
Ne by no siege it might auaile
The towne to winne through prowesse,
This vice feigned of simplesse
Through sleight of Calcas and of Cryse,
It wanne by suche a maner wyse.
An horse of brasse thei lette do forge
Of suche entaile, and of suche a forge,
That in this worlde was neuer man
That suche an other werke began.
The craftie werkeman Epius
It made, and for to tell thus,
The grekes that thoughten to begile
The kynge of Troie in thilke while,
With Antenor, and with Enee,
That were bothe of the citee,
And of the counsell the wisest
The richest, and the mightiest,
In priuie place so thei treate
With faire behestes and yeftes greate
Of golde, that thei than haue engined
To gether, and whan thei be couined,
Thei feignen for to make peace,
And vnder that neuer the lesse
Thei shopen the destruction
Bothe of the kyng, and of the towne.
And thus the fals peace was take
Of them of Grece, and vndertake:
And thervpon thei fonde a way
Where strength might not awey,
That sleight shulde helpe than.
And of an ynche a large spanne,
By colour of the peace thei made,
And tolden how thei were gladde
Of that thei stonden in accorde.
And for it shall ben of recorde,
Unto the kyng the grekes saiden
By waie of loue, and thus thei praiden,
As thei that wolde his thanke deserue,
A sacrifice vnto Minerue
(The peace to kepe in good intent)
Thei must offre, er that thei went.
The kynge counsailed in the case
By Antenor and Eneas,
Therto hath youen his assent.
So was the plaine trouthe blent
Through counterfete hypocrisie
Of that thei shulden sacrifie.
The grekes vnder the bolynes
Anone with all besinesse
Their hors of brasse lette faire dight,
Which was to sene a wonder sight.
For it was trapped of him selue,
And had of smale wheles twelue,
Upon the which men enough
With craft toward the towne it drough,
And goth glistrende ayenst the sonne.
Tho was there ioye enough be gonne.
For Troie in great deuocion
Came also with procession
Ayenst this noble sacrifice
With great honour, and in this wise
Unto the gates thei it brought.
But of their entree whan thei sought,
The gates weren all to smale,
And thervpon was many a tale.
But for the worshippe of Minerue,
To whom thei comen for to serue,
Thei of the towne, which vnderstode,
That all this thing was done for good,
For peace, wherof that thei be gladde,
The gates, that Neptunus made
A thousande winter ther to fore,
Thei haue anone to broke and tore.

The stronge walles downe thei bete,
So that in to the large strete
This horse with great solemnitee
Was brought within the citee,
And offered with great reuerence,
Which was to Troie an euidence
Of loue and peace fur euermo.
The grekes token leaue tho,
With all the hole felaushippe
And foorth thei wenten in to shippe,
And crossen saile, and made hem yare,
Anone as though thei wolden fare.
But whan the blacke winter nighte
(Without moone or sterre lighte)
Bederked hath the water stronde,
All priuely thei gone to londe
Full armed out of the nauie,
Symon, which was made their espie
Within Troie, as was conspired,
Whan tyme was, a token fired,
And hath with that their waie holden,
And comen right as thei wolden,
There as the gate was to broke,
The purpose was full take and spoke
Er any man maie take kepe,
While that the citee was a slepe,
Thei slowen all that was within,
And token what thei mighten wynne
Of suche good as was suffisant,
And brenden vp the remenant.
And thus come out the trecherie
Which vnder false hypocrisie
Was hid, and thei that wened peace
Tho mighten finde no release
Of thilke swerde, which all deuoureth:
Full ofte and thus the swete soureth
Whan it is know to the taste:
He spilleth many a worde in waste,
That shall with suche a people trete.
For whan he weneth most beyete,
Than is he shape most to lese.
And right so if a woman chese
Upon the wordes, that she hereth,
Som man when he most true appereth,
Than is he forthest fro the trouth:
But yet full ofte, and that is routh
Thei speden, that be most vntrue,
And louen euery daie a newe:
Wherof the life is after lothe,
And loue hath cause to be wrothe.
But what man his luste desireth
Of loue, and thervpon conspireth
With wordes feigned to deceiue,
He shall not faile to receiue
His peine, as it is ofte sene.

CONFESSOR.

For thy my sonne, as I the mene,
It sitte the well to take hede,
That thou eschewe of thy manhede
Hypocrisie, and his semblant,
That thou ne nought be deceiuant,
To make a woman to beleue
Thing, which is not in thy beleue.
For in suche feint hypocrisie
Of loue, is all the trecherie:
Through which loue is deceiued ofte.
For feigned semblant is so softe
Unnethes loue maie beware,
For thy sonne, as I well dare,
I charge the to flee that vice,
That many a woman hath made nice:
But loke thou deale not with all.

AMANS.

I wys father no more I shall.

CONFESSOR.

Now son kepe, that thou hast swore.
For this that thou haste herde before
Is said, the first point of pride:
And next vpon that other side
To shriue and speake ouer this
Touchande of pride yet there is
The pointe seconde I the behote,
Whiche Inobedience is hote.

Flectere quam frangi melius reputatur, & ollæ
Fictilis ad cacabum pugna valere nequit.
Quem neque lex hoim, neque lex diuina valebit
Flectere, multotiens corde reflectit amor.
Quem non flectit amor, non est flectendus ab vllo,
Sed rigor illius plus elephante riget.
Dedignatus amor, poterit quos scire rebelles.
Et rudibus sortem præstat habere rudem.
Sed qui sponte sui subicit se cordis amore,
Frangit in aduersis omnia fata pius.

Hic loquitur de secunda specie superbie, quæ Inobedientia dicitur. Et primo illius vicii naturam simpliciter declarat. Et tractat consequenter super illa inobedientiæ, quæ in curia Cupidinis exosa amoris causam ex sua imbecillitate sepissime retardat.

THIS vice of inobedience
(Againe the reule of conscience)
All that is humble he disaloweth,
That he towarde his god ne boweth
After the lawes of his heste,
Not as a man, but as a beaste,
Which goth vpon his lustes wilde:
So goth this proude vice vnmilde,
That he disdeigneth all lawe,
He not what is to be felawe,
And serue maie he not for pride:
So is he ledde on euery side:
And is that selue, of whom men speake,
Which woll not bowe, or that he breke.
I not, if loue might him plie,
For els for to iustifie
His herte, I not what might auaile.
For thy me sonne of suche entaile
If that thyn herte be disposed,
Telle out and let it nought be glosed.
For if that thou vnbuxome bee
To loue, I not in what degree
Thou shalte thy good worde acheue.
My father ye shall well beleue
The yonge whelpe, which is affaited,
Hath not his maister better awaited
To couche, whan he saith go lowe
Than I anone, as I maie knowe
My ladie will me bowe more:
But other while I grutche sore
Of some thinges, that she dooth,
Wherof that I woll tell sooth.
For of two pointes I am bethought,
That though I wolde, I might nought
Obeye vnto my ladies hest.
But I dare make this behest,

Saufe only of that ylke two
I am vnbuxome of no mo.

CONFESSOR.

What ben tho two, tell on quod hee?
My father this is one, that shee
Commandeth me my mouthe to close,
And that I shulde hir nought appose
In loue, of which I ofte preache,
And plenarly of suche a speache
Forbere, and suffre hir in peace.
But that ne might I netheles
For all this worlde obey I wis.
For whan I am there, as she is,
Though she my tales mought alowe
Ayene hir will, yet mote I bowe
To seche, if that I might haue grace:
But that thinge maie I not embrace
For ought that I can speake or do:
And yet full ofte I speake so,
That she is wroth, and saith be still.
If I that hest shall fulfill,
And therto ben obedient:
Than is my cause fully shent.
For specheles maie no man spede,
So wote I not what is to rede.
But certes I maie nought obeie,
That I ne mote algates saie
Some what, of that I wolde mene.
For euer it is a liche grene
The great loue, whiche I haue,
Wherof I can not bothe saue
My speche, and this obedience.
And thus full ofte my silence
I breke: and is the first point,
Wherof that I am out of point
In this, and yet it is no pride.
Nowe then vpon that other side
To tell my disobeisance
Full sore it stant to my greuance,
And maie not sinke in to my witte,
Full ofte time she me bitte
To leuen hir, and chese a newe,
And saith, if I the sothe knewe,
Howe farre I stonde from hir grace,
I shulde loue in an other place.
But therof woll I disobeie.
For also well she might seie,
Go take the moone, there it sitte,
As brynge that into my witte,
For there was neuer rooted tree,
That stoode so faste in his degree,
That I ne stande more faste
Upon hir loue, and maie not caste
Myn herte awey, all though I wolde.
For god swote though I neuer shulde
Seue hir with eie after this daie:
Yet stont it so, that I ne maie
Hir loue out of my breast remue.
This is a wonder retenue,
That maulgre where she woll or none,
Myn herte is euermo in one,
So that I can noue other chese,
But whether that I winne or lese.
I mote hir louen till I deye.
And thus I breke as by that wey
Hir hestes, and hir commandynges:
But truly in none other thynges.
For thy my father what is more
Touchande vnto this ilke lore
I you beseche, after the forme,
That ye plainly me wolde enforme,
So that I maie mine herte rule
In loues cause after the rule.

Murmur in aduersis ita concipit ille superbus,
Poena quod ex bina sorte purget eum.
O bina fortunæ cum spes in amore resistit,
Non sine mentali murmure plangit amans.

Hic loquitur de murmure et planctu, qui super omnes alios inobedientie secretiores, vt ministri illi deseruiant.

TOWARDE this vice, of which we trete,
There ben yet tweie of thilke estrete,
Hir name is murmure and compleint,
There can no man hir chere peint,
To sette a glad semblant therin.
For though fortune make them winne,
Yet grutchen thei: and if thei lese,
There is no waie for to chese:
Wherof thei might stonde appeased.
So ben thei commonly diseased.
There maie no welth ne pouerte
Attempren them to the deserte
Of buxomnes by no wise.
For ofte tyme thei despise
The good fortune as the bad,
As thei no mans reasone had
Through pride, wherof thei ben blinde:
And right of suche a maner kynde
Ther be louers, that though thei haue
Of loue all that thei wolde craue:
Yet woll thei grutchen by some weie,
That thei wolde not to loue obeie
Upon the trouth, as thei do shulde.
And if them lacketh, that thei wolde,
Anone thei falle in suche a peine,
That euer vnbuxomly thei pleine
Upon fortune, and curse and crie,
That thei woll not her hertes plie
To suffre, tyll it better fall.
For thy, if thou amonges all
Hast vsed this condicion
My sonne, in thy confession
Nowe tell me plainly, what thou arte.

AMANS.

My father, I beknowe a parte
So as ye tolden here aboue
Of murmure, and complaint of loue,
That for I see no spede commende,
Against fortune complainende
I am (as who saith) euermo:
And eke full ofte time also,
Whan so as that I see and here
Of heuy worde, or heuy chere
Of my lady, I grutche anone.
But wordes dare I speke none,
Wherof she might be displeased:
But in myne herte I am diseased
With many a murmour, god it wote.
Thus drinke I in myn owne swote.
And though I make no semblant,
Myn herte is all disobeisant
And in this wise I me confesse
Of that ye clepe vnbuxomnes.

Nowe tell what your counsaile is.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne as I the rede this,
What so befall of other weie,
That thou to loues hest obeie,
As far as thou it might suffice.
For ofte sith in suche a wise
Obedience in loue auaileth,
Where all a mans strength faileth.
Wherof if thou liste to witte,
In a cronicle as it is writte,
A great ensample thou maiste finde,
Whiche nowe cometh to my minde.

Hic contra amori inobedientes ad commendationem obedientie confessor super eodem exemplum ponit, vbi dicit, quod cum quidam regis Secilie filia in sue iuuentutis floribus pulcherrime exeius Noueree incantationibus in vetulam turpissimam transformata extitit, Florencius tunc imperatoris Claudii nepos, miles in armis strennuissimus amorosisque legibus intendens, ex sua obedientia in pulchritudinem pristinam reformauit.

THERE was whylom by daies olde
A worthy knight, as men tolde:
He was neuew to the emperour,
And of his courte a courteour.
Wyfeles he was, Florent he hight,
He was a man, that mochell might:
Of armes he was desyrous,
Chiualrous, and amorous,
And for the fame of worldes speche
Strange auentures wolde he seche.
He rode the marches all aboute.
And fell a tyme, as he was out,
Fortune, whiche maie euery threde
To breke and knitte of mans spede
Shope, as this knight rode in a pase
That he by strength taken was,
And to a castell thei him ladde,
Where that he fewe frendes hadde.
For so it fell that ilke stounde,
That he hath with a deadly wounde
(Fightende) his owne hande slaine
Branchus, whiche to the Capitaine
Was sonne and heire, wherof ben wroth
The father and the mother bothe.
That knight Branchus was of his honde
The worthiest of all his londe:
And faine thei wolde do vengeance
Upon Florent, but remembrance,
That thei toke of his worthines
Of knighthode, and of gentilnes,
And how he stode of cosinage
To themperour, made them assuage,
And durst not slaine hym for feare.
In great desputeson thei were
Amonge them selfe, what was the best.
There was a ladie (the sliest
Of all that men knewe tho
So olde) she might vnc thes go:
And was grandame vnto the dede,
And she with that began to rede:
And she saide, she wolde bring him in
That he shall him to death winne,
All onely of his owne grante,
Through strength of veray couenant
Without blame of any wight.
Anone she sent for this knight,
And of hir sonne she aleide
The death, and thus to him she saide.
Florent howe so thou be to wite
Of Branchus deathe, men shall respite
As nowe to take auengement,
Be so thou stonde in iudgement
Upon certaine condicion,
That thou vnto a question,
Whiche I shall aske, shalt answer.
And ouer this thou shalt eke swere,
That if thou of the sothe faile,
There shall none other thynge auaile,
That thou ne shalt thy dethe receiue,
And for men shall the not deceiue,
That thou therof mightest ben aduised,
Thou shalt haue daie and time assised,
And leue, safely for to wende.
Be so that at thy daies ende
Thou come ageine with thine auise.
This knight, whiche worthy was and wise.
This lady praieth, that he maie witte,
And haue it vnder seales writte,
What question it shulde bee,
For whiche he shall in that degree
Stonde of his life in ieopardie.
With that she freygneth companie
And saith Florent, on loue it hongeth
All that to myn askyng longeth,
What all women most desyre:
This woll I aske, and in thempire
Where thou hast most knowlageyng
Take counseile of this askynge.
Florent this thynge hath vndertake.
The tyme was sette, and daie take:
Under his seale he wrote his othe
In suche a wyse, and foorthe he gothe
Home to his emes courte againe,
To whome his auenture plaine
He tolde, of that is hym befall.
And vpon that thei were all
The wisest of the londe assent.
But netheles of one assent
Thei might not accorde plat.
One sayde this, an other that
After the disposicion
Of naturall complexion.
To some woman it is plesance,
That to an other is greuance.
But suche a thynge in speciall,
Whiche to them all in generall
Is most plesant, and moste desired
Aboue all other, and most conspired,
Suche one can thei not finde
By constellacion, ne by kinde.
And thus Florent without cure
Muste stonde vpon his auenture,
And is all shape vnto his liere,
And as in defaulte of his answere
This knight hath leauer for to die
Than breke his trouth and for to lie
In place where he was swore.
And shapeth him gone ayene therfore,
Whan time come he toke his leaue,
That lenger wolde he not beleue,
And praieth his eme he be not wroth:
For that is a point of his othe
He saith, that no man shall him wreke,
Though afterwarde men here speke,

That he perauenture deie.
And thus he went forth his weie
Alone, as a knight auenturous,
And in this thought was curious
To witte, what was best to do.
And as he rode alone so,
And cam nigh there he wolde bee,
In a forest there vnder a tree
He sawe, where satte a creature,
A lothly womannishe figure,
That for to speake of flesshe and bone
So foule yet sawe I neuer none.
This knight beheide hir redily,
And as he wolde haue passed by,
She cleped hym, and bad him abide.
And he his hors head aside
Tho torned, and to hir he rode,
And there he houed, and abode
To wit what she wolde mene.
And she began him to bemene
And saide: Florent by thy name,
Thou haste on honde suche a game,
That if thou be not better auised,
Thy deth shapen is, and deuised,
That all the worlde ne maie the saue,
But if that thou my counseill haue.
Florent whan he this tale herde,
Vnto this olde wight answerde,
And of hir counsaile he hir praide.
And she ayene to him thus saide.
Florent, if I for the so shape,
That thou through me thy death escape,
And take worshippe of thy dede,
What shall I haue to my mede?
What thing (quod he) that thou wold axe,
I bid neuer a better taxe
Quod she: but firste er thou be spedde,
Thou shalt me leaue suche a wedde,
That I woll haue thy troth on honde,
That thou shalt be myn husbonde.
Nay (saide Florent) that maie not bee,
Ride than foorth thy wey, quod shee:
And if thou go forth without reade,
Thou shalt be sikerly deade.
Florent behight hir good enough,
Of londe, of rent, of parke, of plough:
But all that counteth she at nought.
Tho fell this knight in muche thought.
Now goth he forth, now cometh ayene,
He wote not what is beste to seyne:
And thought, as he rode to and fro,
That chose he mote one of the two,
Or for to take hir to his wife,
Or elles for to lese his life.
And than he caste his auantage,
That she was of so great an age,
That she maie liue but a while,
And thought to put hir in an Ile,
Where that no man hir shulde knowe,
Till she with death were ouerthrowe.
And thus this yonge lustie knight
Vnto this olde lothely wight
Tho said: If that none other chance
Maie make my deliuerance,
But onely thilke same speche,
Whiche (as thou seist) thou shalt me teche,
Haue here min honde, I shall the wedde:
And thus his trouth he leyth to wedde.
With that she frounceth vp the browe.
This couenant woll I alowe
She saith, if any other thynge,
But that thou hast of my teachyng,
Fro deth thy body maie respite,
I woll the of thy trouth acquite:
And elles by none other weie
Now herken me, what I shall seie.
Whan thou art come into the place,
Where nowe thei maken great manace,
And vpon thy comyng abide:
Thei woll anone the same tide
Oppose the of thine answere.
I wote thou wolt nothinge forbere
Of that thou wenest be thy beste.
And if thou mightest so fynde reste,
Well is, for than is ther no more:
And elles this shall be my lore,
That thou shalt saie vpon this molde,
That all women leuest wolde
Be soueraine of maus loue.
For what woman is so aboue,
She hath as who saith, all hir will,
And elles maie she nought fulfill
What thinge were hir leuest haue.
With this answer thou shalt saue
Thy selfe, and other wise nought.
And whan thou hast thy ende wrought,
Come here ayene thou shalt me fynde,
And let nothyng out of thy mynde.
He goth hym foorthe with heuy chere,
As he that not in what manere
He may this worldes ioie atteine.
For if he die, he hath a peine:
And if he liue, he mote him bynde
To suche one, whiche of all kynde
Of women is the vnsemelieste:
Thus wote he not, what is the beste.
But be him liefe, or be him loth,
Vnto the castell foorth he goth,
His full answere for to yeue
Or for to die, or for to liue.
Foorth with his counseile came the lorde,
The thynges stoden of recorde,
He sent vp for the ladie soone:
And foorth she came that olde moone
In presence of the remenant.
The strengthe of all the couenant
Tho was rehersed openly,
And to Florent she bad for thy,
That he shall tellen his auise,
As he that wote, what is the price.
Florent saieth all that euer he couth.
But suche worde cam ther none to mouth,
That he for yefte, or for beheste
Might any wise his deth areste:
And thus he tarieth longe and late,
Till this ladie bad algate,
That he shall for the dome finall
Yeue his answere in speciall,
Of that she had him first opposed.
And than he hath truly supposed,
That he him maie of nothyng yelpe,
But if so be tho wordes helpe,
Which as the woman hath him taught,
Wherof he hath an hope caught,
That he shall be excused so,
And tolde out plaine his will tho.
And whan that this matron herde
The maner how this knight answerde,
She saide, ha treson wo the bee,
That haste thus tolde the priuitee,

Which all women most desire:
I wolde that thou were a fire.
But netheles in suche a plite
Florent of his answere is quite.
And tho began his sorowe newe.
For he mote gone, or be vntrewe,
To hir, which his trouthe had.
But he, which all shame drad,
Goth foorth in stede of his penance,
And taketh the fortune of his chance,
As he, that was with trouth affaited.
This olde wight him hath awaited
In place, where as he hir lefte.
Florent his wofull heed vp lifte,
And sawe this vecke, where that she sit,
Which was the lothest wighte
That euer man easte on his eie:
Hir nose baas, hir browes hie,
Hir eies small, and depe sette,
Hir chekes ben with teres wette,
And riuelyn, as an empty skyn,
Hangyng downe vnto the chyn,
Hir lippes shronken ben for age,
There was no grace in hir visage.
Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,
She loketh foorth, as doth a more:
Hir necke is short, hir shulders courbe,
That might a mans luste distourbe:
Hir bodie great, and no thyng small,
And shortly to descriue hir all,
She hath no lith without a lacke
But like vnto the woll sacke.
She profereth hir vnto this knight,
And bad him, as he hath behight
(So as she hath bene his warrant)
That he hir held couenant:
And by the bridell she him seaseth:
But god wot how that she him pleaseth.
Of suche wordes, as she speketh,
Him thinketh wel nye his hert breketh
For sorow, that he maie not flee,
But if he wolde vntrewe bee.
Loke how a sicke man, for his hele
Taketh baldemoyn with the canele,
And with the myrre taketh the sugre:
Right vpon suche a maner lucre
Stant Florent, as in this diete.
He drinketh the bitter with the swete,
He medleth sorowe with likynge,
And liueth so, as who saieth, diynge:
His youth shall be cast awey
Upon suche one, whiche as the wey
Is olde, and lothely ouerall:
But nede he mot, that nede shall.
He wolde algate his trouth holde,
As euery knight therto is holde,
What hap so euer him is befall,
Though she be the fouleste of all,
Yet to honour of woman head
Him thought he shulde taken head:
So that for pure gentilnesse,
As he hir couth best adresse
In ragges, as she was to tore,
He set hir on his hors tofore,
And foorth he taketh his wey softe.
No wonder though he sigheth ofte
But as an oule fleeth by night
Out of all other byrdes sight:
Right so this knight on daies brode
In close him helde, and shope his rode
On nightes tyme, till the tide
That he come there, he wolde abide
And priuely, without noyse
He bryngeth this foule great coyse
To his castell, in suche a wise,
That no man might hir shape auise,
Till she in to the chamber came,
Where he his preuy counseille name
Of suche men as he most truste.
And told them, that he nedes muste
This beaste wedde to his wife,
For els had he loste his life.
The priuie women were assent,
That shulden ben of his assent,
Hir ragges thei anone of drawe,
And as it was that tyme lawe,
She had bathe, she had reste,
And was arraied to the beste.
But with no craft of combes brode
Thei might hir hore lockes shode.
And she ne wolde not be shore
For no counsaill, and thei therfore
With suche a tyre, as tho was vsed,
Ordeynen, that it was excused,
And had so craftely about
That no man might seen them out.
But whan she was fully arraied,
And hir a tyre was all assaied,
Tho was she fouler vnto see.
But yet it maie none other bee.
Thei were wedded in the night:
So wo begone was neuer knight,
As he was than of mariage.
And she bygan to plaie and rage,
As who saith, I am well enough.
But he therof nothyng ne lough.
For she toke than chere on honde,
And elepeth him hir husbonde,
And saith: My lorde, go we to bedde.
For I to that entent the wedde,
That thou shalt be my worldes blisse,
And profereth him with that to kisse,
As she a lusty lady were.
His bodye might well be there,
But as of thought, and of memorie
His herte was in purgatorie.
But yet for strengthe of matrimonie
He might make non essonie,
That he ne mote algates plie
To go to bed of companie.
And when thei were a bed naked,
With oute slepe he was awaked.
He torneth on that other side,
For that he wolde his eyen hide
Fro lokynge of that foull wight.
The chamber was all full of light,
The courteins were of sendall thyn.
This newe bride, which laie within,
Though it be nought with his acorde,
In armes she beclept hir lorde,
And praied, as he was torned fro,
He wolde him torne ayenward tho.
For now (she saith) we be both one.
But he laie still as any stone
And euer in one she spake and praide,
And bad him thynke on that he saide,
When that he toke hir by the honde.
He herd, and vnderstode the bonde,
How he was set to his penance:
And as it were a man in trance,

He torneth him all sodenly,
And sawe a lady laie him by
Of eightene wynter age,
Whiche was the fairest of visage
That euer in all this worlde he sighe:
And as he wolde haue take hir nighe
She put hir honde, and by his leue
Besought him, that he wolde leue,
And saith, for to wynne or lese
He mot one of two thynges chese,
Where he woll haue hir suche on night,
Or els vpon daies light.
For he shall not haue both two.
And he began to sorowe tho
In many a wise, and caste his thought.
But for all that yet coude he nought
Deuise him selfe, which was the beste.
And she that wolde his hert reste,
Praieth, that he shulde chese algate.
Till at the laste longe and late
He saide: O ye my liues hele,
Saie what ye liste in my quarele.
I not what answere I shall yeue:
But euer while that I maie liue
I woll, that ye be my maistresse.
For I can not my selfe gesse,
Whiche is the beste vnto my choyce.
Thus grante I yow myn holl voyce,
Chese for vs both, I yow praie:
And what as euer that ye saie,
Right as ye woll, so woll I.
My lorde, she saide, grant mercy
For of this worde, that ye now saine
That ye haue made me soueraine
My destnye is ouerpassed,
That neuer here after shall be lassed
My beautee whiche that I nowe haue,
Tyll I be take in to my graue.
Both night and daie, as I am nowe,
I shall alwey be suche to you.
The kynges doughter of Cecile
I am, and fell but sith a while,
As I was with my father late,
That my stepmother for an hate,
Whiche towarde me she hath begonne,
Forshope me, till I had wonne
The loue, and the soueraintee
Of what knight, that in his degree
All other passeth of good name:
And as men saine, ye ben the same.
The deed proueth it is so.
Thus am I yours for euermo.
Tho was plesance and ioye enough,
Echone with other plaied and lough.
Thei liue longe, and well thei ferde,
And clerkes, that this chance herde,
Thei writen it in euidence,
To teche, howe that obedience,
Maie well fortune a man to loue,
And sette hym in his luste aboue,
As it befell vnto this knight.

CONFESSOR.

For thy my sonne, if thou do right,
Thou shalt vnto thy loue obeie,
And folowe hir will by all weie.
Myne holy father so I wyll,
For ye haue tolde me suche a skyll
Of this ensample nowe tofore,
That I shall euermo therfore
Here afterwarde mine obseruance
To loue, and to his obeisance
The better kepe. And ouer this
Of pride, if there ought elles is
Wherof that I me shriue shall,
What thyng it is inspeciall
My father asketh I you praie.

CONFESSOR.

Nowe list my sonne, and I shall saie.
For yet there is surquedrie,
Whiche stant with pride of companie
Wherof that thou shalt here anone:
To knowe if thou haue gilt or none
Upon the forme as thou shalt here
Nowe vnderstonde well the matere.

Omnia scire putat, sed se presumptio nescit,
Nec sibi consimile quem putat esse parem.
Qui magis astutus reputat se vincere bellum,
In laqueos Veneris forcius ipse cadit.
Sepe cupido virum, sibi qui presumit, amantem
Fallit, & in vacuas spes redit ipsa vias.

Hic loquitur de tercia species suberbie, que presumpcio dicitur, cuius naturam primo secundum vitium confessor simpliciter declarat.

SURQUEDRIE is thilke vice
Of pride, whiche the thirde office
Hath in his courte, and will not knowe
The trouth, till it ouerthrowe.
Upon his fortune and his grace
Cometh, *Had I wiste*, full ofte a place.
For he doth all his thynge by gesse,
And voideth all sikernesse.
None other counsell good hym semeth
But suche, as him selfe demeth.
For in suche wise as he compasseth,
His witte alone all other passeth,
And is with pride so through sought,
That he all other set at nought,
And weneth of him seluen so:
That suche as he is, there be no mo.
And thus he wolde beare a price
So faire, so semely, nor so wise
Abouen all other, and nought for thy
He saith not ones graunt mercy
To god, whiche all grace sendeth:
So that his wittes he despendeth
Upon him selfe as though there were
No god, whiche might auaile there:
But all vpon his owne witte
He stant, till he fall in the pitte
So ferre, that he maie not arise.

Hic tractat confessor cum amante super illa saltem presumptione, ex cuius superbie quem plures fatui amantes, cum maioris certitudinis in amore spem sibi promittunt in expediti citius destituuntur.

AND right thus in the same wise
The vice vpon the cause of loue
And proudely set the herte aboue,
And doth him pleinly for to wene,
That he to louen any quene
Hath worthines, and suffisance:
And so without purueiance,
Full ofte he heweth vp so hie,
That chips fallen in his eie.

And eke full ofte he weneth this,
There as he nought beloued is
To be beloued all there beste.
Nowe sonne telleth what so the leste
Of this, that I haue tolde the here.

AMANS.

Ha father be nought in a were,
I trowe there be no man lesse
Of any maner worthinesse,
That halt him lasse worthy than I
To be beloued, and not for thy,
I saie in excusyng of me.
To all men, that loue is fre.
And certes that maie no man werne.
For loue is of him selfe so derne,
It luteth in a mans herte:
But that ne shall not me asterte,
To wene for to be worthy
To loue, but in hir mercy.
But sire, of that ye wolde mene,
That I shulde otherwise wene
To be beloued, than I was:
I am beknowe, as in this case.

CONFESSOR.

My good sonne tell me howe.

AMANS.

Nowe liste, and I woll tell you
My good father howe it is.
Full ofte it hath befall er this
Through hope, that was not certaine
My wenyng hath be set in vaine,
To trust in thing, that helpe me nought
But onely of mine owne thought
For as it semeth, that a bell,
Lyke to the wordes that men tell
Answereth: ryght so no more ne lesse,
To you my father I confesse,
Suche will my witte hath ouer sette,
That what so hope me behete,
Full many a time I wene it sooth.
But finally no spede it dooth.
Thus maie I tellen, as I can,
Wenyng begyleth many a man:
So hath it me, right well I wote.
For if a man wolde in a bote
(Whiche is without botome) rowe,
He must nedes ouerthrowe.
Right so wenyng hath farde by mee.
For whan I wende next haue bee
(As I by my wenyng easte)
Than was I fortheste at laste:
And as a foole my bowe vnbende,
When all was failed, that I wende,
For thy my fader, as of this,
That my wenyng hath gone amis
Tochend to Surquedrie,
Yeue me my penance er I die.
But if ye wolde in any forme.
Of this matter a tale enforme,
Whiche were ayene this vice set,
I shulde fare well the bet.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra illos, qui suis viribus presumentes debiliores efficiuntur, et narrat qualiter ille Campaneus miles in armis probatissimus de sua presumens audacia, inuocationem ad superos tempore necessitatis ex vecordia tum et non aliter primitus prouenisse asseruit, unde in obsidione ciuitatis Thebarum, cum ipse quodam die coram suis hostibus ad debellandum se obtulit, ignis de celo subito super veniens ipsum armatum totaliter in cineres combussit.

My sonne in all maner wise
Surquedrie is to despise;
Wherof I fynde write thus.
The proud knight Campaneus,
He was of suche Surquedrie,
That he through his chiualrie
Upon hym selfe so mochell truste,
That to the gods him ne luste
In no quarell to beseche,
But saide, it was an ydell speche,
Whiche cause was of pure drede
For lacke of herte, and for no nede:
And vpon suche presumpcion
He helde this proude opinion,
Tyll at the laste vpon a daie
About Thebes, where he laie,
Whan it of siege was beleine,
This knight, as the Cronike seine,
In all mans sight there,
Whan he was proudest in his gere,
And thought nothyng might him dere,
Full armed with his shelde and spere,
As he the citee wolde assaile,
God toke hym selfe the battaile
Ayenst his pride, and fro the skie
A firie thonder sodeinly
He sende, and hym to pouder smote.
And thus the pride, whiche was hote,
Whan he most in his strength wende
Was brent, and lost withouten ende.
So that it proueth well therfore,
The strength of man is sone lore.
But if that he it well gouerne.
And ouer this a man maie lerne,
That eke full ofte tyme it greueth,
What that a man him selfe beleueth,
As though it shulde him well beseme,
That he all other men can deme,
And hath foryete his owne vice,
A tale of them that be so nice,
And feignen them selfe to be so wise,
I shall the tell in suche a wise:
Wherof thou shalte ensample take,
That thou no suche thynge vndertake.

Hic loquitur confessor contra illos, qui de sua scientia presumentes aliorum condiciones dijudicantes indiscrete redarguunt, et narrat exemplum de quodam principe regis Hungarie germano, qui cum fratrem suum pauperibus in publico vidit humiliatum, ipsum redarguendo in contrarium edocere presumebat, sed rex omni sapiencia prepollens, ipsum sic incaute presumentem ad humilitatis memoriam terribili prouidentia mitius castigauit.

I fynde vpon Surquedrie,
Howe that whilom of Hungarie
By olde daies was a kynge,
Wise, and honest in all thynge.
And so befelle vpon a daie
(And that was in the moneth of Maie)

As thilke tyme it was vsance,
This kynge, with noble purueiance
Hath for him selfe his chare araied,
Wherin he wolde ride amaied,
Out of the citee for to plaie,
With lordes, and with great noblaie,
Of lustie folke that were yonge,
Where some plaide, and some songe,
And some gone, and some ride,
And some pricke her horse side,
And bridlen them nowe in nowe out.
The kynge his eie caste aboute,
Till he was at last ware
And saw comyng ageine his chare,
Two pilgremes of so great age,
That like vnto a drie image
That weren pale and fade hewed,
And as a busshe, whiche is besnewed,
Their berdes weren hore and white:
There was of kynde but a lite
That thei ne semen fully deade.
Thei come to the kynge, and bede
Some of his good pur charitee.
And he with great humilitee
Out of his chare to grounde lepte,
And them in both his armes clepte,
And kist them both foote and honde
Before the lordes of his londe,
And yafe them of his good therto.
And whan he hath this dede do,
He goth into his chare ageine.
Tho was murmour, tho was disdeigne,
Tho was complaint on euery side.
Thei saiden of their owne pride
Echone till other, what is this?
Our kynge hath do this thing amisse
So to abesse his roialtee,
That euery man it might see,
And humbled him in suche a wise
To them that were of none emprise.
Thus was it spoken to and fro
Of them, that were with hym tho
All priuely behinde his backe,
But to him selfe no man spake.
The kynges brother in presence
Was thilke time, and great offence
He toke therof, and was the same
Aboue all other, whiche moste blame
Upon his liege lorde hath layde,
And hath vnto the lordes saide
Auon, as he maie time finde:
There shall nothynge be lefte behynde,
That he woll speke vnto the kynge.
Nowe liste what fell vpon this thyng.
Thei were merie, and faire enough,
Echone with other plaide and lough
And fellen into tales newe,
Howe that the fresshe floures grewe,
And howe the greene leaues spronge,
And howe that loue amonge the yonge,
Beganne the hertes than wake,
And euery birde hath chose his make.
And thus the Maies daie to thende
Thei leade, and home ayene thei wende.
The kynge was not so soone come,
That whan he had his chambre nome,
His brother ne was redie there,
And brought a tale vnto his eare
Of that he did suche a shame,
In hindryng of his owne name:
Whan he him selfe so wolde dretche,
That to so vile a powre wretche
Him deigneth shewe suche simplesse
Against the state of his noblesse,
And saith, he shall it no more vse,
And that he mote him selfe excuse
Towarde his lordes euerichone.
The kynge stode still as any stone,
And to his tale an eare he laide,
And thought more than he saide.
But netheles to that he herde
Well curtoisly the kynge answerde
And tolde, it shulde ben amended.
And thus whan that their tale is ended,
All redy was the borde and clothe:
The kynge vnto his souper goth
Amonge the lordes, to the hall.
And whan thei hadden souped all,
Thei token leue, and forth thei go.
The kynge bethought him selfe tho,
Howe he his brother maie chastie,
That he through his surquedrie
Toke vpon honde, and to dispreise
Humilitee, whiche is to preise:
And thervpon yafe suche counseile
Towarde his king, whiche was vnheile
Wherof to be the better lered
He thinketh to maken hym afered.
It fell so, that in thilke dawe
There was ordeined by the lawe
A Trompe, with a sterne breath,
Whiche was cleped the trompe of death:
And in the Court, where the kyng was
A certaine man, this trompe of brasse
Hath in kepyng, and therof serueth
That whan a lorde his death deserueth.
He shall this dredfull trumpe blowe
Tofore his gate, and make it knowe,
How that the iugement is yeue
Of deathe, whiche shall not be foryeue.
The kynge whan it was night anone
This man assent, and bad him gone
To trumpen at his brothers gate.
And he, whiche mote done algate,
Goth foorth, and doth the kynges heste.
This lorde, whiche herde of this tempe
That he tofore his gate blewe,
Tho wist he by the lawe, and knewe,
That he was sekerly deade,
And as of helpe he wist no rede:
But sende for his frendes all,
And tolde them how it is befall
And thei hym aske cause why.
But he the soothe not, for thy
Ne wist, and there was sorowe tho.
For it stode thilke time so,
This trompe was of suche sentence,
That there ayene no resistence
Thei coude ordeine by no weie,
That he ne mote algate deie:
But if so that he maie purchace
To gette his liege lordes grace:
Their wittes therupon thei cast,
And ben appointed at last.
This lorde a worthie ladie had
Unto his wife, whiche also drad
Hir lordes death, and children fiue
Betwene hem two thei had aliue,
That weren yonge, and tender of age,
And of stature, and of visage.

Right faire and lustie on to see.
Tho casten thei, that he and shee,
Foorthe with their children on the morowe,
As thei that were full of sorowe,
All naked but of smocke and sherte,
To tendre with the kynges herte,
His grace shuld go to seche,
And pardon of the death beseche.
Thus passen thei that wofull night.
And erly whan thei sawe it light,
Thei gone them foorth in suche a wise,
As thou tofore hast herde diuise,
All naked, but their shertes one
Thei wepte, and made muche mone.
Their heare hanged about their eares,
With sobbynge, and with sorye teares
This lorde goth then an humble pas,
That whilom proude and noble was:
Wherof the citee sore a flight,
Of them that sawen thilke sight.
And nethelesse all openly
With suche wepyng, and with suche crie,
Foorth with his children, and his wife
He goth to praie for his life.
Unto the court whan thei be come,
And men therin haue hied nome.
There was no wight, if he them sie
From water might kepe his eie
For sorowe, whiche thei maden tho.
The kyng supposeth of this wo,
And feigneth, as he nought ne wist.
But netheles at his vpriste
Men tolde him, howe it ferde.
And whan that he this wonder herde,
In hast he goth in to the halle:
And all at ones downe thei falle,
If any pitee maie be founde.
The kyng, which seeth them go to grounde,
Hath asked them what is the fere,
Why thei be so dispoiled there.
His brother saide, A lorde mercy,
I wote none other cause why,
But onely that this night full late
The trompe of deathe was at my gate,
In token that I shulde die.
Thus we be come for to preye,
That ye my worldes deathe respite.
Ha foole, how thou art for to wite,
The kynge vnto his brother saide,
That thou arte of so litell fraide,
That onely for a trompes sowne
Hath gone dispoiled through the towne.
Thou, and thy wife in suche manere,
Foorthe with thy children that ben here
In sight of all men aboute:
For that thou sayst, thou art in doubt
Of death, whiche stant vnder the lawe
Of man, and man maie it withdrawe,
So that it maie perchance faile.
Nowe shalt thou not for thy merualle
That I downe from my chare alight,
Whan I beholde to fore my sight,
In them that were of so great age,
Myn owne dethe through their ymage,
Whiche god hath set by lawe of kynde,
Wherof I maie no boote finde.
For well I wote, suche as thei bee,
Right suche am I in my degree,
Of flesshe, and blould, and so shall deie.
And thus though I that lawe obeie,
Of whiche that kynges be put vnder,
It ought be well the lesse wonder
Than thou, whiche arte without nede
For lawe of londe in suche a drede:
Whiche for to accompte is but a iape,
As thing, which thou might ouerscape.
For thy my brother after this
I rede, that sethen, that so is,
That thou canst drede a man so sore,
Drede god with all thyn herte more.
For all shall die, and all shall passe,
As well a lyon as an asse:
As well a begger as a lorde
Towardes deathe in one accorde
Thei shall stonde, and in this wise
The kynge with his wordes wise,
His brother taught, and all foryeue.

CONFESSOR.

For thy my sonne if thou wolt liue
In vertue, thou must vice eschewe,
And with lowe herte humblesse sewe,
So that thou be not surquedous.

AMANS.

My father I am amorous,
Wherof I wolde you beseche,
That ye me by some wrie teache,
Whiche might in loues cause stande.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne thou shalte vnderstande,
In loue, and other thynges all
If that surquedry fall,
It maie to him not well betide,
Which vseth thilke vice of pride,
Whiche tourneth wisedome to wenyng,
And sothfastnes into lesynge
Through foule imaginacion,
And for thyn enformacion;
That thou this vice (as I the rede)
Eschewe shalte, a tale I rede,
Whiche felle whilom by daies olde,
So as the clerke Ouide tolde.

Hic in speciali tractat Confessor cum Amante contra illos, qui de propria formositate presumentes amorem mulieris dedignantur, Et narrat exemplum, qualiter cuiusdam principis filius Nomine Narcissus estiuo tempore, cum ipse venationis causa quendam ceruum solus cum suis canibus exagitaret, in grauem sitim incurrens necessitate compulsus ad bibendum de quodam fonte pronus inclinauit: vbi ipse faciem suam pulcherrimam in aqua percipiens putabat se per hoc illam Nimpham, quam poete Echo vocant in flumine coram suis oculis conspexisse, de cuius amore confestim laqueatus, et ipsam ad se de fonte extraberet, pluribus blandiciis adulabatur, sed cum illud nullatenus perficere potuit, pre nimio languore deficiens contra lapides ibidem adiacentes caput exuberans cerebrum effudit.

THERE was whilom a lordes sonne,
Whiche of his pride a vice wonne
Hath caught, that worthie to his liche,
To sechen all the worldes riche
There was no woman for to loue,
So high he set him selfe aboue

Of stature, and of beautee bothe,
That him thought all women lothe.
So was there no comparison,
As towarde his condicion.
This yonge lorde Narcissus hight,
No strength of loue bowe might
His herte, which is vnafiled.
But at laste he was begiled.
For of the goddes purueiance
It felle him on a daie perchance,
That he in all his proude fare,
Unto the forest gan to fare
Amonge other, that there were,
To hunt, and disporte him there.
And whan he came in to the place,
Where that he wolde make his chace,
The houndes were within a throwe
Uncoupled, and the hornes blowe.
The great herte anone was founde;
With swifte feete set on the grounde:
And he with spore in horse side,
Him hasteth faste for to ride,
Till all men be lefte behynde.
And as he rode vnder a lynde
Beside a roche, as I the tell,
He sawe where sponge a lustie well.
The daie was wondre hotte withall,
And suche a thurste was on him fall,
That he must other die or drinke.
And downe he light, and by the brinke
He tide his hors vnto a branche
And laide him lowe for to stanche,
His thurst: And as he cast his loke
Into the well, and hede toke,
He sawe the like of his visage,
And wende there were an ymage
Of suche a nymphe, as tho was faye
Wherof that loue his herte assaye
Began, as it was after sene
Of his sotie, and made him wene
It were a woman, that he sighe.
The more that he came the well nigh,
The nere came she to him ageine:
So wist he neuer what to seine.
For whan he wepte, he sawe hir wepe,
And whan he cried, he toke good kepe,
The same worde she cried also.
And thus began the newe wo,
That whilom was to him so strange.
Tho made him loue and harde eschange
To set his herte, and to begynne
Thyng, whiche he might neuer wynne.
And euer amonge he gan to loute,
And praieth, that she to him come out.
And other while he goth a ferre,
And other while he draweth nerre:
And euer he fonde hir in o place.
He wepeth, he crieth, he asketh grace,
There as he might gette none.
So that ayene a roche of stone,
As he that knewe none other reade
He smote him selfe till he was deade:
Wherof the Nymphes of the welles,
And other that there weren els
Unto the wodes belongende,
The bodie, whiche was deade lyggende,
For pure pitee, that thei haue,
Under graue thei begraue.
And than out of his sepulture
There sponge anone peraventure
Of floures suche a wonder sight,
That men ensample take might
Upon the dedes, which he dede.
And tho was sene in other stede:
For in the wynter fresshe and faire
The floures bene, whiche is contraire
To kynde, and so was the folie,
Whiche fell of his surquedrie.
Thus he, whiche loue had in disdeigne
Werst of all other was beseine.
And as he set his price most hie,
He was lest worthie in loues eie,
And most be iaped in his witte,
Wherof the remembrance is yet:
So that thou might ensample take,
And eke all other for his sake.

AMANS.

My father, as touchende of mee,
This vice I thinke for to flee,
Whiche of his wenyng euer troweth,
And namelich of thing, whiche groweth
In loues cause, or well or wo:
Yet prided in me neuer so.
But wolde god that grace sende,
That towarde me my lady wende,
As I towardes hir wene,
My loue shulde so be sene,
There shulde go no pride a place.
But I am farre fro thilke grace.
And for to speake of tyme nowe,
So mote I suffre, I praie you,
That ye woll aske on other side,
If there be any point of pride:
Wherof it nedeth me to be shriue.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne, god it the foryeue,
If thou haue any thynge mysdo
Touchend of this: but euermo
Ther is another yet of pride,
Whiche neuer coude his wordes hide,
That he ne wolde hym selfe auaunt:
There maie nothinge his tonge daunt,
That he ne clappeth as a belle,
Wherof if thou wolt that I telle,
It is behouely for to here,
So that thou might thy tonge stere
Toward the worlde, and stande in grace:
Which lacketh ofte in many a place
To hym that can not sitte still,
Whiche els shulde haue all his will.

Magniloque propriam minuit iactantiæ linguæ,
Famam quam stabilem firmat honore silens,
Ipse sui laudem meriti non percipit, vnde
Se sua per verba iactat in orbe palam,
Est que viri culpa iactantia, quæ rubifactas
In muliere reas causat habere genas

Hic loquitur de quarta specie superbie, que iactantia dicitur, ex cuius natura causatur, vt homo de se ipso testimonium perhibens, suarum virtutum merita de laude in culpam transfert et suam famam cum extollere vellet, illam proprio ore subuertit. Sed et Venus in amoris causa de isto vicio maculatos a sua curia super omnes alios abhorrens expellit, et eorum multiloquium verecundia detestatur, vnde Confessor Amanti opponens materiam plenius declarat.

The vice cleped auantance,
With pride hath take his acqueintance.
So that his owne price he lasseth,
Whan he suche mesure ouerpasseth,
That he his owne heraukle is,
That first was well, is than amisse,
That was thanke worthie, is than blame:
And thus the worshippe of his name,
Through pride of his auantrie,
He tourneth into vilonie.
I rede, howe that this proude vice
Hath thilke hunt in his office,
Through whiche the blastes that he bloweth
The mans fame he ouerthroweth
Of vertue, whiche shulde els sprynge.
Unto the worldes knowlegyng:
But he fordothe it all to sore.
And right of suche maner lore
There ben louers, for thy if thou
Arte one of hem, tell and saie howe,
Whan thou hast taken any thynge
Of loues yefte, or ouche, or ryngе,
Or toke vpon the for the colde
Some goodly worde that the was tolde
Of frendly chere, or token, or letter,
Wherof thyn herte was the better.
Of that she sent the gretyng
Hast thou for pride of thy lykyng
Made thyn auaunt, where as the liste?

AMANS.

I wolde father that ye wist,
My conscience lyeth not here:
Yet had I neuer suche mattere,
Wherof myn herte myght amende,
Not of so muche as she sende
By mouth, and saide, Grete him well.
And thus for that there is no dele,
Wherof to make mine auaunt,
It is to reason accordaunt,
That I maie neuer, but I lie,
Of loue make auauntrie.
I wote not what I shulde haue do.
If that I had encheson so,
As ye haue saide here many one:
But I fond cause neuer none
But daunger, whiche me welnie slough:
Therof I couth tell enough;
And of none other auantaunce:
Thus nedeth me no repentaunce.
Nowe asketh forther of my life:
For herof am I not giltife.
My sonne, I am well paid with all.
For wite it well in speciall,
That loue of his veraie iustice,
Aboue all other ayene this vice,
At all times most debateth
With all his herte: and most it hateth:
And eke in all maner wise
Auauntrie is to despise,
As by ensample thou might witte,
Whiche I fynde in the bokes writte.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra illos, qui vel de sua in armis probitate, vel de suo in amoris causa desiderio completo se iactant, Et narrat qualiter Albinus primus rex Longo bardorum cum ipse quendam alium regem nomine Gurmundum in bello morientem triumphasset, testam capitis defuncti auferens ciphum ex ea gemmis et auro circumligatum in sue victorie memoriam fabricari constituit, in super et ipsius Gurmundi filiam Rosemundam rapiens, maritali thoro in coniugem sibi copilauit. Unde ipso Albino postea coram sui regni nobilibus in suo regali conuiuio sedente dicti Gurmundi ciphum infuso vino ad se inter epulas afferri iussit, quem sumptum vxori sue regine porrexit dicens. Bibe cum patre tuo, quod et ipsa huiusmodi operis ignara fecit. Quo facto rex statim super his que prius gesta fuerant cunctis audientibus per singula se iactauit. Regina vero cum talia audisset animo celato factum obhorrens in mortem domini sui regis circumspecta industria conspirauit. Ipsumque auxiliantibus Glodesida et Helmege breui sub scouto tempore interfecit, cuius mortem dux rauenensis tam in corpus regine quam suorum fautorum postea vindicauit.

Of them, that we lumbardes now call,
Albinus was the firste of all,
Which bare crowne of Lumbardie,
And was of great chiualrie
In warre ageinst diuers kynges.
So felle amonge other thynges,
That he that time a warre had
With Gurmund, which the Geptes lad,
And was a mightie kynge also:
But netheles it fell hym so,
Albinus slough him in the felde,
Ther halpe him nother spere ne shelde,
That he ne smote his head of than,
Wherof he toke away the panne:
Of whiche he saide he wolde make
A cuppe, for Gurmundes sake,
To kepe and drawe in to memorie
Of his bataile the victorie.
And thus when he the felde had wonne,
The londe anon was ouerronne,
And seised in his owne honde,
Where he Gurmundes doughter fonde,
Whiche maide Rosamunde hight,
And was in euery mans sight
A faire, fresshe, a lustie one.
His herte fill to her anone,
And suche a loue on hir he cast,
That he hir wedded at the laste.
And after that longe time in reste
With hir he dwelleth, and to the beste
They loue eche other wonder wele:
But she, whiche kepeth the blynd whele,
Venus, when thei be moste aboue
In all the hottest of her loue,
Hir whele she torneth, and thei fell
In the maner as I shall tell.
This kynge, whiche stode in all his welth,
Of pees, of worship, and of helth,
And felt him on no side greued,
As he that hath his worlde achieued:
Tho thought he wolde a feast make,
And that was for his wiues sake,
That she the lordes of the feste
That were obeisant to his heste,
Maie knowe: and so foorth there vpon
He let ordeine, and sent anon
By letters, and by messengers,
And warned all his officers,
That euery thynge be well araide!
The great stedes were assaide

For iustynge and for tornament,
And many a perled garnement
Embrouded was againe the daie,
The lordes in their beste araie
Be comen at the time sette.
One iusteth well an other bet,
And other while thei tornei:
And thus thei cast care awey,
And token lustes vpon honde.
And after thou shalt vnderstonde,
To mete into the kynges halle
Thei comen, as thei be bidden all.
And whan thei were sette and serued,
Than after, as it was deserued,
To them, that worthie knightes were,
So as thei setten here and there,
The price was youen, and spoken out
Amonge the heraudes all about.
And thus benethe, and eke aboue
All was of armes and of loue,
Wherof about at bourdes
Men had many sondrie wordes,
That of the mirthe, whiche thei made,
The kynge him selfe began to glade
Within his herte, and toke a pride:
And sawe the cuppe stonde aside,
Whiche made was of Gurmundes head,
As ye haue herde whan he was dead:
And was with golde and riche stones
Beset and bounde for the nones,
And stode vpon a foote on highte
Of horned golde, and with great slight
Of werkmenship it was begraue
Of suche worke, as it shulde haue:
And polisshed was eke so clene,
That no signe of the sculle was sene,
But as it were a grips eie.
The kyng badde beare his cuppe aweie,
Whiche stode before hym on the borde,
And fette thike vpon his worde.
The sculle is fette, and wine therin,
Wherof he badde his wife beginne,
Drinke with thy father, dame he saide.
And she to his byddyng obeide,
And toke the sculle, and what hir liste
She drinketh, as she, whiche nothyng wist
What cup it was: and than all out
The kynge in audience about
Hath tolde, it was hir fathers sculle,
So that the lordes knowe shull
Of his bataile a sooth witnesse,
And made auant through what prowes
He hath his wiues loue wonne,
Whiche of the sculle hath so begonne.
Tho was there mochell pride alofte,
Thei speaken all, and she was softe,
Thinkende on thilke vnkynde pride,
Of that hir lorde, so nigh hir side
Auanteth hym, that he hath slaine,
And piked out hir fathers braine,
And of the sculle hath made a cuppe.
She suffered all till thei were vppe,
And tho she hath sekenesse feigned,
And goth to chambre, and hath compleined
Unto a maide, whiche she trust.
So that none other wighte it wust.
This maide Glodeside is hote,
To whome this ladie hath byhote,
Of ladiship all that she can,
To auengen hir vpon this man,
Whiche did hir drinke in suche a plite
Amonge them all for despite
Of hir, and of hir father bothe,
Wherof hir thoughtes ben so wrothe,
She saith, that she shall not be glad,
Till that she se hym so bestad,
That he no more make auaunt.
And thus thei fell in couenaunt,
That thei acorden at the laste
With suche wiles, as thei caste,
That thei woll gette of their accorde
Some orped knight to sle this lorde,
And with this sleight thei begynne
Howe thei Helmege might wynne,
Whiche was the kynges botiler,
A proude and a lustie bachiller:
And Glodeside he loueth hote,
And she to make hym more assote,
Hir loue graunteth, and by night
Thei shape howe thei to geder might
A bedde mete: and done it was.
The same night, and in this cas
The queene hir selfe, the night seconde
Went in hir stede, and there she fonde
A chaumber derke without light,
And goth to bedde to this knight.
And he to kepe his obseruance
To loue, doth his obeisance,
And weneth it be Glodeside
And she than after laie a side,
And axeth hym, what he hath do,
And who she was, she tolde hym tho,
And saide Helmege, I am the queene.
Nowe shall thy loue well besene
Of that thou hast thy will wrought,
Or it shall sore ben abought,
Or thou shalt worche, as I the saie,
And if thou wolt by suche a waie
Do my plesance, and holde it still,
For euer I shall ben at thy will
Both I, and all mine heritage.
Anone the wilde loues rage,
In whiche no man him can gouerne,
Made hym, that he can not werne,
But fell all holle to hir assent.
And thus the whele is all miswent,
The whiche fortune hath vpon honde
For howe that euer it after stonde,
Thei shope amonge them suche a wile,
The kynge was dead within a while,
So slily came it not aboute,
That thei ne ben discouered out,
So that it thought them for the best
To flee, for there was no reste.
And thus the tresour of the kynge
Thei trusse, and muche other thynge,
And with a certaine felowship
Thei fled, and went awey by ship,
And helde their night course from then
Till that thei comen to Rauenne,
Where thei the dukes helpe sought.
And he, so as thei him besought,
A place graunteth for to dwell.
But after, when he herd tell
Of the maner, howe thei haue do,
The duke let shape for them so,
That of a poison, whiche thei drunke
Thei hadden that thei han beswonke.
And all this made auant of pride.
Good is therfore a man to hide

His owne price: for if he speake,
He maie lightelichè his thanke breake.
In armes lyeth none auantance
To him, which thinketh his name auance,
And be renomed of his dede.
And also who that thinketh to spede
Of loue, he maie not him auaunte.
For what man thilke vice haunte,
His purpose shall full ofte faile:
In armes he that woll trauaile,
Or elles loues grace atteine,
His lose tonge be mote restreine,
Whiche beareth of his honour the keie.
For thy my sonne in all weie
Take right good hede of this mattere.
I thanke you my father dere,
This schole is of a gentyll lore:
And if there be ought elles more
Of pride, whiche I shall eschewe,
Nowe axeth forth, and I woll shewe
What thynge, that ye me woll enforme.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne yet in other forme
There is a vice of prides lore,
Whiche like an hawke, whan he will sore,
Fleeth vp on high in his delices
After the likyng of his vices,
And woll no mans reason knowe,
Till he downe fall, and ouerthrowe.
This vice Vainglorie is hote,
Wherof my sonne I the byhote
To trete and speke in suche a wise,
That thou the might better auise.

Gloria perpetuos pregnat mundana dolores,
Qui tamen est vanus gaudia vana cupit.
Eius amicitiam, quem gloria tollit inanis,
Non sine blandiciis planus habebit homo.
Verbis compositis qui scit strigila re fauellum,
Scandere fallata iura valebit eques.
Sic in amore magis qui blanda subornat in ore
Verba, per hoc brauium quod nequit, alter habet,
Et tamen ornatos cantus, varios que paratus,
Leta que corda suis legibus optat amor.

Hic loquitur de quinta specie superbie, que Inanis gloria vocatur. Et eiusdem vicii naturam primo describens super eodem in amoris causa Confessor amanti consequenter opponit.

THE proude vice of vainglorie
Remembreth nought of purgatorie,
His worldes ioyes ben so great
Him thinketh of heuen no beyete.
This liues pompe is all his pes,
Yet shall he deie netheles,
And therof thinketh he but a lite.
For all his lust is to delite
In newe thynges, proude and vaine,
As farforth as he maie attaine
I trowe, if that he might make
His bodie newe, he wolde take
A newe forme, and leaue his olde.
For what thyng, that he maie beholde,
The whiche to comon vse is strange,
Anon his olde guise change
He woll, and falle thervpon,
Like vnto the Camelion
Whiche vpon euery sondrie hewe,
That he beholt, he mote newe
His colour: and thus vnauised
Full ofte tyme he stant disguised
More joylife than the byrde in Maie:
He maketh him euer fresshe and gaie,
And doth all his araie disguyse,
So that of hym the newe guyse
Of lusty folke all other take,
And eke he can carolles make,
Roundel, balade, and verelaie,
And with all this, if that he maie
Of loue gete him auantage.
Anone he waxt of his corage,
So ouer glad, that of his ende
He thinketh there is no deth comende.
For he hath than at all tide
Of loue suche maner pride,
Him thinketh his ioy is endeles.

CONFESSOR.

Now shrine the sonne in goddes pees,
And of thy loue telle me plaine,
Yf that thy glorie hath be so vaine.

AMANS.

My father as touchend of all,
I maie not well, ne noughten shall,
Of vaine glorie excuse mee,
That I ne haue for loue bee
The better adressyd and araide:
And also I haue ofte assaide
Roundel, balades, and verelaie
For hir, on whom myn hert laie,
To make, and also for to peinte
Carollis with my wordes queinte
To set my purpose alofte.
And thus I sauge them forth full ofte
In halle, and eke in chambre aboute,
And made mery amonge the route.
But yet ne ferde I not the bet:
Thus was my glorie in vaine beset
Of all the ioy that I made,
For when I wolde with hir glade,
And of hir loue songes make:
She saide, it was not for hir sake,
And liste not my songes here,
Ne witen, what the wordes were.
So for to speke of myn arraie
Yet coude I neuer be so gaie,
Ne so well make a songe of loue,
Wherof I might ben aboue,
And haue encheson to be gladde:
But rather I am ofte adradde
For sorow, that she saith me nàie,
And netheles I woll not saie,
That I nam gladde on other side.
For fame, that can nothyng bide,
All daie woll bring vnto myn ere
Of that men speken here and there,
How that my lady beareth the price,
How she is faire, how she is wise,
How she is womanliche of chere:
Of all this thing whan I maie here,
What wonder is though I be faine?
And eke when I maie here saine
Tidynges of my ladies hele,
All though I maie not with hir dele;

Yet am I wonder glad of that.
For wen I wote hir good estate,
As for that tyme I dare well swere,
None other sorowe maie me dere.
Thus am I gladed in this wise.
But father of your lores wise,
Of whiche ye be fully taught,
Nowe telle me if ye thinke ought
That I therof am to wite.
Of that there is, I the acquite
My sonne, he saide: and for thy good
I woll that thou vnderstode,
For I thinke vpon this mattere
To tell a tale, as thou shalt here,
Howe that ageine this proud vice
The high god, of his justice,
Is wrothe, and great vengeance dooth.
Nowe herken a tale, whiche is sooth,
Though it be nought of loues kinde,
A great ensample thou shalt finde
This vaine glorie for to flee,
Which is so full of vanitee.

Humani generis cum sit tibi gloria maior,
Sæpe subesse solet proximis ille dolor,
Mens elata graues descensus sæpe subibit
Mens humilis stabile molle que firmat iter.
Motibus innumeris volutat fortuna per orbem,
Cum magis alta petis inferiora time.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra vitium inanis glorie, narrans qualiter Nabugodonosor rex Caldeorum cum ipse in omni sue maiestatis gloria celsior extitisset, deus eius superbiam castigare volens, ipsum extra formam hominis in bestiam fœnum comedentem transmutauit Et sic per septennium penitens cum ipse potentiorem se agnouit, misertus deus ipsum in sui regni solium restituta sanitate emendatum graciosius collocauit.

THERE was a kynge, that much might,
Which Nabugodonosor hight:
Of whom that I spake here tofore,
Yet in the Bible this name is bore.
For all the worlde in thorient
Was hole at his commandement,
As than of kynges to his liche
Was none so mighty, ne so riche.
To his empire, and to his lawes,
As who saith, all in thilke dawes
Were obeisant, and tribute bere,
As though he god of erthe were.
With strength he put kynges vnder,
And wrought of pride many a wonder.
He was so full of vainglorie,
That he ne had no memorie,
That there was any god but hee,
For pride of his prosperitee:
Till that the high kyng of kynges,
Which seeth and knoweth all thynges,
Whose eie maie nothyng asterte
The priuitees of mans herte,
Thei speken and sowne in his ere,
As though thei loude wyndes were.
He toke vengeance of his pride.
But for he wolde a while abide
To loke, if he wolde him amende,
To him afore token he sende,
And that was in his slepe by night.
This proude kyng a wonder sight
Had in his sweuen, there he laie,
Him thought vpon a mery daie,
As he beheldе the world about,
A tre full growe he sawe there out,
Which stode in the world amiddes euen,
Whos height straught vp to the heuen:
The leues weren faire and large,
Of frute it bere so ripe a charge,
That all men it might fede.
He sawe also the bowes sprede
A boue all erth, in whiche were
The kinde of all byrdes there.
And eke him thought he sawe also
The kinde of all bestes go
Under the tre about rounde,
And fedden them vpon the grounde.
As he this vnderstode and sigh
Him thought he herde a voice on high
Cryende, and saide abouen all:
Hewe downe this tree, and let it fall.
The leues lette defoule in hast,
And do the frute destroie and wast,
And let of shreden euery branche,
But at rote he let it stanche.
Whan all his pride is cast to grounde
The rote shall be fast bounde,
And shall no mans herte here,
But euery lust he shall forbere
Of man, and like an oxe his mete
Of grasse he shall purchace and ete,
Till at the water of the heuen
Hath wasshen him by tymes seuen,
So that he thorough know aright,
What is the heuenlyche might,
And he made humble to the wille
Of him, which maie all saue and spille.
This kyng out of his sweuen abraide,
And he vpon the morowe it saide
Unto the clerkes, which he had
But none of them the sooth arad.
Was none his sweuen couth vndo:
And it stode thilke time so,
This kynge had in subiection
Jude, and of affection
Abouen all other one Daniell
He loueth, for he couth well
Diuine, that none other couthe,
To hym were all thynges couthe,
As he it had of gods grace:
He was before the kynges face
Assent and boden, that he shulde
Upon the point the kynge of tolde
The fortune of his sweuen expounde,
As it shulde afterwarde be founde.
Whan Daniell this sweuen herde.
He stode longe tyme, er he answerde,
And made a wonder heuy chere.
The kynge toke hede of his manere,
And bad hym tell that he wuste,
As he, to whom he mochell truste,
And saide, he wolde not be wroth.
But Daniel was wonder loth,
And saide, vpon thy fo men all
Syr kynge thy sweuen mote fall.
And netheles touchend of this
I woll the tellen, how it is,
And what disease is to the shape,
God wote if thou it shalt escape.

The highe tree, whiche thou hast sene,
With leffe and fruite so well besene,
The whiche stode in the worlde amiddes,
So that the bestes and the birdes
Gouerned were of him alone:
Syr kynge betokeneth thy persone,
Whiche stonde aboue all erthely thynges:
Thus reignen vnder the, the kynges,
And all the people vnto the louteth,
And all the worlde thy person douteth:
So that with vaine honour deceiued
Thou haste the reuerence weiued
From hym, whiche is thy kynge aboue,
That thou for drede ne for loue
Wolt nothynge knowen of thy god,
Whiche nowe for the hath made a rod,
Thy vaine glorie, and thy folie
With great peines to chastie
And of the voice thou herdest speke,
Whiche bad the bowes for to breke,
And hewe and fell downe the tree,
That worde belongeth vnto thee.
Thy reigne shall be ouer throwe,
And thou dispoiled for a throwe,
But that the roote shulde stonde,
By that thou shalt well vnderstonde
There shall abide of thy reigne.
A time ageine whan thou shalt reigne,
And eke of that thou herdest saie
To take a mans herte aweie
And set there a bestiall,
So that he like an oxe shall
Pasture, and that he be hyreined
By tymes seuen, and sore peined,
Till that he knowe his gods mightes,
Then shall he stond againe vprightes.
All this betokeneth thine estate,
Whiche nowe with god is in debate.
Thy mans forme shall be lassed,
Tyll seuen yere ben ouer passed,
And in the likenes of a beaste
Of gras shall be thy roiall feaste.
The wether shall vpon the raine:
And vnderstonde, that all this paine,
Whiche thou shalt suffre thilke tide,
Is shape all onely for thy pride
Of vaine glorie, and of the sinne,
Whiche thou hast longe stonden in.
So vpon this condicion,
Thy sweuene hath exposicion.
But er this thynge befalle in dede
Amende the, this wolde I rede.
Yeue and departe thyn almesse,
Do mercy forth with rightwisenes,
Besechе and praie the highe grace,
For so thou might thy peas purchace
With god, and stonden in good accorde.
But pride is loth to lese his lorde,
And woll not suffre humilitee
With hym to stonde in no degree.
And whan a ship hath loste his stere
Is none so wise, that maie hym stere
Ageine the waues in a rage.
This proude kynge in his courage
Humilitee hath so forlore,
That for no sweuen (he saw tofore)
Ne yet for all that Daniell
Him hath counseiled euery dele,
He lette it passe out of his minde
Through vainglorie, and as the blinde
He seeth no weie, er him be wo,
And fell within a time so.
As he in Babylone wente
The vanitee of pride him hente,
His herte aros of vaine glorie,
So that he drough into memorie
His lordship and his regalie,
With woordes of surquedrie.
And whan that he him moste auaunteth,
That lorde, whiche vainglorie daunteth,
All sodenly, as who saith treis,
Where that he stode in his paleis,
He toke him from the mens sight,
Was none of them so ware, that might.
Set eie, where he become.
And thus was he from his kyngdome
Into the wilde foreste drawe:
Where that the mighty gods lawe,
Through his power did him transforme
Fro man in to a beastes forme:
And like an oxe vnder the fote
He graseth as he nedes mote
To getten him his liues foode.
Tho thought him cold gras goode,
That whilome ete the note spices:
Thus was he torned from delices.
The wyne, whiche he was wonte drinke
He toke then of the welles brinke,
Or of the pit, or of the slough,
It thought him then good enough.
In stede of chambres well araied,
He was than of a busshe well apaied.
The harde grounde he laie vpon,
For other pilowes had he non.
The stormes, and the raines fall,
The wyndes blowe vpon him all,
He was tourmented daie and night,
Suche was the high gods might,
Tyll seuen yere an ende toke:
Upon hym selfe tho gan he loke.
In stede of meate, gras and streys,
In stede of handes, longe cleys,
In stede of man, a beaste like
He sawe, and than he gan to sike.
For cloth of golde and of perrie
Whiche him was wonte to magnifie,
When he beheld his cote of heares,
He wepte, and with full wofull teares
Up to the heuen he cast his chere
Wepend, and thought in this manere,
Though he no wordes might winne,
Thus said his herte, and spake within.
O mightie god, that all hast wrought,
And all might bryng againe to nought:
Nowe knowe I, but all of thee,
This worlde hath no prosperitee.
In thyn aspecte ben all aliche,
The poure man and eke the riche,
Without the there maie no wight:
And thou aboue all other might.
O mighty lorde toward my vice
Thy mercy medle with iustice,
And I woll make a couenant,
That of my life the remenant
I shall it by thy grace amende,
And in thy lawe so dispende,
That vainglorie I shall eschewe,
And bowe vnto thin heste, and sewe
Humilitee, and that I vowe.
And so thinkend he gan downe bowe.

And though hym lacke voice of speche,
He gan vp with his feete areche,
And wailend in his bestly steuen
He made his plaint vnto the heuen.
He kneleth in his wise, and braieth,
To seche mercy, and assaieth
His god, which made him nothing strange,
Whan that he sawe his pride change.
Anone as he was humble and tame
He fonde towarde his god the same:
And in a twinkelynge of a loke
His mans forme ageine he toke,
And was reformed to the reigne,
In whiche that he was wonte to reigne:
So that the pride of vaine glorie
Euer afterwarde out of memorie
He let passe, and thus is shewed,
What is to ben of pride vnthewed,
Ageine the high gods lawe:
To whome no man maie be felawe.
For thy my sonne take good hede
So for to lede thy manhede,
That thou ne be not like a beste.
But if thy life shall ben honeste,
Thou must humblesse take on honde.
For than might thou siker stonde.
And for to speke it other wise
A proude man can no loue assise.
For though a woman wolde him please,
His pride can not ben at ease.
There maie no man to mochel blame
A vice, whiche is for to blame.
For thy men shulden nothyng hide,
That might fall in blame of pride,
Whiche is the worst vice of all:
Wherof, so as it was befall,
The tale I thinke of a cronike
To telle, if that it maie the like:
So that thou might humblesse sewe,
And eke the vice of pride eschewe,
Wherof the glorie is false and vaine,
Whiche god him selfe hath in disdaine:
That though it mount for a throwe,
It shall downe fall and ouerthrowe.

Est virtus humilis, per quam deus altus ad ima
Se tulit, et nostræ viscera carnis habet.
Sic humilis superest, et amor sibi subditur omnis,
Cuius habet nulla sorte superbus opem,
Odit eum terra, cœlum deiecit et ipsum,
Sedibus inferni státque receptus ibi.

Hic narrat confessor exemplum contra superbiam
Et dicit, quod nuper quidam rex famose prudencie cuidam militi suo super tribus questionibus, vt inde certitudinis responsionem daret sub pena capitalis sententie terminum prefixit. Primo quid minoris indigentie ab inhabitantibus orbem auxilium maius obtinuit. Secundo quid maioris meriti continens minoris expense reprisas exiguit. Tertio quid omnia bona diminuens ex sui proprietate nihil penitus valuit. Quarum vero questionum quedam virgo dicti militis filia nomine patris solutionem aggrediens taliter regi respondit. Ad primam dixit, quod terra nullius indiget, quam tamen adiuuare cotidianis laboribus omnes intendunt. Ad secundam dixit, quod humilitas omnibus virtutibus preualet, quæ tamen nullius prodigalitatis expensis mensuram excedit. Ad tertiam dixit quod superbia omnia tam corporis quam anime bona deuastans maiorum expensarum excessus inducit.

A KYNG was whilom yong and wise,
The which of his wit set great price
Of depe imaginacions,
And strange interpretacions,
Problemes and demaundes eke
His wisedome was to finde and seke:
Wherof he wolde in sondrie wise
Opposen them, that weren wise.
But none of them it might beare
Upon his worde to yeue answere,
Out taken one, whiche was a knight,
To him was euery thyng so light,
That also soone as he them herde,
The kynges wordes he answerde.
What thyng the kynge him aske wolde,
There anone the trouth he tolde.
The kynge somdele had an enuie,
And thought he wolde his wittes plie
To set some conclusion,
Whiche shulde be confusion
Unto this knight, so that the name,
And of wisedome the high fame,
Towarde him selfe he wolde wynne.
And thus of all his witte within
This kynge began to studie and muse,
What strange matter he might vse,
The knightes wittes to confounde:
And at last he hath it founde,
And for the knight anon he sent,
That he shall tell, what he ment
Upon the pointes of the mattere
Of questions, as thou shalte here.
The firste point of all thre
Was this: what thing in his degree
Of all this worlde hath nede lest,
And yet men helpe it all their mest.
The seconde is: what moste is worth,
And of costage is lest put foorth.
The thirde is: whiche is of most cost,
And lest is worthe, and gothe to lost.
The kynge these thre demandes axeth,
To the knight this lawe he taxeth,
That he shall gone and come ageine
The thirde weke, and tell him pleine
To euery point, what it amounteth.
And if so be, that he miscounteth,
To make in his answere a faile,
There shall none other thyng auaile
The kynge saith, but he shall be deade,
And lese his goodes, and his head.
This knight was sorie of this thing,
And wolde excuse him to the kyng:
But he ne wolde him not forbere.
And thus the knight of his answere
Goth home to take auisement.
But after his entendement,
The more he cast his witte about
The more he stant therof in doubte.
Tho wist he well the kynges herte,
That he the death ne shulde asterte:
And suche a sorowe hath to him take,
That gladshippe he hath all forsake.
He thought firste vpon his life,
And after that vpon his wife,
Upon his childre eke also,
Of whiche he had doughters two.

The yongest of them had of age
Fourtene yere, and of visage
She was right faire, and of stature
Liche to an heuenly figure,
And of maner, and of goodly speche,
Though men wolde all londes seche,
Thei shulde not haue founde hir like.
She sawe hir father sorowe and sike,
And wist not the cause why:
So came she to him priuely,
And that was, wher he made his mone
Within a gardeine all him one.
Upon hir knees she gan downe fall
With humble herte, and to him call
And saide: O good father dere,
Why make ye thus heuy chere?
And I wote nothyng howe it is.
And well ye knowe father this,
What auenture that you felle,
Ye might it saufly to me telle.
For I haue ofte herde you saide,
That ye suche truste haue on me laide,
That to my sister, ne to my brother,
In all this worlde ne to none other,
Ye durst telle a priuetee
So well my father as to mee.
For thy my father I you praie,
Ne casteth nought that hert awaie.
For I am she, that wolde kepe
Your honour: and with that to wepe
Hir eie maie not be forbore.
She wissheth for to ben vnbore,
Er that hir father so mistryst
To tellen hir, of that he wyst.
And euer amonge mercy she cride,
That he ne shulde his counseile hide
From hir, that so wolde him good,
And was so nigh flesshe and bloud.
So that with wepynge at last
His chere vpon his childe he caste,
And sorowfully, to that she praide,
He tolde his tale, and thus he saide.
The sorowe doughter, which I make,
Is not all onely for my sake,
But for the bothe, and for you all.
For suche a chance is me befalle,
That I shall er this thirde daie
Lese all that euer I lese maie,
My life, and all my good therto.
Therfore it is, I sorowe so.
What is the cause alas, quod shee,
My father, that ye shulden bee
Dead, and distroied in suche a wise?
And he began the pointes deuise,
Whiche as the kyng tolde him by mouth,
And said hir plainly, that he couthe
Answere to no point of this.
And shee, that hereth how it is,
Hir counsaile yafe, and said tho.
My father, syn it is so,
That ye can see none other weie,
But that ye must nedes deie,
I wolde pray you of o thyng,
Lette me go with you to the kyng,
And ye shall make him vnderstonde,
Howe ye my wittes for to fonde,
Haue laide your answere vpon mee;
And telleth him in suche degree,
Upon my worde ye wol abide
To life or deth what so betide.
For yet perchance I maie purchace
With some good word the kynges grace,
Your life and eke your good to saue.
For ofte shall a woman haue
Thyng, whiche a man maie not areche.
The fader herd his doughters speche,
And thought there was no reason in,
And sawe, his owne life to wynne
He couthe done hym selfe no cure:
So better he thought in auenture
To put his life, and all his good,
That in the maner as it stode,
His life incerteine for to lese.
And thus thinkend he gan to chese,
To do the counseile of this maide,
And toke the purpose, whiche she saide.
The daie was come, and foorth thei gone,
Unto the courte thei come anone,
Where as the kynge in his iugement
Was sette, and hath this knight assent,
Arraied in her best wise.
This maiden with hir wordes wise
Hir father ledde by the honde
In to the place, where he fonde
The kynge, with other whiche he wolde:
And to the kynge knelende he tolde,
As he enfourmed was to fore,
And praieth the kynge, that he therfore
His doughters wordes wolde take,
And saith, that he woll vndertake
Upon hir wordes for to stonde.
Tho was ther great meruaile on honde,
That he, whiche was so wise a knight,
His lyfe vpon so yonge a wight
Besette wolde in ieopardie:
And many it holden for folie.
But at laste neuertheles
The kynge commaundeth ben in peace,
And to this maide he cast his chere,
And saide, he wolde hir tale here,
And badde hir speake: and she began.
My liege lorde, So as I can,
Quod she, the pointes, whiche I herde,
Thei shall of reason ben answerde.
The firste I vnderstonde is this,
What thynge of all the worlde it is,
Whiche men most helpe, and hath lest nede:
My liege lorde this wolde I rede,
The erthe it is, whiche euermo
With mans labour is bego,
As well in winter as in Maie,
The mans honde doth what he maie.
To helpe it foorth, and make it riche:
And for thy men it delue and diche,
And eren it with strength of plough,
Where it hath of hym selfe enough:
So that his nede is at leste:
For euery man, byrde, and beaste,
Of floure, and grasse, and roote, and rinde,
And euery thynge by wey of kinde
Shall sterue, and erthe it shall become,
As it was out of erthe nome
It shall to earth tourne ageine,
And thus I may by reason seine,
That therthe is most nedeles.
And most men helpe it netheles,
So that my lorde, thouchende of this.
I haue answerde howe that it is.
That other point I vnderstode,
Whiche most is worth, and most is good,

And costeth least a man to kepe:
My lorde, if ye woll take kepe,
I saie it is Humilitee,
Through whiche the high Trinitee,
As for deserte of pure loue,
Unto Marie from aboue
Of that he knewe hir humble entent,
His owne sonne adowne he sent
Aboue all other, and hir he chese,
For that vertu, whiche that bodeth pes.
So that I maie by reason call
Humilitee most worthe of all,
And lest it costeth to mainteine
In all the worlde; as it is seine.
For who that hath humblesse on honde,
He bryngeth no warres in to londe.
For he desyreth for the best
To setten euery man in reste.
Thus with your high reuerence,
Me thinketh that this euidence,
As to this point, is suffisant.
And touchende of the remenant,
Whiche is the thirde of your askynges,
What lest is worth of all thynges,
And costeth most, I tell it Pride,
Whiche may not in the heuen abide.
For Lucifer, with them that felle
Bare Pride with hym into helle.
There was pride of to greate coste,
Whan he for pride hath heuen loste.
And after that in Paradise
Adam for pride lost his price
In myddell erth. And eke also
Pride is the cause of all wo
That all the worlde ne maie suffise
To stanche of pride the reprise.
Pride is the head of all sinne,
Whiche wasteth all, and maie not winne.
Pride is of euery misse the pricke,
Pride is the worste of all wicke,
And costeth most, and lest is woorth,
In place where he hath his foorth.
Thus haue I saide, that I woll saie
Of myn answere, and to you praie
My liege lorde of your office,
That ye suche grace, and suche iustice
Ordeine for my father here,
That after this, when men it here,
The worlde therof maie speake good.
The kynge, which reason vnderstode,
And hath all herde howe she hath said,
Was inly gladde, and so well paide,
That all his wrath is ouer go,
And he beganne to loke tho
Upon this maiden in the face:
In whiche he fonde so mochel grace,
That all his price on hir he leide,
In audience, and thus he saide.
My faire maiden well ye bee,
Of thyn answere, and eke of thee
Me liketh well, and as thou wilte
Foryeue be thy fathers gilte.
And if thou were of suche lignage,
That thou to me were of parage,
And that thy father were a pere,
As he is nowe a bachilere:
So siker as I haue a life,
Thou shuldest than be my wife.
But this I saie netheles,
That I woll shape thine encreace,
What worldes good that thou wolt craue
Are of my yefte and thou shalt haue.
And she the kynge with wordes wise
Knelynge thanketh in this wise.
My liege lorde god mote you quite,
My father here hath but a lite
Of warison, and that he wende
Had all be lost, but nowe amende
He maie well through your noble grace.
With that the kynge right in his place
Anon foorthe in that fresshe hete
An Erledome, whiche than of eschete
Was late falle into his honde,
Unto this knight, with rente and londe,
Hath youe, and with his chartre seased.
And thus was all the noise appealed.
This maiden, which sate on hir knees
Tofore the kynges charitees
Commendeth, and saith euermore,
My liege lorde right nowe tofore
Ye saide, and it is of recorde,
That if my father were a lorde,
And pere vnto these other great,
Ye wolden for nought elles lette,
That I ne shulde be your wife,
And thus wote euery worthy life,
A kynges worde mote nede be holde.
For thy my lorde, if that ye wolde
So great a charitee fulfill,
God wote it were well my will.
For he whiche was a bachilere,
My father is nowe made a pere,
So whense as euer that I cam
An erles doughter now I am.
This yonge kynge, whiche peised al
Hir beautee, and hir witte withall,
As he, whiche was with loue hente,
Anone therto yafe his assente.
He might not the place asterte,
That she nis ladie of his herte,
So that he toke hir to his wife,
To holde, while that he hath life.
And thus the kynge towarde his knight
Accordeth him, as it is right.
And ouer this good is to wite,
In the cronike as it is write
This noble kynge, of whom I tolde,
Of Spayne by tho daies olde
The kyngedome had in gouernance.
And as the boke maketh remembrance,
Alphons was his propre name.
The knight also, if I shall name.
Dom Petro hight, and as men tell,
His doughter wise Petronell
Was cleped, whiche was full of grace,
And that was sene in thilke place,
Where she hir father out of tene
Hath brought, and made hir selfe a quene,
Of that she hath so well disclosed
The pointes wherof she was opposed.

CONFESSOR.

Lo now my sonne, as thou might here
Of all this thing to my mattere:
But one I take, and that is pride,
To whom no grace maie betide.
In heuen he felle out of his stede,
And Paradise him was forbede,

The good men in erthe him hate,
So that to helle he mote algate,
Where euery vertue shall be weiued,
And euery vice be reseeiued.
But Humblesse is all other wise,
Whiche most is worth, and no reprise
It taketh agein, but softe and faire
If ony thing stant in contraire,
With humble speche it is redressed.
Thus was this youge maide blessed,
The whiche I spake of nowe tofore:
Hir fathers life she gatte therfore,
And wanne with all the kynges loue.
For thy my sonne, if thou wolt loue,
It sitte the well to leaue pride,
And take Humblesse on thy side,
The more of grace thou shalt gete.

AMANS.

My father I woll not foryete
Of this that ye haue tolde me here,
And if that any suche manere
Of humble porte maie loue appaye,
Here afterwarde I thinke assaye.
But nowe foorth ouer I beseche,
That ye more of my shrifte seche.

CONFESSOR.

My good sonne it shall be do,
Nowe herken and lay an eare to.
For as touchende of prides fare
Als ferforth as I can declare
In cause of vice, in cause of loue,
That hast thou plainly herde aboue:
So that there is no more to saie
Touchende of that, but other waie
Touchende enuie I thinke telle,
Whiche hath the propre kinde of helle
Without cause to misdo
Towarde him selfe, and other also
Here afterwarde as vnderstande
Thou shalte the spices, as thei stande.

Explicit Liber primus.

Inuidiæ culpa magis est attrita dolore,
Nam sua mens nullo tempore læta manet.
Quo gaudent alij, dolet ille, nec vnus amicus
Est, cui de puro commoda velle facit.
Proximitatis honor sua corda veretur, et omnis
Est sibi lætitia sic aliena dolor,
Hoc etenim vitium quam sæpe repugnat amanti,
Non sibi, sed reliquis, dum fauet ipsa Venus.
Est amor ex propria motu fantasticus, et quæ
Gaudia fert aliis credit obesse sibi.

Hic in secundo libro tractat de inuidia, et eius speciebus, quarum dolor alterius gaudii prima nuncupatur, cuius conditionem, secundum vitium Confessor primitus describens amanti, quatenus amorem concernit, super eodem consequenter opponit.

INCIPIT LIBER SECUNDUS.

Nowe after pride the seconde
There is, whiche many a wofull stounde
Towardes other beareth aboute
Within him selfe, and not without
For in his thought he brenneth euer
Whan that he wote an other leuer,
Or more vertuos than hee:
Whiche passeth him in his degree,
Therof he taketh his maladie,
That vice is cleped hotte enuie.
For thy my sonne if it be so,
Thou arte, or hast ben one of tho,
As for to speke in loues cas,
If euer yet thyn hert was
Sicke of an other mans hele?
So god auance my quarele
My father ye a thousande sith,
Whan I haue sene another blithe
Of loue, and had a goodly chere,
Ethna, whiche brenneth yere by yere
Was than nought so hote as I
Of thilke sore: for whiche priuely
Myne hertes thought within brenneth,
The ship, whiche on the wawes renneth,
And is forstormed and forblowe
Is not more peined for a throwe
Than I am than, whan I see
A nother, whiche that passeth mee
In that fortune of loues yefte.
But father, this I tell in shrifte,
That no where but in a place.
For who that lese or finde grace
In other stede, it maie nought greue.
But thus ye maie right well beleue
Tawarde my ladie, that I serue,
Though that I weste for to sterue,
Myn hert is full of suche folie,
That I my selfe maie not chastie
Whan I the court see of Cupide
Approche vnto my ladie side
Of hem, that lusty ben and fresshe,
Though it auaile them not a resshe:
But onely that thei ben of speche,
My sorowe is than not to seche.
But whan thei rownen in hir eare,
Than groweth all my most feare,
And namely whan thei talen longe,
My sorowes than be so stronge,
Of that I see them well at ease,
I can not tell my disease.
But sire, as of my lady selue
Though she haue wowers. x. or twelue,
For no mistruste I haue of hir
Me greueth nought: for certes sir,
I trowe in all this worlde to seche
Nis woman, that in dede and speche
Woll better auise hir, what she dooth,
Ne better, for to saie a soothe,
Kepe hir honour at all tide:
And yet getto hir a thanke beside.
But netheles I am beknowe,
That whan I see at any throwe,
Or els if I maie it here,
That she make any man good chere:
Though I therof haue not to doone,
My thought woll entermete him soone.
For though I be my seluen strange,
Enuie maketh myn hert change,
That I am sorowfully bestadde
Of that I see another gladde
With hir, but of other all
Of loue what so maie befall,
Or that he faile, or that he spede,
Therof take I but litell hede.

Nowe haue I saide my father all,
As of this pointe in speciall,
As ferforthly as I haue wiste.
Nowe axeth forder what you liste.
My sonne, er I aske any more,
I thinke somdele for thy lore,
Tell an example of this mattere
Touchende enuie, as thou shalt here.
Write in Ciuile this I finde,
Though it be not the houndes kinde
To eate chaffe, yet woll he werne
An oxe, whiche cometh to the berne
Therof to taken any foode:
And thus who that it vnderstode
It stant of loue in many a place,
Who that is out of loues grace,
And maie him selfe not auaile,
He wolde an other shulde faile.
And if he maie put any lette,
He doth al that he maie to lette:
Wherof I finde, as thou shalt witte
To this purpose a tale writte.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra istos saltem, qui in amoris causa aliorum gaudiis inuidentes nequaquam per hoc sibi ipsis proficiunt. Et narrat qualiter quidam iuuenis miles nomine Acis, quem Galathea Nimpha pulcherrima toto corde peramauit, cum ipsi sub quadam rupe iuxta litus maris colloquium adinuicem habuerunt, Polyphemus gigas concussa rupe magnam inde partem super caput Acis ab alto projiciens, ipsum per inuidiam interfecit. Et cum ipse super hoc dictam Galatheam rapere voluisset, Neptunus gigantem obsistens, ipsam inuiolatam salua custodia preseruauit. Sed et dii miserti corpus Acis defuncti in fontem aque dulcissime subito transmutarunt.

THERE ben of suche mo than twelue,
That be not able as of them selue
To get loue, and for enuie
Upon all other thei aspie:
And for them lacketh, that thei wolde,
Thei kepe that none other shulde
Touchend of loue his cause spede:
Wherof a great ensample I rede,
Whiche vnto this matter accordeth.
As Ouid in his boke recordeth
How Polyphemus, whilom wrought
When that he Galathe besought
Of loue, whiche he maie not latche,
That made him for to waite and watche
By all weyes how it ferde,
Till at the laste he knewe and herde,
Howe that an other had leue
To loue there, as he mote leue.
As for to speake of any spede
So that he knewe none other rede,
But for to waiten vpon all,
Till he maie see the chance fall,
That he hir loue might greue,
Whiche he him selfe maie not acheue.
This Galathe, saith the poete,
Aboue all other was vnmete.
Of beautee, that men than knewe,
And had a lusty loue and trewe,
A bachyler in his degree,
Right suche an other as was shee,
On whom she hath hir hert set,
So that it might nought be let
For yeft ne for no byheste,
That she ne was all at his hest.
This yonge knight Acis was hote,
Whiche hir ageinwarde also hote
All only loueth, and no mo.
Herof was Polyphemus wo,
Through pure enuie, and euer aspide,
And waiteth vpon euery side,
When he to geder might see
This yonge Acis with Galathee.
So longe he waiteth to and fro,
Till at the laste he founde hem two
In priue place, where thei stode
To speke and haue hir wordes good.
The place, where as he them sighe,
It was vnder a banke, nighe
The great see, and he aboue
Stode and behelde the lusty loue,
Whiche eche of them till other made
With goodly chere and wordes glade.
That all his hert hath sette a fire
Of pure enuie, and as a vire,
Whiche flieth out of a mighty bowe,
Awey he fledde for a throwe:
As he that was for loue woode,
Whan that he sawe howe it stoode.
This Polypheme a geant was,
And whan he sawe the sooth cas,
Howe Galathe him hath forsake,
And Acis to hir loue take,
His herte maie it not forbeare,
That he ne roreth as a beare,
And as it were a wilde beast,
In whom no reason might areste.
He ranne Ethna the hille about,
Where neuer yet the fire was out,
Fulfilled of sorow and great disease,
That he sawe Acis well at ease:
Till at the last he him bethought
As he, whiche all enuie sought,
And tourneth to the banke ageine,
Where he with Galathe hath seine
That Acis, whom he thought greue
Though he him selfe maie not releue.
This geaunt with his rude might,
Part of the banke he shofe downe right,
The whiche euen vpon Acis fille:
So that with fallyng of this hille,
This Polyphemus Acis slough,
Wherof she made sorowe enough.
And as she fledde from the londe
Neptunus toke hir by the honde,
And kepte hir in so faste a place.
Fro Polypheme, and his manace,
That he with false his enuie
Ne might atteine hir companie.
This Galathe, of whom I speke,
That of hir selfe maie not be wreke,
Without any semblant feigned
She hath her loues death compleined,
And with hir sorowe, and with hir wo
She hath the gods moued so,
That thei of pitee and of grace
Haue Acis in the same place
There he laie dead, in to a well
Transformed, as the bokes tell,
With fresshe stremes, and with clere,
As he whilom with lustie chere
Was fresshe, his loue for to queme:
And with this rude Polypheme,

For his enuie, and for his hate
Thei were wroth. And thus algate
My sonne, thou might vnderstande,
That if thou wolte in grace stande
With loue, thou must leue enuie,
And as thou wilte for thy partie,
Towarde thy loue stande free:
So must thou suffer a nother bee,
What so byfalle vpon thy chance.
For it is a vnwise vengeance,
Whiche to none other man is lefe,
And is vnto him selfe grefe.

AMANS.

My fader, this ensample is good.
But howe so euer that it stoode
With Polyphemus loue as tho,
It shall not stande with me so,
To worchen any felonie
In loue, for no suche enuie.
For thy if there ought elles bee,
Nowe asketh foorth, in what degree
It is, and I me shall confesse
With shrifte vnto your holynesse.

Vita sibi solito mentalia gaudia liuor
Dum videt alterius damna doloris agit.
Inuidus obridet hodie fletus aliorum,
Fletus cui proprios crastina fata parent.
Sic in amore pari stat sorte iocosus amantes,
Cum vidit illusos inuidus ille quasi.
Sic licet in vacuum speret tamen ipse leuamen
Alterius casu lapsus et ipse simul.

Hic loquitur confessor de secunda specie inuidie, quæ gaudium alterius doloris dicitur, et primo eiusdem vicii materiam tractans amantis conscientiam super eodem vlterius inuestigat.

MY good sonne yet there is
A vice reuers vnto this,
Whiche enuious taketh his gladnes
Of that he seeth the heuinesse
Of other men. For his welfare
Is, whan he wote another care.
Of that an other hath a falle
He thynketh him selfe arist with all.
Suche is the gladshippe of enuie
In worldes thing, and in partie
Full ofte tymes eke also
In loues cause it stant right so.
If thou my sonne haste ioye had,
Whan thou an other sawe vnglad
Shriue the therof. My fader yis,
I am byknowen vnto you this,
Of these louers that louen streite,
And for that point, whiche thei coueite
Ben pursuantes from yere to yere
In loues court, when I maie here,
How that thei clymbe vpon the whele,
And whan thei wene all shall be wele,
Thei ben downe throwe at laste
Than am I fed of that faste,
And laugh, of that I see them loure.
And thus of that thei brewe soure
I drinke swete, and am well eased
Of that I wote thei ben diseased.
But this, whiche I you tell here
Is onely for my ladie dere,
That for none other, that I knowe
Me recheth not who ouerthrowe,
Ne who that stande in loue vpright,
But be he squier, be he knight
Whiche to my ladye warde pursueth,
The more he leseth of that he seweth,
The more me thinketh that I wynne,
And am the more glad within,
Of that I wote him sorowe endure.
For euer vpon suche auenture
It is a comforte as men seine
To him, the whiche is wo beseine,
To sene an other in his peine:
So that thei bothe maie complaine,
Where I my selfe maie not auaile,
To sene an other mans trauaile,
I am right glad if he be lette.
And though I fare not the bet,
His sorowe is to myn herte a game,
Whan that I knowe it is the same,
Whiche to my ladie stant inclined,
And hath his loue not termined,
I am right ioyfull in my thought:
If suche enuie greueth ought,
As I beknowe me culpable,
Ye that be wise and resonable
My fader telleth your aduise.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne, enuie in to no prise
Of suche a forme I vnderstonde
Ne might by no reason stonde.
For this enuie hath suche a kinde,
That he woll set him selfe behinde,
To hinder with a nother wight,
And gladly lese his owne right,
To make another lese his.
And for to knowe howe it so is
A tale liche to his matere
I thinke telle, if thou wilte here,
To shewe properly the vice
Of this enuie, and the malice.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra illum, qui sponte sui ipsius detrimentum in alterius penam maiorem patitur, Et narrat, quod cum Jupiter angelum suum in forma hominis, vt hominum condiciones exploraret ab excelso in terram misit, contigit, quod ipse angelus duos homines, quorum vnus cupidus et alter inuidus erat, itinerando spacio quasi vnius diei commitabatur. Et cum sero factum esset Angelus eorum noticie se ipsum tunc manifestans dixit, quod quidquid alter eorum ab ipso donari sibi peciret, illud statim obtinebit, quod et socio suo secum comitanti affirmat duplicandum. Super quo cupidus impeditus auaricia, sperans sibi diuicias carpere duplicatas primo petere recusauit. Quod cum inuidus animi aduerteret naturam sui vicii concernens ita ut socius suus vtroque lumine priuaretur, se ipsum monoculum fieri constanter primus ab Angelo postulabat. Et sic vnius inuidia alterius auariciam maculauit.

OF Jupiter thus I fynde ywrite,
How whilom that he wolde wite
Upon the pleintes, whiche he herde
Amonge the men, howe that it ferde,
As of her wronge condicion
To do iustificacion.
And for that cause downe he sent
An Aungell, whiche aboute went,

That he the sooth knowe maie.
So it befell vpon a daie,
This angell, whiche him shuld enforme,
Was clothed in a mans forme,
And ouertoke, I vnderstonde,
Two men, that wenten ouer londe:
Through whiche he thought to aspie
His cause, and goth in companie.
This Aungell with his wordes wise,
Opposeth hem in sondry wise,
Nowe lowde wordes and now softe,
That made hem to desputen ofte:
And eche of hem his reason hadde,
And thus with tales he hem ladde
With good examinacion,
Tyll he knewe the condicion,
What men thei were bothe two:
And sawe well at laste tho,
That one of hem was couetous,
And his felowe was enuious.
And thus, whan he hath knowlachyng
Anone he feigned departynge,
And saide he mote algate wende.
But herken now what fell at ende.
For than he made hem vnderstonde,
That he was there of gods sonde,
And sayd them for the kyndship,
That thei haue done him felowship,
He wolde do some grace againe,
And bad that one of hem shuld saine,
What thynge is him leuest to craue,
And he it shall of yefte haue.
And ouer that eke foorth with all
He saith, that other haue shall
The double of that his felowe axeth.
And thus to them his grace he taxeth.
The couetous was wonder gladde,
And to that other man he badde,
And seith, that he firste axe shulde,
For he supposeth, that he wolde
Make his axing of worldes good.
For than he knewe well, howe it stood,
If that hym selfe by double weight
Shall after take, and thus by sleight;
Because that he wolde wynne,
He badde his felowe firste begynne.
This enuious, though it be late,
Whan that he sawe he mote algate
Make his axinge firste, he thought
If he worship or profite soughte
It shall be double to his fere,
That wolde he chese in no manere.
But than he sheweth what he was
Towarde enuie, and in this cas
Vnto this angell thus he saide,
And for his yefte this he praide,
To make hym blynde on his one eie,
So that his felowe no thynge sie.
This worde was not so soone spoke,
That his one eie anone was loke:
And his felowe foorth with also
Was blynde on both his eies two.
Tho was that other glad enough.
That one wepte, and that other lough.
He set his one eie at no cost,
Wherof that other two hath lost,
Of thilke ensample, whiche fell tho
Men tell nowe full ofte so:
The worlde empeyreth commonly,
And yet wote none the cause whie.
For it accordeth nought to kynde
Myn owne harme to seche and fynde.
Of that I shall my brother greue
I might neuer well acheue.
What seist thou sonne of this folie?
My father, but I shulde lie
Upon the point, whiche ye haue saide,
Yet was myn hert neuer laide:
But in this wyse, as I you tolde,
But euermore *if that ye wolde*
Ought els to *my shrift saie*
Touchand enuie, *I wolde praie.*
My sonne that *shall* well be do.
Now harken and lay thyn eare to.

Inuidie pars est detractio pessima, pestem
2uæ magis infamem flatibus oris agit.
Lingua venenato sermone repercutit auris,
Sic vt in alterius scandala fama volat.
Morsibus a tergo, quos inficit ipsa fideles,
Vulneris ignoti sæpe salute carent.
Sed generosus amor linguam conseruat, vt eius
Verbum, quod loquitur nulla sinistra gerat.

Hic tractat Confessor de tercia specie inuidie, que detractio dicitur, cuius morsus vipereos fesa sepe fama deplangit.

TOUCHEND as of enuious brood
I wote not one of all good.
But netheles suche as thei bee,
Yet there is one, and that is hee,
Whiche cleped is Detraction,
And to confirme his action,
He hath withholde Malebouche,
Whose tonge nother pill ne crouche
Maie hire, so that he pronounce
A pleine good worde without frounce:
Where behynde a mans backe
For though he preise, he fint some lacke,
Whiche of his tale is ay the laste,
That all the price shall ouercaste.
And though there be no cause why,
Yet woll he iangle, not for thy
As he whiche hath the heraudie
Of hem, that vsen for to lie.
For as the nettle, whiche vp renneth,
The fresshe red rose brenneth,
And maketh him fade, and pale of hewe:
Right so this fals enuious hewe
In euery place, where he dwelleth,
With fals wordes, whiche he telleth,
He tourneth pleasyng into blame,
And worship into worldes shame.
Of suche lesynge, as he compasseth,
Is none so good, that he ne passeth,
Betwene his tethe: and is backbited,
And through his fals tonge endited.
Like to the Sharnebudes kynde,
Of whose nature this I fynde:
That in the hottest of the daie,
Whan comen is the mery Maie
He spret his winge, and vp he fleeth,
And vnder all aboute he seeth
The fayre lustie floures spryngе:
But therof hath he no lykynge,
Where he seeth of any beaste
The filthe, there he maketh his feaste.
And there vpon he woll alighte,
There lyketh him none other sighte.

Right so this iangler enuious,
Though he a man se vertuous
And full of good condicion,
Therof maketh he no mencion:
But els be it not so lite
Wherof that he maie sette a wite,
There renneth he with open mouth
Behynde a man, and maketh it couth.
But all the vertue, whiche he can,
That woll he hide of euery man,
And openly the vice telle,
As he, whiche of the schole of helle
Is taught, and fostred vp with enuie.
Of householde and of companie
Where that he hath his propre office
To sette on euery man a vice,
Howe so his mouthe be comely
His worde sitte euermore a wrie,
And saith the worste that he maie.
And in this wise nowe a daie
In loues court a man maie here
Full ofte pleine of this matere:
That many enuious tale is stered,
Where that it maie not be answered.
But yet full ofte it is beleued,
And many a worthy loue is greued
Through backbityng of fals enuie.
If thou haue made suche ianglarie
In loues courte my sonne er this,
Shriue the therof. My father yis.
But wite ye howe: not openly,
But otherwhile priuely
Whan I my dere lady mete,
And thinke howe that I am not mete
Unto hir highe worthinesse
And eke I see the besinesse
Of all this yonge lustie route,
Whiche all daie preasen hir aboute,
And eche of them his tyme awaiteth,
And eche of them his tale affaiteth
All to deceiue an innocent,
Whiche woll not be of her assent.
And for men saine vnknowe vnkiste,
Hir thome she holt in hir fiste,
So close within hir owne honde,
That there wynneth no man londe:
She leueth not all that she hereth:
And thus ful ofte her selfe she skiereth,
And is all ware of HAD I WIST.
But for all that myn hert ariste,
Whan I these common louers see,
That wolde not holde hem to thre:
But well nye louen ouer all.
Myn hert is enuious with all,
And euer I am adradde of gile,
In aunter if with any wile
Thei might hir innocence enchaunte.
For thy my wordes ofte I haunte
Behynden hem, so as I dare,
Wherof my ladie maie beware.
I say what euer cometh to mouth,
And wers I wolde, if that I couth.
For whan I come vnto hir speche,
All that I maie enquere and seche
Of suche deceite, I telle it all:
And ay the worst in speciall.
So faine I wolde that she wist,
Howe litell thei ben for to trist,
And what thei wold, and what thei ment,
So as thei be of double entent.

Thus toward hem, that wicke mene,
My wicked worde was euer grene.
And nethelès the sooth to telle,
In certaine if it so befelle,
That alder trewest man ybore,
To chese amonge a thosand score,
Whiche were all fully for to trist,
My lady loued, and I it wist,
Yet rather than he shulde spede,
I wolde suche tales sprede
To my ladie, if that I might,
That I shuld all his loue vnright.
And therto wolde I do my peine,
For certes though I shulde feine,
And telle, that was neuer thought.
For all this worlde I might nought
To suffre an other fully wynne,
There as I am yet to begynne.
For be thei good, or be thei bad,
I wolde none my lady had.
And that me maketh full ofte aspie,
And vsen wordes of enuie,
And for to make them beare a blame:
And that is but of thilke same,
The whiche vnto my ladie drawe.
For euer on them I rounge and gnawe,
And hynder hem all that euer I maie.
And that is sothly for to saie,
But onely to my lady selue,
I telle it nought to. x. ne twelue.
Therof I woll me well auise,
To speke or iangle in any wise,
That toucheth to my ladie name,
The whiche in ernest and in game
I wolde sauen to my death.
For me had leuer to lacke breath,
Than speke of hir name amis.
Nowe haue ye herd touchend of this
My father in Confession,
And therfore of detraction
In loue, that I haue mispoke,
Telle howe ye will it shall be wroke,
I am all redy for to beare
My peine, and also to forbeare
What thing that ye woll allowe.
For who is bounden, he must bowe,
So wolle I bowe vnto your hest.
For I dare make this behest,
That I to you haue nothing hid,
But tolde right as it is betide,
And otherwise of no mispeche
My conscience for to seche
I can not of enuie finde,
That I mispoke haue, ought behynde,
Wherof loue ought be mispaide.
Nowe haue ye herde, and I haue saide.
What woll ye fader, that I do?
My sonne do no more so.
But euer kepe thy tonge still,
Thou might the more haue thy will.
For as thou seyst thy selfen here,
Thy lady is of suche manere
So wise, so ware in all thyng,
It nedeth of no bakbityng
That thou thy lady mis enforme.
For whan she knoweth all the forme
How that thy selfe art enuious,
Thou shalt not be so gracious
As thou parauenture shuldest be elles:
There wol no man drinke of tho welles,

Whiche (as he wote) is poyson ynne,
And ofte suche as men begynne
Towardes other, suche thei finde,
That set hem ofte fer behynde,
When that thei wenen be before.
My good sonne and thou therfore
Beware, and leue thy wicke speche,
Wherof hath fallen ofte wreche
To many a man before this time.
For who so will his handes lime,
Thei muste be the more vnclene.
For many a mote shall be sene,
That woll not cleue elles there,
And that shulde euery wise man fere.
For who so will another blame,
He seketh ofte his owne shame,
Whiche els might be right still.
For thy if that it be thy will
To stande vpon amendement,
A tale of great entendement
I thinke telle for thy sake,
Wherof thou might ensample take.

Hic loquitur confessor contra istos in amoris causa detrahentes, qui suis obloquiis aliena solacia perturbant, et narrat exemplum de Constantia Tiberii Rome Imperatoris filia omnium virtutum famosissima, ob eius amorem Soldanus tunc Persie, vt eam in vxorem ducere posset, christianum se fieri promisit, cuius accepta caucione concilio Pelagii tunc pape dicta filia vna cum duobus Cardinalibus, aliisque Rome proceribus in Persiam maritagii causa nauigio honorifice destinata fuit, quæ tamen obloquentium postea detractionibus variis modis absque sui culpa dolorosa fata multipliciter passa est.

A WORTHY knight in Christes lawe
Of great Rome, as is the sawe,
The sceptre had for to right,
Tibery Constantin he hight,
Whos wife was cleped Italie:
But thei to geder of progenie
No childre had but a maide,
And she the god so well apayde,
That al the wide worldes fame
Spake worship of hir good name:
Constance, as the Cronike saith,
She hight: and was so full of faith,
That the greatest of Barbarie
Of hem, whiche vse marchandie
She hath conuerted, as thei come
To hir vpon a tyme in Rome,
To shewen such thing, as thei brcughe,
Whiche worthely of hem she bought.
And ouer that in suche a wise
She hath hem with hir wordes wise
Of Christes feith so full enformed,
That thei therto ben all conformed,
So that baptisme thei receiuen:
And all hir fals goddes weyuen.
Whan thei ben of the feith certaine
Thei gone to Barbarie ayene,
And there the Soudan for hem sent,
And asketh hem to what entent
Thei haue her first feith forsake.
And thei, whiche had vndertake
The right feith to kepe and holde,
The matter of her tale tolde,
With all the hole circumstance.
And when the Soudan of Constance
(Upon the point that thei answerde)
The beautee and the grace herde,
As he, whiche than was to wedde,
In all hast his cause spedde
To sende for the mariage:
And ferthermore with good courage
He saith, be so he maie hir haue,
That Christ, that came this worlde to saue,
He woll beleue, and thus recorded
Thei ben on either side accorded:
And there vpon to make an ende
The Soudan his hostage sende
To Rome, of princes sonnes twelue,
Wherof the fader in him selue
Was gladde, and with the Pope auised
Two Cardinalles he hath assised,
With other lordes many mo,
That with his doughter thei shuld go,
To see the soudan he conuerted.

Qualiter aduenientе Constantia in Barbariam mater soldani huiusmodi nuptias perturbare volens, filium suum vna eum dicta Constantia, cardinalibusque et aliis Romanis prima die ad conuiuium inuitauit, Et conuescentibus illis in mensa, ipsum soldanum omnes que ibidem preter Constantiam Romanos ab insidiis latitantibus subdole detractione interfeci procurauit, ipsamque Constantiam in quadam naui absque gubernaculo positam per altum mare ventorum flatibus agitandam in exilium dirigi solum constituit.

BUT that, whiche neuer was wel herted,
Enuie tho beganne to trauaile,
In disturbance of this sposaile,
So priuely, that none was ware.
The mother whiche the souldan bare,
Was than aliue, and thought this
Unto hir selfe: If it so is
My sonne hym wedde in this manere,
Than haue I lost my joyes here.
For myn estate shall so be lassed.
Thinkend thus she hath compassed
By sleight, howe that she maie begyle
Hir sonne, and fille within a while,
Betwene hem two whan that thei were,
She feigned wordes in his eare,
And in this wise gan to saie:
My sonne, I am by double waie
With all myn herte gladde and blithe,
For that my selfe haue ofte sithe
Desyred, thou wolte (as men sayth)
Receiue and take a newe feith,
Whiche shall be forthrynge of thy life,
And eke so worshipfull a wife,
The doughter of an emperour.
To wedde, it shall be great honour.
For thy my sonne I you beseche,
That I suche grace might areche,
Whan that my doughter come shall,
That I maie than in speciall,
So as me thynketh honeste,
By thilke, whiche the firste feste
Shall make vnto hir welcommynge,
The Soudan graunteth hir askynge.
And she therof was glad enough.
For vnder that anone she drough,

With false wordes that she spake,
Couin of deathe behynde his backe,
And therypon hir ordinance
She made so, that whan Constance
Was comen forth with the Romaines,
Of clerkes and of citezeins,
A riche feaste she hem made:
And moste whan thei weren glade,
With false couyn, whiche she had
Hir close enuie tho she sprad:
And all tho, that hadden bee
Or in apperte or in priuee
Of counseile to the mariage,
She slough them in a sodeine rage
Endelonge the borde as thei ben set,
So that it myght not be lette.
Hir owne sonne was not quite,
But died vpon the same plite.
But what the high god woll spare,
It maie not for the perilf misfare.
This worthie maiden, whiche was there
Stode than, as who saith, dead for fere,
To see the feast, how that it stode,
Whiche all was tourned into bloud.
The disshe forth with the cuppe and all
Bebled thei weren ouer all.
She sawe hem die on euery side,
No wonder though she wepte and cride,
Makyng many a wofull mone
Whan all was slaine but she alone.
This olde fende, this Sarazyn,
Let take anone this Constantyn,
With all the good she theder brought,
And hath ordeined as she thought
A naked ship without stere,
In whiche the good, and hir in fere,
Vitaled full for yeres fiue,
Where that the wynde it wolde driue,
She put vpon the waues wilde.

Qualiter nauis cum Constantia in partes Anglie, que tunc pagana fuit prope Humber sub quodam Castello regis, qui tunc Allee vocabatur post triennium applicuit, quam quidam miles nomine Elda dicti castelli tunc custos et naui lete suscipiens, vxori sue Hermyngylde in custodiam honorifice commendauit.

But he, which all thinges maie shilde
Thre yere, til that she cometh to londe
Hir shippe to stere hath take on honde:
And in Northumberlonde arriueth,
And happeth than, that she dryueth
Under a castell with the floode,
Whiche vpon Humber banke stoode,
And was the kynges owne also,
The whiche Allee was cleped tho,
A Saxon, and a worthy knight,
But he beleueth not aright.
Of this castell was castellayne,
Elda the kynges chamberlaine,
A knightly man after his lawe.
And whan he sawe vpon the wawe
The ship driuend alone so,
He bad anone men shulden go
To see, what it be token maie.
This was vpon a sommer daie,
The shippe was loked, and she founde,
Elda within a littell stounde
It wist, and with his wife anone
Towarde this yonge lady gone,
Where that thei fonde greate richesse,
But she hir wolde not confesse,
Whan thei hir asken, what she was,
And netheles vpon the cas
Out of the ship with great worship
Thei toke hir in to felowship,
As thei that weren of hir glade.
But she no maner of ioie made:
But soroweth sore, of that she fonde
No christendome in thilke londe:
But els she hath all hir will
And thus with them she dwelleth still.
Dame Hermegyld, whiche was the wife
Of Elda, liche hir owne life
Constance loueth, and it fell so,
Spekende all daie betwene hem two
Through graee of gods purueiance
This maiden taught the creance
Unto this wife so perfectly,
Upon a daie that faste by,
In presence of hir husbonde,
Where thei go walkende on the stronde,
A blynde man, whiche came ther ladde,
Unto this wife criende he badde
With both his hondes vp, and praide
To hir, and in this wise he saide:
O Hermegylde, whiche Christes feith
Enformed, as Constance seith,
Receiued hast: yeue me my sight.
Upon this worde hir herte aflight,
Thynkende what was best to doone.
But netheles she herde his boone,
And saide, in truste of Christes lawe,
Whiche done was on the crosse and slawe,
Thou blynde man beholde and see.
With that to god vpon his knee
Thankende he toke his sight anone,
Wherof thei meruaile euery chone,
But Elda wondreth most of all
This open thynge whiche is befalle,
Concludeth hym by suche a wey,
That he the feith moste nedes obey.

Qualiter quidam iuuenis miles in amorem Constancie exardescens, pro eo que ipsa sibi consentire noluit, eam de morte Hermegylde, quam ipse noctanter interfecit, verbis detractoriis accusauit, sed angelus domini ipsum sic detrahentem in maxilla subito percutiens, non solum pro mendaci comprobauit, sed ictu mortali post ipsius confessionem penitus interfecit.

Nowe liste what fell vpon this thynge.
This Elda foorthe vnto the kynge,
A morowe toke his wey and rode,
And Hermegylde at home abode
Forth with Constance well at ease.
Elda whiche thought his kynge to plese,
As he, that than vnwedded was,
Of Constance all the pleine cas,
As goodly as he couth, tolde.
The kyng was glad, and said he wolde
Come thither in suche a wise,
That he hym might of hir auise.
The tyme appointed forth withall
This Elda truste in speciall
Upon a knight, whom from childhode
He had vpdrawe into manhode

To hym he tolde all that he thought:
Wherof that after him forthought.
And netheles at thilke tide
Unto his wife he bad hym ride
To make redy all thynge
Ageinst the comynge of the kynge.
And saith, that he hym selfe tofore
Thinketh for to come, and bod therfore,
That he him kepe, and tolde him whan.
This knight rode forth his wey than.
And soth was, that of time passed
He had in all his witte compassed,
Howe he Constance might wynne,
But he sawe tho no spede therin,
Wherof his lust beganne to bate,
And that was loue, is than hate.
Of hir honour he had enuie,
So that vpon his trecherie,
A lesinge in his herte he cast,
Til he come home, he highett fast,
And doth his lady to vnderstande
The message of hir husbande.
And thervpon the longe daie
Thei setten thinges in arraie,
That all was as it shulde bee
Of euery thing in his degree.
And whan it came into the night,
This wife hir hath to bedde dight,
Where that this maiden with hir laie.
This false knight vpon delaie
Hath taried till thei were aslepe,
As he that woll time kepe
His deadly werkes to fulfille,
And to the bedde he stalketh stille,
Where that he wist was the wife,
And in his hande a rasour knife
He bare, with whiche hir throte he cut,
And priuely the knife he put
Under that diere beddes side,
Where that Constance laie beside.
Elda come home the same night;
And stille with a preuie light,
As he that wolde not awake
His wife, he hath his weye take
In to the chambre: and there liggende
He fonde his deade wife bledende,
Where that Constance faste by
Was falle aslepe: and sodeinly
He cried aloude, and she awoke
And foorth withall cast a loke,
And sawe this lady blede there
Wherof swouned deade for feare
She was: and stille as any stone
She laie, and Elda thervpon
In to the Castell clepeth out.
And vp sterte euery man about,
In to the chambre foorth thei went.
But he whiche all vntrouth ment,
This false knight amonge them all,
Upon the thing, whiche is befall
Seith: that Constance hath do this dede,
And to the bedde with that he yede
After the falschead of his speche,
And made him there for to seche,
And fonde the knife, where he it laide:
And than he cried, and thus he saide:
Lo see the knife all blody here,
What nedeth more in this matere
To aske? and thus hir innocence
He sclaundreth there in audience
With false wordes, whiche he feigneth,
But yet for al that euer he pleineth,
Elda no full credence toke,
And happed that there lay a boke,
Upon the whiche whan he it sighe,
This knight hath swore: and said on highe,
That all men might it wite:
Now by this boke, whiche is here write,
Constance is giltife well I wote.
With that the hande of heuen him smote,
In token of that he hath forswore
There he bothe his eyen lore,
Out of his head the same stounde
Thei stert, and so thei were founde.
A voice was herde, whan that thei fel,
Whiche saide: O damned man to hell,
Lo thus hath god thy sclaunder wroke,
That thou ageiu Constance hath spoke,
Beknowe the sothe er that thou die.
And he tolde out his felonie:
And starfe forth with his tale anone.
In to the grounde, where al gone
This dead lady was begraue.
Elda, whiche thought his honour saue,
All that he maie, restreineth sorowe.

Qualiter rex Allee ad fidem Christi conuersus baptismum recepit: et Constantiam super hoc leto animo desposauit quæ tamen qualis vel vnde fuit alicui nullo modo fatebatur, Et cum infra breue postea a domino suo impregnata fuisset, ipse ad debellandum eum scotis iter arripuit, et ibidem super guerras aliquandiu permansit.

For the seconde date at morowe
The kyng came, as thei were accorded.
And whan it was to him recorded,
What god hath wrought vpon this chance,
He toke it in to remembrance,
And thought more than he saide.
For all his hole herte he laide
Upon Constance: and saide he shulde,
For loue of hir, if that she wolde,
Baptisme take, and Christes faith
Beleue: and ouer that he saith,
He wolde hir wedde: and vpon this
Assured eche to other is.
And for to make shorte tales,
There came a bisshop out of wales
Fro Bangor: and Lucye he hight,
Which throughe the grace of god almight,
The king, with many other mo,
He christined: and betwene hem two
He hath fulfilled the mariage:
But for no lust, nè for no rage
She tolde him neuer what she was.
And netheles vpon this cas
The kinge was glad, howe so it stode,
For well he wist and vnderstode,
She was a noble creature.
The high maker of nature
Hir hath visited in a throwe
That it was openliche knowe,
She was with childe by the kynge,
Wherof abouen all other thynge
He thanked god, and was right glad,
And fell that tyme he was bestad
Upon a werre, and must ride:
And while he shuld there abide,

He lefte at home to kepe his wife,
Suche as he knewe of holy life.
Eode forth with the bisshop eke,
And he with power go to seke
Ayene the Scottes for to fonde
The werre, whiche he toke on honde.

Qualiter regina Constantia infantem masculum quem in baptismo Mauritium vocant, rege absente enixa est, Sed inuida mater regis Domilda super isto facto condolens, mendacibus regi certificauit, quod vxor sua demoniacem non humani generis quoddam monstruosum fantasma loco geniture adortum produxit, huiusmodique detractoribus aduersus Constantiam procurauit, quod ipsa in nauem, qua prius venerat, iterum ad exilium vno cum suo partu remissa desolabatur.

THE tyme sette of kinde is come,
This lady hath hir chambre nome,
And of a sonne borne full:
Wherof that she was ioyfull.
She was deliuered saufe and soone.
The bisshop, as it was to doone,
Yafe him baptisme, and Moris calleth:
And thervpon as it befalleth,
With letters writen of recorde
Thei sent vnto her liege lorde,
That kepers weren of the queene.
And he, that shulde go betweene,
The messanger to Knaresbourgh,
Whiche towne he shulde passe through,
Rydende came the first daie.
The kynges mother there laie,
Whose right name was Domilde,
Whiche after all the cause spilde.
For he, whiche thanke deserue wolde,
Unto this lady gothe and tolde
Of his message, howe it ferde.
And she with feigned ioye it herde,
And yafe him yeftes largely.
But in the night al priuely
She toke the letters, whiche he had,
Fro point to point and euer rad,
As she, that was through out vntrue:
And let do write other newe
In stede of hem: and thus thei speke.

Prima littera in commendationem Constancie ab episcopo Regi missa per Domildam in contrarium falsata.

THAT thou with vs be not wroth,
Though we suche thyng, as is the loth
Upon our trouth certifie.
Thy wife, whiche is of fairie,
Of suche a childe delinered is,
Fro kinde, whiche stant all amis.
But for it shulde not be saie,
We haue it kepte out of the waie
For drede of pure worldes shame.
A poore childe, and in the name
Of thilke, whiche is so mishore,
We toke, and therto we be swore,
That none, but onely thou and wee
Shall knowe of this priuetee.
Moris is hatte, and thus men wene
That it was borne of the queene,
And of thyne owne bodie gete.
But this thynge maie not be foryete,
That thou ne sende vs worde anone
What is thy will therupon.
This letter, as thou haste herde deuise
Was counterfete in suche a wise,
That no man shulde it apperceiue.
And she, whiche thought to deceiue.
It leith, where she that other toke.
This messanger, whan he awoke,
And wist nothynge howe it was,
Arose and rode the great pas
And toke his letters to the kynge.
And whan he sawe this wondre thynge,
He maketh the messanger no chere:
But netheles in wise manere
He wrote againe, and yafe hym charge,
That thei ne suffre not at large
His wife to go, but kepe hir still,
Tyll thei haue herde more of his will.
This messanger was yeftles:
But with his letter netheles
Or be hym lefe or be hym lothe
In all haste ageine he gothe
By Knaresburgh, and as he went
Unto the mother his entent,
Of that he fonde towarde the kynge
He tolde, and she vpon this thynge
Seith, that he shulde abide all night:
And make hym feaste and chere aright
Feigned as though she coude him thonke.
But he with stronge wine which he dronke,
Forth with the trauaile of the daie
Was dronke: aslepe and while he laie,
She hath his letters ouersaie,
And formed in an other waie:
There was a newe letter write.

Secunda littera per regem episcopo remissa a Domilda iterum falsata.

WHICHE he saith: I do you for to wite,
That through the counsaile of you two
I stonde in point to be vndo,
As he, whiche is a kynge deposed,
For euery man it hath supposed
How that my wife Constance is faie:
And if that I feigne any delaie
To put hir out of companie,
The worshippe of my regalie
Is lore: and ouer this thei tell,
Hir childe shall not amonge hem dwell
To claimen any herytage:
So can I see none auantage,
But all is loste, if she abide.
For thy to loke on euery syde
Towarde the mischefe as it is,
I charge you, and byd this,
That ye the same shippe vittaile:
In whiche that she toke arriuaile,
Therin and putteth bothe two,
Hir selfe forth with hir childe also,
And so forth brought in to the depe
Betaketh hir the sea to kepe.
Of foure daies tyme I sette,
That ye this thynge no lenger lette,
So that your life be not forfete.
And thus this letter counterfete
The messanger, whiche was vnware,
Upon the kynges halue bare

And where he shulde it hath betake.
But whan that thei haue hede take
And rad, that writen is within,
So great a sorowe thei beginne,
As thei hir owne mother seien
Brenne in a fire before their eien.
There was wepynge, and there was wo,
But finally the thynge is do:
Upon the sea thei haue hir brought:
But she the cause wist nought.
And thus vpon the floode thei wonne,
This lady with hir yonge sonne.
And than hir handes to the heuen
She straught: and with a milde steuen,
Knelend vpon hir bare knee
She saide: O high maiestee,
Whiche seest the point of euery trouth:
Take of thy wofull woman routh:
And of this childe, whiche I shall kepe.
And with that worde she gan to wepe
Swouned as deade, and there she laie.
But he, whiche all thynges maie,
Comforteth hir, and at laste
She loketh, and hir eien caste
Upon hir childe, and saide this:
Of me no maner charge it is
What sorowe I suffre, but of thee
Me thinketh it is great pitee.
For if I sterue, thou must deie,
So mote I nedes by that weie,
For motherheed, and for tendernes,
With all my hole besynes,
Ordeine me for thilke office,
As she, whiche shall be thy norice.
Thus was she strengthed for to stonde.
And tho she toke hir childe in honde
And yafe it souke, and euer amonge
She wepte, and otherwhile songe,
To rocke with hir childe aslepe
And thus hir owne childe to kepe
She hath vnder the gods cure.

Qualiter nauis Constancie post biennium in partes Hispanie superioris inter Sarazenos iactabatur, a quorum manibus deus ipsam conseruans gratiosissime liberauit.

And so fell vpon auenture
Whan thilke yere hath made his ende,
Hir ship, so as it moste wende,
By strength of wynde, which god hath yeue,
Estwarde was into Spaine driue,
Right fast vnder a castell wall,
Where that an hethen admirall
Was lorde: and he a stewarde had
One Thelous, whiche all was bad,
A fals knight, and a renegate,
He goth to loke, in what estate
The ship was comen: and there he fonde
Forth with a childe vpon hir honde
This lady where she was a one.
He toke good hede of the person,
And sawe she was a worthy wight
And thought he wolde vpon the night
Demene hir at his owne will:
And in the ship he kepte hir still,
That no man sawe hir that daie.
At gods wille and thus she laie
Unknowe, what hir shall betide,
And fell so that by nightes tide,
This knight without felaushipp
Hath take a bote, and came to ship,
And thought of hir his luste to take,
And swore, if she hym daunger make,
That certainly she shulde deie,
She sawe there was none other weie.
And saide he shulde hir well comforte,
That he fyrst loke out at porte,
That no man were nigh the stede,
Whiche might knowe what thei dede.
And than he maie do what he wolde.
He was right glad, that she so tolde,
And to the porte anone he ferde:
She praieth god, and he hir herde,
And sodeinly he was out throwe
And dreint, and tho began to blowe
Wynde meuable fro the londe
And thus the mighty gods honde
Hir hath conueighed, and defended:
And whan thre yere ben full dispended,

Qualiter Nauicula Constancie quodam die que altum mare vagans inter copiosam nauium multitudinem dilapsa est, quarum Arcennius Romanorum consul, dux, et capitaneus ipsam ignotam suscipiens vsque ad Romam secum perduxit, vbi equalem, vxori sue Elene permansuram reuerenter associauit, nec non et eiusdem filium Mauricium in omni habundantia quasi proprium educauit.

Hir ship was driue vpon a daie,
Where that a great nauie laie
Of shippes, all the worlde at ones:
And as god wolde for the nones
Hir ship goth in amonge hem all
And stynt not, er it be bifall,
And hath that vessell vnder gete,
Whiche maister was of all the flete.
But there it resteth and abode,
This great shyp on anker rode:
The lorde come forth, and when he sigh
That other ligge on borde so nighe:
He wondreth, what it might bee,
And bad men to go in and see.
This lady tho was crope a side,
As she that wolde hir seluen hide.
For she ne wist, what thei were.
Thei sought about, and fond hir there,
And broughten vp hir childe and her,
And thervpon this lorde to sper
Began, fro whens that she came,
And what she was: Quod she, I am
A woman wofully bestadde
I had a lorde, and thus he bad,
That I forth with my littell sonne,
Upon the waues shulde wonne.
But why the cause wote I nought.
But he whiche all thynges wrought,
Yet ay I thanke hym of his might,
My childe and me so kepte vpright,
That we be saufe bothe two.
This lorde hir asketh euermo
Howe she beleueth, and she seith:
I leue and trust in Christes feith,
Whiche died vpon the roode tre.
What is thy name tho quod he?
My name is Coust, she hym saide,
But furthermore for nought he praide

Of hir estate to knowe plaine,
She wolde hym nothynge els saine.
But of hir name, whiche she feigned,
All other thynges she restreigned,
That o worde more she ne tolde.
This lorde than asketh if she wolde
With hym abide in companie,
And saide, he came from Barbarie
To Rome warde, and home he went.
Tho she supposeth what it ment,
And saith, she wolde with hym wende,
And dwell vnto hir liues ende,
Be so it be to his pleasance.
And thus vpon her aqueintance
He tolde hir plainly as it stode,
Of Rome howe that the gentill blode
In Barbarie was betraied,
And therupon he hath assaied
By warre, and take suche vengeance,
That none of thilke allyance,
By whom the treson was compassed,
Is from the swerde aliue passed.
But of Constance howe it was.
That couthe he knowe by no cas,
Where she became, so as he seide.
Hir ere vnto his worde she leide,
But forther made she no chere.
And netheles in this mattere
It hapned that ilke tyme so,
This lorde, with whome she shulde go,
Of Rome was the senatour,
And of hir father the emperour,
His brother doughter hath to wife:
Whiche hath hir father eke on liue,
And was Salustes cleped tho.
His wife Eleine hight also:
To whom Constance was cosine.
Thus to the seke a medicine
Hath god ordeined of his grace,
That forthe in the same place
This senatour his trouth plight,
For euer, while he lyue might,
To kepe hir in worship, and in welth,
Be so that god woll giue hir helth.
This lady, whiche fortune hym sende,
And thus by shippe forth sailende,
Hir and hir childe to Rome be brought,
And to his wife tho he besought,
To take hir in to companie.
And she, whiche couth of curtesie
All that a good wife shulde conne,
Was inly gladde, that he hath wonne
The felowship of so good one.
This emperours doughter Custe,
Forthwith the doughter of Saluste
Was kept, but no man redely
Knewe, what she was: and not for thy,
Thei thoughten well she had bee
In hir estate of high degree.
And euery life hir loueth wele.

Qualiter rex Allee inita pace cum Scottis a guerris rediens, et non inuenta vxore sua causam exilii diligencius perserutans, cum matrem suam Domildam inde culpabilem sciuisset, ipsam in igne proiciens conburi fecit.

Nowe herke thilke vnstable whele,
Whiche euer torneth, wente aboute,
The kynge Alle, while he was out
(As thou tofore hast herde the cas)
Deceiued through his modre was.
But whan that he come home agayne,
He axeth of his chamberlayne,
And of the bisshop eke also,
Where thei the quene had do.
And thei answerde: there he bad,
And haue hym thilke letter rad,
Whiche he them sent for warrant,
And tolde hym playnly as it stante,
And saine, it thought hem great pitee,
To see a worthy one as shee
With suche a childe, as there was bore
So sodeinly to be forlore.
He asketh hem, what childe it were.
And thei him saide, that no where
In all the worlde, though men it sought,
Was neuer woman, that forth brought
A fairer childe, than it was one.
And than he axeth hem anone,
Why thei ne hadden writen so.
Thei tolden, so thei hadden do.
He saide nay. Thei saiden yis.
The letter shewed, radde it is.
Whiche thei forsoken euery dele.
Tho was it vnderstonde wele,
That there is treason in the thynge.
The messenger tofore the kynge
Was brought, and sodenly opposed,
And no thynge hath yet supposed
But all well, began to saie,
That he no where vpon the waie
Abod, but onely in a stede,
And cause why, that he so dede
Was, as he went to and fro,
At Knaresburgh by nightes two
The kynges moder made hym dwell.
And when the kynge it herde tell,
Within his herte he wiste als faste
The treson, whiche his mother caste:
And thought he wolde not abide:
But foorth ryght in the same tide
He toke his hors, and rode anone,
With hym there ride many one
To Knaresburgh, and forth thei wente,
And lych the fyre, whiche thonder hente,
In suche a rage, as seith the boke,
His mother sodeneche he toke
And saide vnto hir in this wise:
O beast of hell in what gise
Hast thou deserued for to deie,
That hast so falsely put awcie
With reason of thy backbitynge,
The trewest, at my knowlechynge
Of wiues, and the most honest?
But I wolf make this behest
It shall be venged er I go.
And lete a fyre do make tho.
And bad men for to caste hir inne.
But firste she tolde out all the sinne,
And did hem all for to wite,
Howe she the letters had write
Fro point to point, as it was wrought,
And tho she was to death brought,
And brent tofore hir sonnes eie:
Wherof these other, whiche it sie,
And herden howe the cause stode
Seine, that the iudgement is good,
Of that hir sonne hir hath so serued:
For she it had wele deserued,

Through treson of hir false tonge,
Which through the londe was after songe,
Constance and euery wight compleineth,
But he, whom all wo dystreineth,
This sorowfull kynge was so bestadde,
That he shall neuer more be gladde:
He, seith eftsones for to wedde,
Till that he wiste how that she spedde,
Whiche had ben his firste wife.
And thus his yonge vnlusty life
He driueth foorth so as he maie.

Qualiter post lapsum. xii. annorum rex Allee absolucionis causa Romam proficiens, vxorem suam Constanciam vna cum filio suo diuina prouidencia ibidem letus inuenit.

Till it befell vpon a daie,
Whan he his warres had acheued,
And thought he wolde be releued
Of soule hele vpon the feith,
Whiche he hath take, than he seith,
That he to Rome in pilgremage
Wolde goe, where Pope was Pelage,
To take his absolucion.
And vpon this condicion
He made Edwyn his leutenant,
Whiche heire was apparant,
That he the londe in his absence
Shall rewle, and thus by prouidence
Of all thynges well begonne
He toke his leue and forthe is gone.
Elda, whiche tho was with hem there,
Er thei fulliche at Rome were,
Was sent tofore to purucie,
And he his guide vpon the weie
In helpe to ben his herbegeour
Hath axed, who was Senatour,
That he is name might kenne.
Of Capadoce, he saide, Arcenne
He hight: and was a worthie knight.
To him goth Elda tho forth right,
And tolde him of his lorde tidinge
And praid, that for his comynge
He wolde assigne him herbergage.
And he so did of good courage.
Whan all is do, that was to doone,
The kynge him selfe came after soone.
This Senatour whan that he come
To Custe, and to his wife at home,
Hath tolde, howe suche a kyng Allee
Of great array to the Citee
Was come, and Custe vpon his tale
With hert close, and colour pale,
A swoune felle, and he meruaileth,
So sodenly what thyng hir eyleth,
And caught hir vp, and whan she woke,
She sigheth with a pitous loke
And feigneth sekenesse of the see.
But it was for the kynge Allee:
For ioye, whiche was in hir thought,
That god him hath to towne brought.
This kinge hath spoke with the Pope,
And tolde all that he couthe grope,
What greueth in his conscience.
And than he thought in reuerence
Of his estate, er that he went,
To make a feast, and thus he sent
Unto the Senatour, to come
Upon the morowe, and other some,
To sitte with him at mete.
This tale hath Custe not foryete,
But to Moris, hir sonne tolde,
That he vpon the morowe shulde
In all that euer he couth and might,
Be present in the kynges sight,
So that the kynge him ofte sie.
Moris tofore the kynges eie
Upon the morowe, where he sat,
Full ofte stode, and vpon that
The kynge his chere vpon him caste,
And in his face him thought als faste
He sawe his owne wife Constance.
For nature, as in resemblance
Of face, him liketh so to clothe,
That thei were of a suite both.
The kyng was moued in his thought
Of that he seeth, and knoweth it nought.
This childe he loueth kyndely:
And yet he wote no cause why,
Bot wel he sigh and vnderstode,
That he towarde Arcenne stode,
And axeth him anone right there,
Yf that this childe his sonne were.
He saide ye, so I him calle,
And wolde it were so byfalle.
But it is all in other wise.
And tho began he to deuise,
How he the childes mother fonde,
Upon the sea from euery londe
Within a ship was sterles,
And how this lady helpeles
Forth with hir childe he hath forth drawe.
The kynge hath vnderstande his sawe:
The childes name and axeth tho,
And what the mother hight also,
That he him wolde telle he praide,
Moris this childe is hote he saide,
His mother hat Custe, and this
I not what maner name it is.
But Allee wist wel enough,
Wherof somdele smilend he lough.
For Custe in Saxon is to saine
Constance vpon the worde Romain.
But who that couthe specifie,
What tho fell in his fantasie,
And how his witte aboute renneth
Upon the loue, in whiche he brenneth,
It ware a wonder for to here.
For he was neither there ne here,
But clene out of him selfe awey,
That he not what to thinke or sey,
So faine he wolde it were shee,
Wherof his hertes priuitee
Bygan the warre of ye and naye,
The whiche in suche balance laye,
That contenance for a throwe
He loste, till he might knowe
The soth: but in his memorie
The man, whiche lieth in purgatorie,
Desireth not the heuen more,
That he ne longeth also sore
To witte, what him shall betide.
And when the bordes were aside,
And euery man was rise aboute
The kynge hath weiued all the route
And with the Senatour alone
He spake, and praid him of a bone,
To see this Custe where she dwelleth
At home with him, so as he telleth.

The Senatour was wel apaide.
This thing no lenger was delaid.
To see this Custe goth the kynge,
And she was warned of the thynge:
And with Eleine foorth she came
Ayene the kynge, and he tho name
Good hede: and whan he sigh his wife,
Anone with all his hertes life
He caught hir in his armes, and kiste
Was neuer wight that sighe ne wiste
A man that more ioye made,
Wherof thei weren all gladde,
Whiche herd tell of this chance.
This kyng tho with his wife Constance,
Whiche had a great part of his wille,
In Rome for a tyme stille
Abode, and made him well at ease,
But so yet couth he neuer please
His wife, that she wolde him seine
Of hir estate the trouthe pleine,
Of what countre that she was bore,
Ne what she was, and yet therfore
With all his wit he hath done seke.
Thus as thei lay in bedde, and speke,
She praith him, and counseileth both,
That for the worship of hem both,
So as hir thought it were honeste,
He wolde an honourable feste
Make (er he went) in that Citee,
Where the Emperour him selfe shall bee.
He graunted all that she him praide.
But as men in that time saide,
Thilke Emperour from that daie,
That firste his doughter went a waie,
He was than after neuer glad,
But what that any man him bad
Of grace, for his doughter sake,
That grace wolde he nought forsake.
And thus ful great almesse he dede
Wherof he had many a bede.

Qualiter Constantia, quæ antea per totum tempus exilii sui penes omnes incognitam se celauit, tunc demum patri suo imperatori se ipsam per omnia manifestauit, quod cum rex Allee sciuisset, vna cum vniuersa Romanorum multitudine inestimabili gaudio admirantes cunctipotentem laudarunt.

THIS Emperour out of the towne,
Within a ten mile enirowne,
Where as it thought him for the beste,
Hath sondry places for to reste.
And as fortune wolde tho,
He was dwellend at one of tho.
The kynge Allee foorth with thassent
Of Custe his wife, hath thider sent
Morice his sonne, as he was taught
To Themperour, and he goth straught,
And in his father halue he sought,
As he whiche his lordship sought,
That of his high worthines
He wolde do so great mekenes,
His owne towne to come and see,
And yeue a tyme in the citee,
So that his fader might him gete,
That he wolde ones with him ete.
This lorde hath graunted his requeste,
And whan the daie was of the feaste,
In worship of the Emperour,
The kynge, and eke the Senatour,
Foorth with her wiues bothe two,
With many a lorde and lady mo,
On hors riden him ageine,
Till it befell vpon a plaine
Thei sigh, where he was comend.
With that Constance anone preyend
Spake to hir lorde, that he abide,
So that I maie tofore ride,
To ben vpon his bien venu
The firste, whiche shall him salu.
And thus after hir lordes graunt,
Upon a mule white amblant
Foorth with a fewe rode this quene.
Thei wondred, what she wolde mene,
And riden after a softe pas.
But whan this lady comen was
To themperour, in his presence,
She saide aloude in audience:
My lorde my father wel you bee,
And of this tyme that I see
Your honour, and your good hele,
Whiche is the helpe of my quarele.
I thanke vnto the gods might.
For ioye his herte was aflight
Of that she tolde in remembrance:
And whan he wiste, it was Constance,
Was neuer father halfe so blithe,
Wepende he kiste hir ofte sithe,
So was his herte all ouercome.
For though his mother were come
Fro death to lyfe out of the graue,
He myght no more wonder haue
Than he hath, whan that he hir sighe
With that hir owne lorde come nighe,
And is to themperour obeied.
And whan the fortune is bewreied,
How that Constance is come aboute,
So harde an herte was none oute,
That he for pitee tho ne wepte.
Arcenius, whiche hir fonde and kepte,
Was than gladde of that is fall,
So that with ioye amonge hem all
Thei riden in at Rome gate.
This Emperour thought all to late
Till that the Pope were come,
And of tho lordes sende some,
To praie him, that he woll haste.
And he cam foorth in all haste.
And whan that he this tale herde,
How wonderly this chaunce ferde,
He thanked god of his myracle,
To whose might maie be none obstacle.
The kynge a noble feaste hem made:
And thus thei were all gladde.
A parlement er that thei went,
Thei setten vnto this entent,
To put Rome in full espeire,
That Moris was apparant heire,
And shulde abide with hem stille.
For suche was all the londes wille.

Qualiter Mauricius cum imperatore, vt heres imperii remansit, et rex Allee et Constantia in Angliam regressi sunt.

WHAN euery thynge was fully spoke,
Of sorowe and queint was all the smoke.

Tho toke his leue Allee the kynge,
And with full many a riche thynge,
Whiche themperour hym had yeue,
He hath a glad life for to liue.
For he Constance hath in his honde,
Whiche was the comforte of his londe.
For whan that he come home ageine,
There is no tonge that might seine,
What ioye was that ilke stounde,
Of that he hath his quene founde:
Whiche first was sent of goddes sonde,
Whan she was dryuen vpon the stronde,
By whome the mysbileue of synne
Was lefte, and Christes feith came inne
To hem, that whilome were blynde,
But he, whiche hyndreth euery kynde,

Qualiter rex Alle in Anglia post biennium humane carnis resolucionem subiens, nature debitum persoluit, post cuius obitum Constancia cum patre suo Rome se transtulit moraturam.

And for no golde maie be forbought,
The death comend er he besought
Toke with this kynge suche acqueintance,
That he with all his retenance
Ne might not defende his life.
And thus he parteth from his wife,
Whiche than made sorowe enough.
And therupon hir herte droughe
To leue Englond for euer,
And go where she had leuer
To Rome, whens that she came.
And thus of all the londe she name
Hir leue, and goth to Rome ageine.
And after that the bokes seine,
She was not there but a throwe
Whan death of kynde hath ouerthrowe
Hir worthy father, whiche men saide
That betwene hir armes deide.
And afterwarde the yere suende
The god of hir hath made an ende,
And fro this worldes fayrie
Hath take hir into companie.
Moris hir sonne was coroned,
Whiche so ferforth was abandoned
To Christes feith, that men hym calle
Moris the christnest of all.
And thus the whole meuynge of loue
Was at last set aboue,
And so, as thou haste herde tofore,
The fals tunges were lore,
Whiche vpon loue wolde lie.
For thy touchend of this enuie
Whiche longeth vnto bakbitynge,
Be ware thou make no leynge
In hindrynge of an other wight,
And if thou wolde be taught aright,
What mischiefe bakbityng dooth
By other weie a tale sooth
Nowe might thou here nexte sewend,
Whiche to this vice is acordend.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos detractores, qui in alterius vituperium mendacia confingentes diffamacionem fieri procurant. Et narrat qualiter Perseus, Philippi regis Macedonii filius Demetrio fratri suo ob eius probitatem inuidens, composito detractionis mendacio ipsum apud patrem suum mortaliter accusauit, dicens ipse non solum patrem, sed et totum Macedonii regnum Romanis hostibus pro ditorie vendidisset. quem super hoc indicium producens, testibusque indicibus auro subornatis, quamvis falsissime morte condempnatum euicit, quo defuncto eciam et pater infra breue postea, mortuus est. Et sic Perseo successiue regnante deus huiusmodi detractionis inuidiam abhorrens ipsum cum vniuersa suorum pugnatorum multitudine extra Danubii fluuium ab Aemilo tunc Romanorum Consule, euentu bellico interfeci fortunauit. Ita quod ab illo die Macedonii potestas penitus detructa Romano Imperio subiugata deseruiuit, et eius detractio, quam contra alium conspirauerat, in sui ipsius diffamationem pro perpetuo diuulgata consistit.

In a cronike, as thou shalt witte
A great ensample I finde writte,
Whiche I shall tell vpon this thynge.
Philyp of Macedony the kynge
Two sonnes had by his wife,
Whose fame yet in Grece is rife:
Demetrius the firste brother
Was hote, and Perseus that other.
Demetrius men saiden tho
The better knight was of the two,
To whom the lande was attendant,
As he whiche heire was apparant
To regne after his fathers daie.
But that thynge, whiche no water maie
Quenche in this worlde, but euer brenneth,
Into his brothers herte it renneth,
The proud enuie of that he sighe
His brother shulde elyme on highe,
And he to hym mote than obeie,
That maie he suffer by no weie.
With strength durst he no thynge fonde:
So toke he lesynge vpon honde.
Whan he sygh tyme, and spake therto.
For it befell that tyme so,
His father great warres had
With Rome, whiche he streite lad
Through mighty honde of his manhod,
As he whiche hath enough knighthod,
And ofte hem had sore greued:
But er the warre were acheued,
As he was vpon ordinance
At home in Grece, it fell par chance
Demetrius, whiche ofte aboute
Rydend was, stode that tyme out,
So that this Perse in his absence,
Whiche bare the tonge of pestilence,
With fals wordes, whiche he feigneth,
Upon his owne brother pleineth
In priuitee behynde his bake,
And to his father thus he spake:
My dere father I am holde
By wey of kynde, as reason wolde,
That I fro you shall nothynge hide,
Whiche myght torne in any side
Of your estate into greuance.
For thy mine hertes obeisance
Toward you I thinke kepe.
For it is good ye take kepe
Upon a thynge, whiche is me tolde.
My brother hath vs all solde
To hem of Rome: and you also.
For than thei behote hym so,
That he with them shall regne in pes:
Thus hath he caste for his encres,

That your estate shall go to nought.
And thus to proue shall be brought
So ferforth, that I vndertake
It shall not wel mow be forsake.
The kynge vpon his tale answerde
And said: If this thing, whiche he herde
Be sooth, and maie be brought to proue:
It shall not be to his behoue,
Whiche so hath shapen vs the werste.
For he hym selfe shall be the ferste
That shall be dede, if that I maie.
Thus afterwarde vpon a daie,
Whan that Demetrius was come,
Anone his father hath hym nome
And bad to his brother Perse,
That he his tale shall reherse
Of thilke treason, whiche he tolde.
And he whiche all vntrouth wolde,
Counseileth, that so high a nede
Be treted, where as it maie spede,
In common place of iudgement.
The kynge therto yafe his assent.
Demetrius was put in holde,
Wherof that Perseus was bolde.
Thus stode the trouth vnder the charge,
And the falsehead goth at large,
Whiche through behest hath ouercome
The greattest of the lordes some,
That priueliche of his accorde
Thei stande, as witnesse of recorde,
The iudge was made fauourable:
Thus was the lawe deceiuable,
So ferforth that the trouth fonde
Rescous none: and thus the londe
Forth with the kynge deceiued were,
The gilteles was dampned there,
And deyde vpon accusement.
But suche a false conspirement
Though it be priue for a throwe,
God wolde not it were vnknowe:
And this was afterwarde well proued
In him, whiche hath the death controued
Of that his brother was so slayne.
This Perseus was wondre fayne,
As he, that was heire apparant
Upon the reigne expectaunt,
Wherof he waxe so proude and veine,
That he his father in disdeigne
Hath take: and sette at none accompte,
As he, whiche thought him to surmount:
That where he was first debonaire,
He was tho rebelle and contraire,
And not as heire, but as a kynge
He toke vpon him in all thinge,
Of malice and of tyrannie
In contempte of Regalie
Lyuende his father: and so wrought,
That whan the father him bethought,
And sighe to whether side it drough,
Anone he wiste well enough;
Howe Perse after his false tonge
Hath so thenuious belles ronge,
That he hath slayne his owne brother,
Wherof as than he knewe none other.
But sodeinly the iudge he nome,
Whiche corrupte satte vpon the dome
In suche wise, and hath him pressed
That he the sooth him hath confessed
Of all that hath be spoke and do.
More sory, than the kynge was tho,
Was neuer man vpon this molde,
And thought in certaine, that he wold
Vengeance take vpon this wronge.
But the other partie was so stronge,
That for the lawe of no statute
There maie no right be execute:
And vpon this diuision
The londe was tourned vp so downe:
Wherof his herte is so distraught,
That he for pure sorowe hath caught
The maladie, of whiche nature
Is queint in euery creature.
And whan this kyng was passed thus,
This false tonged Perseus
The regiment hath vnderfonge.
But there maie nothyng stande longe,
Whiche is not vpon trouth grounded.
For god, whiche al thyng hath bounded,
And signe the falsehead of his gyle,
Hath set him but a litell while,
That he shall reigne vpon depose.
For sodeinly right as he rose,
So sodeinly downe he felle.
In thilke tyme so it befelle.
This newe kynge, of newe pride
With strength shope him for to ride:
And saide he wolde to Rome fast,
Wherof he made a besie haste,
And hath assembled him an hoste
In all that euer he might moste,
What man that might wepen beare,
Of all he wolde none forbeare:
So that it might not be nombred
The folke, whiche after were encombred
Throughe him, that god wolde ouerthrow.
Anon it was at Rome knowe
The pompe, whiche that Perse lad:
And the Romaines that tyme had
A consull, whiche was cleped thus
By name, Paulus Emilius.
A noble, a worthy knight withal,
And he, whiche chefe was of hem all,
This werre on honde hath vndertake.
And whan he shulde his leaue take
Of a yonge doughter, whiche was his,
She wepte: and he what cause it is
Hir asketh: and she him answerde,
That Perseus is deade: and he it herde:
And wondreth what she meane wolde.
And she vpon childehode him tolde,
That Perse hir litell hounde is deade.
With that he pulleth vp his head,
And made right a glad visage,
And said, howe that was a presage
Touchende to that other Perse,
Of that fortune him shulde aduerse.
He saith for suche a prenostike
Most of an hounde was to him like.
For as it is an houndes kinde,
To berke vpon a man behynde,
Right so behinde his brothers backe
(With false wordes, whiche he spake)
He hath do slayne, and that is routh.
But he, whiche hateth all vntrouth,
The high god it shall redresse.
For so my doughter prophetesse
Forth with hir litell houndes dethe
Betokeneth: and thus forth he geth
Comforted of this euidence,
With the Romaines in his defence,

Ageyne the Grekes that ben commende.
This Perseus as nought seende
This mischefe, whiche that him abode,
With all his multitude rode,
And prided him vpon this thyng,
Of that he was become a kyng:
And howe he had his reigne gete,
That he hath all the right foryete,
Whiche longeth vnto gouernance,
Wherof through goddes ordinance
It felle vpon the wynter tide,
That with his hoste he shulde ride
Ouer Danubie thilke floode,
Whiche all ba frossen than stoode
So harde, that he wende wele
To passe, but the blinde whele,
Whiche tourneth ofte, et men be ware,
Thilke ice, whiche that the horsmen bare
To brake, so that a great partie
Was dreint of the chiualrie,
The rerewarde it toke aweie
Came none of hem to londe drey.
Paulus this worthy knight Romain,
By his aspye it herde saine,
And hasteth him all that he maie,
So that vpon that other daie
He came, where he this hoste behelde,
And that was in a large felde,
Where the bauers ben displaied.
He hath anone his men arraide.
And whan that he was enbatailed,
He goth, and hath the felde assailed,
And slough, and toke all that he fonde:
Wherof the Macedonie londe,
Whiche through king Alisander honored
Longe tyme stode: was tho deuoured.
To Perse and all that infortune
Thei wite, so that the commune
Of all the londe his heire exile:
And he dispeired for the while,
Disguised in a poore wede
To Rome goth: and there for nede
The crafte, whiche thilke tyme was
To worken in laton, and in bras,
He lerneth for his sustenance
Suche was the sonnes purueyance.
And of his father it is saide,
In stronge prison that he was leide
In Albe, where that he was deade
For honger and defaulte of breade.
The hounde was token and prophecie,
That liche an hounde he shulde die,
Whiche liche was of condicion,
Whan he with his detraction
Barke on his brother so behinde.

CONFESSOR.

Lo what profite a man maie finde,
Whiche hyndre woll an other wight.
For thy with all thyn hole might
My sonne, eschewe thilke vice.

AMANS.

My father elles were I nice.
For ye therfore so well haue spoke,
That it is in myn herte loke
And euer shall: but of enuie,
If there be more in his bailie
Towardes loue, saie me what.
My sonne as gyle vnder the hat
With sleightes of a Tregetour
Is hid, enuie of suche colour
Hath yet the fourthe deceiuant,
The whiche is cleped fals Semblant:
Wherof the mater, and the forme
Nowe herken, and I the shall enforme.

Nil bilinguis aget, nisi duplo concinat ore,
Dumque diem loquitur nox sua vota tegit.
Vultus habet lucem, tenebras mens, sermo salutem
Actus sed morbum dat suus esse grauem.
Pax tibi quam spondet, magis est prognostica guerræ
Commoda si dederit, disce sub esse dolum.
Quod patet esse fides in eo fraus est que politi
Principium pacti finis habere negat,
O quem condicio talis deformat amantem
Qui magis apparens est in amore nihil.

Hic tractat Confessor super quarta specie inuidie, que Dissimulacio dicitur, cuius vultus quanto maioris amicicie apparenciam ostendit, tanto subtilioris doli fallacias ad decipiendum mens maginatur.

Of fals Semblant I shall tell,
Aboue all other it is the well,
Out of the whiche deceite floweth.
There is no man so wise, that knowet
Of thilke floode, whiche is the tide,
Ne howe he shulde hym seluen guide
To take saufe passage there:
And yet the wynde to mans ere
Is softe, and as it semeth oute,
It maketh clere weder all aboute.
But though it seme, it is not so.
For fals Semblant hath euer mo
Of his counsaile in companie
The derke vntrewe hypocrisie,
Whose worde discordeth to his thought.
For thy thei ben to gyder brought
Of one couine, of one housholde,
As it shall after this be tolde.
Of fals semblant it nedeth nought
To tell of olde ensamples ought.
For all daie in experience
A man maie see thilke euidence
Of fayre wordes, whiche he hereth:
But yet the barge enuie stereth,
And halt it euer fro the londe,
Whiche fals Semblant with ore in honde
It roweth, and woll not arriue
But let it on the waues driue
In great tempest, and great debate,
Wherof that loue and his estate
Empeireth: And therfore I rede
My sonne that thou flee and drede
This vice: and what that other seyn
Let thy semblant be trewe and plein.
For fals Semblant is thilke vice,
Whiche neuer was without office,
Where that enuie thinketh to gile
He shall be for that ilke while
Of priue counsayle messagere.
For whan his semblant is moste clere,
Than is he moste derke in his thought:
Though men him se thei know him nought,
But as it sheweth in the glas
Thynge, whiche therin neuer was:
So sheweth it in his visage,
That neuer was in his courage.

Thus doth he all his thyng by sleight
Now leie thy conscience in weight
My good sonne, and shriue the here,
If thou were euer customere
To fals Semblant in any wise.
For ought I can me yet auise
My good father certes no.
If I for loue haue don so,
Nowe asketh, I wolde praie yowe.
For elles I wot neuer howe
Of fals semblant that I haue gylt.
My sonne and sethin that thou wilt,
That I shall aske, gab nought,
But tell, if euer was thy thought
With fals semblant and Couerture,
To witte of any creature,
Howe that he was with loue ladde
So were he sorie, were he gladde,
Whan that thou wistest howe it were
All that he rouneth in thine ere,
Thou toldest foorth in other place
To setten hym fro loues grace
Of what woman that the best liste,
There as no man his counseyll wist
But thou, by whome he was deceiued
Of loue, and from his purpose weiued,
And thoughtest that his disturbance
Thyn owne cause shulde auance,
As who saith, I am so selee,
There may no mans priuetee
Ben heled halue so well as myn.
Arte thou my sonne of suche engyn
Telle on? My good father naie,
As for the more parte I saie.
But of some dele I am beknowe,
That I maie stonde in thilke rowe
Amonge hem, that saundres vse,
I woll not me therof excuse,
That I with suche colour ne steine,
Whan I my best semblant feine
To my felowe, tyll that I wote
All his counseile bothe colde and hote.
For by that cause I make hym chere,
Till I his loue knowe and here:
And if so be myn herte soucheth,
That ought vnto my lady toucheth
Of loue, that he woll me tell,
Anone I renne vnto the well,
And caste water in the fyre,
So that his carte amyd the myre,
By that I haue his counsaile knowe
Full ofte sith I ouerthrowe,
Whan that he weneth best to stonde.
But this I do you vnderstonde,
If that a man loue elles where,
So that my lady be nought there,
And he me tell, I will it hide,
There shall no worde escape aside.
For with disceite of no semblant
To hym breke I no couenant.
Me lyketh not in other place
To let no man of his grace
Ne for to be inquisitife
To knowe an other mans life,
Where that he loue, or loue nought,
That toucheth nothing to my thought.
But all it passeth through myn eare,
Right as a thynge that neuer were,
And is foryete, and laide beside.
But if it touche on any side
My ladie, as I haue er spoken,
Myn eares ben nought than loken.
For certes whan that betitte,
My wyll, myn herte, and all my witte
Ben fully sette to herken and sper
What any man woll speke of her.
Thus haue I feigned compànie
Full ofte, for I wolde aspie
What thynge it is, that any man
Tell of my worthy lady can.
And for two causes I do this:
The firste cause wherof is,
If that I might herken and seke,
That any man of hir misspeke:
I woll excuse hir so fully,
That whan she wist inderly,
Myn hope shulde be the more
To haue hir thanke for euer more.
That other cause, I you assure,
Is, why that I by couerture
Haue feigned semblant ofte tyme
To them that passen all daie byme,
And ben louers as well as I.
For this I wene truely,
That there is of hem all none,
That thei ne louen euerychone
My ladie. For sotheliche I leue,
And durst setten it in preue,
Is none so wise, that shulde asterte,
But he were lustles in his herte.
For why, and he my lady sie,
Hir visage, and hir goodly eie,
But he hir loued, er he went.
And for that suche is myn entent
That is the cause of myn aspie,
Why that I feigne companie,
And make felowe ouer all.
For gladly wolde I knowen all,
And holde me couerte alwaie,
That I full ofte ye or naie
Ne lyst answere in any wise,
But feignyng semblant as the wise:
And herken tales till I knowe
My ladies louers all arowe.
And whan I here, howe thei wrought:
I fare as though I herde nought,
And as I no worde vnderstode.
But that is nothynge for her good.
For leueth well, and sooth is this,
That whan I knowe all howe it is,
I woll but forthren hem alite,
But all the werste I can endite,
I tell it vnto my lady plat,
For furtheryng of myn owne estate:
And hyndre them all that I maie.
But for all that yet dare I saie,
I finde vnto my selfe no bote,
All though myn herte nedes mote
Through strength of loue all that I here
Discouer vnto my ladie dere.
For in good feith I haue no might
To hele fro that sweete wight,
If that it toucheth hir any thyng.
But this wote well the heuen kyng,
That sithen first the worlde began
Unto none other strange man
Ne feigned I semblant ne chere,
To wite or aske of his matere,
Though that he loueth. x. or twelue,
Whan it was nought my ladies selue.

But if he wolde aske any rede
Aboliche of his owne hede,
Hose he with other loues ferde:
His tales with myn eares I herde,
But to myn herte came it nought,
Ne sanke no depper in my thought,
But helde counsaile, as I was bede,
And tolde it neuer in other stede,
But let it passen, as it come.
Nowe father saie, what is thy dome,
And howe thou wolt, that I be peined
For suche semblant as I haue feigned.
My sonne, if reason be well peised,
There maie no vertue be vnpreised,
Ne vice none be sette in prise.
For thy my sonne, if thou be wise,
Do no viser vpon thy face,
Whiche as woll not thyn herte embrace.
For if thou do, within a throwe
To other men it shall be knowe.
So might thou lightly fall in blame,
And lese a great parte of thy name.
And netheles in this degree
Full ofte tyme thou might see,
Of suche men, as nowe a daie
This vice setten in assaie:
I speke it for no mans blame,
But for to warne the, the same.
My sonne as I maie here talke
In euery place where I walke,
I not, if it be so or none,
But it is many daies gone,
That I first herde telle this
Howe false Semblant hath be, and is
Most commonly from yere to yere
With them that dwelle amonge vs here,
Of suche as we Lumbardes call.
For thei ben the sliest of all,
So as men saine in towne about,
To feigne and shewe thyng without,
Whiche is reuers to that within,
Wherof that thei full ofte wynne,
Whan thei by reason shulde lese.
Thei ben the last, and yet thei chese:
And we the firste, and yet behynde
We gone, there as we shulden finde
The profite of our owne londe.
Thus gone thei free without bonde,
To done her profite all at large:
And other men beare all the charge
Of Lumbardes vnto this couine
(Whiche all Iondes conne engine)
Maie false Semblant in speciall
Be likened: for thei ouer all,
Where that thei thinke for to dwelle,
Amonge them selfe, so as thei telle
Firste ben enformed for to lere
A crafte, whiche cleped is Facrere.
For if Facrere come about,
Than afterwarde hem stant no doubt:
To voide with a subtile honde
The best goodes of the londe,
And brynge chaffe, and take corne,
Where as Facrere goth beforne,
In all his weye he fint no lette
That dore can none vssher shette,
In whiche he list to take entre.
And thus the counsaile most secre
Of euery thyng Facrere knoweth,
Whiche in to strange place he bloweth
Where as he wote it maie most greue.
And thus Facrere maketh beleue,
So that full ofte he hath deceiued,
Er that he maie ben apperceiued.
Thus is this vice for to drede.
For who these olde bokes rede
Of suche ensamples as we are,
Him ought be the more ware
Of all tho that feigne chere,
Wherof thou shalte a tale here.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos, qui sub dissimulate beneuolentie speculo alios in amore defraudant. Et narrat qualiter Hercules cum ipse quoddam fluuium cuius vada non nouit, cum Deianyra transmeare proposuit, superueniens Nessus gygas ob amicitiam Herculis, vt dixit, Deianyram in vlnas suas suscipiens, trans ripam saluo perduxit. Et statim cum ad litus peruenisset quam cito currere potuit, ipsam tanquam propriam in preiudicium Herculis asportare fugiens conabatur. Per quod non solum ipsi sed etiam Herculi mortis euentum fortuna postmodum causauit.

Of fals semblant, whiche is beloued,
Ful many a worthy wight is greued,
And was longe tyme or we wer bore.
To the my sonne I will therfore
A tale tell, of fals Semblant,
Whiche falseth many a couenant,
And many a fraude of fals counsaile
There be hongend vpon his seile,
And that aboughten gilteles
Both Deianyre, and Hercules,
The whiche in greate disease fell
Through fals Semblant, as I shall tell.
Whan Hercules within a throwe
Al onely hath his herte throwe
Upon this faire Deianyre,
It fell him on a daie desire,
Upon a riuer as he stode,
That passe he wolde ouer the floode
Without bote, and with him lede
His loue, but he was in drede
For tendresse of that sweete wight.
For he knewe not the foorde aught.
There was a geant thau nigh,
Whiche Nessus hight: and whan he sigh
This Hercules and Deianyre,
Within his herte he gan conspire,
As he, whiche through his trecherie,
Hath Hercules in great enuie,
Whiche he bare in his herte loke:
And than he thought it shall be wroke.
But he ne durste netheles
Ayene this worthye Hercules
Fall in debate, as for to feight.
But feigned Semblant all by sleight
Of frendship, and of all good,
And cometh, where as thei both stoode,
And maketh hem all the chere he can,
And saith, that as her owne man,
He is all redy for to do
What thyng he maie: and it fel so,
That thei vpon his Semblant triste,
Did asken him, if that be wiste
What thyng hem were beste to doone,
So that thei mighten saufe and soune

The water passe, he and shee.
And whan Nessus the priuetee
Knewe of her herte, what it ment,
As he, that was of double entent,
He made hem right a glad visage.
And whan he herde of the passage
Of him and hir, he thought gile,
And feigneth Semblant for a while,
To done hem plesance and seruise.
But he thought all an other wise.
This Nessus with his wordes slie
Yafe suche counseile tofore her eie,
Whiche semed outwarde profitable,
And was within deceiuable.
He had hem of the stremes depe
That thei beware, and take kepe,
So as thei knowe not the passe.
But for to helpe in suche a cas
He saith him selfe, that for her ease,
He wolde, if that it mighte hem please,
The passage of the water take,
And for this ladie vndertake,
To beare hir to that other stronde,
And saufe to sette hir vp a londe.
And Hercules maie than also
The weye knowe, howe he shall go.
And therto thei accorden all.
But what as after shall befall,
Well paid was Hercules of this,
And this Geant also gladde is,
And toke this ladie vp alofte,
And set hir on his shulder softe:
And in the floode began to wade,
As he, whiche no grutchynge made,
And bare hir ouer saufe and sounde.
But whan he stode on drie grounde,
And Hercules was ferre behinde,
He set his trouth all out of minde.
Who so therof be lefe or loth,
With Deianyre forth he goth,
As he that thought to disseuer
The companie of hem for euer.
Whan Hercules therof toke hede,
As faste as euer he might hym spede,
He hieth after in a throwe:
And hapneth that he had a bowe,
The whiche in all hast he bende,
As he that wolde an arowe sende,
Whiche he tofore had enuenymed.
He hath so well his shotte tymed,
That he hym through the body smette.
And thus the false wight he lette.
But liste nowe, suche a felonie.
When Nessus wist he shulde die,
He toke to Deianyre his sherte,
Whiche with the bloud was of his hert
Through out disteined ouer all,
And tolde howe she it kepe shall,
And priuely to this entent:
That if hir lorde his herte went
To loue in any other place,
This shert he saith hath suche a grace,
That if she maie so mochel make,
That he the sherte vpon hym take,
He shall all other lette in vaine
And tourne vnto hir loue againe.
Who was tho glad but Deianyre?
Hir thought hir herte was on a fire,
Till it was in hir cofer loke:
So that no worde therof was spoke.

The daies gone, the yeres passe,
The hertes waxen lasse and lasse
Of hem, that be to loue vntrewe,
This Hercules with hert newe,
His loue hath set on Eolen:
And therof speken all men.
This Eolen, this faire maide
Was (as men thilke tyme saide)
The kynges doughter of Eurice,
And she made Hercules so nice
Upon hir loue, and so assote,
That he hym clotheth in hir cote:
And she in his was cladde full ofte.
And thus feblesse is set alofte,
And strengthe was put vnder foote,
There can no man therof do boote.
Whan Deianyre hath herd this speche,
There was no sorowe for to seche.
Of other helpe wote she none,
But goth vnto her coufer anone,
With wepend eye, and wofull herte,
She toke out thilke vnhappie sherte,
As she that wend wel to do.
And brought hir werke about so,
That Hercules this shert on dede,
To suche entent, as she was bede
Of Nessus, so as I saide er:
But therof was she nought the ner:
As no fortune maie be weyued,
With false Semblant she was deceiued.
Than whan she wende best haue wonne,
She lost all that she hath bigonne.
For thilke sherte vnto the bone
His body sette a fire anone,
And cleueth so, it maie not twynne.
For the venym, that was therin.
And he than as a wilde man,
Unto the high woodde he ranne,
And as the clerke Ouide telleth,
The great trees to grounde he felleth,
With strength of his owne might,
And made an huge fire vpright,
And lepte hym selfe therin at ones,
And brent him selfe both flesshe and bones.
Whiche thyng cam through false semblant,
That fals Nessus the Geant
Made vnto him, and to his wife,
Wherof that he hath loste his life:
And she sory for euermo.
For thy my sonne er the be wo
I rede, be wel ware therfore.
For whan so great a man was lore,
It ought to yeue a great conceite
To warne all other of suche deceite.
Graunt mercy father, I am ware
So fer, that I no more dare
Of fals Semblant take acqueintance,
But rather I wol do penance:
That I haue feigned ehere er this.
Nowe asketh forth, whot so there is,
Of that belongeth to my shrifte.
My sonne yet there is the fifte,
Whiche is conceiued of enuie,
And cleped is Supplantarie:
Through whose compassement and gile
Ful many hath loste his while
In loue, as wel as other wise,
Here after as I shall deuise.

Inuidus alterius est supplantator honoris
Et tua quo vertat culmina subtus arat.

Est opus occultum, quasi quæ latet anguis in herba,
Quod facit, et subita sorte nociuus adest.
Sic subtilis amans alium supplantat amantem,
Et capit occulte, quod nequit ipse palam
Sæpéque supplantans in plantam plantat amoris,
Quod putat in propriis alter habere bonis.

Hic tractat Confessor de quinta specie Inuidie, quæ supplantatio dicitur, cuius cultor priusquam percipiatur aliene dignitatis et officii multotiens intrusor existens.

THE vice of supplantacion,
With many a fals collacion,
Whiche he conspireth all vnknowe,
Full ofte tyme hath ouerthrowe
The worship of another man:
So wel no life awaite can
Avene his sleight for to caste,
That he his purpose at the laste
Ne hath, er that it be withset.
But moste of all his hert is set
In court, vpon these great offices
Of dignitees and benefices.
Thus goth he with his sleighte about
To hynder, and shoue another out,
And stonden with his slighe compas.
In stede there another was.
And so to set him selfe ynne
He recketh not be so he wynne,
Of that another man shall lese.
And thus full ofte chalke for chese
He changeth with full litell coste,
Wherof another hath the loste,
And he the profite shall receiue.
For his fortune is to deceiue,
And for to change vpon the whele
His wo with other mens wele,
Of that another man awaleth
His owne astate thus he vp haleth,
And taketh the byrde to his beyete,
Where other men the busshes bete.
My sonne and in the same wise
There be louers of suche emprise,
That shapen hem to be relieued,
Where it is wronge, to be acheued.
For it is other mans right,
Whiche he hath take daie and night
To kepe for his owne store,
Toward him selfe for euermore,
And is his proper by the lawe,
Whiche thyng that asketh no felawe,
If loue holde his couenaunt:
But thei that worchen by supplant
Yet wolden suche a man supplant,
And take a part of thilke plant,
Whiche he hath for him selfe set.
And so ful ofte is all vnknet
That some man weneth be right faste.
For Supplant with his slye cast
Full ofte hapueth for to mowe
Thyng, whiche another man hath sowe,
And maketh common of propretee
With sleight, and with subtiltee,
As men maie sen from yere to yere.
Thus claimeth he the bote to stere,
Of whiche another maister is.
For thy my sonne if thou er this
Haste ben of suche profession,
Discouer thy Confession.
Hast thou supplanted any man?
For ought that I you telle can
Myn holy father as of dede,
I am withouten any drede,
And gilteles: but of my thought
My conscience excuse I nought.
For were it wronge or wer it right,
Me liketh no thyng but might
That I ne wolde longe er this
Of other mans loue I wis.
By wey of supplantacion
Haue made appropriacion,
And holde that I neuer nought,
Thoughe it another man forthought.
And all this speke I but of one,
For whom I lete all other gone,
But hir I maie not ouerpasse,
That I ne mote alwey compasse,
Me rought not by what queintise,
So that I might in any wise
Fro suche, that my ladie serue
Hir hert make for to swerue,
Without any parte of loue.
For by the goddes all aboue
I wolde it might so befall,
That I alone shuld hem all
Supplant, and welde hir at my will.
And that thynge maie I nought fulfill,
But if I shulde strengthe make:
And that dare I nought vndertake,
Though I were as was Alisander,
For therof might rise a sklander.
And certes that shall I do neuer.
For in good feith yet had I leuer
In my simplesse for to die,
Than worche suche supplantarie,
Of other wise I woll not saie,
That if I fonde a siker waie,
I wolde as for conclusion
Worche after supplantacion,
So hyghe a loue for to winne.
Nowe father, if that this be sinne,
I am redy to redresse
The gylt, of whiche I me confesse.
My good sonne as of supplant
The dare not drede tant ne quant,
As for no thynge that I haue herde,
But onely that thou haste misferde
Thinkend: and that me liketh nought.
For god beholt a mans thought.
And if thou vnderstode in sooth,
In loues cause what it dooth,
A man to ben a supplantour,
Thou woldest for thyn owne honour
By double waie take kepe.
Fyrste for thyn owne estate to kepe
To be thy selfe so well be thought,
That thou supplanted were nought.
And eke for worship of thy name,
Towardes other do the same:
And suffre euery man haue his,
But netheles it was and is,
That in awaite at all assaies
Supplant of loue in our waies,
The leef full ofte for the leuer
Forsaketh, and so it hath done euer.
Ensample I fynde therupon.

Qualiter Agamemnon de amore Bresseide Achillem, et Diomedes de amore Criseide Troilum supplantauit.

At troie howe that Agamemnon
Supplanted the worthie knight
Achilles, for that sweete wight
Whiche named was Brisseida.
And also of Criseida,
Whome Troilus to loue ches,
Supplanted hath Diomedes.

Qualiter Amphitrium socium suum Getam qui Alcmenam peramauit, seipsum loco alterius cautelosa supplantacione substituit.

Of Geta and Amphitrione,
That whilom were both as one
Of frendship and of companie,
I rede howe that Supplantarie
In loue, as it betid tho,
Begyled hath one of hem two.
For this Geta, that I of mene,
To whom the lusty faire Alcmene
Assured was by wage of loue,
Whan he beste wende haue ben aboue,
And sikereste of that he had,
Cupido so the cause lad,
That while he was out of the weie,
Amphitrion hir loue aweie
Hath take, and in this forme he wrought.
By night vnto the chambre he sought.
Where that she lay: and with a wile
He counterfeteth for the while
The voice of Geet, in suche a wise,
That made hir of hir bedde arise,
Wenende that it were he,
And lete hym in: and whan thei be
To gyder a bedde in armes faste,
This Geta cam than at laste
Unto the dore, and saide vndo.
And she answerd, and bad hym go,
And saide, howe that a bed all warme
Hir liefe lay naked in hir arme.
She wende, that it were sooth.
Lo what supplant of loue dooth.
This Geta foorth beiaped went,
And yet ne wyst he, what it ment.
Amphitrion hym hath supplanted
With sleight of loue, and hir enchanted.
And thus put euery man out other.
The ship of loue hath lost his rother,
So that he can no reason stere.
And for to speke of this mattere
Touchende loue, and his supplaunt,
A tale, whiche is accordant
Unto thine eare I thynke enforme.
Nowe herken, for this is the forme.

Hic in amoris causa contra fraudem detractionis ponit Confessor exemplum, Et narrat de quodam Romani imperatoris filio, qui probitates armorum super omnia exercere affectans, nesciente patre vltra mare in partes Persie ad deseruiendum Soldano super guerras cum solo milite tanquam socio suo ignotus se transtulit, Et cum ipsius milicie fama super alios ibidem celsior accreuisset, contigit, vt in quodam bello contra Caliphum Egypti inito, soldanus a sagitta mortaliter vulneratus priusquam moreretur quendam anulum filie sue secretissimum isto nobili Romano tradidit dicens, qualiter filia sua sub paterne benedictionis vinculo adiurata est, quod quicunque dictum anulum ei afferret, ipsum in coniugem pre omnibus susciperet. Defuncto autem Soldano versus ciuitatem, que Kayre dicitur, itinerantes, iste Romanus commilitoni suo huius misterii secretum reuelauit, qui noctanter bursa domini sui anulum furto surripiens, hec que audiuit vsui proprio falsissima supplancione applicuit, et sic seruus pro domino desponsata sibi Soldani filia, coronatus, Persie regnauit.

Of thilke citee chiefe of all,
Whiche men the noble Rome call,
Er it was set to Cristes faith,
There was, as the cronike saith,
An emperour, the whiche it lad
In pece, that he no warres had.
There was no thynge disobeisant,
Whiche was to Rome apertenant,
But all was tourned in to reste.
To some it thought hem for the beste,
To some it thought nothynge so,
And that was onely vnto tho,
Whose herte stoode vpon knighthode:
But most of all his manhode,
The worthie sonne of the emperour,
Whiche wolde ben a warriour,
As he that was chiualrous,
Of worldes fame and desyrous:
Began his father to beseche,
That he the warres might seche
In strange marches for to ride.
His father saide he shulde abide,
And wolde graunt hym no leue.
But he whiche wolde nought beleue,
A knight of his, to whom he trist,
Right euen as he thought and list,
He toke and tolde hym his courage,
That he purposeth a viage,
If that fortune with hym stonde.
He sayde, that he wolde fonde
The great sea to passe vnknowe,
And there abide for a throwe
Upon the warres to trauaile.
And to this point without faile
This knight whan he hath herde his lorde,
Is swore, and stant of his accorde,
As thei that bothe yonge were:
So that in preuie counsaile there
Thei ben assented for to wende,
And thervpon to make an ende,
Treasure enough with hem thei token.
And whan the tyme is best thei loken,
That sodenliche in a galeie
Fro Rome londe thei wente their weie,
And londed vpon that other side.
The worlde fell so that ilke tide,
Whiche euer his happes hath diuerse,
The great Soldan than of Perse
Ayene the Caliphe of Egypte
A warre, whiche that hym beclipte
Hath in a marche costeaunt:
And he whiche was a pursiuant
Worshippe of armes to atteyne,
This Romaine anone let ordeine,
That he was redie euery dele.
And whan he was arraied wele
Of euery thyng, whiche hym belongeth,
Straught vnto Kayre his weie he fongeth:
Where he the Soldan than fonde,
And asketh, that within his londe

He might hym for the warre serue,
As he whiche woll his thanke deserue.
The Souldan was right glad withall,
And well the more inspeciall,
Whan that he wist he was Romaine,
But what he was elles incertaine,
That might he wite by no waie.
And thus the knight, of whome I saie,
Towarde the Souldan is belefte:
And in the marches nowe and efte,
Where that the dedely warres were,
He wrought suche knighthode there,
That euery man spake of him good.
And thilke tyme so it stoode,
This mightie Soldan by his wife
A doughter hath, that in this life
Men saide there was none so feire,
She shulde ben hir fathers heire,
And was of yeres ripe enough.
Hir beautee many an hert drough
To bowe to that ilke lawe,
Fro whiche no life maie be withdrawe,
And that is loue, whose nature
Set life and death in a venture
Of hem, that knighthode vndertake.
This lustie peine hath ouertake
The hert of this Romain so sore,
That to knighthode more and more
Prowesse auaunteth his courage:
Liche to the lion in his rage,
Fro whom that all bestes flee,
Suche was this knight in his degree,
Where he was armed in the felde,
Ther dust none abide his shelde.
Great price vpon the warres he had.
But she, whiche all the chance lad
Fortune shope the marches so,
That by thassent of bothe two
The Soldan and the Caliphe eke,
Batail vpon a daie thei seke:
Whiche was in suche a wise set,
That lenger shulde it not be let.
Thei made hem stronge on euery side,
And whan it drough towarde the tide,
That the bataill shulde be,
The Soldan in great priuetee
A golde ringe of his doughter toke,
And made hir swere vpon a boke,
And eke vpon the gods all:
That if fortune so befall,
In the bataille that he deie,
That he shall thilke man obeie,
And take him to hir housbonde,
Whiche thilke same ringe to honde
Hir shulde bryng after his deth.
This hath she swore, and forth he geth,
With all the power of his londe
Unto the marche, where he fonde
His ennemie full enbatailed.
The Soldan hath the felde assailed.
Thei that ben hardie soone assembleu,
Wherof the dredfull hertes tremblen.
That one sleeth, and that other sterueth,
But abouen all his price deserueth
This knightly Romain, where he rode
His dedely swerde no man abode,
Ayene the whiche was no defence.
Egypte fledde in his presence,
And thei of Perse vpon the chace
Pursuen, but I not what grace

Befell, an arowe out of a bowe
All sodenly within a throwe
The Soldan smote, and there he laie.
The chas is left for thilke daie,
And he was bore in to a tent.
The Soldan sighe how that it went,
And that he shulde algates die:
And to this knight of Romanie
As vnto him whom he most triste,
His doughters ringe, that none it wiste,
He toke, and tolde him all the cas,
Upon hir othe what token it was,
Of that she shulde ben his wife.
Whan this was saide, the hertes life
Of this Soldan departeth soone:
And thervpon, as was to doone,
The dede body well and faire
Thei carie till thei come at Kaire:
There he was wortheliche begraue.
The lordes, whiche as wolden saue
The reigne, whiche was desolate,
To bryng it in to good astate,
A parlement thei set anone.
Nowe herken what fell thervpon.
This yonge lorde this worthie knight
Of Rome, vpon the same night,
That thei a morowe trete sholde,
Unto his bachiler he tolde
His counseill, and the ringe with all
He sheweth, through whiche he shall
He seith, the kynges doughter wedde.
For so the ringe was leide to wedde
He tolde, in to hir fathers honde,
That with what man that she it fonde,
She shulde him take vnto hir lorde.
And thus, he seith, stant of recorde.
But no man wote who hath this ringe.
This bachelere vpon this thynge
His ere and his entent laide,
And thought more, than he saide,
And feigneth with a fals visage,
That he was glad: but his courage
Was all set in a nother wise.
These olde philosophers wise
Thei writen vpon thilke while,
That he maie best a man begile,
In whom the man hath most credence.
And this befell in euidence
Toward this yonge lord of Rome.
His bachiler, whiche had tome,
Whan that his lorde by night slepte,
This ringe, the whiche his maister kepte,
Out of his purs aweie he dede,
And put another in the stede.
A morow whan the court is set,
The yonge ladie was forth fet,
To whome the lordes done homage.
And after that of mariage
Thei treaten, and asken of hir wille.
But she whiche thought to fulfille
Hir faders best in this mattere,
Saide openly, that men maie here
The charge, whiche hir fader bad.
Tho was this lorde of Rome glad,
And drough toward his purs anone,
But all for nought, it was a gone,
His bachiler it hath forth drawe,
And asketh thervpon the lawe:
That she him holde couenant.
The token was so suffisant,

That it ne might be forsake.
And netheles his lorde hath take
Quarelle ayene his owne man.
But for nothyng that euer he can,
He might as than nought be herde:
So that his claime is vnanswerde,
And he hath of his purpos failed.
This bachiler was tho counsailed
And wedded, and of thilke empire
He was crouned lord and sire,
And all the lond him hath receiued:
Wherof his lorde, whiche was deceiued
A seknes, er the third morowe,
Conceiued hath of dedly sorowe,
And as he lay vpon his death,
There while him lasteth speche and breth,
He send for the worthiest
Of all the londe, and eke the best,
And tolde hem all the sooth tho
That he was sonne and heire also
Of themperour of great Rome:
And howe that thei to gyder come
This knight, and he, right as it was
He tolde hem all the plaine cas.
And for that he his counseil tolde,
That other hath all that he wolde,
And he hath failed of his mede.
As for the good he taketh none hede,
He saith, but onely of the loue,
Of whiche he wend haue be aboue.
And thervpon by letter write
He doth his fader for to wite,
Of all the matter howe it stoode.
And than with an hertely mode
Unto the lordes he besought,
To telle his lady howe he bought
Hir loue, of whiche another gladdeth,
And with that worde his hewe fadeth,
And saide, a dieu my ladye sweete,
The life hath loste his kindely hete.
And he laye still as any stone,
Wherof was sory many one:
But none of all so as she.
This fals knight in his degree
Arested was, and put in holde.
For openly whan it was tolde
Of the treason, whiche is befall,
Throughout the londe thei saiden all,
If it be sooth, that men suppose,
His owne vntrouth him shall depose.
And for to seche an euidence
With honour, and great reuerence,
Wherof thei mighten knowe an ende,
To themperour anon thei sende
The letter, whiche his sonne wrote.
And whan that he the sooth wote,
To tell his sorowe is endeles.
But yet in haste netheles
Upon the tale, whiche he herde
His steward in to Perse ferde,
With many a worthy Romaine eke,
His liege traitor for to seke.
And whan thei thyder come were,
This knight him hath confessid there,
Howe falsely that he hath hym bore:
Wherof his worthie lorde was lore.
Tho saiden some, he shulde deie:
But yet thei founden suche a weie,
That he shall not be dede in Perse.
And thus the skilles ben diuerse,
Be cause that he was coroned,
Of that the londe was habandoned
To hym, all though it were vnright,
There is no peine for him dight.
But to this point and to this ende
Thei graunten wel, that he shall wende
With the Romayns to Rome ageine.
And thus acorded full and pleine,
The quicke body with the dede
With leue take, forth thei lede,
Where that Supplant hath his Juise,
Wherof that thou the might auise
Upon this informacion,
Touchend of supplantacion,
That thou my sonne do not so.
And for to take hede also
What supplant dooth in other halue,
There is no man can finde a salue
Pleinly to helen suche a sore.
It hath and shall ben euermore,
Whan pride is with enuie Joynt,
He suffreth no man in good poynt,
Where that he maie his honour let
And thervpon if I shall set
Ensample in holy churche I fynde,
How that supplant is not behynde,
God wote if that it nowe be so.
For in Cronike of tyme a go
I fynde a tale concordable
Of Supplaunt, whiche is no fable
In the maner as I shall telle,
So as whylom the thynges felle.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos in causa dignitatis adquirende supplantatores. Et narrat qualiter papa Bonifacius predecessorem suum Celestinum a papatu contractata circumuencione fraudulenter supplantauit, Sed qui potentes a sede deponit huiusmodi supplantacionis fraudem non sustinens, ipsum sic in sublime exaltatum postea in profundi carceris miseriam proiici, fame que siti cruciari, nec non et ab huius vite gaudiis dolorosa morte supplantari permisit.

At Rome as it hath ofte fall,
The viker generall of all,
Of hem that leuen Christes feith,
His laste daie, whiche none with seith,
Hath shette, as to the worldes eie:
Whos name, if I shall specifie,
He hight Pope Nicolas.
And thus whan that he passed was,
The Cardinals, that wolden saue
The forme of lawe in the conclaue,
Gon for to chese a newe Pope.
And after that thei couthe grope
Hath eche of hem saide his entent,
Till at laste thei assent
Upon an holy clerke recluse,
Whiche full was of gostly vertuse.
His pacience, and his simplesse
Hath set hym in to highe noblesse.
Thus was he Pope canonised
With great honour, and intronised.
And vpon chance, as it is falle,
His name Celestin men calle.
Whiche notified was by bull
To holy churche: and to the full
In all londes magnified.
But euery worship is enuied:

And that was thilke tyme sene.
For whan this Pope, of whome I mene,
Was chose, and other set be side,
A cardinall was thilke tide,
Whiche the papate hath longe desyred,
And thervpon gretly conspired.
But whan he sighe fortune is failed,
For whiche longe time he hath trauailed:
That ilke fyre, which Ethna brenneth,
Through out his wofull herte renneth:
Whiche is resembled to entie,
Wherof Supplant and trecherie
Engendred is. And netheles
He feigneth loue, he feigneth pes,
Outwarde he dooth the reuerence:
But all within his conscience,
Through fals ymaginacion,
He thought Supplantacion.
And thervpon a wonder wile
He wrought. For at thilke while
It fell so, that of his linage
He had a Clergon yonge of age,
Whom he hath in his chamber affaited.
This Cardinall his time hath waited,
And with his wordes slie and queint,
The whiche he couth wisely peint,
He shope this clerke of whiche I tell,
Towarde the pope for to dwell:
So that within his chamber a night
He laie: and was a priuie wight
Towarde the pope on nightes tide,
May no man flee, that shall be tide.
This Cardinall, whiche thought gile,
Upon a daie, whan he hath while,
This yonge clerke vnto him toke,
And made hym swere vpon a boke,
And tolde him what his will was:
And foorth with all a Trompe of bras
He hath hym take, and bad him this.
Thou shalt, he saide, whan time is
Awaite, and take right good kepe,
Whan that the Pope is fast a slepe,
And that none other man be nie:
And than that thou be so slie
Through out the Trompe in to his ere,
Fro heuen as though a voice it were,
To sowne of suche prolacion,
That he his meditacion
Therof maie make, and vnderstonde,
As though it were of gods sonde.
And in this wise thou shalt seie,
That he do thilke astate aweie
Of Pope, of whiche he stant honoured,
So shall his soule be socoured
Of thilke worshippe at the last
In heuen, whiche shall euer last.
This clerke, whan he hath herd the forme,
How he the Pope shuld enforme:
Toke of the Cardinall his leue,
And goth hym home, till it was eue,
And priuely the trompe he hedde
Tyll that the Pope was a bedde.
And at the midnight, whan he knewe
The Pope slepte, than he blewe
Within his Trompe through the wall,
And tolde, in what maner he shall
His papacie leue, and take
His firste astate. And thus awake
This holy Pope he made thries:
Wherof diuers fantasies
Upon his great holinesse,
Within his herte he gan impresse.
The Pope full of Innocence
Conceiueth in his conscience,
That it is gods will, he cese.
But in what wise he maie relese
His hie astate, that wote he nought.
And thus within him selfe he thought,
He bare it still in his memorie,
Till he cam to the consistorie,
And there in presence of hem all
He asketh: if it so befall,
That any Pope cesse wolde,
Howe that the lawe it suffer sholde.
Thei setten all still, and herde.
Was none, whiche to the pointe answerde.
For to what purpos that it ment,
There was no man knewe his entent,
But onely he, whiche shop the gile.
This Cardinall the same while
All openly with wordes pleine
Seith: if the Pope woll ordeine,
That there be suche a lawe wrought:
Than might he cesse, and elles nought.
And as he saide, doone it was.
The Pope anone vpon the cas
Of his papall auctoritee
Hath made and youe the decree.
And whan the lawe was confermed
In due forme, and all affermed,
This innocent, whiche was deceiued,
His papacie anone hath weiued,
Renounced and resigned eke.
That other was nothynge to seke,
But vnderneth suche a iape
He hath so for hym selfe shape,
That howe as euer it hym beseme,
The miter, with the diademe
He hath through supplantacion:
And in his confirmacion,
Upon the fortune of his grace,
His name was cleped Boniface.
Under the viser of enuie
Lo thus was hid the trecherie,
Whiche hath begiled many one.
But suche counsaill there maie be none,
Whiche treason, whan it is conspired,
That it nis like the sparke fired
Up in thy roofe, whiche for a throwe
Lieth hid, til whan the windes blowe
It blaseth out on euery side.
This Boniface, whiche can nought hide
The trecherie of his supplant,
Hath openly made his auant,
Howe he the papacie hath wonne.
But thing which is with wrong begonne,
Maie neuer stonde wel at ende.
Where pride shall the bowe bende
He sheteth ful out of the weye,
And thus the pope, of whom I seye:
Whan that he stoode on highe the whele,
He can not suffer hym selfe be wele.
Enuie, whiche is loueles,
And pride, whiche is laweles,
With suche tempestes made hym erre,
That charitee goth out of herre:
So that vpon misgouernance,
Ageynst Lewis the kynge of France
He toke quarell of his oultrage,
And saide, he shuld done homage

Unto the churche bodily.
But he that wist no thyng why
He shulde do so great seruice,
After the worlde in suche a wise,
Withstood the wronge of that demaund.
For nought the pope maie commaund
The kynge woll not the pope obeye.
This pope tho by all weye,
That he maie worche of violence,
Hath sent the bulle of his sentence,
With cursinge, and enterdite.
The kynge vpon this wrongfull plite,
To kepe his reigne from seruage,
Counsailed was of his baronage,
That might with might shal be with stonde.
Thus was the cause take on honde.
And saiden, that the papacie
Thei wolde honoure and magnifie
In all that euer is spirituall.
But the ilke pride temporall
Of Boniface in his persone,
Ayene that ilke wronge alone
Thei wolden stonde in debate.
And thus the man, and nought the state
The frenche shopen by her might
To greeue: And fel there was a knight,
Sire Guillam de Langaret,
Whiche was vpon this cause set:
And thervpon he toke a route
Of men of armes, and rode oute,
So longe, and in a waite he laie,
That he aspied vpon a daie
The pope was at Auignon,
And shulde ride out of the towne,
Unto Poursorge, the whiche is
A castell in Prouince of his.
Upon the weye and as he rode,
This knight, whiche houed and abode
Embuished vpon horsbake,
All sodenliche vpon hym brake,
And hath hym by the bridell sesed,
And said: O thou, whiche hast disesed
The court of France by thy wronge,
Thou shalt singe a newe songe.
Thyn enterdite, and thy sentence
Ayen thyn owne conscience
Here after thou shalt fele and grope.
We plaine nought ageyne the pope
For thilke name is honourable.
But thou, whiche haste be deceiuable,
And trecherous in all thy werke,
Thou Boniface, thou proude clerke,
Misleder of the papacie,
Thy fals bodie shall abie
And suffer, that it hath deserued.
Lo thus this supplantor was serued.
For thei him ladde in to France,
And setten hym to his penance,
Within a toure in harde bondes,
Whece he for honger both his hondes
Eate of: And died, god wote howe:
Of whom the writyng is yet nowe
Regestred as a man maie here,
Whiche speketh and saith in this manere.
Thy entree like a fox was sligh,
Thy reigne also with pride on high
Was liche the lion in his rage:
But at the laste of thy passage
Thy death was to the houndes like.
Suche is the letter of his Cronike
Proclaimed in the court of Rome:
Wherof the wise ensample nome.
And yet as ferforth as I dare,
I rede all other men beware,
And that thei loke well algate,
That none his owne estate translate
Of holy churche in no degree
By fraude ne subtilitee.
For thilke honour, whiche Aaron toke,
Shall none receiue, as seith the boke,
But he becleped, as he was.
What shall I thinken in this cas
Of that I here nowe a daie?
I not: but he whiche can and maie
By reason both and by nature
The helpe of euery mans cure,
He kepe Symon fro the folde.

Nota de prophecia Joachim abbatis.

For Joachim, thilke abbot tolde,
Howe suche daies shulden fall,
That comonliche in places all
The chapmen of suche mercerie
With fraude, and with supplantarie
So many shulden by and selle,
That he ne maie for shame telle
So foule a sinne in mans ere:
But god forbede, that it were
In our daies, that he seith.
For if the clerke beware his feith
In hapmanhode at suche a feire
The remenant mote nedes empeire
Of all that to the worlde belongeth.
For whan that holy churche wrongeth
I not what other thyng shall right.
And netheles at mans sight
Enuie for to be preferred
Hath conscience so differred,
That no man loketh to the vice,
Whiche is the moder of malice,
And that is thilke fals enuie:
Which causeth many a trecherie.
For where he maie another see,
That is more gracious than hee:
It shall not stonden in his might,
But if he hinder suche a wight:
And that is well nighe ouer all,
This vice is nowe so generall.

Qualiter Joab princeps militie Dauid inuidie causa Abner subdole interfecit. Et qualiter etiam Achitofell ob hoc, quod Cusi in Consilio Absolon preferebatur, accensus inuidia laqueo se suspendit.

Enuie thilke vn hap in drough,
Whan Joab by deceipt slough
Abner, for drede he shulde bee
With kynge Dauid suche as was hee.
And through enuie also it felle
Of thilke fals Achitofelle.
For his counseil was not acheued
But that he sawe Cusy beleued
With Absolon, and hym forsake,
He hynge hym selfe vpon a stake.
Seuecke witnesseth openly
Howe that enuie properly
Is of the court the comon wenche,
And halt tauerne for to schence

That drinke, which maketh the hert brenne,
And doth the wit about renne
By euery wey to compasse,
Howe that he might all other passe,
As he whiche through vnkyndship
Enuieth euery felaushipp.
So that thou might well knowe and see,
There is no vice suche as hee.
Firste towarde god abhominable,
And to mankynde vnprofitable.
And that by wordes but a fewe
I shall by reason proue and shewe.

Inuidiæ stimulus sine causa ledit abortus,
Nam sine temtante crimine crimen habet.
Non est huius opus tentare Cupidinis arcum,
Dumque facies Veneris Ethnica flamma vorat,
Absque rubore genæ pallor quas fuscus obumbrat.
Frigida naturæ cætera membra docent.

Hic describit Confessor naturam inuidie tam in amore quam aliter secundum proprietatem vitii.

ENUIE if that I shall descriue,
He is not shapely for to wiue
In erth amonge the women here.
For there is in hym no mattere,
Wherof he might do plesance.
Firste for his heuy contenance,
Of that he semeth euer vnglad,
He is not able to be had.
And eke he brenneth so within,
That kinde maie no profite winne,
Wherof he shulde his loue please.
For thilke blood, whiche shuld haue ease,
To regne amonge the moiste veines
Is drie of thilke vnkindely peines,
Through whiche enuie is fired aie.
And this by reason proue I maie,
That towarde loue Enuie is nought,
And otherwise if it be sought
Upon what syde as euer it fall
It is the werst vice of all:
Whiche of him selfe hath most malice.
For vnderstonde that euery vice
Some cause hath, wherof it groweth:
But of enuie no man knoweth
Fro whens he cam, but out of hell.
For thus the wise clerkes tell,
That no spirite but of malice
By wey of kynde vpon a vice
Is tempted, and by suche a waie:
Enuie hath kynde put a waie.
And of malice hath his sturryng,
Wherof he maketh his bakbityng,
And is him selfe therof diseased.
So maie there be no kynde pleased.
For ay the more that he enuieth,
The more ayene him selfe he plieth.
Thus stant Enuie in good espeire
To ben him selfe the diuels heire,
As he whiche is the nexte liche,
And forthest from the heuen riche.
For there maie he neuer wonne.
For thy my good dere sonne,
If thou wolt fynde a siker weie
To loue: put enuie aweie.
Myn holy fader reason wolde,
That I this vice eschewe shulde:
But yet to strength my courage,
If that ye wolde in auantage
Therof set a recouere.
It were to me a great desire,
That I this vice might flee.
Nowe vnderstonde my sonne, and see.
There is phisike for the seke,
And vertues for the vices eke.
Who that the vices wolde eschewe,
He mot by reason than sewe
The vertues. For by thilke weie
He maie the vices done aweie.
For thei to geder maie not dwell.
For as the water of the well
Of fire abateth the malice:
Right so vertu fordooth the vice.
Ayene Enuie is Charitee,
Whiche is the moder of pitee,
That maketh a mans herte tender,
That it maie no malice engender,
In hym, that is inclined therto.
For his courage is tempred so,
That though he might him selfe releue,
Yet wolde he not another greue:
But rather for to do plesance,
He bereth him selfe the greuance,
So faine he wolde an other ease.
Wherof my sonne for thyn ease
Nowe herken a tale, whiche I rede,
And vnderstonde it well I rede.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum de virtute Charitatis contra Inuidiam, Et narrat de Constantino Elene filio, qui cum Imperii Romani dignitatem obtinuerat, a morbo lepre infectus medici pro sanitate recuperanda, ipsum in sanguine puerorum masculorum balneare proposuerant, sed cum innumera multitudo matrum cum filiis huiusmodi medicina causa in circuitu palacii affuisset, Imperatorque eorum gemitus et clamores percepisset, charitate motus ingemissens sic ait. O vere est ipse dominus, qui se facit seruum pietatis. Et his dictis statum suum cuntipotentis medele committens, sui ipsius morbum potius quam infantium mortem beniguius elegit, vnde ipse qui antea paganus et leprosus extiterat, ex vnda baptismatis renatus, vtriusque materie tam corporis quam anime diuino miraculo consecutus est salutem.

AMONGE the bokes of Latine
I fynde it write of Constantine
The worthy emperour of Rome,
Suche infortunes to him come.
Whan he was in his lustie age
The lepre caught in his visage,
And so forth ouer all oboute,
That he ne might riden out.
So left he both shelde and spere,
As he that might hym not bestere,
And helde hym in his chamber close.
Through all the worlde the fame arose:
The great clerkes were assent,
And come at his commaundement
To trete vpon this lordes hele.
So longe thei to geder dele,
That thei vpon this medicine
Appointen hem, and determine,
That in the maner as it stoode,
They wolde hym bath in childes blood
Within seuen winter age.
For as thei saien, that shulde assuage

The lepre, and all the violence,
Whiche that thei knowe of accidence,
And not by wey of kynde is fall,
And therto thei acorden all
As for fynall conclusion,
And tolden her opinion
To themperour: And he anone
His counsaile toke, and thervpon
With letters, and with seales out
Thei send in euery londe about
The yonge children for to seche:
Whose bloode, thei said, shulde be leche
For themperours maladie.
There was enough to wepe and crie
Amonge the moders, whan thei herde
Howe wofullly this cause ferde.
But netheles thei mot bowe.
And thus women there come enowe
With children soukend on the tete.
Ther were many teres lete.
But were hem liefe, or were hem loth
The women and the children both
In to the palais forth he brought,
With many a sorie hertes thought
Of hem whiche of her body bore
The children had: and so forlore
Within a while shulde see.
The moders wepe in her degree,
And many of hem a swoune fall.
The yonge babies crieden all.
This noise arose, this lorde it herde,
And loked out, and how it ferde
He sawe: and as who saide abraide,
Out of his slepe, and thus he saide.
O thou diuine purueance,
Whiche euery man in the balance
Of kynde hast formed to be liche.
The pore is bore as is the riche,
And dieth in the same wise.
Upon the foole vpon the wise
Sekenes and hele enter commune,
Maie none eschewe that fortune,
Whiche kynde hath in hir lawe sette
Hir strengthe and beautee ben besette
To euery man a liche free,
That she preferreth no degree,
As in the disposicion
Of bodily complection.
And eke of soule reasonable,
The poore childe is bore as able
To vertue, as the kynges sonne.
For euery man his owne wonne,
After the lustes of his assaie,
The vice or vertue chese maie.
Thus stande all men franchised
But in estate thei ben deuised,
To some worship and richesse,
To some pouertee and distresse.
One lordeth, an other serueth.
But yet as euery man deserueth
The worlde yeueth not his yeftes here.
But certes he hath great matere
To be of good condicion,
Whiche hath in his subiection
The men, that ben of his semblance.
And eke he toke his remembrance,
Howe he that made lawe of kynde,
Wolde euery man to lawe bynde,
And bad a man, suche as he wolde
Toward him selfe, right such he sholde
Towarde an other doone also.
And thus this worthie lorde as tho
Set in balance his owne estate,
And with him selfe stode in debate,
And thought how it was not good
To see so mochell mans blood
Be spilte, by cause of him alone.
He sawe also the great mone,
Of that the mothers were vngladde
And of the wo the children made:
Wherof that his herte tendreth,
And such pitee within engendreth,
That him was leuer for to chese
His owne bodie for to lese,
That see so great a mourdre wrought
Upon the bloud, whiche gilteth nought.
This for the pitee, whiche he toke,
All other leches he forsoke,
And put him out of auenture
Alonly to gods cure,
And saith, who that woll maister bee,
He mote be seruant to pitee.
So ferforth he was ouercome
With charitee, that he hath nome
His counsaile, and his officers,
And bad vnto his treasourers,
That thei his treasour all about
Departe amonge the poore route
Of women, and of children both,
Wherof thei might hem fede and cloth,
And saufely tournen home ageyne,
Without losse of any greine.
Through charitee thus he dispendeth
His good, wherof he amendeth
The poore people, and countreuaileth
The harme, that he hem so trauaileth.
And thus the wofull nightes sorowe
To ioye is torned on the morowe.
All was thankynge, all was blissyng,
Whiche erst was wepyng and cursyng.
These women gone home glad enough,
Echone for ioie on other lough,
And praide for this lordes hele,
Whiche hath released the quarele,
And hath his owne will forsake
In charitee for gods sake.
But nowe hereafter thou shalt here
What god hath wrought in this matere,
As he that doothe all equitee
To him that wrought charitee,
He was ayenewarde charitous,
And to pitee he was pitous.
For it was neuer knowe yet,
That charitee goth vnaquit.
The night whan he was laide to slepe
The high god, whiche wold him kepe,
Saint Petre and saint Poule him sende,
By whom he wolde his lepre amende.
Thei two to him slepende appere
Fro god, and said in this manere:
O Constantin, for thou hast serued
Pitee, thou hast pitee deserued.
For thy thou shalte suche pitee haue,
That god through pitee woll the saue.
Thou shalte so double hele fynde.
Fyrste for thy bodilyche kynde,
And for thy wofull soule also,
Thou shalt be hole of both two.
And for thou shalt not the despeire,
Thy lepre shall no more empeire,

Till thou wilte sende thervpon
Unto the mount of Celion,
Where Syluester and his clergie
To gyder dwellen in companie
For drede of the, whiche many a daie
Hast ben a fó to Christes laie,
And hast destroied, to mochell shame
The prechours of his holy name.
But now thou hast somdele appeased
Thy god, and with good dede pleased,
That thou thy pitee hast bewared
Upon the blood, whiche thou hast spared.
For thy to thy saluacion
Thou shalt haue Informacion
Such as Siluester shall the teche,
The nedeth of none other leche.
This Emperour whiche all this herde,
Graunt mercy lorde he answerde:
I wolf do so as ye me saie.
But of one thynge I wold praie,
What shall I tell vnto Syluester
Of your name or of your ester?
And thei him tolde what thei hight.
And forth with all out of his sight
Thei passen vp in to the heuen.
And he awoke out of his sweuen,
And clepeth, and men come anone,
And tolde his dreme: and thervpon
In suche a wise as he hem telleth,
The mount, where Syluester dwelleth
Thei haue in all haste sought.
And founden he was, and with her brought
To themperour, whiche to hym tolde
His sweuen, and elles what he wolde.
And whan Siluester hath herde the king,
He was right ioyfull of this thyng,
And hym began with all his witte
To techen vpon holy writte.
First how mankynde was forlore,
And howe the high god therfore
His sonne sende from aboue,
Whiche borne was for mans loue.
And after of his owne choys
He toke his death vpon the croys.
And howe in graue he was beloke,
And how that he hath helle broke,
And toke hem out, that were hym leue.
And for to make vs full beleue,
That he was very gods sonne,
Ayene the kynde of mans wonne,
Fro death he rose the thirde daie.
And whan he wolde, as he well maie
He stighe vp to his father euen,
With flesshe and bloud into the heauen.
And right so in the same forme,
In flesshe and bloud he shall reforme,
Whan time cometh, the quicke and dede,
At thilke wofull daie of drede,
Where euery man shall take his dome,
As well the maister as the grome.
The mighty kynges retenue
That daie maie stande of no value
With worldly strengthe to defende.
For euery mote maie than entende
To stande vpon his owne dedes,
And leue all other mens nedes.
That daie maie no counsaile auaile,
The pledour and the plee shall faile,
The sentence of that ylke daie
Maie none appele sette in delaie.
There maie no golde the iudge plie,
That he ne shall the sooth trie,
And setten euery man vpright,
As well the plowe man as the knight.
The lewde man, the great clerke
Shall stonde vpon his owne werke,
And suche as he is founde tho,
Suche shall he bee for euermo:
There maie no peine be released,
There maie no ioye ben encreased,
But endeles as thei haue do,
He shall receiue one of two.
Thus Syluestre with his sawe
The grounde of all the newe lawe,
With great deuocion he preacheth,
Fro point to point and plainly teacheth
Unto this heathen emperour,
And saith: the high creatour
Hath vnderfonge his charitee,
Of that he wrought suche pitee,
Whan he the children had on houde.
Thus whan this lorde hath vnderstonde
Of all this thynge, howe that it ferde:
Unto Syluestre he than answerde
With all his holle herte, and seith:
That he is redy to the feith.
And so the vessell, whiche for bloode
Was made, Syluestre, there it stoode
With cleane water of the welle
In all haste he let do felle,
And set Constantine therinne
All naked vp to the chinne:
And in the while it was begonne
A light, as though it were a sonne
Fro heauen into the place come
Where that he toke his christendome:
And euer amonge the holy tales,
Like as thei weren fisshes scales
Thei fellen from hym nowe and efte,
Tyll that there was nothynge beleste
Of all this great maladie.
For he that wolde hym purifie,
The high god hath made hym clene,
So that there leste nothyng sene.
He hath hym cleused both two,
The body and the soule also.
Tho knewe this emperour in dede,
That Christes feith was for to drede:
And sende anone his letters out,
And let do crien all aboute
Upon peine of death, that no man weyue
That he baptisme ne receyue.
After his mother queene Eleyne
He sende, and so betwene hem tweyne
They treaten that the citee all
Was christned, and she foorth with all.
This emperour, which hele hath found,
Within Rome anone let founde
Two churches, whiche he did make
For Peter and for Poules sake,
Of whome he had a vision,
And yafe therto possession
Of lordeshippe, and of worldes good.
But howe so that his wille was good
Towarde the Pope and his franchise,
Yet hath it proued otherwise
To see the worchyng of the dede.
For in cronike thus I rede,
Anone as he hath made the yefte
A voice was herde on highe the lefte,

Of whiche all Rome was adradde,
And said, this daie venim is shadde
In holy churche of temporall,
Whiche medleth with the spirituall:
And howe it stant of that degree,
Yet maie a man the soothe see.
God maie amende it whan he wille,
I can therto none other skille.
But for to go there I began,
Howe charitee maie helpe a man
To bothe worldes I haue saide.
And if thou haue an eare laide
My sonne, thou might vnderstonde,
If charitee be take on honde,
There foloweth after mochel grace.
For thy if that thou wilt purchace,
Howe that thou might enuie flee,
Acqueint the with charitee,
Whiche is the vertue soueraine.
My father I shall do my paine.
For this ensample whiche ye tolde
With all myn herte I haue witholde:
So that I shall for euermore
Eschewe enuie well the more.
And that I haue er this misdo,
Yeue me my penance er I go.
And ouer that to my matere
Of shrifte, while ye sitten here
In priuetee betwene vs tweye
Nowe aske, what there is I prey.

CONFESSOR.

My good sonne, and for thy lore
I wolle the telle, what is more:
So that thou shalte the vices knowe.
For whan thei bee to the full knowe,
Thou might hem wel the better eschue.
And for this cause I thinke sewe
The forme bothe and the matere,
As nowe sewende thou shalte here,
Whiche vice stant nexte after this.
And whan thou west, howe that it is,
As thou shalt here my deuise
Thou might thy selfe better auise.

Explicit Liber secundus.

Ira suis paribus est par furiis Acherontis,
Quo furor ad tempus nil pietatis habet,
Ira melancolicos animos perturbat, vt equo
Iure sui pondus nulla statera tenet.
Omnibus in causis grauat ira inter amantes
Illa magis facili sorte grauamen agit.
Est vbi vir discors leuiterque repugnat amori,
Sæpe loco ludi fletus ad ora venit.

Hic in tertio libro tractat super quinque speciebus ire, quarum prima melancolia dicitur, cuius vitium Confessor primo describens amanti, super eodem consequenter opponit.

INCIPIT LIBER TERTIUS.

If thou the vices liste to know
My sonne, it hath not ben vnknow
Fro first that men their swerdes grounde,
That there nis none vpon this grounde
A vice forreine fro the lawe,
Wherof that many a good felawe
Hath be distraught by sodeine chance:
And yet to kynde no pleasance
It doothe; but where he most acheueth
His purpose, moste to kinde he greueth,
As he, whiche out of conscience
Is enmy vnto pacience,
And is by name one of the seuen,
Whiche ofte hath set the worlde vneuen,
And cleped is the cruell Ire:
Whose herte is euermore on fire,
To speke amisse, and to do bothe.
For his seruantes hen euer wrothe.
My good father telle me this,
What thynge is ire? Sonne it is,
That in our englisshe wrath is hote,
Whiche hath his wordes ay so hote,
That all a mans pacience
Is fired of the violence.
For he with hym hath euer fiue
Seruantes, that helpen hym to striue.
The first of hem melancoly
Is cleped, whiche in company
An honderde tymes in an houre
Woll as an angry beast loure,
And no man wote the cause why.
My sonne shryue the nowe for thy,
Hast thou be melancolien?
My father ye by sainct Julien:
But I vntrewe wordes vse,
I maie me not therof excuse.
And all maketh loue well I wote,
Of whiche myn herte is euer hote,
So that I brenne as doth a glede
For wrath, that I maie not spede,
And thus full ofte a daie for nought
(Saufe onliche of myn owne thought)
I am so with my seluen wroth,
That howe so that the game goth,
With other men I am not glad,
But I am well the more vnglad.
For that is other mens game,
It tourneth me to pure grame.
Thus am I with my selfe oppressed
Of thought, whiche I haue impressed,
That all wakynge I dreme and mete,
That I alone with hir mete,
And pray hir of some good answere.
But for she wolde not gladly swere,
She saith me naye withouten othe.
And thus waxe I within wroth,
That outwarde I am all affraied,
And so distempred, and so esmayed:
A thousande tymes on a daie
There sowneth in myn eares naye,
The whiche she saide me tofore.
Thus be my wittes all forlore,
And namely whan I begynne
To reken with my selfe withinne,
Howe many yeres ben agone
Sith I haue truely loued one,
And neuer toke of hir other hede,
And euer a liche for to spede
I am, the more I with hir deale:
So that my hap, and all my heale
Me thinketh is ay the lenger the ferre,
That bringeth my gladship out of herre:
Wherof my wittes ben empeired,
And I, as who saith, all dispeired.

For finally whan that I muse
And thinke, howe she woll me refuse,
I am with anger so bestad,
For al this worlde might I be glad.
And for the while that it lasteth,
All vp so downe my ioye it casteth.
And ay the forther that I bee,
(Whan I ne maie my ladie see)
The more I am redy to wrathe,
That for the touchynge of a lath,
Or for the tournynge of a strea,
I woode as doth the wilde sea:
And am so melancolious,
That ther nis seruant in myne house,
Ne none of tho, that be aboute,
That eche of hem ne stant in doubte,
And wenen, that I shulde raue
For angre, that thei see me haue.
And so thei wondre more and lasse,
That thei seen it ouerpasse.
But father, if it so betide,
That I approche at any tide
The place, where my ladie is:
And than hir liketh ywis
To speke a goodly worde tome,
For all the golde that is in Rome
Ne couth I after that be wroth,
But all myn angre ouergothe.
So glad I am of the presence
Of hir, that I all offence
Foryete, as though it were nought.
So ouer glad is my thought.
And netheles, the sothe to telle,
Ayenewarde if it so befelle,
That I at thilke tyme sie
On me, that she miscaste hir eie,
Or that she lyst not loke,
And I therof good hede toke:
Anone into my firste estate
I tourne, and am with that also mate,
That euer it is a liche wicke,
And thus myn honde ayene the pricke
I hurte, and haue done many a daie,
And go so forth as I go maie
Full ofte bityngе on my lippe,
And make vnto my selfe a whippe:
With whiche in many a chele and heate.
My wofull herte is so to beate,
That all my wittes ben vnsofte,
And I am wrothe, I not how ofte,
And all it is melancolie,
Whiche groweth on the fantasie
Of loue, that me woll not loute:
So beare I forthe an angry snoute
Full many tymes in a yere.
But father, nowe ye sitten here
In Loues stede, I you beseche,
That some ensample ye me teche.
Wherof I maie my selfe appease.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne for thyn hertes ease
I shall fulfill thy praiere,
So that thou might the better lere
What mischiefe that this vice stereth,
Whiche in his anger nought forbeareth,
Wherof that after him forthinketh,
Whan he is sobre, and that he thinketh
Upon the folie of his dede,
And of this point a tale I rede.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos, qui cum vires amoris non sunt realiter experti contra alios amantes melancolica senoritate ad iracundiam vindicte pronocantur, Et narrat qualiter rex Eolus filium nomine Machareum, et filiam nomine Canacem habuit, qui cum ab infantia vsque pubertatem inuicem fuerant educati, Cupido tandem cum ignito iaculo amborum cordis desideria amorose penetrauit, ita que natura Canacis cooperante a fratre suo inpregnata parturit, super quo pater intollerabilem inuentutis concupiscentiam ignorans, nimiaque furoris melancolia preuentus, dictam filiam cum partu dolorosissimo casu interfeci diiudicauit.

THERE was a kynge, whiche Eolus
Was hote: and it befell hym thus,
That he two children had fayre
The sonne cleped was Machayre,
The doughter eke Canace hight,
By daie bothe and eke by night.
While thei be yonge of common wonne
In chambre thei to gether wonne,
And as thei shulden pleid hem ofte
Till thei be growen vp alofte
In the yongthe of lustie age,
Whan kynde assaileth the courage
With loue, and doth him for to bowe,
That he no reason can allowe,
But halte the lawes of nature.
For whom that loue hath vnder cure,
As he is blynde hym selfe, right so
He maketh his client blynde also.
In suche maner, as I you tell:
As thei all daie to gether dwell,
This brother might it not asterte,
That he with all his hole herte
His loue vpon his sister cast,
And so it fell hem at the laste,
That this Machayre with Canace,
Whan they were in a preuy place,
Cupide bad hem firste to kisse,
And after she, whiche is maistrisse
In kynde, and teacheth euery life
Without lawe positife,
Of whiche she taketh no maner charge,
But kepeth her lawes all at large:
Nature toke hem in to lore,
And taught hem so, that ouermore
She hath hem in suche a wise daunted,
That thei were as who saith, enchaunted,
And as the blynde an other ledeth,
And till thei fall nothynge dredeth:
Right so thei had none insight,
But as a birde, whiche woll a dight,
And seeth the meate, and not the nette,
Whiche in deceite of him is sette,
These yonge folke no perill sie,
But all was likynge in hir eie.
In that thei fell vpon the chance
Where witte hath lore his remembrance.
So longe thei to gether assemble,
The wombe arose, and she gan to tremble,
And helde hir in hir chambre close,
For drede it should be disclose,
And come vnto hir fathers eare.
Wherof the sonne had also feare,
And feigneth cause for to ride.
For longe durst he not abide,

In aunter if men woll seine,
That he his sister hath forleine:
For yet she had it not beknowe,
Whose was the childe at thilke throwe.
Machayre goth, Canace abit,
The whiche was not deliuered yet:
But ryght sone after that she was,
Nowe list and herken a wofull cas.
The soth, whiche maie not ben hid
Was at laste knowe and kid
Unto the kynge, howe that it stode.
And whan that he it vnderstode,
Anone into Melancolie,
As though it were a fransie,
He fell, as he whiche not hyngeeouthe,
Howe maisterfull Loue is in youthe.
And for he was to loue strange,
He wolde not his herte change
To be benigne and fauourable
To loue but vnmerciable.
Betwene the waue of woode and wroth
In to his doughters chambre he gothe,
And sie the childe was late bore,
Wherof he hath his othe swore,
That she it shall full sore abie.
And she beganne merey to crie
Upon hir bare knees, and praide,
And to hir father thus she saide:
Haue mercy father, thynke I am
Thy childe, and of thy bloud I cam.
That I misdede, youth it made,
And in the flouddes bad me wade,
Where that I see no perill tho:
But nowe it is befall so,
Mercy my father, do no wreche.
And with that worde she loste speche,
And fell downe swouned at his fote,
As she, for sorowe nedes mote.
But his horrible crueltee,
That might attempte no pitee,
Out of hir chambre forth he wente
All full of wrath in his entente,
And toke the counsaile in his herte,
That she shall not the death asterte.
And he whiche is melancolien,
Of pacience hath not lien,
Wherof he maie his wrath restreine:
And in this wilde woode peyne,
Whan all his reason was vntame,
A knight he cleped by his name,
And toke hym, as by wey of sonde
A naked swerde, to beare on honde,
And saide hym, that he shulde go,
And tell vnto his doughter so,
In the maner as he hym bade,
Howe she that sharpe swerdes blade
Receiue shulde, and do withall,
So that she wote where to she shall.
Forth in message goth this knight
Unto this wofull yonge wight.
This sharpe swerde to hir he toke,
Wherof that all hir bodie quoke.
For well she wist what it ment,
And that it was to thilke enfent,
That she hir seluen shulde slea,
And to the knight she saide yea,
Nowe that I wote my fathers will,
That I shall in this wise spill:
I will obeie me therto,
And as he woll, it shall be do.

But now this thyng maie be none other,
I woll a letter to my brother,
(So as my feble hande maie write)
With all my wofull herte endite.
She toke a penne on honde tho,
Fro point to point and all the wo,
As ferforth as hir selfe it wote,
Unto hir deadly frende she wrote:
And tolde howe that hir fathers grace
She myght for nothynge purchace.
And ouer that as thou shalt here,
She wrote and saide in this manere.
O thou my sorowe, and my gladnes,
O thou my hele, and my sickenes,
O thou my wanhope, and my truste,
O thou my disease, and all my luste,
O thou my weale, O thou my wo,
O thou my frende, O thou my fo,
O thou my loue, O thou my hate,
For the mote I be deade algate,
Thilke ende maie I not asterte,
And yet with all myn holle herte,
While that there lasteth me any breath,
I woll the loue vnto my death.
But of o thynge I shall the preie,
If that my litell sonne deie,
Let him be buried in my graue,
Beside me, so shalte thou haue
Upon vs both remembrance.
For thus it stondeth of my greuance
Nowe at this time, as thou shalte wite
With teares, and with inke write
This letter I haue in cares colde.
In my right honde my penne I holde,
And in my lefte my swerde kepe,
And in my barme there lieth to wepe
Thy chylde and myn, whiche sobbeth fast.
Nowe am I come vnto my last.
Fare well: for I shall soone die,
And thinke howe I thy loue abie.
The pomell of the swerde to grounde
She set: and with the point a wounde
Through out hir herte anone she made,
And forth with all pale and fade
She fell downe dead fro ther she stoode.
The childe laie bathende in hir bloode
Out rolled from the mother barme.
And for the bloud was hote and warme,
He basketh hym about therin
Ther was no boote for to wynne.
For whiche he can no pitee knowe.
The kynge cam in the same throwe,
And sawe howe that his doughter died.
And howe this baby all blodie cried:
But all that might hym not suffise
That he ne bad to do Iuise
Upon the childe, and beare hym out,
And seche in the forest aboute
Som wilde place that it were,
To cast him out of honde there:
So that some beste hym maie deuoure,
Where as no man hym shall soccoure.
All that he bad was done in dede.
A who herde euer singe or rede
Of suche a thyng, as tho was do?
But he, whiche lad his wrath so,
Hath knowe of loue but a lite.
But for all that he was to wite
Through his sodeine melancolie
To do so great a felonie.

For thy my sonne, howe so it stonde,
By this cas thou might vnderstonde,
That if thou euer in cause of loue
Shalt deme, and thou be so aboue,
That thou might leade it at thy wille,
Let neuer through thy wrath spille,
Whiche euery kinde shulde saue.
For it sit euery man to haue
Regarde to loue and to his might:
Ayenst whos strengthe maie no wight.
And sith an hert is sô streined,
The reddour ought to be restreined,
To hym that maie bet aweye,
Whan he mote to nature obeye.
For it is saide thus ouerall,
That nedes mote, that nedes shall.
Of that a life doth after kinde,
Wherof he maie no boote finde.
What thyng nature hath set in lawe,
Ther maie no mans might withdrawe,
And who that worcheth there ayene,
Full ofte tyme it hath be seyne,
There hath befall great vengeance,
Wherof I finde a remembrance.

Hic narrat qualiter Tiresias in quodam monte duos serpentes inuenit pariter commiscentes, quos cum virga percussit, Irati dii ob hoc, quod naturam impediuit, ipsum contra naturam a forma virili in muliebrem transmutarunt.

Ouide after the tyme tho
Tolde an ensample, and saide so:
Howe that whilom Tiresias,
As he walkend goth par eas
Upon an high mountaine, he sigh
Two serpentes in his weye nighe:
And thei so, as nature hem taught
Assembled were, and he tho caught
A yerde, whiche he bare on honde,
And thought, that he wolde fonde
To lette hem, and smote hem bothe,
Wherof the gods weren wrothe.
And for he hath destourbed kinde,
And was so to nature vnkinde,
Unkindeliche he was transformed,
That he, whiche erst a man was formed,
In to a woman was forshape:
That was to hym an angry iape.
But for that he with anger wrought,
His anger angerliche he bought.

CONFESSOR.

Lo thus my son Ouide hath write,
Wherof thou might by reason wite,
More is a man than suche a best,
So might it neuer ben honest,
A man to wrathen hym to sore,
Of that another doth the lore
Of kinde, in whiche is no malice,
But onely that it is a vice.
And though a man be resonable:
Yet after kinde he is meuable
To loue, where he woll or none.
Thinke thou my sonne therypon,
And do melancolie awaye.
For loue hath euer his luste to playe
As he whiche wold no life greue.

AMANS.

My fader that I maie well leue
All that ye telle, it is skille,
Let euery man loue, as he wille,
Be so it be not my ladye.
For I shall not be wroth there by.
But that I wrath and fare amis
Alone vpon my selfe it is,
That I with bothe loue and kinde
I am so bestad, that I can finde
No wey, howe I it maie asterte,
Whiche stant vpon myn owne hert,
And toucheth to none other life,
Sauf onely to that swete wife,
For whom, but if it be amended,
My glad daies ben dispended,
That I my selfe shall not forbeare
The wrathe, whiche I nowe beare.
For therof is none other liche.
Nowe asketh forth I yowe beseche
Of wrathe, if there ought elles is,
Wherof to shriue. Sonne yis.

Ira mouet litem, quæ linguæ frena resoluens,
Laxa per infames currit vbique vias.
Rixarum nutrix quos educat ista loquaces,
Hos Venus a latere linquit habere vagos.
Sed patienter agens taciturno qui celet ore,
Vincit et optati carpit amoris iter.

Hic tractat Confessor super secunda specie ire, que Lis dicitur, ex cuius contumeliis innumerosa dolorum occasio, tam in amoris causa quam aliter, in quem pluribus sepissime exorta est.

Of wrath the second is chest,
Whiche hath the wyndes of tempest
To kepe, and many a sodeine blast
He bloweth, wherof ben agast
Thei, that desiren pes and reste:
He is that ilke vngoodlyeste,
Whiche many a lustie loue hath twynned,
For he beareth euer his mouth vnpinned:
So that his lippes ben vnloke,
And his courage is all to broke,
That euery thyng, whiche he can tell,
It springeth vp as doth a welle,
Whiche maie no man of his stremes hide,
But renneth out on euery side:
So boylen vp the foule sawes,
That cheste wote of his felawes.
For as a siue kepeth Ale,
Right so can cheste kepe a tale.
All that he wote, he woll disclose,
And speke er any man oppose.
As a citee without walle,
Where men maie gon out oueralle,
Withouten any resistence:
So with his croked eloquence
He speketh all, that he wote with yane,
Wherof men lese more than wynne.
For often tyme of his chidynge,
He bringeth to hous suche tidynge,
That maketh warre at beddes heade:
He is the leuein of the breade,
Whiche soureth all the past about:
Men ought well such one to doute.
For euer his bowe is redy bent,
And whom he hit, I tell hym shent.
If he maie perce hym with his tonge,
And eke so loude his belle is ronge,
That of the noyse, and of the soune
Men fearen hym in all the towne

Well more than thei done of thonder.
For that is cause of more wonder.
For with the windes, whiche he bloweth,
Full ofte sith he ouerthroweth
The Citees, and the policie.
That I haue herde the people crie
And echone saide in his degree:
Ha wicke tonge wo thou bee.
For men sayn, that the harde bone,
All though hym selfe haue none,
A tonge breaketh it all to pieces,
He hath so many sondry spices
Of vice, that I maie not wele
Descriue hem by a thousand dele.
But whan that he to cheste falleth,
Full many a wonder thyng befalleth.
For he ne can no thynge forbere.
Nowe tell my sonne thyn answere,
If it haue euer so betide,
That thou at any tyme hast chidde
Toward thy loue? Fader nuie,
Suche cheste yet vnto this daie
Ne made I neuer, god forbede.
For er I singe suche a crede
I had leuer to be lewed.
For than were I all beshrewed,
And worthy to be put a backe,
With all the sorowe vpon my backe,
That any man ordeine couthe.
But I spake neuer yet by mouthe
That vnto chest might touche,
And that I durst right wel vouche
Upon hir selfe, as for witnes.
For I wote of hir gentilnes,
That she me wold well excuse,
That I no suche thynges vse.
And if it shulde so betyde,
That I algates must chyde,
It might not be to my loue.
For so yet neuer was I aboue,
For all this wyde worlde to wynne,
That I durst any worde begynne:
By whiche she might haue be amoued,
And I of cheste also reproued.
But rather if it might hir like,
The beste wordes wolde I pike,
Whiche I couthe in myn hert chese.
And serue hem forth in stede of chese.
For that is helpeliche to defie:
And I wolde so my wordes plie,
That mighten wrath and cheste auale,
With tellyng of my softe tale.
Thus dare I make a forward,
That neuer vnto my lady ward
Yet spake I worde in suche a wise,
Wherof that chest shulde arise.
Thus saie I not, that I full ofte
Ne haue, whan I spake moste softe,
Parcas saied more than enough.
But so well halt no man the plough,
That he ne balketh other while,
Ne so well can no man affile
His tonge, that somtyme in iape
Hym maie some light worde ouerscape,
And yet ne meneth he no cheste.
But that I haue ayene hir hest
Full ofte spoke, I am beknowe,
And howe, my wille is that you knowe.
For whan my time cometh about,
That I dare speke, and saie all out.
My longe loue, of whiche she wot,
That euer in one aliche hot
Me greueth: than all my disease
I tell: and though it hir displease
I speke it forth, and nought ne leue:
And though it be beside hir leue,
I hope and trowe netheles,
That I do not ayene the pes.
For though I tell hir all my thought,
She wot well, that I chide nought.
Men maie the highe god beseche,
And he woll here a mans speche,
And be not wroth of that he seith:
So yeueth it me the more feith,
And maketh me hardie soth to seie,
That I dare well the better preie
My lady, whiche a woman is.
For though I tell hir that er is
Of loue, whiche me greueth sore,
Hir ought not to be wroth the more.
For I without noise or crie
My plaint make all buxomly,
To putten all wrath awaie.
Thus dar I say vnto this daie
Of cheste, in ernest or in game
My lady shall me nothynge blame.
But ofte tyme it hath betid,
That with my seluen I haue chid,
That no man couth better chide
And that hath ben at euery tide,
Whan I cam to my selue alone.
For than I made a preuy mone,
And euery tale by and by,
Whiche as I spake to my lady,
I thinke and peise in my balance,
And drawe in to my remembrance.
And than, if that I fynde a lacke
Of any worde, that I mispake,
Whiche was to muche in any wise:
Anone my wittes I despise,
And make a chidyng in myn herte,
That any worde he shuld asterte,
Whiche as I shuld haue holden ynne.
And so forth after I begynne.
And loke if there was elles ought
To speke, and I ne spake it nought.
And than if I maie seche and fynde,
That any worde he lefte behynde,
Whiche as I shulde more haue spoke,
I wolde vpon my selfe be wroke,
And chide with my selfen so,
That all my wit is ouergo.
For no man maie his time lore
Recouer: and thus I am therfore
So ouer wroth in all my thought,
That I my selfe chide all to nought,
That for to muche, or for to lyte
Full ofte I am my selfe to wyte.
But all that maie me not auaile,
With cheste though I me trauaile.
But oule on stoke, and stoke on oule,
The more that a man defoule,
Men wote well whiche hath the werse,
And so to me nis worth a kerse,
But torneth vnto myn owne heade,
Though I tell, that I were deade,
Wokie euer chide in such a wise
Of loue, as I to you deuise.
But father nowe ye haue all herde,
In this maner howe I haue ferde

Of cheste, and of dissencion,
Yeue me your absolucion.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne if that thou wistest all,
What cheste doth in speciall
To loue, and to his welwillyng,
Thou woldest fleen his knowlegeyng.
For who that moste can speke fayre,
And lerne to be debonayre,
Is most accordende vnto loue,
Fayre speche hath ofte brought aboue
Full many a man, as it is knowe,
Whiche elles shuld haue ben right lowe.
And failed mochell of his wille.
For thy holde thy tonge still,
And lete thy witte thy wille reste,
So that thou fall not in cheste,
Whiche is the sours of great distance,
And take into remembrance,
If thou might gete Pacience,
Whiche is the leche of all offenee,
As tellen vs the olde wise.

Pacientia est vindicta omnium iniuriarum.

For whan nought elles maie suffice,
By strengthe, ne by mans wit,
Than Pacience it ouer sit,
And ouer cometh at laste.
But he maie neuer longe laste,
Whiche woll not bowe er that he breake.
Take hede sonne of that I speke.

AMANS.

My fader of your goodly speche,
And of the witte, whiche ye me teche,
I thanke you with all myn herte.
For that worde shall me neuer asterte,
That I ne shall your wordes holde
Of Pacience, as ye me tolde,
Als ferforth as myn herte thinketh.
And of my wrath it me forthinketh.
But father if ye forth with all
Some good ensample, in speciall
Me wolden teche of some Cronike:
It shulde well myn hert like
Of Pacience for to here:
So that I might in my matere
The more vnto my loue obeie,
And putten my disease aweie.

Hic ponit Confessor Exemplum de pacientia in amore contra lites habenda, Et narrat qualiter Vxor Socratis, ipsum quodam die multis fermonibus litigauit, Sed cum ipse absque vlla responsione omnia probra pacienter sustulit, indignata Vxor quandam ydriam plenam aque, quam in manu tenebat, super caput viri sui subito effudit, dicens: Euigila et loquere, qui respondens tunc ait: O vere iam scio, et expertus sum, quod post ventorum rabiem sequuntur imbres. Et isto modo litis contumeliam sua pacientia deuicit.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne a man to bie hym pes
Behoueth suffer, as Socrates
Ensample left, whiche is writte.
And for thou shalt the sooth witte.
Of this ensample, what I mene,
All though it be nowe littell sene
Amonge the men thilke evidence:
Yet he was vpon pacience
So set, that he hym selfe assaie
In thynge, which might him most mispaie
Desyreth, and a wicked wife
He weddeth, whiche in sorow and strife
Ageinst his ease was contrayre:
But he spake euer softe and fayre,
Till it befell, as it is tolde.
In wynter, whan the daie is colde,
This wife was fro the well come,
Where that a pot with water nome
She hath, and brought it in to house,
And sawe howe that hir sele spouse
Was set, and loked on a boke
Nigh to the fyre, as he whiche toke
His ease, as for a man of age,
And she began the wood rage,
And asketh hym, what diuel he thought,
And bare on hond, that hym ne rought
What labour that she toke on honde,
And saith, that suche an husbonde
Was to a wife not worth a stre.
He said nother naye ne ye,
But helde hym stille, and lete hir chide.
And she, whiche maie hir selfe not hide,
Began within for to swelle,
And that she brought in fro the welle
The water pot she hent a lofte,
And badde hym speke, and he all softe
Sat stille, and nought a word answerde.
And she was wroth, that he so ferde,
And asketh hym, if he be deade,
And all the water on his heade
She poured out, and bad hym a wake.
But he, whiche woll not forsake
His pacience, than spake,
And saide, howe that he fond no lake
In no thyng, whiche she had do.
For it was wynter tyme tho,
And wynter, as by wey of kinde,
Whiche stormie is, as men it finde,
First maketh the windes for to blowe,
And after that within a throwe,
He reineth, and the water gates
Undoth, and thus my wife agates,
Whiche is with reason well beseyn,
Hath made me bothe wynde and reyn
After the season of the yere.
And than he set hym ner the fire,
And as he might his clothes dried,
That he nomore o worde ne seyd,
Wherof he gat hym somdele rest.
For that hym thought was for the best.

AMANS.

I not of thilke ensample yit
Accordeth with a mans wit
To suffer, as Socrates dede.
And if it fal in any stede
A man to lese so his galle,
Hym ought amonge the women alle
In Loues court, by Judgement
The name beare of pacient,
To yeue ensample to the good
Of pacience howe that it stode,

That other men it might knowe.

CONFESSOR.

And sonne if thou at any throwe
Be tempted ayenst pacience,
Take hede vpon this euidence,
It shall par case the lesse greue.

AMANS.

My fader so as I beleue
Of that shall be no maner nede.
For I woll take so good hede,
That er I fall in suche assaie,
I thinke eschewe, if that I maie.
But if there be ought elles more,
Wherof I might take lore,
I praie you, so as I dare,
Nowe telleth, that I maie beware
Some other tale of this mattere.

CONFESSOR.

Sonne it is euer good to lere,
Wherof thou might thy word restreine
Er that thou falle in any peine.
For who that can no counseil hide,
He maie not faile of wo beside,
Whiche shall befalle, er he it witte,
As I finde in the bokes writte.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum, quod de alterius lite intromittere cauendum est. Et narrat qualiter Jupiter cum Junone super quadam questione litigabant, videlicet vtrum vir an mulier in amoris concupiscentia feruentius ardebat: super quo Tyresiam eorum Judicem constituebant. Et quia ille contra Junonem in dictæ litis causa sententiam diffiniuit, irata ipsum de amborum oculorum lumine claritatis absque remissione priuauit.

CONFESSOR.

YET cam there neuer good of strife,
To seche in all a mans life,
Though it begyn on pure game
Full ofte it torneth in to grame,
And doth greuance on som side,
Wherof the great clerke Ouide,
After the lawe, whiche was tho,
Of Jupiter and of Juno
Maketh in his boke mencion,
Howe thei felle at disseneion,
In maner as it were a borde,
As thei began for to worde:
Amonge hem selfe in priuetee:
And that was vpon this degree,
Whiche of the two more amorous is,
Or man or wife, And vpon this
Thei might not acorde in one,
And toke a Juge thervpon,
Whiche cleped is Tyresias,
And bad hym demen in this cas.
And he without auisement
Ayene Juno gafe iugement.
This goddes, vpon his answere
Was wrothe, and wolde not forbere,
But toke aweye for euermo
The light from both his eyen two.
Whan Jupiter this hurt hath sene,
Another benefite there ayene
He yafe, and suche a grace hym dooth,
That for he wiste he saide sooth,
A sooth sayer he was for euer.
But yet that other were leuer
Haue had the lokyng of his eie
Than of his worde the prophecie.
But howe so that the sooth went,
Strife was the cause, of that he hent
So great a peine bodily.
My sonne be thou ware there by,
And holde thy tonge stille close.
For who that hath his worde disclose
Er that he witte what he mene,
He is full ofte nighe his tene,
And leseth full many tyme grace,
Wher that he wold his thanke purchace.
And ouer this my sonne dere,
Of other men if thou might here
In priuitee, what thei haue wrought:
Hold counseil, and discouer it nought.
For cheste can no counseile hele,
Or be it wo or be it wele,
And take a tale in to thy minde,
The whiche of olde ensample I finde.

Hic ponit Confessor Exemplum contra illos, qui in amoris causa alterius consilium reuelare presumunt. Et narrat, qualiter quedam auis tunc albissima nomine Cornus, consilium domine sue Coronis Phebo denudauit: vnde contigit nonsolum ipsam Coronidem interfeci, sed et Cornum, qui anteà tanquam nix albus fuit, in piceum colorem pro perpetuo transmutari.

PHEBUS, whiche maketh the daies light,
A loue he had, whiche tho hight
Coronis, whom abouen all
He pleseth. But what shall befalle
Of loue, there is no man knoweth,
But as fortune hir happes throweth.
So it befell vpon a chance,
A yong knight toke hir acqueintance,
And had of hir all that he wolde.
But a fals byrd, whiche she hath holde
And kept in chambre of pure youthe,
Discouereth all that euer he couthe,
The byrdes name was as tho
Cornus, the whiche was than also
Well more white than any swan:
And he the shrewe all that he can
Of his lady to Phebus saide.
And he for wrath his swerd out braide,
With whiche Coronide anone he slough.
But after, hym was wo enough,
And toke full great repentance,
Wherof in token and remembrance
Of hem, whiche vsen wicke speche,
Upon this byrde he toke his wreche,
That there he was snowe white tofore,
Euer afterwarde cole blake therfore
He was transformed, as it sheweth.
And many a man yet hym beshreweth,
And clepen hym in to this daie
A Rauen, by whom yet men maie
Take euidence, whan he crieth,
That some mishap it signifieth.
Beware therfore, and saye the best,
If thou wolt be thy selfe in rest,
My good sonne, as I the rede.

Hic loquitur super eodem, Et narrat qualiter Lara Nimpha eo quod Jupiter Juturnam adulterauit, Junoni Jouis vxori secretum reuelauit. Qua propter Jupiter ira commotus lingua Laris prius abscisa, ipsam postea in profundum Acherontis exulem pro perpetuo mancipauit.

In another place I rede
Of thilke Nymphe, which Lara hight
For she the priuetee by night
(How Jupiter laie by Juturne)
Hath told: god made hir ouertorne.
Hir tonge he cut, and in to helle
For euer he sent hir for to dwelle:
As she that was not worthie here
To ben of Ioue a chambrere.
For she no counsaile couth hele.
And suche a daies be nowe sele
In Ioues courte, as it is saide,
That lette her tonges gone vnteide.
My sonne be thou none of tho,
To iangle, and telle tales so,
And namely that thou ne chide.
For cheste can no counsaile hide.
For wrathe saide neuer wele.
My father soothe is euery dele,
That ye me teche: and I woll holde
The rule, whiche I am holde
To flee the cheste, as ye me bidde.
For well is hym, that neuer chidde.
Nowe telle me forth if there be more
As touchende vnto wrathes lore.

Dæmonis est odium, quasi scriba cui dabit ira
Materiam scripti cordis ad antra sui.
Non laxabit amor, odij quem frena restringunt,
Nec secreta sui iuris adire sciuit.

Hic tractat Confessor de tertia specie iræ, quæ odium dicitur: cuius natara omnes iræ inimicitias ad mentem reducens illas vsque ad tempus vindictæ, velut scriba demonis in cordis papyro commemorandas inserit.

Of wrathe yet there is an other,
Whiche is to cheste his owne brother,
And is by name cleped hate,
That suffereth not within his gate,
That there come other loue or peace.
For he woll make no release
Of no debate, whiche is befalle:
Nowe speke if thou arte one of all,
That with this vice hath be witholde.
As yet for ought that ye me tolde
My father, I not what it is.
In good faith sonne I trowe yis.
My father nay, but ye me lere.
Nowe list my son and thou shalt here.
Hate is a wrath, not she wende,
But of longe tyme gatherende,
And dwelleth in the herte loken,
Till he see tyme to be wroken
And than he sheweth his tempest
More sodeine than the wilde best,
Whiche wote nothyng, what mercy is.
My sonne arte thou knowen of this?
My good father, as I wene,
Nowe wote I somedele what ye mene.
But I dare saufely make an othe,
My lady was me neuer lothe.
I woll not swere netheles,
That I of hate am gilteles.
For whan I to my ladie plie,
Fro daie to daie, and mercy crie.
And she no mercy on me leith,
But shorte wordes to me seith,
Though I my lady loue algate,
Tho wordes mote I nedes hate,
And wolde thei were all dispent,
Or so ferre out of londe went,
That I neuer after shulde hem here:
And yet loue I my ladie dere.
Thus is there hate, as ye maie see,
Betwene my ladies worde, and me.
The worde I hate, and hir I loue,
What so shall me betide of loue.
But furthermore I woll me shriue,
That I haue hated all my liue
These ianglers, whiche of her enuie
Ben euer redy for to lie.
For with her false compassement
Full often thei haue made me tient,
And hyndred me full ofte tyme,
Whan thei no cause wiste byme,
But onliche of her owne thought.
And thus full ofte haue I bought
The lie, and dronke not of the wyne.
I wolde her happe were suche as myne.
For howe so that I be nowe shriue,
To hem maie I nought foryeue,
Till I see hem at debate
With loue, and with myn estate
Thei mighten by her owne deme,
And loke how well it shuld hem queme
To hyndre a man, that loueth sore.
And thus I hate hem euermore,
Til loue on hem wold done his wreche:
For that shall I alwaie beseche
Unto the mighty Cupido,
That he so mochel wolde do
(So as he is of loue a god)
To smite hem with the same rod,
With whiche I am of loue smiten.
So that thei might knowe and witen,
Howe hindryng is a wofull peine
To hym, that loue wold atteine.
Thus euer on hem I waite and hope,
Till I maie sene hem lepe a lope,
And halten on the same sore,
Whiche I do nowe. for euermore
I wolde than do my might,
So for to stonden in her lighte,
That thei ne shulden haue awey
To that, thei wolden put awey.
I wolde hem put out of the stede
Fro loue, right as thei me dede.
With that thei speke of me by mouthe,
So wolde I do, if that I couth
Of hem, and thus so god me saue
Is all the hate, that I haue
Towarde the ianglers euery dele,
I wolde all other ferde wele.
Thus haue I father, said my wille:
Say forth nowe, for I am stille.
My sonne of that thou hast me saide,
I holde me nought fully paide,
That thou wolte haten any man,
To that accorden I ne can,
Though he haue hyndred the tofore.
But this I telle the therfore,

Thou might vpon my benison,
Well haten the condicion
Of the ianglers, as thou me toldest.
But furthermore, of that thou woldest
Hem hyndre in any other wise:
Suche hate is euer to despise.
For thy my sonne I wolde the rede,
That thou drawe in by frendely hede,
That thou ne might not do by hate,
So might thou gete loue algate,
And sette the my sonne in rest.
For thou shalte finde it for the best.
And ouer this so as I dare,
I rede, that thou be right wel ware
Of other mens hate about,
Which euery wise man shulde dout.
For hate is euer vpon awayte:
And as the fisher on his bayte
Sleeth, whan he seeth the fisshes fast:
So whan he seeth tyme at last,
That he maie worche an other wo,
Shall no man tourne him ther fro,
That hate nyll his felonie
Fulfill, and feigne companie.
Yet netheles for false semblant
Is towarde hym of couenant
Witholde, so that vnder bothe
That preuy wrath can hym clothe,
That he shall seme a great beleue.
But ware the well, that thou ne leue
All that thou seest afore thyn eie,
So as the Gregoys whilom sie.
The boke of Troie who so rede,
There maie he finde ensample in dede.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra illos, qui cum ire sue odium aperte vindicare non possint, ficta dissimulatione vindictam subdole assequentur. Et narrat, quod cum Palamedes princeps, Grecorum in obsidione Troie, a quibusdam suis emulis proditorie interfectus fuisset, paterque suus rex Nauplus in patria sua tunc existens, huiusmodi euentus certitudinem sciuisset: grecos in sui cordis odium super omnia recollegit, vnde contigit, quod cum greci deuicta Troia per altum mare versus Greciam nauigio remeantes obscurissimo noctis tempore nimia ventorum tempestate iactabantur, rex Nauplus in terra sua contra litus maris, vbi maiora saxorum eminebant pericula super caeumina montium, grandissimos noctanter fecit ignes, quos greci aspicientes saluum portum ibidem inuenire certissime putabant, Et terram approximantes diruptis nauibus magna pare grecorum periclitabatur.

Sonne after the destruction,
Whan Troie was all beate downe,
And slain was Priamus the kyng,
The gregoys, whiche of all this thyng
Ben cause, tornen home ageyne.
There maie no man his hap withseyne,
It hath ben sene, and felte full ofte
The harde tyme after the softe.
By sea as thei forth homewarde went,
A rage of great tempest hem hent.
Juno let bende hir partie bowe,
The skie ware derke, the wind gan blow,
The firie welken began to thonder,
As though the world shuld al a sonder.
From heuen out of the water gates
The reynie storme felle downe algates,
And all hir tacle made vnwelde,
That no man might him selfe bewelde.
There maie men here shipmen crie,
That stoode in aunter for to die.
He that behynde sat to stere
Maie not the for sterne here.
The shyp arose againe the wawes,
The lodesman hath lost his lawes,
The sea on beate on euery side,
Thei nisten what fortune abide,
But set hem well in gods will,
Where he hem wolde saue or spill.
And it fell thilke time thus,
There was a kynge, whiche Nauplus
Was hote: and he a sonne had
At Troie, whiche the gregoys ladde,
As he that was made prince of all,
Till that Fortune let hym fall,
His name was Palamides
But through an hate netheles
Of some of hem, his death was caste,
And he by treason ouercaste.
His father, whan he herde it telle,
He swore, if euer his time felle,
He wolde him venge if that he might,
And therto his auowe he hight.
And thus this kynge through priue hate,
Abode vpon a waite algate.
For he was not of suche emprise,
To auengen hym in open wise.
The fame, whiche goth wide where
Maketh knowe, how that the grekes were
Homwarde with all the felawship
Fro Troie vpon the sea by ship.
Nauplus whan he this vnderstode,
And knewe the tides of the flode,
And sawe the wynde blowe to the londe:
A great deceite anone he fonde
Of priuie hate, as thou shalt here,
Wherof I tell all this matere:
This kynge the wether gan beholde,
And wist well, thei moten holde
Her cours endlonge the marche right,
And made vpon the derke night,
Of great shydes and of blockes,
Great fire agein the great rockes,
To shewe vpon the hilles high:
So that the flete of grece it sigh.
And so fell right as he thought,
This flete, whiche an hauen sought,
The bright fyres sawe a ferre,
And thei ben drawen ner and ner,
And wende well, and vnderstoode,
Howe all that fyre was made for good,
To shewe where men shulde ariue,
And thitherwarde thei hasten bliue.
In semblant (as men sayne) is gile,
And that was proued thilke while.
The ship, whiche wende his helpe accroche,
Drofe all to peces on the roche:
And so there deden tenne or twelue,
There might no man helpe hym selue.
For there thei wenden death escape,
Withouten helpe her death was shape.
Thus thei that comen firste tofore,
Upon the rockes ben forlore,
But through noise, and their crie,
The other were ware therby.
And whan the daie began to rowe,
Tho mighten thei the sooth knowe,

That where thei wende frendes fynde,
Thei fonde frendship all behynde.
The londe than was soone weiued,
Where that thei hadden be deceiued,
And toke hem to the high see,
Therto they saiden all ye.
Fro that daie forthe, and where thei were,
Of that thei haue assaied there.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne wherof thou might auise,
Howe fraude stant in many wise
Amonge hem, that gile thynke.
There is no scriuener with his inke
Whiche halfe the fraude write can,
That stant in suche a maner man.
For thy the wise men ne demen
The thynges after that thei semen,
But after that thei knowe and fynde.
The mirrour sheweth in his kynde,
As he had all the worlde within,
And is in sooth nothyng therin.
And so fareth hate for a throwe,
Till he a man hath ouerthrowe,
Shall no man knowe by his chere,
Whiche is auant, and whiche arere.
For thy my sonne thinke on this.
My father so I woll iwys.
And if there more of wrath bee,
Nowe aske forthe pur charitee.
As ye by your bokes knowe,
And I the soothe shall beknowe.

Sui cohibere manum nequit, et sic spem eius
Naribus hic populo sæpe timendus erit.
Sepius in luctum Venus et sua gaudia transfert,
Cumque suis thalamis talis amicus adest.
Est amor amplexu non ictibus alliciendus,
Frangit amicitias impetuosa manus.

Hic tractat Confessor super quarta et quinta specie ire, que impetuositas et homicidium dicuntur: sed primo de impetuositate specialiter tractare intendit, cuius natura spem in naribus gestando ad omnes ire motiones in vindicta parata, pacientiam nullatenus obseruat.

My sonne thou shalte vnderstonde,
That yet towarde wrath stonde,
Of deadly vices other two:
And for to tell her names so,
It is Contecke and Homicide,
That be to gether on euery syde.
Contecke, as the bokes saine,
Foolehast hath to his chamberlaine,
By whose counsayle all vnaduised
Is Patience moste despised,
Tyll Homicide with hem mete,
For mercy thei ben all vnmete.
And thus ben thei the worst of all
Of hem, whiche vnto wrath fall,
In dede both, and eke in thought.
For thei accompten their wrath nought,
But if there be shedynge of blood.
And thus liche to a beast woode
Thei knowen not the god of life,
Be so thei haue or swerde or knife,
Her deadly wrath for to wreke,
Of pitee list hem not to speke,
None other reason thei ne fonge,
But that thei ben of might stronge.

But ware him well in other place,
Where euery man behoueth grace.
But there I trowe it shall him faile,
To whom no mercie might auaile,
But wroughten vpon tyrannie,
That no pitee ne might hem plie.
Now tell me sonne. My father what?
If thou hast be culpable of that?
My father nay, Christe me forbede,
I speake onliche of the dede,
Of whiche I was neuer culpable,
Without cause reasonable.
But this is not to my matere
Of shrifte, why we sitten here.
For we be set to shriue of loue,
As we begonne firste aboue.
And netheles I am beknowe,
That as touchende of loues throwe,
Whan I my wittes ouerwende,
Myn hertes contecke hath none ende,
But euer stant vpon debate,
To great disease of myn estate,
As for the tyme that it lasteth.
For whan my fortune ouercasteth
Hir whele, and is to me so strange,
And that I see she woll not change:
Than cast I all the worlde about,
And thinke howe I at home in dout
Haue all my tyme in veine spended,
And see not howe to be amended,
But rather for to be empeired,
As he that is well night despeired:
For I ne maie nothynge deserue,
And euer I loue, and euer I serue,
And euer I am a liche nere.
Thus, for I stonde in suche a were,
I am, as who saith, out of herre,
And thus vpon my selfe a werre
I brynge, and put out all pees,
That I full ofte in suche a rees
Am wery of myne owne life.
So that of contecke, and of strife,
I am beknowe, and haue answerde,
As ye my father nowe haue herde.
Myn herte is wonderly begone
With counsaile, wherof witte is one,
Whiche hath reason in companie,
Againe the whiche stant partie
Wille, whiche hath Hope of his accorde.
And thus thei bringen vp discorde.
Witte and Reason counsailen ofte,
That I myn herte shulde softe:
And that I shulde wille remue,
And put him out of retenue:
Or els holde hym vnder foote.
For as thei seine, if that he mote
His owne rule haue vpon honde,
There shall no witte ben vnderstonde
Of hope, also to telien this
That ouer all where that he is,
He sette the herte in ieopardie,
With wissbyng and with fantasie,
And is not trewe of that he seith:
So that in hym there is no feith.
Thus with Reason and witte auised
Is will and hope all daie despised.
Reason saith, that I shulde ieue
To loue, where there is no leue
To spede: and will saith there ageine,
That suche an herte is to vileine,

Whiche dare not loue, till that he spede,
Let Hope serue at suche a nede.
He seith eke, where an herte sitte
All holle gouerned vpon witte,
He hath this liues luste forlore.
And thus myn herte is all to tore
Of suche a contecke, as thei make.
But yet I maie not will forsake,
That he nis maister of my thought,
Or that I spede, or spede nought.
Thou dost my sou ageynst the right.
But loue is of so great a might,
His lawe maie no man refuse:
So might thou the better excuse.
And netheles thou shalt be lerned,
That will shulde be gouerned
Of reason more than of kinde,
Wherof a tale write I finde.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum, quod omnis impetuosa voluntas sit discretionis moderamine gubernanda. Et narrat qualiter Diogenes, qui motus animi sui rationi subiugauerat, regem Alexandrum sub isto facto sibi opponente plenius informauit.

A PHILOSOPHER of whiche men tolde
There was whylom by daies olde,
And Diogenes than he hight:
So olde he was, that he ne mighte
The worlde trauaile, and for the best
He shope hym for to take his rest,
And dwelle at home in suche a wise,
That nigh his house he lette deuise
Ende longe vpon an axell tree
To sette a tonne in suche degree,
That he it might tourne about,
Wherof one head was taken out.
For he therin sitte shulde,
And tourne hym selfe as he wolde,
And take the ayre, and see the heuen,
And deme of the planettes seuen,
As he, whiche couthe mochell what.
And thus full ofte there he sat
To muse in his philosophie
Sole without companie.
So that vpon a morow tide
A thyng, whiche shulde tho betide,
Whan he was sette, there as hym list,
To loke vpon the sonne arist,
Wherof the propertee he sighe,
It felle, there cam ridyng nigh
Kynge Alisander, with a rout:
And as he cast his eie about,
He sight this tonne: and what it ment
He wolde witte, and thither sent
A knight, by whom he might it know.
And he hym selfe that ilke throwe
Abode, and houeth there stille.
This knight, after the kynges wille
With spore made his horse to gone,
And to the tonne he cam anone,
Where that he fonde a man of age,
And he hym tolde the message,
Suche as the kynge hym had bede:
And asketh why in thilke stede
The tonne stode: and what he was.
And he, whiche vnderstode the cas,
Sat still, and spake no worde agein.
The knight bad speke: and saith, Villein
Thou shalt me telle, er that I go,
It is thy kynge, whiche asketh so.
My kyng, quod he, that were vnright.
What is he than, saith the knight?
Is he thy man? that saie I nought
Quod he, but this I am bethought,
My mans man howe that he is.
Thou liest fals chorle iwis
The knight him said, and was right wroth,
And to the kynge ayene he goth,
And tolde hym, how this man answerde.
The kynge whan he this tale herde,
Bad that thei shulde all abide.
For he hym selfe wold thider ride.
And whan he came tofore the Tonne,
He hath his tale thus begonne:
Al heil, he seith, what man art thou
Quod he? Suche one, as thou seest nowe.
The kynge, whiche had wordes wise,
His age wolde nought despise,
But saith: My father I the praie,
That thou me wolt the cause saie,
How that I am thy mans man.
Sire kynge, quod he, that I can,
Yf thou wilt. Yes, seith the kyng.
Quod he, this is the sooth thyng.
Sith I first reason vnderstode,
And knew what thing was yll and goode
The wil, whiche of my body moueth,
Whos werkes that the god reproueth,
I haue restreigned euer more
Of hym, that stant vnder the lore
Of Reason, whos subiect he is,
So that he maie not done amis.
And thus by weie of couenant
Wil is my man, and my seruant,
And euer hath bee, and euer shall.
And thi wil is thy principal,
And hath the lordship of thy wit
So that thou couthest neuer yet
Take a daie rest of thy laboure.
But for to be a Conquerour
Of worldes good, which maie not last,
Thou highest euer a liche fast,
Where thou no reason hast to winne,
Thus thy will is cause of sinne,
And is thy lorde, to whom thou seruest,
Wherof thou litel thonke deseruest.
The kyng, of that he thus answerde,
Was nothyng wroth: but when he herde
The highe wisedome, whiche he saide,
With goodly wordes thus he praide,
That he him wold tell his name.
I am, quod he, that ilke same,
Whiche men Diogenes call.
Tho was the kyng right glad with all.
For he had herd oft to fore,
What man he was, so that therfore
He saide: O wise Diogene,
Nowe shall thy great witte be sene.
For thou shalt of my yefte haue,
What worldes thyng thou wolte craue.
Quod he, than houe out of my sonne,
And lete it shyne in to my Tonne.
For thou bynemest me thilke yifte,
Which lieth not in thy might to shifte.
None other good of the me nedeth.
The kyng, whom euery countrei dredeth,
Lo thus he was enformed there.
Wherof my sonne thou might lere,

How that thy wil shal nought be leued,
Where it is nought of wit releued.
And thou hast said thy selfe er this,
How that thy wil thi maister is,
Through which thyn hertes thought within
Is euer of conteke to beginne:
So that it is greatly to drede,
That it no homicide brede.
For loue is of a wondre kinde,
And hath his wittes ofte blynde,
That thei fro mans reason fall.
But whan that it is so befall,
That will shall the courage lede
In lowes cause, it is to drede:
Wherof I finde ensample writte,
Whiche is behouefull that thou witte.

Hic in amoris causa ponit Confessor exemplum contra illos, qui in suâ damna nimis accelerantes ex impetuositate se ipsos multotiens offendunt. Et narrat qualiter Piramus, cum ipse Tisbe amicam suam in loco inter eosdem deputato, tempore aduentus sui promptam non inuenit, animo impetuoso se ipsum præ dolore extracto gladio mortaliter transfodit, quæ postea infra breue veniens, cum ipsum sic mortuum inuenisset, etiam et illa in sue ipsius mortem impetuose festinans, eiusdem gladii cuspide sui cordis intima per medium penetrauit.

I REDE a tale, and telleth this.
The citee, whiche Semiramis
Enclosed hath with walle about,
Of worthy folke with many a rout
Was inhabited here and there:
Amonge the whiche two there were
Abouen all other noble and great,
Dwellend tho within a strete
So nighe together, as it was sene,
There was nothyng hem betwene,
But wowe to wowe, and walle to walle.
This o lord hath in specialle
A sonne, a lustie bachilere,
In all the towne was none his pere.
That other had a doughter eke,
In al the lande for to seke,
Men wisten none so fayre as shee,
And fell so, as it shulde bee,
This faire doughter me this sonne,
As thei to geder than wonne,
Cupide hath so thynges shape.
That thei ne might his handes escape,
That he his fire on hem ne caste:
Wherof her hartes he ouercaste:
To folowe thilke lore and sewe,
Whiche neuer man yet might eschewe,
And that was loue, as it is happed,
Whiche hath her hertes so betrapped,
That thei by all weies seche,
How that thei might winne a speche,
Her wofull peine for to lisse.
Who loueth well, it maie not misse,
And namely whan there ben two
Of one accorde, howe so it go,
But if that thei some weie finde.
For loue is euer of suche a kinde,
And hath his folke so well affaited,
That howe so that it be awaited,
There maie no man the purpos let.
And thus betwene hem two thei set
An hole vpon a wall to make,
Through which thei haue her counseil take
At all times, whan thei might.
This faire Maide Tisbe hight,
And he, whome she loued hote,
Was Piramus by name hote
So longe hir lesson thei recorden,
Tyll at the laste thei acorden,
By nightes time for to wende
Alone out fro the townes ende,
Where was a well vnder a tree:
And who cam first or she or hee,
He shulde still there abide.
So it befell the nightes tide,
This maide, whiche desguised was,
All priuely the softe paas
Goth through the large towne vnknowe,
Till that she cam within a throwe,
Where that she liked for to dwell,
At thylke vnhappy fresshe well,
Whiche was also the foreste nighe,
Where she comend a lion sighe
In to the felde to take his praie
In haste: and she tho fledde awaie
(So as fortune shuld fall)
For feare, and lete hir wimpill fall
Nighe to the well vpon therbage.
This wylde lyon in his rage
A beste, whiche he founde there out,
Hath slaine, and with his blowdy snoute
(Whan he hath eaten, what he wolde)
To drinke of thilke stremes colde,
Come vnto the well, where he fonde
The wympill, whiche out of hir honde
Was falle, and he it hath to drawe,
Be bledde aboute, and all forgnawe:
And than he straught him for to drinke,
Upon the fresshe welles brinke,
And after that out of the playne
He torneth to the wode againe.
And Tisbe durst not remewe,
But as a byrde, whiche were in mewe,
Within a busshe she kepte hir close,
So still, that she not arose,
Unto hir selfe and plaineth nie.
And fell, while that she there laie,
This Piramus cam after soone
Unto the well, and by the moone
He fonde hir wympill blodie there.
Cam neuer yet to mans eare
Tidyng, ne to mans sight
Meruaile, whiche so sore a flight
A mans herte, as it tho dede
To hym, whiche in the same stede,
With many a wofull complainyng,
Bygan his hondes for to wrynge,
As he, whiche demeth sikerly,
That she be dede: and sodeinly
His swerde all naked out he braide
In his fooll hast, and thus he saide:
I am cause of this felonie,
So it is reason, that I die.
And she is deade because of mee.
And with that swerde vpon his knee
He felle, and to the goddes all
Unto the heuen he gan to call,
And praid, sen it is so,
That he maie not his loue as tho
Haue in this worlde, that of her grace
He might hir haue in other place.
For here wolde he not abide
He saith: but as it shall betide.

The pomell of his swerde to grounde
He set, and through his herte a wounde
He made vp to the bare hilte.
And in this wise hym selfe spilte,
With his foolhaste, and deth he nam.
For she within a while cam
Where he laie dede vpon knife.
So wofull yet was neuer life,
As Tysbe was, whan she him sigh,
She might not one worde on high
Speke, for hir herte shette,
That of hir life no price she sette,
But deade swonyng downe she fell,
Till afterwarde it so befell,
That she out of hir trauns awoke,
With many a wofull pitous loke
Hir eie alweie amonge she caste
Upon hir loue, and at the laste
She caught breth, and saide thus:
O thou, whiche art cleped Venus,
Goddesse of loue: and thou Cupide,
Whiche loues cause haste for to guide,
I wote nowe well, that ye be blynde,
Of thilke vnhap, whiche I now finde,
Onely betwene my loue and me,
This Piramus, whiche here I see
Bledend, what hath he deserued?
For he thyn hest hath kept and serued,
And was yonge, and I both also.
Allas why do ye with vs so?
Ye set our hertes both a fyre,
And made vs suche thynge desyre,
Wherof that we no skill couthe.
But thus our fresshe lustie youthe
Without ioie is all despended:
Whiche thynge maie neuer be amended.
For as for me this woll I seie,
That me is leuer for to deie,
Than liue after this sorowfull daie.
And with this worde where as he laie
Hir loue in armes she embraseth,
Hir owne deth and so purchaseth,
That nowe she wepte, and now she kiste
Till at the laste, or she it wiste,
So great a sorow is to hir fall,
Whiche ouergoth hir wittes all,
And she, whiche might not asterte
The swerdes point ayenst hir herte
She set, and fell downe therupon:
Wherof that she was dede anone.
And thus both on a swerde bledend
Thei were founde dede liggend.
Nowe thou my sonne hast herd this tale,
Beware that of thyn owne bale
Thou be not cause in thy foolhaste,
And kepe that thou thy witte ne waste
Upon thy thought in auenture,
Wherof thy liues forfeture
Maie falle: and if thou haue so thought
Er this, tell on, and hide it nought.
My fader vpon loues side
My conscience I woll not hide:
How that for loue of pure wo
I haue ben ofte moued so,
That with my wisshes, if I might,
A thousand tymes, I you plight,
I had storuen in a daie:
And therof I me shriue maie,
Though loue fully me ne slowe,
My will to deie was enowe.
So am I of my wyll culpable:
And yet she is not merciable,
Whiche maie me yeue life and hele.
But that hir list not with me dele
I wote by whos counsail it is:
And hym wolde I longe time er this
(And yet I wolde and euer shall)
Sleen and destroie in speciall.
The golde of nyne kynges londes
Ne shulde him saue fro myn hondes,
In my power if that he were.
But yet hym stant of me no fere,
For nought that euer I can manace,
He is the hindrer of my grace.
Till he be deade I maie not spede,
So mote I nedes taken hede
And shape howe, that he were awey,
If I therto maie fynde a weie.
My sonne tell me nowe for thy,
Whiche is that mortall enemy,
That thou manacest to be dede.
My fader it is suche a quede,
That where I come, he is tofore,
And doth so, that my cause is lore.
What is his name? It is Daunger,
Whiche is my ladis counseiler.
For I was neuer yet so sligh
To come in any place nigh,
Where as she was by night or daie,
That Daunger ne was redy aye,
With whom for speche, ne for mede,
Yet might I neuer of loue spede.
For euer this finde I sooth,
All that my lady saith or dooth
To me, Daunger shall make an ende:
And that maketh al my world miswende:
And euer I aske his helpe: but hee
Maie be wel cleped Sans pitee.
For ay the more I to hym bowe,
The lesse he woll my tale allowe.
He hath my lady so englewed,
She woll not, that he be remewed,
For euer he hongeth on hir seil,
And is so preuie of counseil,
That euer whan I haue ought bede,
I finde Daunger in hir stede,
And myn answere of hym I haue.
But for no mercy, that I craue,
Of mercy neuer a point I had,
I find his answere ay bad,
That worse might it neuer be.
And thus betwene Daunger and me
Is euer werre til he die.
But might I ben of suche maistrie,
That I Daunger had ouercome,
With that were all my ioye come,
Thus wolde I wonde for no sinne,
Ne yet for all this worlde to wynne,
If that I might finde a sleight,
To laie all my state in weight,
I wolde hym fro the Court deseuer,
So that he come ayenewarde neuer.
Therfore I wissbe and wolde faine,
That he were in some wise slain.
For while he stant in thilke place,
Ne gete I not my ladis grace.
Thus hate I deadely thilke vice,
And wolde he stood in none office
In place, where my ladie is.
For if he doo, I wote wel this,

That onther he shall die or I
Within a while, and not for thy
On my lady full ofte I muse,
How that she maie hir selfe excuse,
For if that I die in suche a plite,
Me thinketh she might not be quite,
That she ne were an homicide.
And if it shulde so betide
(As god forbede it shulde bee)
By double wey it is pitee.
For I, whiche all my wil and wit
Haue yeue, and serued euer yit,
And than I shuld in suche a wise,
In rewardyng of my seruice
Be deade: Me thinketh it were routh.
And ferthermore I telle trouth,
She that hath euer be wel named,
Were worthy than to be blamed:
And of reason to be appeled,
Whan with o word she might haue heled
A man: and suffreth hym to deye.
A who sawe euer suche a wey?
A who sawe euer suche distresse?
Without pitee gentilnesse,
Without mercy womanhede,
That woll so quite a man his mede,
Whiche euer hath be to loue trewe.
My good fader if ye rewe
Upon my tale, telle me nowe,
And I wol stynte and herken you,
My sonne attempre thy courage
For wrath, and let thyn hert assuage,
For who so wol hym vnderfonge,
He maie his grace abide longe
Er he of loue be receiued,
And eke also but if it be weiued,
There might mochel thyng befalle,
That shulde make a man to falle
Fro loue: that neuer afterwarde
Ne durst he loke thiderwarde.
In harde weyes men gone softe,
And er thei climbe auise them ofte.
And men seen all daie, that rape reweth.
And who so wicked ale breweth,
Full ofte he mote the werse drinke.
Better it is to flete than sinke.
Better is on the bridell chewe,
Than if he fel, and ouerthrewe
The hors, and stiked in the myre.
To cast water in the fire
Better is, than brenne vp al the howes.
The man whiche is malicious,
And foolhasty: full ofte he falleth:
And selden is, whan loue hym calleth.
For thy better is suffer a throwe,
Than to be wilde, and ouer throwe.
Suffrance hath euer be the best
To wisen hym that secheth rest.
And thus if thou wilt loue spede,
My sonne suffer, as I the rede.
What maie the mous ayen the cat?
And for thilke cause I aske that,
Who maie to loue make a werre,
That he ne hath hym selfe the werre.
Loue asketh pees, and euer shall:
And who that fighteth most withall,
Shall lest conquere of his emprise.
For this thei tellen that ben wise,
Whiche is to striue, and haue the werse,
To hasten, is nought worth a kerse
Thyng, that a man maie not achene.
That maie not wel be done at eué
It mot abide till the morowe.
Ne hast not thyne owne sorowe
My sonne, and take this in thy witte,
He hath not loste that wel abitte.
Ensample, that it falleth thus,
Thou might well take of Piramus,
Whan he in haste his swerd out drough,
And on the point hym selfe slough
For loue of Tisbe, pitously.
For he hir wymple foude blodie,
And wende a beste had hir slayne,
Where as hym ought be right fayne.
For she was saffe right beside.
But for he wolde not abide,
This meschiefe felle. For thy beware
My sonne, as I the warne dare,
Do thou no thyng in suche a rees.
For suffrance is the well of pees.
Though thou to loues courte pursewe,
Yet sit it wel, that thou eschewe,
That thou the courte not ouerhast.
For so thou might thy tyme wast.
But if thyn happe therto be shape,
It maie not helpe for to rape.
Therfore attemper thy courage:
Foolhast doth none auantage,
But ofte it set a man behynde
In cause of loue, and I finde
By olde ensamples, as thou shalt here
Touchend of loue in this matere.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra illos, qui in amoris causa nimia festinatione concupiscentes, tardius expediunt, Et narrat qualiter pro eo quod Phebus quandam virginem pulcherrimam, nomine Daphnem, nimia amoris acceleratione insequebatur, Iratus Cupido cor Phebi sagitta aurea ignita ardentius vulnerauit, Et econtra cor Daphne, quadam sagitta plumbea, quæ frigidissima fuit, sobrius perforauit. Et sic quanto magis Phebus ardentior in amore Daphnem persecutus est, tanto magis ipsa frigidior Phebi concupiscentiam toto corde fugitina dediguabatur.

A MAIDEN whilom there was one
Which Daphnes hight: and such was none
Of beautee than, as it was saide,
Phebus his loue hath on hir laide
And thervpon to hir he sought
In his foolhast, and so besought,
That she with hym no reste had,
For euer vpon hir loue he grad.
And she saide euer ynto hym naye,
So it befelle vpon a daie,
Cupide, whiche hath euery chance
Of loue, vnder his gouernance,
Sigh Phebus hasten hym so sore,
And for he shulde hym haste the more,
And yet not speden, at laste
A dart throughout his hert he caste,
Whiche was of golde, and all a fire,
That made hym many folde desire
Of loue more than he dede.
To Daphne eke in the same stede
A dart of lead he caste and smote,
Whiche was all colde, and no thyng hote.
And thus Phebus in loue brenneth,
And in hast about renneth

To loke, if that he might wynne.
Thus was he euer to begynne.
For euer awey fro hym she fled,
So that he neuer his loue sped.
And for to make hym full beleue
That no foolhast might acheue,
To gete loue in suche degree:
This Daphne in to a laurel tree
Was torned, whiche is euer greene,
In token, as yet it maie be seene,
That she shall dwell a maiden still,
And Phebus failen of his will.
By suche ensamples as thei stonde
My sonne thou myght vnderstonde
To hasten loue is thynge in veine,
Whan that fortune is there ageine.
To take where a man hath leue
Good is: and elles he mote leue.
For whan a mans happes fayleu,
There is no haste maie auailen.
My fader graunte mercy of this.
But whyle I see my lady is
No tree: but holde hir owne forme,
There maie me no man so enforme,
To whedyr parte fortune wende,
That I vnto my liues ende
Ne wolde hir serue euermo.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne sith it is so,
I saie no more, but in this cas
Beware, howe it with Phebus was.
Nought onely vpon loues chance,
But vpon euery gouernance,
Whiche falleth vnto mans dede,
Foolhast is euer for to drede.
And that a man good counseyll take.
Er he his purpose vndertake.
For counseill put foolhast a wey.
Now good fader I you prey,
That for to wisse me the more,
Some good ensample vpon this lore
Ye wolde me tell, of that is writte,
That I the better might witte,
How I foolhaste shulde eschewe,
And the wisdome of counseill sewe.
My sonne that thou myght enforme
Thy pacience opon the forme
Of olde ensamples, as thei fell,
Nowe vnderstonde, what I shall tell.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra illos qui nimio furore accensi vindictam Ire sue vltra quam decet consequi affectant. Et narrat qualiter Athemas et Demephon Reges, cum ipsi a bello Troiano ad propria remeassent, et a suis ibidem pacifice recepti non fuissent, congregato aliunde pugnatorum exercitu, regiones suas non solum incendio vastare, sed et omnes in eisdem habitantes et minimo vsque ad maiorem in perpetuam vindicte memoriam gladio interficere, feruore iracundie proposuerunt: Sed rex Nestor, qui senex et sapiens fuit, tractatus inter ipsos reges et eorum regna infita pace huiusmodi impetuositatem mitius pacificauit.

WHEN noble Troie was bileyn
And ouercome, and home ageine
The gregoys torned from the siege,
The kynges fonde her owne liege
In many place, as men saide,
That hem forsoke and disobeide:
Amonge the whiche fell this case
To Demephon and Athemas,
That were kynges both two,
And bothe were serued so:
Her lieges wolde not hem receiue,
So that thei mote algates weiue
To seche londe in other place.
For there fonde thei no grace
Wherof thei token hem to rede,
And soughten frendes at nede:
And eche of hem assureth other,
To helpe as to his owne brother,
To vengen hem of thilke outrage,
And wynne ayene her heritage.
And thus thei ride aboute faste
To getten hem helpe: and at laste
Thei hadden power suffisant,
And maden than a couenant,
That thei ne shulde no life saue,
Ne prieste, ne clerke, ne lorde, ne knaue,
Ne wife, ne childe of that thei finde,
Whiche beareth visage of mans kynde,
So that no life shall be socoured,
But with the deadely swerde deuoured.
In suche foolhaste her ordinance.
Thei shapen for to do vengeance.
Whan this purpose was wist and knowe
Amonge their host, tho was there blowe
Of wordes many a speche aboute.
Of yonge men the lustie route
Were of this tale gladde enough.
There was no care for the plough,
As thei that were foolhastife,
They ben accorded to the strife,
And sein, it maie not be to great
To vengen hem of suche forfet.
Thus saith the wilde vnwise tonge
Of hem, that there weren yonge.
But Nestor, whiche was olde and hore,
The salue sawe tofore the sore,
As he that was of counseile wise:
So that anone by his aduise,
There was a priuie counsaile nome,
The lordes ben to gether come:
This Demephon and anthemas
Her purpose tolden, as it was.
Thei setten all still and herde,
Was none but Nestor hem answerde:
He bad hem, if thei wolde winne,
Thei shulden see, er thei beginne
Her ende: and set her first entent,
That thei hem after ne repent,
And asketh hem this question
To what finall conclusion
Thei wolden reigne kynges there,
If that no people in londe were?
And seith, it were a wonder wierd,
To seen a kynge bycomen an hierd,
Where no life is but onely beste
Under the ligeance of his heste;
For who that is of man no kynge,
The remenant is as no thynge.
He seith eke, if thei pourpose holde
To slee the people, as thei two wolde:
Whan thei it might not restore,
All Greece it shulde abidge sore,
To se the wylde beastes wonne,
Where whilom dwelt mans sonne.

And for that cause he bad hem treate,
And stint of tho manaces great:
Better is to wynne by faire speche
He seith, than suche vengeance seche.
For whan a man is moste aboue,
Hym nedeth moste to gette hym loue.
Whan Nestor hath this tale saide,
Ayene hym was no worde withsaide:
It thought hem all he saide wele.
And thus fortune hir deadly whele
Fro werre tourneth in to pees:
But forth thei wenten netheles.
And whan the countreis hearde seyne,
Howe that her kynges be beseyne,
Of suche a power as thei lad,
Was none so bokle, that hem ne drad,
And for to seche peas and grith
Thei sende and praide anone forthwith:
So that the kynges ben appensed,
And euery mans hert is eased:
All was foryete, and not recorded,
And thus thei ben to geder acorded.
The kynges were ayene receiued,
And pees was take, and wrath weiued,
And all through counseill, which was good
Of hym that reason vnderstoode.
By this ensample sonne attempre
Thyn herte, and let no will distempre
Thy witte: and do nothing by might,
Whiche maie be do by loue and right.
Foolhast is cause of mochell wo:
For thy my sonne do not so.
And as touchend of Homicide,
Whiche toucheth vnto loues side,
Fell ofte it falleth vnaised
Through will, whiche is not well assised:
Whan witte and reason ben awey,
And that foolhast is in the wey:
Wherof hath fall great vengeance.
For thy take into remembrance
To loue in suche a maner wise,
That thou deserue no iuise.
For well I wote, thou might not lette,
That thou ne shalt thin herte sette
To loue, where thou wolt or none,
But if thy witte be ouergone,
So that it torne vnto malice,
There wote no man of thilke vice,
What perill that there maie befall:
Wherof a tale amonges all,
Whiche is great pitee for to here,
I thinke for to tellen here,
That thou such murdre might withstonde,
Whan thou the tale hast vnderstonde.

Hic ponit Confessor Exemplum contra illos, qui ob sue concupiscentie desiderium Homicide efficiuntur. Et narrat qualiter Clitemnestra, vxor Regis Agamemnonis, cum ipse a bello Troiano domi redisset, consilio Egisti, quem adultera peramauit, sponsum suum in cubili dormientem suo noctis silencio trucidabat: cuius mortem filius eius Horestes tunc iunioris etatis postea diis admonitus crudelissima seueritate vindicauit.

Of Troie at thilke noble towne,
Whose fame stant yet of renowne,
And euer shall to mans ere:
The siege laste longe there,
Er that the Grekes it might winne,
While Priamus, was kynge therin,
But of the grekes, that lien aboute,
Agamemnon ladde all the route.
This thynge is knowen ouer all:
But yet I thinke in speciall,
To my matter therupon,
Tell jn what wise Agamemnon
Through chance, that maie not be weiued,
Of loue vntrewe was deceiued.
An olde sawe is: who that is sligh,
In place where he maie be nigh,
He maketh the ferre leef, loth
Of loue, and thus full ofte it goth.
There while Agamemnon batailleth,
To winne Troie, and it assailleth,
From home and was longe tyme there,
Egistus drough his quene nere,
And with the leiser, whiche he had,
This ladie at his wille he ladde.
Clitemnestre was hir right name,
She was therof greatly to blame,
To loue there it maie not laste,
But fell to mischiefe at laste.
For whan this noble worthie knight
Fro Troie came, the first night
That he at home a bedde laie,
Egistus longe er it was daie,
As this Clitemnestre hym had assent,
And weren both of one assent:
By treson slough hym in his bed.
But mourder, whiche maie not ben hed,
Sprange out to euery mans eare,
Wherof the londe was full of feare.
Agamemnon hath by this queen
A sonne, and that was after seene.
But yet as than he was of youth
A babe, whiche no reason couth.
And as god wolde, it fell hym thus,
A worthie knight Taltibius,
This yonge childe hath in kepyng:
And whan he herde of this tidynge,
Of this treason, of this misdede,
He gan within hym selfe to drede,
In aunter if this false Egiste
Upon hym come, er he it wiste,
To take and mourther, of his malice,
This childe, whiche he hath to norice,
And for that cause in all haste
Out of the londe he gan hym haste,
And to the kynge of Crete he straught,
And him this yonge lorde betaught,
And praide him for his fathers sake,
That he this childe wolde vndertake,
And kepe hym till he be of age,
So as he was of his lignage:
And tolde hym ouer all the cas,
Howe that his father mourthred was:
And howe Egistus, as men saide,
Was kynge, to whom the londe abeide.
And whan Idomeneus the kynge
Hath vnderstonding of this thynge,
Whiche that this knight him hath tolde,
He made sorowe manifolde,
And toke the childe vnto his warde,
And saide, he wolde hym kepe and warde,
Tyll that he were of suche a might,
To handle a swerde, and be a knight,
To vengen him at his owne will.
And thus Horestes dwelleth still,

Suche was the childes right name,
Whiche after wrought mochell shame
In vengeance of his fathers deth.
The tyme of yeres ouergeth,
That he was man of brede and length,
Of wyt, of manhode, and of strenth:
A fayre persone amonges all,
And he beganne to clepe and call,
As he, whiche come was to man,
Unto the kynge of Crete than,
Preiende that he wolde hym make
A knight, and power with hym take,
For lenger wolde he not beleue
He saith, but praieth the kynge of leue
To gone and cleyme his heritage,
And venge hym of thilke outrage,
Whiche was vnto his father do.
The kynge assenteth well therto,
With great honor and knight him maketh,
And great pōwer to hym betaketh,
And gan his iourney for to caste.
So that Horestes at laste
His leue toke, and forth he goth,
As he that was in his herte wroth,
His firste playnt to be mene
Unto the citee of Athene
He goth hym forth, and was receiued.
So there was he nought deceiued.
The duke, and tho that weren wise
Thei profēren hem to his seruice.
And he hem thonketh of their proffer,
And saide hym selfe he wolde gone offer
Unto the goddes for his spede,
And all men yeue hym rede.
So goth he vnto the temple forth,
Of yeftes, that he mochell worth
His sacrifice, and his offrynge
He made: and after his askynge
He was answerde, if that he wolde
His estate recouer, than he sholde
Upon his mother do vengeance
So cruell, that the remembrance
Therof might euermore abide,
As she that was an homicide,
And of hir owne lorde mourdrice.
Horestes, whiche of thilke office
Was nothyng glad, and than he praide
Unto the goddes there, and saide,
That *thei* the iudgement deuise,
Howe he shall take the iuise.
And therupon he had answere
That he hir pappes shulde of tere
Out of hir breast, his owne hondes;
And for ensample of all londes,
With hors he shulde be to drawe,
Till houndes had hir bones gnawe,
Without any sepulture.
This was a wofull auenture.
And whan Horestes hath all herde,
Howe that the goddes haue answerde,
Forth with the strength, whiche he lad,
The duke and his power he had,
And to a citee forth thei gone,
The whiche was cleped Cropheone:
Where as Phoicus was lorde and sire,
Whiche profereth hym withouten hyre
His helpe, and all that he maie do,
As he that was right glad therto,
To greue his mortall ennemy,
And tolde him certaine cause why,
Howe that Egiste in mariage
His doughter whilom of full age
Forlaie, and afterwarde forsoke,
Whan he Horestes mother toke.
Men saine olde synne newe shame:
Thus more and more arose the blame
Ayene Egiste on euery side.
Horestes with his host to ride
Began, and Phoicus with hym went.
I trowe Egiste shall hym repent.
Thei riden forth vnto Mycene,
There lay Clitemnestre thilke quene,
The whiche Horestes mother is.
And whan she herde tell of this,
The gates were faste shette,
And thei were of her entre lette.
Anone this citee was without
Beleine, and seged all about,
And euer amonge thei it assaile
Fro daie to night, and so trauaile,
Till at last thei it wonne.
Tho was there sorowe enough begonne.
Horestes did his mother call
Anone tofore the lordes all,
And eke tofore the people also,
To hir and tolde his tale tho
And saide: O cruell beaste vnkynde,
Howe mightest thou in thyn herte finde,
For any luste of loues draught,
That thou accordest to the slaught
Of hym, whiche was thine owne lorde?
Thy treason stant of suche recorde,
Thou might thy werkes not forsake
So mote I for my father sake
Vengeance vpon thy body do,
As I commaunded am therto.
Unkyndely for thou hast wrought,
Unkyndeliche it shall be bought.
The sonne shall the mother slea,
For that whilom thou saidest yea
To that thou shuldest nay haue sayd.
And he with that his hondes hath laid
Upon his mothers breast anone,
And rent out from the bare bone
Hir pappes both, and caste awaie
Amiddes in the carte waie.
And after toke the deade cors,
And let it bedrawe awey with hors
Unto tho hounde, vnto the Rauen,
She was none other wise grauen.
Egistus whiche was elles where
Tydynges comen to his eare,
Howe that Mycenes was beleine:
But what was more, herd he not seine.
With great menace and mochel boste
He drough power, and made an hoste,
And came in rescous of the towne.
But all the sleight of this treasone
Horestes wist it by a spie,
And of his men a great partie
He made ambusshement abide,
To wayte on hym in suche a tide,
That he ne might her honde escape.
And in this wise, as he hath shape,
The thyng befell, so that Egyst
Was take, er he hym selfe it wist:
And was brought forth his hondes bonde,
As whan men haue a traitour fonde.
And tho that were with hym take,
Whiche of *treason* were ouertake,

To gether in one sentence falle.
But false Egyste aboue hem alle
Was demed to diuers peine,
The werst that men couthe ordeine,
And so after by the lawe
He was vnto the gibet drawe,
Where he aboue all other hongeth,
As to a traitour it belongeth.
The fame with hir swifte wynges
About fleeth, and bare tidynges,
And made it couth in all londes,
How that Horestes, with his hondes
Clytemmestre his owne mother slough.
Some seyne, he did well enough,
And some seyne, he did amis.
Diuers opinions there is,
That she is deade thei speken all.
But plainly howe it is befall
The matter in so littell throwe,
In soothe there might no man knowe,
But thei that weren at the dede.
And commonliche in euery nede
The werst speche is rathest herde,
And leued, till it be answerde.
The kynges, and the lordes great
Begonne Horestes for to threat,
To putten hym out of his reigne.
He is not worthy for to reigne.
The childe, whiche slough his moder so,
Thei saide, and thervpon also
The lordes of common assent,
The tyme set of parlement.
And to Athenes kynge and lorde
To gether come of one accorde,
To knowe howe that the sooth was:
So that Horestes in this cas
Thei senden after, and he come.
Kynge Menelay the wordes nome,
And asketh hym of this matere.
And he, that all it might here,
Answerde, and tolde his tale at large:
And howe the goddes in his charge
Commaunded hym in suche a wise
His owne honde to do iuyse,
With this tale a duke arose,
Whiche was a worthy knight of lose,
His name was Menestheus,
And saide vnto the lordes thus:
The wreche, whiche Horestes dede,
It was thyng of the goddes bede,
And nothyng of his crueltee.
And if there were of my degree
In all this place suche a knight,
That woll seyne, it was no right,
I woll it with my body proue,
And thervpon he cast his gloue.
And eke this noble duke aleyde
Full many an other skill, and seide,
She had well deserued wreche.
First for the cause of spouse breche,
And after wrought in suche a wise,
That all the worlde it ought agrise,
Whan that she for so foule a vice
Was of hir owne lorde mourdrice.
Thei sitten all stille and herde,
But therto was no man answerde:
It thought hem all, he saide skille,
There is no man with say it wille.
Whan thei vpon the reason musen,
Horestes all thei excusen:
So that with great solemnitee,
He was vnto his dignitee
Receyued, and coroned kynge.
And tho befell a wondre thynge.
Egyona, whan she it wyste,
Whiche was the doughter of Egyste
And sister on the mother side,
To this Horest, at thilke tide,
Whan she herde, how hir brother sped,
For pure sorowe, whiche hir led,
That he ne had ben exiled,
She hath hir owne life begiled
Anone, and henge hir selfe tho.
It hath and shall be euermo,
To mourther who that woll assente,
He maie not faile to repent.
This false Egyona was one,
Whiche to mourther Agamemnon
Yaue hir accorde, and hir assent,
So that by gods iudgement,
Though none other man it wolde,
She toke hir iuyse, as she sholde.
And as she to an other wrought
Vengeance vpon hir selfe she thought,
And hath of hir vnhappy witte,
A mourther with a mourther quit.
Suche is of mourther the vengeance.
For thy my sonne in remembrance
Of this ensample take good hede.
For who that thinketh his loue spede
With mourther, he shall with worldes shame
Him selfe and eke his loue shame.
My father of this auenture,
Whiche ye haue tolde, I you assure,
My herte is sory for to here:
But onely for I wolde lere
What is to done, and what to leue.
And ouer this by your leue,
That ye me wolde telle I prey,
If there be leful any weye,
Withoute sinne a man maie slea?
My sonne in sondry wise yea.
What man that is of Traitorie,
Of mordre, or els Robberie
Atteint, the Judge shal not let,
But he shal sleen of pure det,
And doth great sinne if that he wonde.
For who that lawe hath vpon honde,
And spareth for to do iustice
For mercy: doth not his office,
That he his mercy so bewareth:
Whan for one shrewe, whiche he spareth,
A thousand good men he greueth.
With suche mercy who that bileueth,
To please god: he is deceiued,
Or els mote reason be weyued.
The lawe stode or we were bore,
Howe that a kynges swerde is bore
In signe, that he shall defende
His true people: and make an ende
Of suche, as wolden hem deuour.
Lo thus my sonne to souccour
The lawe, and common right to wynne
A man maie slee without sinne,
And do therof a great almesse,
So for to kepe rightwisenesse.
And ouer this for his countree,
In tyme of werre, a man is free
Hym selfe, his house, and eke his londe,
Defende with his owne honde,

And sleen, if he maie no bet,
After the lawe, whiche is set.
Nowe father than I you beseche,
Of hem, that deadly werres seche
In worldes cause, and sheden blood,
If suche an homicide is good?

CONFESSOR.

My sonne vpon thy question,
The trouth of myn opinion
(Als ferforth as my wit arecheth
And as the plaine lawe teacheth)
I wolde the telle in euidence,
To rule with thy conscience.

Quod creat ipse deus, necat hoc homicida creatum,
Vltor et humano sanguine spargit humum.
Vt pecoris sic est hominis cruor heu modo fusus,
Victa iacet pietas, et furor vrget opus.
Angelus in terra pax dixit, et vltima Christi
Verba sonent pacem, quam modo guerra fugat.

Hic sequitur contra motores guerre, quæ non solum homicidii sed vniuersi mundi desolationis mater existit.

THE high god of his iustice,
The ilke foule horrible vice,
Of homicide he hath forbede
By Moyses, as it was bede.
Whan goddes sonne was also bore,
He sent his angell downe therfore,
Whom the shepeherdes herden singe
Pees to the men of welwillynge
In erthe amonge vs here.
So for to speke in this matere
After the lawe of charitee,
There shall deadly werre bee.
And eke nature it hath defended,
And in hir lawe pees commended,
Whiche is the chiefe of mans welth,
Of mans life, of mans helth.
But deadly werre hath his couine
Of pestilence, and of famine,
Of pouertee, and of all wo:
Wherof this worlde we blamen so,
Whiche nowe the werre hath vnderfoote
Till god him selfe therof do boote.
For all thyng, whiche god hath wrought
In erthe, werre it bringeth to nought.
The churche is brent, the priest is slaine
The wife, the maide is eke forlaine,
The lawe is lore, and god vnserued:
I not what mede he hath deserued,
That suche werres ledeth inne.
If that he do it for to winne:
Firste to accompte his great coste,
Forth with the folke that he hath loste,
As to the worldes reckenynge
There shall he fynde no winnynge.
And if he do it to purchace
The heuen, mede of suche a grace
I can nought speke netheles,
Christ hath commaunded loue and pes.
And who that worcheth the reuers,
I trowe his mede is full diuers.
And sithen than that we fynde,
That werres in her owne kynde
Ben towarde god of no deserte:
Andeke thei bringen in pouerte
Of worldes good, it is merueile,
Amonge the men what it maie eyle,
That thei a pees ne connen set.
I trowe synne be the let,
And euery mede of sinne is deth,
So wote I neuer howe it geth.
But we, that be of beleue
Amonge our selfe, this wolde I leue,
That better it were pees to chese,
Than so by double weie lese.
I not if that it nowe so stonde,
But this a man maie vnderstonde,
Who that these olde bokes redeth,
That couetise is one, whiche ledeth
And brought the first werres inne.
At Grece if that I shall beginne,
There was it proued howe it stode,
To Perse, whiche was full of good,
Thei maden werre in speciall:
And so thei didden ouer all,
Where great richesse was in londe:
So that thei lefte nothynge stonde
Unwerred, but onely Archade.

Nota quod greci omnem terram fertilem debellabant, sed tantum Archadiam, pro eo quod pauper et sterilis fuit, pacifice dimiserunt.

FOR there thei no werres made,
Because it was bareine and poure,
Wherof thei might nought recouer:
And thus pouerte was forbore.
He that nought had nought hath lore.
But yet it is a wonder thynge,
Whan that a riche worthie kynge
Or lorde, what so he bee,
Woll aske and claime propertee
In thynge, to whiche he hath no right.
But onely of his great might.
For this maie euery man well wite,
That both kynde and lawe write
Expressely stonden there ageyne.
But he mote nedes somewhat seyne.
All though there be no reason inne,
Whiche secheth cause for to winne.
For witte, that is with will oppressed,
Whan couetise him hath adressed,
And all reasone put awey,
He can wel fynde suche a wey
To werre, where as euer hym liketh:
Wherof that he the worde entriketh,
That many aman of hym compleineth:
But yet alway some cause he feineth,
And of his wrongefull herte he demeth,
That all is well, what euer him semeth,
Be so that he maie winne enough.
For as the true man to the plough
Only to the gaine entendeth:
Right so the werriour dispendeth
His tyme, and hath no conscience.
And in this point for euidence
Of hem that suche werres make,
Thou might a great ensample take,
How thei her tyrannie excusen,
Of that thei wrongfull warres vsen,
And howe thei stonde of one accorde
The soudiour forth with the lorde,
The poore man forth with the riche,
As of courage thei ben liche,
To make werres and to pylle
For lucre: and for none other skille:
Wherof a propre tale I rede,
As it whilom befell in dede

Hic declarat per exemplum contra istos principes seu alios quoscunque illicite guerre motores, Et narrat de quodam pirata in partibus marinis spoliatore notissimo, qui cum captus fuisset, et in iudicium coram rege Alexandro productus, et de latrocinio accusatus, dixit, O Alexander vere quia cum paucis sociis spoliorum causa naues tantum exploro, ego latrunculus vocor, tu autem quia cum infinita bellatorum multitudine vniuersam terram subiugando spoliasti, Imperator diceres, Itaque status tuus a statu meo differt, sed eodem animo condicionem parilem habemus. Alexander vero eius audaciam in responsione comprobans, ipsum penes se familiarem retinuit. Et sic *bellicosus* bellatori complacuit,

Of hym whome all this erthe drad,
Whan he the worlde so ouerladde
Through werre, as it fortuned is,
Kynge Alisaunder I rede this,
Howe in a marche, where he laie,
It fell perchance vpon a daie,
A rouer of the sea was nome,
Whiche many a man had ouercome,
And slaine, and take her good awaie.
This piller, as the bokes saie,
A famous man in sondrie stede
Was of the werkes, whiche he dede.
This prisoner afore the kynge
Was brought: and therupon this thynge
In audience he was accused.
And he his dede hath nought excused,
And praide the kynge to done him right,
And saide. Syre if I were of might
I haue an herte liche vnto thyn.
For if thy power were myn
My will is most in speciall
To ryfle, and gette ouer all
The large worldes good about.
But for I leade a poure route
And am, as who saith, at mischiefe,
The name of pillour and of thefe
I beare: and thou whiche routes great
Might leade, and take thy beyete,
And doste right, as I wolde do,
Thy name is nothynge cleped so,
But thou art named emperour.
Our dedes ben of one colour,
And in effecte of one deserte:
But thy rychesse and my pouerte,
Thei be not taken euen liche
And netheles he that is riche
This daie, to morowe he maie be poorer,
And in contrary also recouer
A poore man to great riches.
Men seyn for thy let rightewisenes
Be peised euen in the balance.
The kynge his hardie countenance
Beheelde: and his wordes wise,
And said vnto hym in this wise:
Thyne answere I haue vnderstonde,
Wherof my wyll is, that thou stonde
In my seruice, and still abide.
And forth with all the same tide
He hath hym terme of life withholde,
The more and for he shulde ben holde,
He made him knight, and yafe hym londe:
Whiche afterwarde was of his honde
An orped knight in many a stede,
And great prowes of armes dede,
As the Cronikes it recorden:
And in this wise thei accorden,
The whiche of condicion
Be sette vpon destruction.
Suche Capitaine suche retinue,
But for to see what issue
The kynge befalleth at the laste.
It is great wonder that men caste
Her herte vpon suche wronge to winne,
Where no beyete maie be inne,
And doth disease on euery side.
But when reason is put a side,
And wisse gouerneth the courage.
The faucon whiche fleeth ramage,
And suffreth no thynge in the waie,
Wherof that he maie take his praie:
Is not more set vpon rauyne,
Than thilke man, whiche his couyne
Hath set in suche a maner wise
For all the worlde maie nought suffise
To wil, whiche is not reasonable.

Hic secundum gesta Alexandri de guerris illicitis ponit Confessor exemplum, dicens: quod quamuis Alexander sua potentia totius mundi victor, subiugarat imperium, ipse tandem mortis victoria subiugatus, cunctipotentis sententiam euadere non potuit.

WHEROF ensample concordable
Liche to this pointe, of whiche I mene,
Was vpon Alisander sene,
Whiche had set all his entent,
So as fortune with hym went,
That reason might hym not gouerne,
But of his wille he was so sterne,
That all the worlde he ouerran,
And what hym list he toke and wan.
In Judee the superiour,
Whan that he was full conquerour,
And had his wilfull pourpose wonne,
Of all this erth vnder the sonne,
This kynge homwarde to Macedoyne,
Whan that he cam to Babyloyne,
And wend most in his empire
(As he whiche was holle lorde and sire)
In honour for to be receyued,
Most sodenliche he was deceyued,
And with stronge poison enuenommed.
And as he hath the worlde mistimed,
Not as he shulde with his witte,
Not as he wolde, it was acquitte,
Thus was he slayn, that whilom slough.
And he, whiche riche was enough
This daie, to morowe had nought.
And in suche wise as he hath wrought
In disturbance of worldes pees,
His werre he fonde than endeles
In whiche for euer discomfite
He was. Lo nowe for what profite
Of werre it helpeth for to ride,
For couetise and worldes pride
To slee the worldes men aboute
As bestes, whiche gone there oute.
For euery life, whiche reason can,
Ought wel to knowe, that a man
Ne shulde through no tyrannie
Liche to this other bestes die.
Til kynde wolde for hym sende,
I not how he it might amend,

Whiche taketh a weye for euermore
The life, that he maie not restore.
For thy my sonne in all weye
Be wel auised, I the preie
Of slaughter that thou be culpable
Withoute cause reasonable.
My fader vnderstonde it is
That ye haue saide: but ouer this
I praie you telle me naye or yea,
To passe ouer the great sea
To warre and sle the Sarasin,
Is that the lawe? Sonne myn
To preche, and suffer for the feith,
That haue I herd, the gospel seith:
But for to slea, that here I nought.
Christ with his owne deth hath bought
All other men, and made hem free,
In token of perfite charitee.
And after that he taught him selue,
Whan he was dede these other twelue
Of his apostoles went aboute
The holy feith to preche oute,
Wherof the deathe in sondrie place
Thei suffer, and so god of his grace
The feith of Christ hath made arise.
But if thei wolde in other wise
By werre haue brought in the creance,
It had yet stonde in balance,
And that maie prouen in the dede.
For what man the Cronickes rede
Fro first that holy churche hath weiued
To preche, and hath the swerde receiued,
Wherof the werres ben begonne:
A great partie of that was wonne
To Christes feith, stant nowe miswent:
God do therof amendement,
So as he wote, what is the best.
But sonne if thou wilt liue in rest
Of conscience well assised,
Er that thou slea, be wel auised,
For man, as tellen vs the clerkes,
Hath god aboue all erthely werkes
Ordeined to be principall,
And eke of soule in speciall
He is made liche to the godhede:
So sit it wel to taken hede,
And for to loke on euery side
Er that thou falle in homicide:
Whiche sinne is now so generall,
That it wel nie stant ouerall
In holy churche, as elles where,
But all the while it is so there,
The world mot nede fare amis.
For whan the wel of pitee is,
Through couetise of worldes good,
Defoulled with shedyng of blood,
The remenant of folke about
Unnethe stonden in any dout
To werre eche other, and to slea,
So is it all not worth a strea
The charitee, wherof we prechen.
For we do no thyng as we techen.
And this the blynde conscience
Of pes hath lost thilke euidence,
Whiche Christe vpon this erth taught,
Nowe maie men see morder and manslaught
Liche as it was by daies olde,
Whan men the sinnes bought and solde.

Facilitas venie occasionem prebet delinquendi.

In Grece afore Christes feithe
I rede, as the Cronicke seith,
Touchend of this matter thus,
In thilke tyme howe Peseus
His owne broder Phocus slough.
But for he had golde enough
To yeue, his sinne was dispensed
With golde, wherof it was compensed.
Acastus, whiche with Venus was
Hir priest, assoylled in that cas,
Al were there no repentance.
And as the boke maketh remembrance,
It telleth of Medee also,
Of that she slough hir sonnes two,
Egeus in the same plite
Hath made hir of hir sonne quite.
The sonne eke of Amphioras,
Whose right name Almeus was,
His moder slough Eriphelee.
But Achiloo the priest and hee,
So as the bokes it recorden,
For certaine some of golde acorden,
That thilke horrible sinfull dede
Assoiled was. And thus for mede
Of worldes good it falleth ofte,
That homicide is set alofte
Here in this worlde: but after this
There shall be knowe, how that it is
Of hem, that suche thynges wurche.
And how also that holy churche
Lete suche sinnes passe quite.
And how thei wolde hem selfe acquite
Of deadely werres, that thei make.
For who that wolde ensample take,
The lawe, whiche is naturell,
By weye of kinde sheweth wel,
That homicide in no degree
(Whiche werreth ayene charitee)
Among the men shulde not dwelle.
For after that the bokes telle,
To seche in all the worlde riche,
Men shall not finde vpon his liche
A best for to take his preye.
And sithen kinde hath suche aweye:
Than is it wonder of a man,
Whiche kinde hath, and reason can,
That he woll either more or lasse
His kinde and reason ouerpasse,
And slea that is to hym semblable.
So is the man not reasonable,
Ne kinde, and that is not honeste,
Whan he is worse than a beste.

Nota secundum Solinum contra homicidas de natura cuiusdam auis faciem ad similitudinem humanam habentis, quæ cum depreda sua hominem iuxta fluuium occiderit, videritque in aqua similem sibi occisam, statim præ dolore moritur.

Among the bokes, which I finde,
Solinus speketh of a wonder kinde,
And saith of foules there is one,
Whiche hath a face of bloode and bone,
Like to a man in resemblance.
And if it falle so perchance,
As he, whiche is a foule of praie,
That he a man finde in his waye,
He woll hym slea, if that he maie.
But afterward the same daie

Whan he hath eaten all his felle,
And that shall be beside a welle,
In whiche he woll drinke take,
Of his visage and the make,
That he hath slayn, anone he thinketh
Of his misdede, and it forthinketh
So greatly, that for pure sorowe
He lieth not till on the morowe.
By this ensample it maie well sewe,
That man shall homicide eschewe.
For euer is mercy good to take,
But if the lawe it hath forsake,
And that Justice is there agayne.
Full oft time I haue herde saine
Amonges hem that werres hadden,
But thei somwhile her cause ladden
By mercie, whan thei might haue slaine,
Wherof that thei were after faine.
And sonne, if that thou wolt recorde
The vertue of Misericorde,
Thou sighe neuer thilke place,
Where it was vsed, lacke grace.
For euery lawe, and euery kynde
The mans wit to mercy bynde,
And namely the worthie knightes,
Whan that thei stonden moste vprightes,
And ben moste mightie for to greue:
Thei shulden then moste releue
Hym, whome thei mighten ouerthrow:
As by ensample maie men knowe.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum de pietate contra homicidium in guerris habenda, Et narrat qualiter Achilles vna cum filio suo contra regem Mesee, qui tunc Theucer vocabatur, bellum inierunt, Et cum Achilles dictum regem in bello prostratum occidere voluisset, Thelaphus pietate motus, ipsum clipeo cooperiens veniam pro rege a patre postulauit, pro quo facto, ipse rex ad huc viuens Thelaphum regni sui heredem libera voluntate constituit.

He maie not failen of his mede,
That hath mercy. For this I rede.
In a Cronike I fynde thus,
Whan Achilles with Telaphus
His sonne, towarde Troie were:
It fell hem er thei come there
Ayene Theucer the kynge of Mese,
To make warre, and for to sese
His londe, as thei that wolden reigne:
And Theucer put out of his reigne.
And thus the marches thei assaile:
But Theucer yafe to hem bataile.
Thei foughten on both sides faste.
But so it hapneth at laste,
This worthie greke this Achilles,
The kynge amonge all other ches,
As he that was cruell and felle
With swerde in honde on hym he felle,
And smote hym with a deathes wounde,
That he vnhorsed fell to grounde.
Achilles vpon hym alight,
And wolde anone, as he well might,
Haue slain him fulliche in the place,
But Thelaphus, his faders grace
For hym besought, and for pitee
Prayth, that he wolde let hym bee,
And caste his sheld betwene hem two.
Achilles asketh hym why so.
And Thelaphus his cause tolde,
And saith that he is mochell holde.
For whilome Theucer in a stede
Great grace and socour to hym dede,
And saith, that he him wolde acquite,
And praith his fader to respite.
Achilles tho withdrough his honde.
But all the power of the londe,
Whan that thei sawe her kynge thus take,
Thei fled, and hathen the felde forsake.
The grekes vnto the chaas fall,
And for the moste parte all
Of that countrei the lordes great,
Thei toke and wonne a great beyete.
And sone after this victorie
The kynge, whiche had memorie,
Upon the great mercie thought,
Whiche Thelaphus toward him wrought,
And in presence of all the londe
He toke hym fayre by the honde,
And in this wise he gan to seie:
My sonne I mote by double weie
Loue and desire thine encres.
Firste for thy fader Achilles
Whilome full many a daie er this,
Whan I shulde haue fare amis,
Rescouse dyd in my quarele,
And kept all myn astate in hele.
Howe so there fall nowe distance
Amonge vs, yet remembrance
I haue of mercie, whiche he dede
As than: and thou nowe in this stede
Of gentilnes, and of franchesse
Hast do mercy the same I gesse,
So woll I not, that any tyme
Be loste, of that thou hast do byme.
For how so this fortune fall,
Yet stant my truste abouen all.
For the mercy whiche I nowe fynde,
That thou wilt after this be kynde,
And for that suche is mine espeire,
And for my sonne and for myn heire
I the receiue, and all my londe
I yeue and seise into thyn honde.
And in this wise thei accorde,
The cause was misericorde.
The lordes do her obeisance
To Thelaphus, and purueiance,
Was made, so that he was coroned.
And thus was mercie reguerdoned,
Whiche he to Theucer did tofore.
Lo this ensample is made therfore,
That thou might take remembrance
My son, and whan thou seest a chance
Of other mens passion,
Take pitee and compassion,
And let no thyng to the be leef,
Whiche to an other man is grefe,
And after this if thou desire
To stonde ayene the vice of Ire,
Counseill the with pacience
And take in to thy conscience
Mercy to be thy gouernour:
So shalt thou fele no rancour,
Wherof thyn herte shall debate
With homicide, ne with hate.
For cheste or melancolie
Thou shalt be softe in companie,
Without contecke or foolhast,
For elles might thou longe waste

Thy tyme, er that thou haue thy wille
Of loue, for the weadir stille
Men preise, and blame the tempestes.

AMANS.

My fader I woll do your hestes.
And of this point ye haue me taught,
Toward my selfe the better saught
I thinke be, while that I liue.
But for as muche as I am shriue
Of wrath, and all his circumstance:
Yeue what ye lyste to my penance:
And aske forther of my life,
Yf otherwise I be giltife
Of any thynge, that toucheth sinne.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne, er we departe a twinne,
I shall behynde nothyng leue,

AMANS.

My good fader by your leue,
Than asketh forth what so you liste.
For I haue in you suche a triste,
As ye that be my soule hele,
That ye fro me nothynge woll hele.
For I shall tell you the trouthe.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne art thou culpable of slouthe
In any poynt, whiche to hym longeth?

AMANS.

My fader of tho pointes me longeth.
To witte pleinly, what thei mene,
So that I maie me shriue clene.

CONFESSOR.

Now herken, I shall tho pointes deuise,
And vnderstonde well myn apprise
For shrifte stant of no value
To hym, that woll hym nought vertue
To leue of vices the folie.
For worde is wynde, but the maistrie
Is that a man hym selfe defende
Of thynge, whiche is not to commende;
Wherof be fewe nowe a daie:
And netheles so as I maie
Make vnto thy memorie knowe
The pointes of slough, thou shalt know.

Explicit liber tertius.

Dicunt accidiam fore nutricem vitiorum,
Torpet et in cuntis tardaque lenta bonis.
Que fieri possent hodie transfert piger in cras,
Furatoque prius hostia claudit equo.
Possenti tardo negat emolumenta Cupido:
Sed Venus in celeri ludit amore viri.

Hic in quarto libro loquitur confessor de speciebus Accidie, quarum primum tardacionem vocat, cuius condicionem pertractans Amanti, super hoc consequenter opponit.

INCIPIT LIBER QUARTUS.

Upon the vices to procede
After the cause of mans dede,
The first point of slouth I call
Lachesse, and is the chief of all,
And hath this properly of kinde
To leuen all thyng behynde:
Of that he might do nowe here,
He tarieth all the longe yere,
And euermore he saith, To morowe,
And so he woll his tyme borowe,
And wissheth after, God me sende:
Than whan he weneth to haue an ende,
Than is he forthest to begyn.
Thus bryngeth he many a meschiefe in
Unware, till that he be mescheued.
And maie not than be releued.
And right so nother more ne lesse,
It stant of loue, and of lachesse.
Some tyme he sloutheth on a daie
That he neuer after gete maie.
Nowe sonne as of this like thynge,
If thou haue any knowlechynge,
That thou to loue hast done er this,
Telle on. My good fader yis.
As of laches I am beknowe,
That I maie stonde vpon his rowe,
As I that am cladde of his sute.
For whan I thought my pursute.
To make, and therto set a daie
To speke vnto that swete maie,
Lachesse badde abide yit,
And bare on honde it was no wit,
Ne tyme, for to speke as tho.
Thus with his tales to and fro
My tyme in tariyng he drough:
Whan there was tyme good enough,
He said another tyme is better,
Thou shalt nowe senden hir a letter:
And par caas write more plein,
Than thou by mouth durstest sein.
Thus haue I let tyme slide
For slouthe, and kept not my tide:
So that laches with his vice
Full ofte hath made my wit so nice,
That what I thought to speke or do,
With tariyng he held me so,
Til whan I wolde, and might nought,
I not what thyng was in my thought:
Or it was drede, or it was shame,
But euer in ernest and in game,
I wote there is longe tyme passed,
But yet is not the loue lassed,
Whiche I vnto my ladie haue.
For though my tonge is slow to craue
At all tyme, as I haue bede,
Myn hert stant euer in o stede,
And asketh besiliche grace,
The whiche I maie not yet embrace:
And god wote that is maulgre myn.
For this I wote right wel afin,
My grace cometh so selde aboute,
That is the slouthe, whiche I doubte
More than of all the remenant,
Whiche is to loue appartenant.
And thus as touchende of lachesse,
As I haue tolde, I me confesse
To you my fader, I beseche,
That ferthermore ye wol me teche,
And if there be to my mattere
Some goodly tale for to here,
How I maie do lachesse awey,
That ye it wolde telle, I prey.

To wisse the my sonne and rede,
Amonge the tales, whiche I rede
An olde ensample thervpon
Nowe herken, and I wol telle on.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos, qui in amoris causa tardantes delinquunt Et narrat qualiter Dido regina Cartaginis Eneam, ab incendiis Troie fugituum in amorem suum gauisa suscepit, qui cum postea in partes Italie a Carthagine bellaturum se transtulit, nimiamque ibidem moram faciens, tempus redditus sui ad Didonem vltra modum tardauit, ipsa intollerabili dolore concussa, sui cordis intima gladio transfodit.

AGAYNE lachesse in loues caas
I finde, howe whilom Eneas,
Whom Anchises to sonne had,
With great nauie, whiche he lad
Fro Troie, arriueth at Carthage.
Where for a while his herbage
He toke, and it betid so,
With hir, whiche was a quene tho
Of the Citee, his acqucintance
He wan, whos name in remembrance
Is yet, and Dido she was hote
Whiche loueth Eneas so hote
Upon the wordes, whiche he saide,
That all hir herte on hym she laide:
And did all wholy, what he wolde.
But after that, as it be shulde,
Fro thens he goth toward Itayle
By ship, and there his arriuayle
Hath take, and shope hym for to ride.
  But she, whiche maie not longe abide
The hotte peine of loues throwe,
Anon within a litel throwe
A letter vnto hir knight hath writte,
And did hym plainly for to witte:
If he made any tarivnge
To dretche of his ayen comynge,
That she ne might hym fele and see,
She shulde stonde in suche degree,
As whilom stode a swan to fore,
Of that she had hir make lore,
For sorowe a fether in to hir brayne
She shoof, and hath hir selfe slayne.
  As kynge Menander in a laye
The sooth hath fonde, where she laye
Sprauland with hir wynges twey,
As she whiche shulde than deye
For loue of hym, whiche was hir make.
  And so shal I do for thy sake,
This quene saide, wel I wote.
  Lo to Enee thus she wrote,
With many a nother word of compleint.
  But he, whiche had his thoughtes feint
Towardes loue, and full of slouth,
His tyme let, and that was routhe.
For she, whiche loueth hym to fore,
Desireth euer more and more.
And whan she sawe hym tary so,
Hir hert was so full of wo,
That compleynend manyfolde
She hath hir owne tale tolde
Unto hir selfe, and thus she spake.
  A who fonde euer suche a lacke
Of slouth in any worthye knight?
Nowe wote I well my death is dight
Through him, which shuld haue be my life.
But for to stynten all this strife,
Thus whan she sighe none other boote,
Right euen vnto hir hert roote
A naked swerd anone she threste:
And thus she gat hir selfe reste.
In remembrance of all slowe
Wherof my sonne thou might knowe,
Howe tarivnge vpon the nede
In loues cause, is for to drede.
And that hath Dido sore abought,
Whose death shall euer be bethought.
  And euermore if I shall seche
In this matter another speche,
In a Cronicke I finde writte
A tale, whiche is good to witte.

Hic loquitur super eodem, qualiter Penelope Ulyssem marituum suum in obsidione Troie diutius morantem, ob ipsius ibidem tardationem epistola sua redarguit.

AT Troie whan kynge Vlysses
Upon the sege amonge the pres
Of hem, that worthye knightes were
Abode longe tyme stille there:
In thilke tyme a man maie se
Howe goodly that Penelope,
Whiche was to hym his trewe wife,
Of his lachesse was pleintife:
Wherof to Troie she hym sende
Hir wille by letter, thus spekende:
  My worthy loue, and lorde also,
It is and hath be euer so
That where a woman is alone,
It maketh a man in his persone
The more hardye for to wowe,
In hope that she wolde bowe
To suche thyng, as his wille were,
While that hir lorde were els where.
  And of my selfe I telle this.
For it so longe passed is
Sith firste that ye from home went,
That welle nigh euery man is went
To there I am, while ye be out
Had made, and eche of hem about
Whiche loue can, my loue secheth,
With great prayer, and me besecheth
And some maken great manace,
That if thei might come in place,
Where that thei might hir wille haue,
There is no thynge me shulde saue,
That thei ne wolde worch thynges.
And some telle me tidynges,
That ye ben dead: and some seyne,
That certainly ye ben beseyne
To loue anewe, and leaue me.
But howe as euer that it be,
I thonke vnto the goddes all,
As yet for ought, that is befall,
Maie no man do my chekes redde:
But netheles it is to dredde,
That lachesse in continuance
Fortune might suche a chance,
Whiche no man after shulde amende.
  Lo thus this ladie complaynende,
A letter vnto hir lorde hath writte,
And prayde hym, that he wolde witte,
And thinke, howe that she was al his,
And that he tarie not in this:

But that he wolde his loue acquite
To hir ayenewarde, and not write.
But come hym selfe in all haste,
That he none other paper waste:
So that he kepe, and holde his trouth,
Without lette of any slouthe.
Unto hir lorde and loue liege
To Troie, where the great siege
Was leide, this letter was conueide.
And he, whiche wisedome hath purueid,
Of all that to reason belongeth,
With gentill herte it vnderfongeth.
And whan he hath it oure rad,
In parte, he was right inly glad,
And eke in parte he was diseased:
But loue his hert hath so through seased
With pure imaginacion,
That for none occupacion,
Whiche he gan take on other side,
He maie not flitte his herte aside,
For that his wife hym had enformed,
Wherof he hath hym selfe conformed,
With all the will of his courage,
To shape and take the viage
Homewarde, what tyme that he maie,
So that hym thinketh of a daie
A thousande yere till he maie se
The visage of Penelope,
Whiche he desireth moste of all.
And whan the tyme is so befall,
That Troie was distroied, and brent,
He made no delayement,
But goth hym home in all hie,
Where that he fonde tofore his eie
His worthye wife in good estate.
And thus was seased the debate.
Of loue, and slouth was excused,
Whiche doth great harme, wher it is vsed,
And hindreth many a cause honest.

Nota adhuc de quodam Astrologo super eodem, qui quoddam opus ingeniosum, quasi ad complementum septennios perducens, vnius momenti tardatione omni sui operis diligentiam penitus frustrauit.

For of the great clerke Grostest
I rede, howe busy that he was
Upon the clergie an head of bras
To forge, and make it for to telle
Of suche thynges as befelle:
And seuen yeres besinesse
He laide, but for the lachesse
Of halfe a minute of an houre,
Fro first he began laboure,
He loste all that he had do.
And other while it fareth so
In loues cause, who is slowe,
That he without vnder the wowe
By night stant full ofte a colde
Whiche might, if that he had wolde
His tyme kepte, haue be within,

Nota adhuc contra tardationem de virginibus fatuis, quæ minimam moram facientes, intrante sponso ad nuptias, cum ipso non introierunt.

But slouth maie not profit wynne,
But he may singe in his Carole,
How late ware came to the dole,
Where he no good receyue might,
And that was proued well by night,
Whilom of the maidens fiue,
Whan thilke lorde came for to wiue.
For that her oyle was aweye
To light hym lampes in his wey,
Her slouth brought it so about,
Fro hym that thei be shette without.
Wherof my sonne be thou ware,
Als ferforth as I telle dare.
For slouthe muste ben awaited:
And if thou be not well affaited
In loue, to eschewe slouthe,
My sonne for to telle trouthe,
Thou might not of thy selfe ben able
To wynne loue, or make it stable:
All though thou mightest loue acheue.
My father that I maie well leue.
But me was neuer assigned place,
Where yet to gette any grace.
Ne me was no suche tyme appointed.
For than I wolde I were vnioynted
Of euery lymme that I haue,
And I ne shulde kepe and saue
Myn houre bothe, and eke my stede,
If my lady it had bede.
But she is otherwise auised,
Than graunt suche a tyme assised.
And nethelesse of my lachesse,
There beth by no defaulte I gesse
Of tyme loste, in that I might.
But yet hir lyketh not alight
Upon no lure, whiche I caste.
For ay the more I crie faste,
The lesse hir liketh for to here.
So for to speke of this matere,
I seche that I maie not finde:
I haste, and euer I am behynde,
And wote not, what it maie amount.
But father vpon myn accompte,
Whiche ye ben sette to examine
Of shrifte after the discipline:
Saye what your best counsaile is.
My sonne my counseile is this,
Howe so it stande of tyme ago,
Do forthe thy besines so,
That no lachesse in the be founde.
For slouthe is mighty to confounde
The spede of euery mans werke.
For many a vice, as saith the clerke,
There hongen vpon slouthes lappe,
Of suche as make a man mishappe,
To pleine and telle of Had I wist:
And thervpon if that the liste
To knowe of slouthes cause more,
In speciall yet ouermore
There is a vice full greuable
To hym, whiche is therof culpable:
And stant of all vertues bare,
Here after as I shall declare.

Qui nihil attemptat, nihil expedit, oreque muto,
Munus amicitie vir sibi raro capit.
Est modus in verbis, sed ei qui parcit amori
Verba referre sua non fauet vllus amor.

Hic loquitur Confessor de quadam specie Accidie, quæ pusillanimitas dicta est, cuius imaginatiua formido neque virtutes aggredi, neque vitia

fugere audet, sicque vtriusque vite tam actiue quam contemplatiue præmium non attingit.

TOUCHENDE of slouth in his degree
There is yet pusillanimitee,
Whiche is to saie in this langage,
He that hath littell of courage,
And dare no mans werke begynne:
So may he nought by reason wynne.
For who that nought dare vndertake,
By right he shall no profit take.
But of this vice the nature
Dare nothyng sette in auenture,
Hym lacketh bothe worde and dede,
Wherof he shulde his cause spede:
He woll no manhode vnderstonde:
For euer he hath drede vpon honde.
All his perill, that he shall saie,
Hym thynketh the wolfe is in the waie:
And of imaginacion
He maketh his excusacion,
And feigneth cause of pure drede,
And euer he faileth at nede,
Till all be spilte, that he with dealeth,
He hath the sore, whiche no man heleth,
The whiche is cleped Lacke of herte:
Though euery grace aboute hym sterte,
He woll not ones stere his fote,
So that by reason lese he mote,
That woll not aunter for to wynne.
And so forth sonne, if we begynne
To speke of loue and his seruice,
There ben truantes in suche a wise,
That lacken hert, whan best were
Thei speken of loue, and right for fere
Thei waxen dombe, and dare not telle,
Without sowne, as dothe the belle,
Whiche hath no clapper for to chyme:
And right so thei, as for the tyme
Ben herteles without speche,
Of loue and dare nothyng beseche:
And thus thei lese, and wynne nought.
For thy my sonne if thou arte ought
Culpable, as touchende of this slouthe,
Shriue the therof, and tell me trouth.
My fader I am all beknowe,
That I haue ben one of the slowe,
As for to telle in loues cas
Myn herte is yet, and euer was,
Although the worlde shulde all to breke
So fearfull, that I dare not speke,
Of what purpose that I haue nome,
Whan I towarde my ladie come:
But lette it pas and ouer go.
My sonne do no more so.
For after that a man pursueth
To loue, so fortune seweth
Full ofte, and yeueth hir happie chance
To hym, whiche maketh continuance
To preie loue, and to beseche,
As by ensample I shall the teche.

Hic in amoris causa loquitur contra pusillanimes, Et dicit que amans, pro timore verbis obtumescere non debet, sed concinando preces sui amoris expeditionem tutius prosequatur, Et ponit Confessor exemplum, qualiter Pigmalion pro eo quod preces continuauit, quandam imaginem eburneam, cuius pulchritudinis concupiscentia illaqueatus extitit, in carnem et sanginem ad latus suum tranformatam sentiit.

I FYNDE, how whilom there was one,
Whose name was Pigmalion,
Whiche was a lustie man of youthe:
The werkes of entaile he couthe
Aboue all other men as tho:
And through fortune it fell hym so,
As he, whom loue shall trauaile,
He made an image of entaile,
Liche to a woman in semblance,
Of feature, and of countenance,
So fayre yet neuer was figure,
Right as a liues creature
She semeth. For of yuor white
He hath it wrought of suche delite.
She was rodie on the cheke:
And redde vpon hir lippes eke:
Wherof that he him selfe begyleth.
For with a goodly loke she smileth:
So that through pure impression
Of his imaginacion,
With all the herte of his courage
His loue vpon this faire image
He set: and hir of loue praide.
But she no worde ayenewarde saide.
The longe daie what thynge he dede
This image in the same stede
Was euer by: that at meate
He wolde hir serue, and praide hir eate,
And put vnto hir mouth the cup.
And whan the borde was taken vp
He hath hir vnto his chambre nome:
And after whan the night was come,
He leide hir in bedde all naked.
He was forwepte, he was forwaked,
He kiste hir colde lippes ofte,
And wissheth, that thei were softe.
And ofte he rowneth in hir eare,
And ofte his arme now here now there
He laide, as he hir wolde enbrace:
And euer amonge he asketh grace,
As though she wist what it ment.
And thus hym selfe he gan tourment
With suche disease of loues peyne,
That no man might hym more peine.
But howe it were of his penance
He made suche countenance
Fro daie to night, and praide so longe,
That his praier is vnderfonge,
Whiche Venus of hir grace herde
By night, and whan that he werst ferde,
And it laie naked in his arme,
The colde image he felte warme
Of flesshe and bone, and full of life.
Lo thus he wanne a lustie wife,
Whiche obeisant was at his will.
And if he wolde haue holde him still,
And nothyng spoke, he shuld haue failed.
But for he hath his worde trauailed,
And durst speke, his loue he spedde,
And had all that he wolde abedde.
For er thei went than a two
A knaue childe betwene hem two
Thei gate, whiche was after hote
Paphus, of whom yet hath the note
A certaine ile, whiche Paphos
Men clepe, and of his name it rose.
By this ensample thou might fynde,
That worde maie worche aboue kynde.
For thy my sonne if that thou spare
To speake, loste is all thy fare.

For slouth bringeth in all wo
And ouer this to loke also.
The god of loue is fauourable
To hem, that ben of loue stable:
And many a wondre hath befall.
Wherof to speake amonges all,
If that ye liste to taken hede,
Therof a solemne tale I rede,
Whiche I shall tell in remembrance,
Upon the sorte of loues chance.

Hic ponit exemplum super eodem, qualiter rex Ligdus vxori sue Thelacuse pregnanti minabatur, quod si filiam pararet, infans occideretur. que tamen postea cum filiam ediderat, Isis dea partus tunc presens filiam nomine Iphi appellari ipsamque more masculi educare admonuit, quam pater filium credens, ipsam in maritagium filie cuiusdam principis etate solida copulauit, Sed cum Iphis debitum sui coniugii, vnde soluere non habuit, deos in sui adiutorium interpellabat, qui super hoc miserti femineum genus in masculinum ob effectum nature in Iphe per omnia transmutarunt.

THE kynge Ligdus vpon a strife
Spake vnto Thelacuse his wife,
Whiche than was with childe great:
He swore, it shulde nought be lette,
That if she haue a doughter bore,
That it ne shulde be forlore,
And slayne: wherof she sory was.
So it befell vpon this cas,
Whan she deliuered shulde bee,
Isis by nighte in priuitee
(Whiche of childyng is the goddesse)
Came for to helpe in that distresse,
Till that this ladie was all small,
And had a doughter forth with all,
Whiche the goddesse in all weie
Bad kepe, and that thei shulde seie,
It were a sonne: And Thus Iphis
Thei named him: and vpon this
The father was made for to wene,
And thus in chambre with the quene
This Iphis was forthe drawe tho
And clothed, and arraied so
Right as a kynges sonne sholde,
Tyll after, as fortune it wolde,
Whan it was of tenne yere age,
Hym was betake in mariage
A dukes doughter for to wedde,
Whiche launte hight, and ofte a bedde
These children laie, she and he,
Whiche of one age both be:
So that within tyme of yeres,
To gether as thei ben play feres,
Liggende abedde vpon a night
Nature, whiche doth euery wight
Upon hir lawe for to muse,
Constreigneth hem, so that thei vse
Thyng, whiche to hem was all vnknow,
Wherof Cupide thilke throwe
Toke pitee for the great loue,
And let do sette kynde aboue:
So that hir lawe maie ben vsed,
And thei vpon her luste excused.
For loue hateth nothynge more
Than thyng, whiche stant ayenst the lore
Of that nature in kynde hath set,
For thy Cupide hath so besette
Hér grace vpon this auenture,
That he accordant to nature.
Whan that he sigh his time best,
That eche of hem hath other kest,
Transformeth Iphe into a man,
Wherof the kynde loue he wan
Of lusty yougth, Iante his wife,
And tho thei ledde a mery lyfe,
Whiche was to kynde none offence.
And thus to take an euidence,
It semeth loue is welwillende
To hem that be continuende
With besie herte to pursue
Thynge, whiche that is to loue due:
Wherof my sonne in this matere
Thou might ensample taken here,
That with thy great besinesse
Thou might atteine the richesse,
Of loue, that there be no slouth.
I dare well saie by my trouth,
Als ferre as my witte can seche,
My father, as for lacke of speche,
But so as I me shrofe tofore,
There is none other time lore:
Wherof there might be obstacle
To lette loue of his miracle,
Whiche I beseche daie and night.
But father so as it is right,
In forme of shrifte to be knowe,
What thyng belongeth to the slowe,
Your fatherhode I woll preye,
If there be forther any weye
Touchende vnto this ilke vice.
My sonne ye, of this office
There serueth one in speciall,
Whiche lost hath his memoriall:
So that he can no wit witholde
In thyng, whiche he to kepe his holde:
Wherof full ofte hym selfe he greueth,
And who that moste vpon hym leueth,
Whan that his wittes ben so weiued,
He maie full lightly be deceiued.

Mentibus oblitus alienis labitur ille,
Quem probat accidia non meminisse sui.
Sic amor ineautus, qui non memoratus ad horas,
Perdit, et offendit, quod cuperare nequit.

Hic tractat Confessor de vitio obliuionis, quam mater eius Accidia ad omnes virtutum memorias, necnon et in amoris causa immemorem se constituit.

To serue Accidie in his office
There is of slouth an other vice,
Whiche is cleped Foryettilnes,
That nought maie in his herte impresse
Of vertue, whiche reason hath set,
So clene his wittes he foryete.
For in tellyng of his tale
No more his herte than his male
Hath remembrance of thilke fourme,
Wherof he shulde his witte enfourme
As than, and yet ne wote why.
Thus is his purpose nought for thy
Forlore, of that he wolde abidde
And scarsely if he seeth the thridde
To loue of that he had ment.
Thus many a louer hath be shent:
Telle on further, hast thou ben one
Of hem, that hath slouth begonne?

Ye father ofte it hath ben so,
That whan I am my ladie fro,
And thynke vntowarde hir drawe,
Than cast I many a newe lawe,
And all the worlde tourne vp so downe:
And so recorde I my lesson,
And write in my memoriall,
What I to hir telle shall
Right all the matter of my tale:
But all nis worthe a nutte shale.
For whan I come there she is,
I haue it all foryete iwis,
Of that I thought for to telle,
I can not than vnnethes spelle,
That I wende alther best haue redde,
So sore of hir I am adrede.
For as a man that sodeinly
A goost beholdeth, so fare I:
So that for feare I can nought gette
My wit: but I my selfe foryete,
That I wote neuer, what I am,
Ne whither I shall, ne when I cam:
But muse, as he that were amased,
Liche to the boke, in whiche is rased
The letter, and maie nothyng be radde:
So ben my wittes ouerladde,
That what as euer I thought haue spoken
It is out of myn herte stoken
And stonde, as who saith, dombe and defe,
That all nis worth an Juye lefe,
Of that I wende well haue saide:
And at laste I make abrayde,
Last vp myn heed, and loke aboute,
Right as a man, that were in doute,
And wote not, where he shall become.
Thus am I ofte all ouercome,
There as I wende best to stonde.
But after whan I vnderstonde,
And am in other place alone,
I make many a wofull mone
Unto my selfe, and speke so.
A foole, where was thyne herte tho,
Whan thou thy worthie ladie sie?
Were thou afered of hir eie?
For of hir honde there is no dreade,
So well I knowe hir woman heade,
That in hir is no more oultrage
Than in a childe of thre yere age.
Why hast thou drede of so good one?
Whom all vertue hath begone,
That in hir is no violence,
But goodlihede, and innocence,
Without spotte of any blame.
A nyce herte, fie for shame.
A cowarde herte of loue vnlered,
Wherof arte thou so sore afered?
That thou thy tonge suffrest frese,
And wolte thy good wordes lese,
Whan thou hast fonde tyme and space,
Howe sholdest thou deserue grace?
When thou thy selfe darst aske none,
But all thou hast foryete anone.
And thus dispute in loues lore,
But helpe ne finde I nought the more,
But stomble vpon myn owne treine,
And make an ekynge of my peine.
For euer whan I thinke amonge,
Howe all is on my selfe alonge,
I saie, O foole of all fooles,
Thou farest as he betwene two stoles
That wolde sitte, and goth to grounde:
It was, ne neuer shall be founde
Betwene Foryettilnes and Drede,
That man shulde any cause spede.
And thus myn holy father dere,
Towarde my selfe, as ye may here,
I pleine of my foryettilnes:
But elles all the businesse,
That maie be take of mans thought,
My hert taketh, and is through sought
To thinken euer vpon that swete
Withouten slouthe I you by hete.
For what so falle or wele or wo,
That thought foryete I neuermo,
Where so I laugh, or so I loure,
Not halfe a minute of an houre
Ne might I lette out of my mynde,
But if I thought vpon that hende,
Therof me shall no slouth lette,
Till death out of this worlde me fette,
All though I had on suche a ryng,
As Moyses, through his enchantyng
Sometyme in Ethiope made,
Whan that he Tharbis wedded had.
Whiche rynge bare of oblivion
The name, and that was by reason,
That where on a finger it sate,
Anone his loue he so foryate,
As though he had it neuer knowe.
And so it felle that ilke throwe
Whan Tharbis had it on hir honde,
No knowlageyng of hym she fonde,
But all was cleane out of memorie,
As men maie rede in his storie.
And thus he went quite awaie,
That neuer after thilke daie
She thought, that there was suche one,
All was foryete, and ouergone.
But in good feith so maie not I.
For she is euer faste by
So nigh, that she myn herte toucheth,
That for no thing that slouth vouchesth,
I maie foryete hir lefe ne loth.
For ouer all where as she goth,
Myn herte foloweth hir aboute.
Thus maie I saie withouten doute,
For bet, for wers, for ought, for nought
She passeth neuer fro my thought.
But whan I am there, as she is,
Myn hert, as I you saide er this,
Somtyme of hir is sore adradde,
And sometyme is ouergladde,
All out of reule, and out of space.
For whan I se hir goodly face,
And thinke vpon hir high prise,
As though I were in Paradise
I am so rauisshed of the sight,
That speke vnto hir I ne might,
As for the tyme, though I wolde.
For I ne maie my witte vnfolde
To finde o worde of that I meane,
But it is all foryete cleane.
And though I stonde there a mile,
All is foryete for the while.
A tonge I haue, and wordes none:
And thus I stonde, and thinke alone
Of thyng, that helpeth ofte nought:
But what I had afore thought
To speake, whan I come there
It is foryete, as nought ne were,

And stonde amased, and assoted,
That of no thyng, whiche I haue noted,
I can not than a note singe,
But all is out of knowlageyng.
Thus what for ioy, and what for drede,
All is foryeten at nede:
So that my father of this slouth
I haue you saide the plaine trouth:
Ye maie it, as ye liste, redresse.
For thus stant my foryettilnesse,
And eke my pusillanimitee:
Say nowe forth, what ye liste, to mee.
For I woll onely do by you.
My son I haue well herd, how thou
Hast sayd, and that thou must amende.
For loue his grace woll not sende
To that man, whiche dare aske none.
For this we knowen euerichone,
A mans thought without speche
God wote: and yet that men beseche,
His will is: for without bedis
He dothe his grace in fewe stedis.
And what man that foryete hym selue,
Amonge a thousande be not twelue,
That woll hym take in remembrance,
But let hym fall and take his chance.
For thy pull vp a besie herte
My sonne, and let nothynge asterte
Of loue fro thy besinesse.
For touchynge of foryettilnesse,
Whiche many a loue hath set behynde,
A tale of great ensample I fynde:
Wherof it is pitee to witte
In the maner as it is writte.

Hic in amoris causa contra obliuiosos ponit Confessor exemplum, qualiter Demophon versus bellum Troianum itinerando a Phillide Rodopea regina non tantum in hospicium, sed etiam in amorem gaudio magno susceptus est, qui postea ab ipsa Troie descendens rediturum infra certum tempus fidelissime se compromisit: sed quia huiusmodi promissionis diem statutum post modum oblitus est, Phillis obliuionem Demophontis lachrymis primo deplangens, tandem cordula collo suo circumligata se mortuam suspendit.

Kynge Demophon whan he by ship
To Troie warde with felaushipp,
Seylend goth vpon his weie,
It happneth hym at Rodopeie,
As Æolus hym had blowe
To londe, and rested for a throwe,
And fell that ylke tyme thus,
That the doughter of Lycurgus,
Whiche quene was of the countree,
Was soiourned in that Citee,
Within a castell nigh the stronde,
Where Demophon cam vp to londe:
Phillis she hight, and of yonge age,
And of stature, and of visage
She had all that hir best besemeth.
Of Demophon right well hir quemeth,
Whan he was come, and made hym chere,
And he that was of his manere
A lustie knight, ne might asterte
That he ne set on hir his herte:
So that within a daie or two
He thought, howe euer that it go,
He wolde assaie the fortune,
And gan to comune
With goodly wordes in hir ere.
And for to put hir out of fere,
He swore, and hath his trouth plight
To be for euer hir owne knight.
And thus with hir he still abode
There, while his ship on anker rode,
And had enough of tyme and space
To speke of loue, and seke grace.
This ladie herde all that he saide,
Howe he swore, and howe he praide,
Whiche was an enchantment
To hir, that was as an innocent
As though it were trouthe and feith
She leueth all, that euer he seith:
And as hir fortune shulde,
She graunteth hym, all that he wolde.
Thus was he for the time in ioye
Till that he shulde go to Troye:
But tho she made mochell sorowe,
And he his trouth leyd to borowe
To come, and if that he liue maie
Ageine, within a moneth daie,
And therupon thei kisten bothe.
But were hym leef or were hym loth,
To ship he goth, and forth he went
To Troye, as was his first entent.
The daies go, the moneth passeth,
Hir loue encreseth, and his lasseth.
For hym she loste slepe and mete,
And he his tyme hath all foryete,
So that this wofull yonge quene,
Whiche wote not what it might mene,
A letter sent, and prayd hym come,
And saith, howe she is ouercome
With strength of loue, in suche a wise,
That she not longe maie suffise
To lyuen out of his presence:
And put vpon his conscience
The trouthe, whiche he hath behote,
Wherof she loueth hym so hote.
She saith, that if he lenger lette
Of suche a daie as she hym sette,
She shulde steruen in his slouthe,
Whiche ware a shame vnto his trouthe.
This letter is forth vpon hir sonde,
Wherof somdele comfort on honde
She toke, as she that wolde abide:
And waiteth vpon that ylke tide,
Whiche she hath in hir letter write.
But nowe is pitee for to wite.
As he did erst, so he forgate
His tyme eftsoone, and ouer sate.
But she, whiche might not do so,
The tide awaiteth euermo,
And caste hir eie vpon the sea,
Somtyme naie, somtyme yea,
Somtyme he cam, somtyme nought.
Thus she disputeth in hir thought,
And wote not what she thynke maie,
But fastende all the longe daie
She was, in to the derke night,
And tho she hath do set vp light
In a lanterne on high alofte
Upon a toure, where she goth ofte
In hope, that in his comyng
He shulde see the light brennyng
Wherof he might his weies right
To come, where she was by night.

But all for nought, she was deceiued.
For Venus hath hir hope weiued,
And shewed hir vpon the skie,
How that the daie was fast by,
So that within a littell throwe
The daies light she might knowe.
Tho she beheld the sea at large,
And whan she sigh there was no barge,
Ne ship, als fer as she maie kenne.
Downe fro the toure she gan to renne
In to an herber all hir owne,
Where many a wonder wofull mone
She made, that no life it wist
As she, whiche all hir ioie mist:
That now she swouneth, now she pleineth,
And all hir face she disteineth,
With teres, whiche as of a well
The stremes from hir eien fell:
So as she might, and euer in one
She cleped vpon Demophoon,
And saide: Allas thou slowe wight,
There was neuer suche a knight,
That so through his vngentilnesse,
Of slouthe, and of foryettilnesse
Ayenst his trouthe breketh his steuen.
And tho hir eie vp to the heuen
She cast, and sayde: O thou vnkynde,
Here shalt thou through thy slouth finde,
(If that the liste to come and see)
A lady dede for loue of thee,
So as I shall my selue spill
Whom, if it had be thy will,
Thou mightest saue well enough.
With that vpon a grene bough
A seynt of sylke, whiche she there had
She knit: and so hir selfe she lad,
That she about hir white swere
It dyd, and henge hir selfe there.
Wherof the goddes were amoued,
And Demophon was reproued,
That of the goddes prouidence
Was shape suche an euidence
Euer afterwarde ayene the slowe,
That Phillis in the same throwe
Was shape into a nutte tree,
That all men it might see:
And after Phillis Philberd
This tree was cleped in the yerd.
And yet for Demophon to shame,
In to this daie it beareth the name.
This wofull chance howe that it ferde
Anone as Demophon it herde,
And euery man it had in speche,
His sorowe was not tho to seche:
He gan his slouthe for to banne,
But it was all to late thanne.
Lo thus my sonne might thou wite
Ayene this vice how it is write.
For no man maie the harme gesse,
That fallen through foryettilnesse,
Wherof that I thy shrifte haue herde,
But yet of slouthe howe it hath ferde
In other wise I thinke oppose,
If thou haue gylt, as I suppose.

Dum plantare licet, cultor qui negligit ortum,
Si desint fructus, imputat ipse sibi.
Præterit ista dies bona, nec valebit illa secunda
Hoc caret exemplo lentus amore suo.

Hic tractat Confessor de vitiis negligentie, cuius condicio Accidiam amplectens omnes artes scientia tam in amoris causa quam aliter ignominiosa pretermittens, cum nullum poterit eminere remedium sui ministerii diligentiam ex post facto in vacuum attemptare presumit.

FULFILLED of slouthes exemplair,
There is yet one his secretair,
And he is cleped Negligence:
Whiche woll not loke his euidence,
Wherof he maie beware tofore:
But whan he hath his cause lore,
Than is he wise after the houde,
Whan helpe maie no maner bonde,
Than at first wold he bynde.
Thus euermore he stant behynde,
Whan he the thyng maie not amende,
Than is he ware, and saith at ende:
A wolde god I had knowe,
Wherof beiaped with a mowe
He goth, for whan the great stede
Is stole, than he taketh hede,
And maketh the stable dore fast.
Thus euer he pleith an after cast
Of all that he shall saie or do.
He hath a maner eke also,
Hym list not lerne to be wise.
For he sette of no vertu prise:
But as hym liketh for the while,
So feleth he ful ofte gile,
Whan that he weneth seker to stonde.
And thus thou might wel vnderstonde
My sonne, if thou art suche in loue,
Thou might not come at thyn aboue
Of that thou woldest wel acheue.
Myn holy fader as I leue,
I maie wel with sauf conscience
Excuse me of negligence
Towardes loue in all wise,
For though I be none of the wise,
I am so truly amorous,
That I am euer curious
Of hem, that can best enforme
To knowen and witten all the forme,
What falleth vnto loues orafte.
But yet ne fond I nought the haft,
Whiche might vnto the blade accorde.
For neuer herd I man recorde,
What thyng it is, that might auaile
To winne loue, without faile,
Yet so fer couthe I neuer finde
Man, that by reason ne by kynde
Me couthe teche suche an arte,
That he ne failed of a parte.
And as toward myn owne witte
Contriue I couthe neuer yit
To finde any sikernesse,
That me might other more or lesse
Of loue make for to spede.
For leueth wel withouten drede,
That if there were suche a weie,
As certainly as I shall deye,
I had it lerned longe a go.
But I wote wel there is none so,
And netheles it maie wel bee,
I am so rude in my degree,
And eke my wittes ben so dull,
That I ne maie nought to the full

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Attaine vnto so highe a lore.
But this I dare sey ouermore,
All though my wit ne be not stronge,
It is not on my wil alonge.
For that is besy night and daie
To lerne all that he lerne maie,
How that I might loue wynne.
But yet I am as to begynne,
Of that I wolde make an ende.
And for I not, howe it shall wende,
That is to me my moste sorowe.
But I dare take god to borowe
As after myn entendement,
None other wise negligent
Than I you saie, haue I not bee.
For thy pur seint charitee,
Telle me my fader, what you semeth.
In good feith sonne wel me quemeth,
That thou thy selfe hast thus acquite
Toward this, in whiche no wight
Abide maie, for in an houre
He lest all that he maie laboure
The longe yere: so that men seyne,
What euer he doth, it is in veyne.
For through the slouth of negligence
There was yet neuer suche science,
Ne vertue, whiche was bodely,
That nis destroyed, and lost therby.
Ensample, that it hath be so,
In boke I finde writte also.

Hic contra vitium negligentie ponit Confessor exemplum. Et narrat, quod cum Phaeton filius Solis currum patris sui per aera regere debuerat, admonitus a patre, vt equos ne deuiarent equa manu diligentius refrenaret, ipse consilium patris sua negligentia preteriens, equos cum curru nimis basse errare permisit, vnde non solum incendio orbem inflammauit, sed et ipsum de curru cadentem in quoddam fluuium demergi ad interitum causauit.

PHEBUS, whiche is the son hote,
That shineth vpon erthe hote
And causeth euery liues helth:
He had a sonne in alt his welth,
Whiche Phaeton hight: and he desireth,
And with his moder he conspireth,
The whiche was cleped Clemene
For helpe and counsail, so that he
His faders cart lede might
Upon the faire daies light:
And for this thyng thei both praide
Unto the fader: And he saide,
He wolde wel, but forth with all
Thre pointes he bad in speciall
Unto his sonne in all wise,
That he hym shulde wel auise,
And take it as by weye of lore.
The first was, that he his hors to sore
Ne pryke: And ouer that he tolde,
That he the reynes fast hold.
And also that he be right ware,
In what maner he ledeth his chare,
That he mistake not his gate,
But vpon auisement algate
He shuld beare a siker eie,
That he to lowe, ne to hie
His cart driue, at any throwe,
Wherof that he might ouerthrowe.

And thus by Phebus ordinance
Toke Phaeton in to gouernance
The Sonnes cart, whiche he lad:
But he suche vain glory had
Of that he was set vpon high,
That he his owne estate ne sigh,
Through negligence, and toke none hede,
So might he wel not longe spede.
For he the hors withouten lawe
The cart let aboute drawe,
Where as hym liketh, wantonly,
That at the last sodenly,
For he no reason wolde knowe,
This firie cart he droue to lowe,
And fireth all the worlde aboute,
Wherof thei weren all in doute:
And to the god for helpe criden
Of suche vnhappes, as betiden.
Phebus whiche sawe the negligence,
How Phaeton ayene his defence,
His chare hath driue out of the weye,
Ordeineth, that he fel aweye
Out of the cart in to the flood,
And dreint: lo nowe howe it stood
With hym, that was so negligent,
That fro the highe firmament,
For that he wolde go to lowe,
He was anone downe ouerthrowe.
In highe estate it is a vice
To go to lowe, and in seruice
It greueth, for to go to hie,
Wherof a tale in Poesie.

Exemplum super eodem de Icharo filio Dedali in carcere Minotauri existente, cui Dedalus, vt inde euolaret alas componens firmiter iniunxit, ne nimis alte propter solis ardorem ascenderet, quod Icharus sua negligentia post ponens cum altius sublimatus fuisset, subito ad terram corruens expirauit.

I FINDE, how whilom Dedalus,
Whiche had a sonne, and Icharus
He hight, and though hym thought loth,
In suche prison thei were both
With Minotaurus, that aboute
Thei mighten no where wenden oute.
So thei begonnen for to shape,
Howe thei the prison might escape.
This Dedalus, whiche fro his youthe
Was taught, and many craftes couthe,
Of fethers, and of other thynges
Hath made to flee diuers wynges
For hym, and for his sonne also:
To whom he yafe in charge tho,
And bad hym thinke therupon,
Howe that his winges ben set on
With war: and if he toke his flight
To highe, all sodenliche he might
Make it to melte with the sonne.
And thus thei haue her flight begonne
Out of the prison faire and softe.
And whan thei weren both alofte,
This Icharus began to mounte,
And of the counseill none accompte
He set, whiche his fader taught,
Till that the sonne his wynges caught:
Wherof it melt, and from the hight
Withoutten helpe of any flight,

He fell to his destruction,
And liche to that condicion
There fallen oftimes fele,
For lacke of gouernance in wele,
Als well loue as other weie.
Now good fader I you preie,
If there be more in this matere
Of slouth, that I might here.
My sonne as for thy diligence,
Whiche euery mans conscience
By reason shulde reule and kepe,
If that the liste to take kepe,
I woll the tellen abouen all,
In whome no vertu maie befall,
Whiche yeueth vnto the vices rest,
And is of slouth the slowest.

Absque labore vagus vir inutilis otia plectens,
Nescio quid presens vita valebit ei.
Non amor in tali misero viget, imo valoris,
Qui faciunt opera clamat habere suos.

Hic loquitur Confessor super illa specie accidie, que Ocium dicitur, cuius condicio in virtutum cultura nullius occupacionis diligenciam admittens, cuiuscumque expedicionem cause non attigit.

Among these other of sloutes kinde,
Whiche all labour set behinde,
And hateth all besines,
There is yet one, whiche Idelnes
Is cleped: and is the norice
In mans kynde of euery vice,
Whiche secheth eases many folde.
In wynter doth he nought for colde,
In somer maie he nought for hete,
So whether that he frese or swete,
Or be he in, or be he out
He woll ben ydell all about:
But if he pley ought at dies,
For who as euer take fees,
And thynketh worship to deserue,
There is no lorde whome he woll serue,
As for to dwell in his seruice,
But if it were in suche a wise,
Of that he seeth perauenture,
That by lordship and by couerture,
He maie the more stonde stille,
And vse his Idelnesse at wille
For he ne woll no trauaile take
To ride for his ladies sake,
But lyueth all vpon his wisshes,
And as a catte wolde ete fisshes
Without wetynge of his clees:
So wolde he do, but netheles
He faileth ofte of that he wolde.
My sonne if thou of suche a molde
Art made, now tell me pleine thy shrift.
Nay fader god I yeue a yift,
That toward loue, as by witte,
All ydell was I neuer yitte,
Ne neuer shall, while I maie go.
Now sonne tell me than so,
What hast thou done of besisship
To loue, and to the ladiship
Of hir, whiche thy ladie is?
My fader euer yet er this,
In euery place, in euery stede,
What so my lady hath me bede,
With all myn herte obedient
I haue ther to be diligent.
And if so is, that she bid nought,
What thyng that than in to my thought
Cometh fyrst, if that I maie suffise,
I bowe, and profer my seruice.
Somtime in chamber, somtyme in hall,
Right so as I see the tymes fall:
And whan she goth to here masse,
That tyme shall nought ouerpasse,
That I ne approche hir ladilnede,
In aunter if I maie hir lede
Unto the chapell, and againe,
Than is not all my wey in vayne,
Somdele I maie the better fare
Whan I, that maie not fele hir bare,
May lede hir clothed in myn arme.
But after warde it doth me harme,
Of pure imaginacion.
For than this collacion
I make vnto my seluen ofte,
And say: O lorde howe she is softe,
How she is rounde, how she is small,
Now wold god, I had hir all
Without daunger at my wille,
And than I sike and sit stille,
Of that I see my besy thought
Is torned Idell in to nought.
But for all that let I ne maie
Whan I see tyme a nother daie,
That I ne do my besines
Unto my ladies worthines,
For I therto my witte affaite
To se the tymes and awaite,
What is to done, and what to leue,
And so whan time is, by hir leue,
What thynge she byt me don, I do,
And where she byt me gon, I go,
And whan hir list to clepe, I come:
Thus hath she fulliche ouercome
Myn idelnesse till I sterue,
So that I mot hir nedes serue.
For as men seyn, nede hath lawe.
Thus mot I nedely to hir drawe:
I serue, I bowe, I loke, I lowte,
Myn eie foloweth hir aboute,
What so she woll so woll I,
Whan she woll sit, I knele by:
And whan she stont, than woll I stonde:
And whan she taketh hir werke on honde
Of wouyng, or of embroudrie,
Than can I not but muse and prie
Upon hir fingers longe and smale:
And nowe I thinke, and nowe I tale,
And nowe I synge, and nowe I sike,
And thus my contenance I pike.
And if it fall, as for a tyme,
Hir liketh nought abide byme,
But busien hir on other thynges.
Than make I other tarienges
To driue forth the longe daie,
For me is loth departe awaie,
And than I am so symple of porte,
That for to feigne some disporte
I play with hir littell hounde,
Nowe on the bed, nowe on the grounde,
Nowe with the birdes in the cage.
For there is none so litell page,
Ne yet so symple a chamberere,
That I ne make hem all chere:

And all for thei shulde speke wele.
Thus mow ye see my besy whele,
That goth not ydeliche aboute.
And if hir list to riden oute
On pilgremage, or other stede,
I come, though I be not bede,
And take hir in myn arme alofte,
And set hir in hir sadle softe,
And so forth lede hir by the bridell,
For that I wolde not ben ydell.
And if hir list to ride in chare,
And that I maie therof beware,
Anone I shape me to ride
Right euen by the chares side,
And as I maie, I speke amonge,
And other while I synge a songe,
Whiche Ouide in his bokes made,
And said: O what sorowes gladde,
O whiche wofull prosperitee
Belongeth to the propirtee
Of loue? who so woll hym serue,
And there fro maie no man swerue,
That he ne mote his lawe obeie.
And thus I ride forth my weie,
And am right besie ouer all
With herte, and with my bodie all,
As I haue saide you here tofore,
My good fader tell therfore,
Of ydelnes if I haue gilte.
My sonne but thou tell wilte
Ought elles, than I maie nowe here,
Thou shalt haue no penance here
And netheles a man maie see,
Howe nowe a daies that there bee
Ful many of suche hertes slowe,
That woll not besien hem to knowe,
What thynge loue is: till at laste,
That he with strengthe hem ouercaste,
That maulgre hem thei mote obey,
And done all ydelship awey
To serue well and besiliche.
But sonne thou arte none of siche.
For loue shall the well excuse,
But otherwise if thou refuse
To loue, thou might so par caas
Ben ydell, as sometyme was
A kynges doughter vnauised,
Till that Cupide hir hath chastised;
Wherof thou shalt a tale here
Accordant vnto this matere.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos, qui amoris occupacionem omittentes, grauioris infortunii casus expectant, Et narrat de quadam Armenie regis filia, que huiusmodi condicionis in principio iuuentutis ociosa persistens, mirabili postea visione castigata, in amoris obsequium pre ceteris efficitur.

Of Armenie I rede thus
There was a kynge, whiche Herupus
Was hote: and he a lustie mayde
To doughter had, and as men saide,
Hir name was Rosiphele,
Whiche tho was of great renome.
For she was bothe wise and feyre
And shulde be hir fathers heyre.
But she had one defaut of slouth
Towardes loue, and that was routh,
For so well couthe no man seie,
Whiche might set hir in the weie
Of loues occupacion
Through none imaginacion:
That schole wolde she not knowe,
And thus she was one of the slowe,
As of suche hertes besinesse,
Till whan Venus the goddesse,
Whiche loues courte hath for to rule,
Hath brought hir into better rule,
Forth with Cupide, and with his might.
For thei meruaile of suche a wight,
Whiche tho was in hir lustie age,
Desyreth nouther mariage,
Ne yet the loue of peramours,
Whiche euer hath ben the common cours
Amonge hem, that lustie were:
So was it after shewed there.
For he that hie hertes loweth
With fyrie darte, whiche he throweth,
Cupido, whiche of loue is god,
In chastisynge hath made a rod
To driue awaie hir wantonnesse.
So that within a while I gesse
She had on suche a chance spourned,
That all hir mode was ouertorned,
Whiche firste she had of slowe manere.
For this it fell, as thou shalt here.
Whan come was the moneth of maie,
She wolde walke vpon a daie,
And that was er the sonne arist,
Of women but a fewe it wist,
And forth she went priuely
Unto the parke was faste by
All softe walkende on the gras,
Tyll she came there the launde was,
Through whiche there ran a great riuere,
It thought her fayre: and saide here
I woll abide vnder the shawe,
And bad hir women to withdrawe,
And there she stode alone stille,
To thinke what was in hir wille.
She sighe the swete floures sprynge,
She herde glad foules synge,
She sigh beastes in her kynde,
The bucke, the doo, the hert, the hynde,
The males go with the femele,
And so began there a quarele
Betwene loue and hir owne herte,
Fro whiche she couthe not asterte.
And as she caste hir eie aboute
She sigh elad in one sute a route
Of ladies, where thei comen ride
A longe vnder the woodde side,
On fayre ambulende hors thei set,
That were all white, fayre and great,
And euerichone ride on side.
The sadels were of suche a pride,
With pertes and golde so well begone,
So riche sigh she neuer none:
In kirtels and in copes riche
Thei were clothed all aliche,
Departed euen of white and blewe,
With all lustes, that she knewe
Thei were embroudred ouer all,
Her bodies weren longe and small,
The beautee of her fayre face
There maie none erthly thynge deface.
Corownes on their heades thei bere,
As eche of hem a quene were,

That all the golde of Cresus hall,
The leaste coronall of all,
Might not haue boughte, after the worth.
Thus comen thei ridend forth.
The kynges doughter, whiche this sigh,
For pure abasshe drewe hir adrigh,
And helde her close vnder the bough,
And let hem still ride enough.
For as hir thought in hir auise
To hem that were of suche a prise,
She was not worthie to aske there,
Fro when they come, or what thei were,
But leuer than this worldes good,
She wolde haue wist how it stoode,
And put hir head a litell out:
And as she loked hir aboute,
She sawe comende vnder the lynde
A woman vpon an hors behynde,
The hors, on whiche she rode was blacke,
All lene, and galled vpon the backe,
And halted, as he that were encloied,
Wherof the woman was annoied.
Thus was the hors in sorie plight,
And for all that a sterre white
Amiddes in hir front she had:
Hir saddell eke was wonder bad,
In whiche the wofull woman sat.
And netheles there was with that
A riche bridell for the nones
Of golde and precious stones:
Hir cote was somedele to tore,
About hir middell twentie score
Of hors halters, and well mo
There hangen that time tho.
Thus whan she came the ladie nighe,
Then toke she better hede, and sighe
The woman was right faire of face,
All though hir lacked other grace.
And so this ladie, there she stode
Bethought hir well, and vnderstode,
That this, whiche came ridende tho,
Tidynges couthe tell of tho,
Whiche as she sigh tofore ride,
And put hir forth, and praide abide,
And said? A sister lette me here,
What ben thei, that riden nowe here,
And ben so richely arraied?
This woman, whiche come so esmaied,
Answerde with full softe speche
And saide: Madame I shall you teche.
These are of tho, that whilom were
Seruauntes to loue, and trouth bere
There as thei had their hertes sette.
Fare well. For I maie not be lette,
Madame I go to my seruice,
So muste I haste in all wise.
For thy madame yeue me leue,
I may not longe with you leue.
A good sister yet I preie,
Tell me why ye be so beseye,
And with these halters thus begone?
Madame, whilom I was one,
That to my father had a kynge
But I was slowe, and for no thynge
Me liste not to loue obeie,
And that I nowe full sore abeie.
For I whilom no loue had
My hors is nowe feble and badde,
And all to tore is myn arraie,
And euery yere this fresshe maie,
These lustie ladies ride aboute,
And I must nedes sewe her route
In this maner, as ye nowe see,
And trusse her hallters forth with mee,
And am but her hors knaue,
None other office I ne haue,
Hem thynketh I am worthy no more.
For I was slowe in loues lore,
When I was able for to lere,
And wolde not the tales here
Of hem, that couthe loue teche.
Now tell me than I you beseche,
Wherfore that riche bridell serueth?
With that awaie hir chere she swerueth,
And gan to wepe, and thus she tolde.
This bridell, whiche ye nowe beholde
So riche vpon myn hors hede
Madame afore er I was dede
When I was in my lusty life
There fell in to myn herte a strife
Of loue, whiche me ouercome,
So that therof hede I nome,
And thought I wolde loue a knight,
That last well a fourtenight.
For it no lenger might laste,
So nigh my lyfe was at laste.
But nowe at laste to late ware,
That I ne had hym loued are.
For death cam so hast byme
Er I therto had any tyme,
That it ne might ben acheued.
But for all that I am releued
Of that my wille was good therto,
That loue suffreth it be so,
That I shall suche a bridell were.
Nowe haue ye herde all myn answere,
To god madame I you betake,
And warneth all for my sake
Of loue, that thei be nought idell,
And bid hem thinke vpon my bridell.
And with that worde all sodenly
She passeth, as it were a skie
All cleane out of the ladies sight.
And tho for feare hir herte aflight,
And saide to hir selfe: Alas
I am right in the same cas,
But if I liue after this daie,
I shall amende if I maie.
And thus homewarde this ladie went,
And changed all hir firste entent
Within hir herte, and gan to swere,
That she no halters wolde bere.
Lo sonne, here might thou take hede,
Howe idelnes is for to drede,
Nameliche of loue, as I haue writte.
For thou might vnderstonde and witte
Amonge the gentill nacion,
Loue is an occupacion,
Whiche for to kepe his lustes saue,
Shulde euery gentill herte haue.
For as the ladie was chastised:
Right so the knight maie be auised,
Whiche idell is, and will not serue
To loue, he maie percase deserue
A greatter peine than she had,
Whan she aboute with hir lad
The hors halters: and for thy
Good is to be ware therby.
But for to loken abouen all
These maidens, howe so it fall,

Thei shulde take ensample of this,
Whiche I haue tolde: for soth it is.
My lady Venus, whom I serue,
What woman woll hir thanke deserue,
She maie not thilke loue eschewe
Of peramours, but she mote sewe
Cupides lawe, and netheles
Men sene suche loue selde in pees,
That it nis euer vpon aspie
Of ianglynge, and of fals enuie,
Full ofte medled with disease,
But thilke loue is well at ease,
Whiche sette is vpon mariage.
For that dare shewen the visage
In all places openly.
A great meruaile it is for thy,
Howe that a maide woll lette
That she hir tyme ne besette,
To haste vnto thilke feste,
Wherof the loue is all honeste.
Men maie recouer losse of good,
But so wise a man yet neuer stoode,
Whiche maie recouer tyme ylore:
So maie a maiden well therfore
Ensample take, of that she strangeth
Hir loue, and longe er that she changeth
Hir herte vpon hir lustes grene
To mariage, as it is sene.
For thus a yere, two, or three
She lefte, er that she wedded bee,
While she the charge might beare
Of children, whiche the worlde forbeare
Ne may, but if it shulde faile.
But what maiden that in hir spousaile
Wolde tarie, whan she take maie,
She shall perchance an other daie
Be let, whan that hir leuest were:
Wherof a tale vnto thyn eare,
Whiche is culpable vpon this dede,
I thinke tellé of that I rede.

Hic ponit exemplum super eodem: Et narrat de filia Jepte, quæ cum ex sui patris voto in holocaustum deo occidiet offerri deberet, ipsa pro eo, quod virgo fuit, et prolem ad augmentationem populi dei nondum genuisset. xl. dierum spacium, vt cum suis sodalibus virginibus suam defleret virginitatem priusquam moreretur, in exemplum aliorum a patre postulauit.

AMONGE the iewes, as men tolde,
There was whilom by daies olde
A noble duke, whiche Jepte hight:
And felle, he shulde go to fight
Againe Amon the cruell kyng,
And for to speke vpon this thyng,
Within his herte he made a vowe
To god, and said, A lorde, if thou
Wolte graunt vnto thy man victorie,
I shall in token of thy memorie,
The firste life, that I maie see,
Of man or woman, wher it bee,
Anone as I come home ageyne,
To the, whiche arte god souereyne,
Sleen in thy name, and sacrifie.
And thus with his chiualrie
He goth hym forth, so as he sholde,
And wanne all that he wynne wolde,
And ouercame his fomen alle.
Maie nò man knowe that shall falle.
This duke a iustie doughter had,
And fame, whiche the worldes sprad,
Hath brought vnto this ladies eare,
Howe that hir father hath do there.
She wayteth vpon his comynge,
With daunsinge, and with carolynge,
As she that wolde be tofore
All other, and so she was therfore
In Masphat at hir fathers gate
The first: and whan he cometh ther at,
And sigh his doughter, he to braide
His clothes, and wepende he saide:
O mightie god amonge vs here
Nowe wote I, that in no manere
This worldes ioy maie be plaine.
I had all that I couth saine
Ayene my fomen by thy grace:
So whan I came towarde this place,
There was no gladder man than I:
But now my lorde all sodeinly
My ioye is tourned in to sorowe.
For I my doughter shall to morowe
To hewe and brenne in thy seruice,
To tonynge of thy sacrifice
Through myn auowe, so as it is.
The maiden whan she wist of this,
And sawe the sorowe hir father made,
So as she maie with wordes glade
Comforted hym, and bad hym holde
His couenant, as he was beholde,
Towardes god, as he behight.
But netheles hir herte aflight,
Of that she sawe hir deathe comende:
And than vnto the grounde knelende
Tofore hir father she is falle,
And saith, so as it is falle
Upon this point, that she shall deye,
Of one thyng first she wolde hym prey,
That forty daies of respite
He wolde hir graunt, vpon this plight,
That she the while maie bewepe
Hir maydenhode, whiche she to kepe
So longe hath kept, and not be set,
Wherof hir lusty youth is lette,
That she no children hath forth drawe
In mariage after the lawe:
So that the people is not encreased,
But that it might be released,
That she hir tyme hath lore so
She wolde by his leue go
With other maydens to complaine:
And afterwarde vnto the paine
Of death, she wolde come ageyne.
The father herde his doughter seyne,
And thervpon of one assent
The maydens were anone assent,
That shulden with his mayden wende.
So for to speake vnto this ende,
Thei gone the downes and the dales,
With wepynge, and with wofull tales,
And euery wight hir maydenhede
Complayneth vpon thilke nede,
That she no children had bore,
Wherof she hath hir youth lore,
Whiche neuer she recouer maie,
For so felle, that hir laste daie
Was come, in whiche she shulde take
Hir dethe, whiche she maie not forsake.
Lo thus she deyde a wofull maide,
For thilke cause, whiche I saide,

As thou hast vnderstonde aboue.
My father as towarde the loue
Of maydens for to telle trouthe,
Ye haue thilke vice of slouthe
Me thinketh right wonder wel declared,
That ye the women haue not spared
Of hem that tarien so behynde.
But yet it falleth in my mynde
Towarde the men, howe that ye speke
Of hem that woll no trauaile seke
In cause of loue vpon deserte,
To speke in wordes so couerte,
I not what trauaile that ye ment.
My sonne and after myn entent
I woll the telle, what I thought:
How whilom men her loues boughte
Through great trauaile in strange londes,
Where that thei wrought with her hondes
Of armes many a worthy dede,
In sondry places, as men maie rede.

Quem probat armorum probitas Venus approbat, et quem
Torpor habet reprobum, reprobat illa virum.
Vecors segnicies insignia neseit amoris,
Nam piger ad brauium tardius ipse venit.

Hic loquitur, quod in amoris causa militie probitas ad armorum laboris exercitium nullatenus torpescat.

That euery loue of pure kynde
Is fyrst forth drawe, well I fynde:
But netheles yet ouer this
Deserte dothe so, that it is
The rather had in many place.
For thy who secheth loues grace,
Where that these worthy women are,
He maie not than him selue spare
Upon his trauaile for to serue,
Wherof that he maie thanke deserue,
Where as these men of armes be,
Sometyme ouer the great sea,
So that by londe, and eke by ship
He more trauaile for worshyp,
And make many hastie rodes.
Somtime in Pruis sometyme in Rodes,
And some time in tó Tartarie:
So that these herauldes on hym crie,
Vailant vaylant, lo where he goth,
And than he yeueth hem golde and cloth:
So that his fame might sprynge,
And to his ladies eare brynge
Some tidynge of his worthinesse,
So that she might of his prowesse,
Of that she herde men recorde,
The better vnto his loue accorde,
And daunger put out of hir mood,
Whan all men recorden good:
And that she wote well for hir sake,
That he no trauaile woll forsake.
My sonne of this trauaile I mene,
Now shriue the: for it shall be sene,
If thou arte ydell in this cas.
My father ye, and euer was.
For as me thynketh truely,
That euery man doth more than I,
As of this point, and if so is,
That I haue ought done so er this,
It is so litteli of accompte,
As who saith, it maie not amount
To winne of loue his lustie yifte.
For this I tell you in shrifte,
That me were leuer hir loue winne,
Than Kaire, and all that is therinne.
And for to slea the heathen all
I not what good there might fall
So muche blood though there were shad:
This fynde I write, howe Christe bad,
That no man other shulde slea.
What shulde I wynne ouer the sea.
If I my ladie loste at home?
But passe thei the salte fome,
To whom Christe bad thei shulden preche
To all the worlde, and his feith teache.
But now thei rucken in her nest,
And resten, as hem liketh beste
In all the swetnes of delices.
Thus thei defenden vs the vices,
And sitten hem selfe all amidde,
To slea and fight, thei vs bidde.
Hem whom thei shuld, as the boke saithe,
Conuerten vnto Christes-faithe.
But herof haue I great meruaile,
How that thei shuld me bid trauaile.
A sarazyn if I slea shall,
I slea the soule forth withall:
And that was neuer Christes lore:
But now hoo therof I saie no more.
But I woll speke vpon my shrift,
And to Cupide I make a yifte,
That who as euer price deserue
Of arme, I woll loues serue,
As though I shulde hem bothe kepe,
Als well yet wolde I take kepe,
When it were time to abide,
And for to trauaile, and for to ride.
For how as euer a man laboure
Cupide appointed hath his houre.

Hic allegat Amans in sui excusationem, qualiter Achilles apud Troiam propter amorem Polixene arma sua per aliquod tempus dimisit.

For I haue herde tell also,
Achilles lefte his armes so,
Both of hym selfe, and of his men,
At Troie for Polixen,
Upon hir loue when he fell:
That for no chance that befell
Amonge the grekes, or vp or downe,
He wolde nought ayene the towne
Ben armed, for the loue of hir:
And so me thinketh leue syr,
A man of armes maie him reste
Sometyme in hope for the beste,
If he maie fynde a werre nerre,
What shulde I than go so ferre?
In strange londes many a mile
To ride, and lese at home there while
My loue, it were a shorte beyete
To winne chaffe, and lese whete.
But if my ladie bide wolde,
That I for hir loue sholde
Trauaile, me thynketh truely,
I might flee through out the skie,
And go through out the depe sea,
For all ne sette I not a strea,

What thonke that I myght els gete.
What helpeth a man haue mete,
Where drinke lackethe on the borde:
What helpeth any mans worde:
To saie howe I trauaile faste,
Where as me faileth at laste
That thynge, whiche I trauaile fore.
O in good tyme were he bore,
That might atteine suche a mede.
But certes if I might spede
With any maner besinesse
Of workes trauaile than I gesse,
There shulde me none idelship
Departe from hir ladiship.
But this I see on daies nowe,
The blynde god (I wote not howe)
Cupido, whiche of loue is lorde,
He sette the thynges in discorde,
That thei that lest to loue entende,
Full ofte he woll hem yeue and sende
Moste of his grace: and thus I fynde,
That he that shulde go behynde,
Goth many a tyme ferre to fore.
So wote I not right well therfore,
On whether borde that I shall saile.
Thus can I nought my selfe counsaile,
But all I sette on auenture,
And am, as who saith, out of cure.
For ought that I can sey or do.
For euermo I fynde it so,
The more besinesse I laie,
The more that I knele and praie,
With good wordes, and with softe,
The more I am refused ofte
With besines, and maie not winne.
And in good feith that is great sinne.
For I maie scie of dede and thought,
That idell man hauc I be nought.
For howe as euer that I be deslaide,
Yet euermore I haue assaide.
But though my besynesse faste,
All is but ydell at laste.
For whan theffecte is idelnesse,
I not what thynge is besinesse.
Saie what anaileth all the dede,
Whiche nothynge helpeth at nede.
For the fortune of euery fame
Shall of his ende beare a name.
And thus for ought is yet befalle,
An idell man I woll me calle,
And after myn entendement,
But vpon your amendement
Myn holy father, as you semeth,
My reason and my cause demeth.
My son I haue herde of thy matere,
Of that thou hast the shryuen here,
And for to speake of idell fare,
Me semeth that thou tharst not care,
But only that thou might not spede,
And therof sonne I woll the rede
Abide, and haste not to faste
Thy dedes ben euery daie to caste
Thou nost, what chance shall betide:
Better is to waite vpon the tide,
Than rowe ayenste the stremes stronge.
For though so be the thynke longe:
Perease the reuolucion
Of heuen, and thy condicion
Ne be not yet of one accorde,
But I dare make this recorde
To Venus, whose priest that I am:
That sithen that I hither cam
To here, as she me badde, thy life,
Wherof thou els be gyltife,
Thou might herof thy conscience
Excuse, and of great diligence,
Whiche thou to loue hast so dispended,
Thou oughtest wel to be commended.
But if so be, that there ought faile
Of that thou slouthest to trauaile
In armes for to ben absent,
And for thou makest an argument
Of that thou saidest here aboue,
How Achilles through strength of loue
His armes left for a throwe:
Thou shalt an other tale knowe,
Whiche is contrarie, as thou shalt witte.
For this a man maie finde writte,
Whan that knighthode shall be weired,
Lust maie not than be preferred:
The bed mot than be forsake,
And shelde and spere on hond take,
Whiche thing shall make hem after glade,
Whan thei be worthy knightes made:
Wherof, so as it cometh to honde,
A tale thou shalt vnderstonde,
How that a knight shall armes sewe,
And for the while his ease eschewe.

Hic dicit, quod amoris delectamento postposito, miles arma sua preferre debet, Et ponit exemplum de Ulysse, cum ipse a bello Troiano Jupiter amorem Penelope remanere domi voluisset, Nauplus pater Palamidis cum tantis sermonibus allocutus est, quod Ulysses thoro sue coniugis relicto labores armorum vna cum aliis Troie magnanimis subibat.

Upon knighthode I rede thus,
Howe whilom the kyng Nauplus,
The fader of Palamides,
Came for to preyen Ulysses,
With other Gregois eke also,
That he with hem to Troie go,
Where that the siege shulde be.
Anone vpon Penelope
His wife, whom that he loueth hote,
Thinkend, wolde hem nought behote:
But he shope then a wonder wile,
Howe that he shulde hem best begile,
So that he might dwelle stille
At home, and weld his loue at wille:
Wherof erly the morowe daie,
Out of his bed, where that he laie,
Whan he was vp, he gan to fare
In to the felde, and loke and stare,
As he whiche feigneth to be wood:
He toke a plough, where that it stoode,
Wherin anone in stede of oxes
He let do yoken great Foxes,
And with great salt the londe he sewe.
But Nauplus, whiche the cause knewe,
Ayene the sleighte, whiche he feigneth,
Another sleighte anone ordeineth.
And fell that tyme Ulysses had
A childe to sonne, and Nauplus bad,
How men that sonne take shulde,
And set hym vpon the molde,
Where that his fader helde the plough,
In thilke forough, whiche he tho drough.

For in such wise he thought assaie,
How it Vlysses shulde paie,
If that he were wood or none.
The knightes for this child forth gone,
Telemachus anone was fette,
Tefore the plough and euen sette,
Where that his fader shulde driue.
But whan he sawe his childe as bliue,
He drof the plough out of the weye.
And Nauplus tho began to seye,
And hath halfe in a iape cried:
O Vlysses, thou art aspied,
What is all this thou woldest mene?
For openliche it is nowe sene,
That though hast feigned all this thyng,
Whiche is great shame to a kynge,
Whan that for lust of any slouthe,
Thou wilten a quarel of trouthe
Of armes thilke honour forsake,
And dwelle at home for loues sake.
For better it were honour to wynne
Than loue, whiche likynge is ynne.
For thy take worship vpon honde,
And elles thou shalt vnderstonde,
These other worthie kynges all
Of Grece, whiche vnto the call,
Towardes the wol be right wroth,
And greue the per chans both:
Whiche shall be to the double shame,
Most for the hyndryng of thy name,
That thou for slouthe of any loue,
Shalt so thy lustes set aboue,
And leue of armes the knighthode,
Whiche is the price of thy manhode,
And ought first to be desired.
But he, whiche had his herte fired
Upon his wife, whan he this herde,
Nought one word there ayene answerde,
But torneth home haluyn ashamed,
And hath with in hym selfe so tamed
His herte, that all the sotie
Of loue for chiualrie
He lefte, and be hym leef or loth,
To Troie forth with hem he goth,
That he hym might not excuse.
Thus stant it, if a knight refuse
The lust of armes to trauaile.
There maie no worldes ease auaile,
But if worship be with all,
And that hath shewed ouerall.
For it sit wel in all wise
A knight to ben of highe emprise,
And putten all drede aweye.
For in this wise I haue herd seye.

Hic narrat super eodem, qualiter Laodomia regis Prothesalai vxor, volens ipsum a bello Troiano secum retinere, fatalem sibi mortem in portu Troie prenunciauit: sed ipse militiam potius quam ocia affectans, Troiam adiit: vbi sue mortis precio perpetue laudis Cronicam ademit.

The worthie knight Prothesalaie
On his passage, where he laie
Toward Troie thilke siege,
The whiche was all his owne liege
Laodomie his lustie wife,
Whiche for his loue was pensife,
As he whiche all hir hert had
Upon a thyng, wherof she drad,
A letter, for to make hym dwelle
Fro Troie, send hym, thus to telle,
Howe she hath asked of the wise
Touchend of hym in suche a wise,
That thei haue done hir vnderstonde,
Toward other howe so it stonde,
The destyne it hath so shape,
That he shall not the deth escape,
In caas that he arriue at Troie,
For thy as to hir worldes ioye,
With all hir herte she hym preyde,
And many another cause alleyde,
That he with hir at home abide.
But he hath cast hir letter a side,
As he whiche tho no manere hede
Toke of hir womanliche drede:
And forth he goth, as nought ne were
To Troie, and was the firste there,
Whiche londeth, and toke ariuaile.
For hym was leuer in the battaile,
He seith, to deyen as a knight,
Than for to liue in all his might,
And be reproued of his name.
Lo thus vpon the worldes fame
Knighthode hath euer yet beset,
Whiche with no cowardis is let.

Adhuc super eodem qualiter Rex Saul, non obstante quod Samuelem a Phitonissa suscitatum et coniuratum responsum, quod ipse in bello moreretur, accepisset: hostes tamen suos aggrediens militie famam cunctis huius vite blandimentis preposuit.

Of kynge Saul also I finde,
Whan Samuel out of his kinde,
Through that the Phitones hath lered
In Samarie, was arered
Longe tyme after that he was dede,
The kynge Saul hym asketh rede,
If that he shall go fight or none.
And Samuel hym said anone,
The first daie of the bataile
Thou shalte be slain without faile,
And Ionathas thy sonne also.
But howe as euer it felle soo,
This worthy knight of his courage
Hath vndertake the viage,
And wolde nought his knighthode let
For no perille he couth set:
Wherof that both his sonne and he,
Upon the Mount of Gelboe
Assemblen with hir enemies.
For thei knighthode of suche a pris
By olde daies than helden,
That thei none other thyng behelden.
And thus the fader for worship,
Forth with his sonne of felaushipp,
Through lust of armes weren dede,
As men maie in the bible rede,
Thei whos knighthode is yet in mynde,
And shall be to the worlde ende.

Hic loquitur, quod miles in suis primordiis ad audaciam prouocari debet. Et narrat qualiter Chiro Centaurus Achillem, qui secum ab infancia in montem Peleon educauit, vt audax efficeretur, primitus edocuit, quod cum ipse venationibus ibidem insisteret, leones, et tigrides, huiusmodique animalia sibi resistencia, et nulla

alia fugitiua agitaret, et sic Achilles in iuuentute animatus famosissime milicie probitatem postmodum adoptauit.

AND for to loken ouermore,
Ir hath and shall ben euermore,
That of knighthode the prowesse,
Is grounded vpon hardinesse
Of hym that dare well vndertake:
And who that wolde ensample take
Upon the forme of knightes lawe,
How that Achilles was forth drawe
With Chiro, whiche Centaurus hight,
Of many a wonder here he might.
For it stood thilke time thus,
That this Chiro this Centaurus
Within a large wyldernesse,
Where was lyon and leonesse,
The leparde, and the Tygre also,
With hert, and hynd, buk, and do,
Had his dwellynge, as tho befille
Of Pelcon vpon the hille:
Wherof was than mochell speche,
There hath Chiro this childe to teche,
What tyme he was of twelue yere age.
Wherof to maken his courage
The more hardy by other weye,
In the forest to hunt and pleie
Whan that Achilles walke wolde,
Centaurus badde, that he ne sholde
After no best make his chas,
Whiche wolde fleen out of his place:
As bucke and do, and herte and hynde,
With whiche he maie no werre fynde.
But tho, that wolden hym withstonde,
There shuld he with his darte on honde
Upon the Tygre and the lion
Purchace and make his venison,
As to a knight is accordant:
And therupon a couenant
This Chiro with Achilles set,
That euery daie without let
He shuld seche a cruell best,
Or sle or wounden at the lest,
So that he might a token brynge
Of blonde vpon his home comynge.
And thus of that Chiro hym taught,
Achilles suche an herte caught,
That he no more a lion drad,
Whan he his darte on honde had,
Than if a lion were an asse,
And that hath made hym for to passe
Al other knightes of his dede,
Whan it cam the great nede,
As it was afterwarde well knowe.
Lo thus my son thou might knowe,
That the courage of hardinesse
Is of knighthode the prowesse,
Whiche is to loue suffisant
Abouen all the remenant,
That vnto loues courte pursue.
But who that wolde no slouthe eschewe
Upon knighthode, and not trauaile,
I not what loue hym shulde auaile:
But euery labour asketh why
Of some rewarde, wherof that I
Ensamples couth tell enough,
Of hem that towarde loue drough
By olde daies, as thei sholde.
My fader therof here I wolde.

My sonne it is well reasonble
In place, whiche is honourable,
If that a man his herte sette,
That than he for no slouth lette
To do what longeth to manhede.
– For if thou wolt the bokes rede
Of Launcelot, and other mo,
There might thou seen, how it was tho
Of armes, for thei wolde atteine
To loue, whiche withouten peine
Maie not be gette of Idelnes,
And that I take to witnesse
An olde Cronike in speciall,
The whiche in to memoriall
Is writte for his loues sake,
Howe that a knight shall vndertake.

Hic dicit, quod miles priusquam amoris amplexu dignus efficiatur, euentus bellicos victoriosus amplectere debet, at narrat qualiter Hercules et Achillous propter Deianiram Calidonie regis filiam singulare duellum adinuicem inierunt, cuius victor Hercules, existens armorum meritis amorem virginis laudabiliter conquestauit.

THERE was a kynge, whiche Oenes
Was hote, and he vnder pees
Held Calidonie in his empyre:
And had a doughter Deianire,
Men wiste in thilke tyme none.
So fayre a wight, as she was one.
And as she was a lusty wight,
Right so was than a noble knight,
To whom Mercurie fader was,
This knight the two pilers of bras,
The whiche yet a man maie fynde
Set vp in the deserte of Inde,
That was the worthy Hercules,
Whos name shall ben endeles.
For the merualles, whiche he wrought.
This Hercules the loue sought
Of Deianire, and of this thynge
Unto hir fader, whiche was kynge
He spake touchend of mariage.
The kynge knowend his hie linage,
And drad also his mightes sterne,
To hym ne durst his doughter werne.
And netheles, this he hym seyde,
Howe Achilous, er he, fyrst preyde
To wedden hir: and in acorde
Thei stode, as it was of recorde.
But for all that, this he him graunteth,
That whiche of hem, that other daunteth,
In armes, hym she shulde take,
And that the kynge hath vndertake.
This Achilous was a geaunt,
A subtill man, a deceiuaunt,
Whiche through Magike and sorcerie
Couthe all the worlde of trecherie.
And whan that he this tale herde,
Howe vpon that the kynge answerde,
With Hercules he must feight:
He trusteth nought vpon his sleight
Al onely, whan it cometh to nede:
But that, whiche voideth all drede,
And euery noble herte stereth
The loue, that no lyfe forboreth,
For his lady, whome he desyreth,
With hardinesse his herte fyreth,
And sent hym worde without faile,
That he woll take the bataile.

Thei setten daie, thei chosen felde,
The knightes couered vnder shelde
To gyder come at tyme sette,
And eche one is with other mette.
It fell thei foughten bothe on foote,
There was no stone, there was no roote,
Whiche might letten hem the weie,
But all was voide and take aweie.
Thei smiten strokes but a fewe.
For Hercules, whiche wolde shewe
His great strengthe, as for the nones
He stert vpon hym all at oues,
And caught hym in his armes stronge.
This geaunt wote, he maie not longe
Endure vnder so harde bondes,
And thought he wolde out of his hondes
By sleighte, in some maner escape.
And as he couthe hym selfe forshape
In lykenesse of an adder he slipte
Out of his honde, and forthe he skipte,
And ofte, as he that fyght wolle,
He toroeth hym into a bolle,
And gan to bclowe in suche a soune
As though the worlde shuld all go doune:
The ground he sporneth, and he traunceth,
His large hornes he auaunceth,
And cast hem here and there aboute.
But he, whiche stant of hem no doute,
Awaiteth well whan that he came,
And hym by bothe hornes nam,
And all at ones he hym caste
Unto the grounde, and helde hym faste,
That he ne might with no sleight
Out of his honde gete vpon height,
Till he was ouercome, and yolde,
And Hercules hath what he wolde.
The kynge hym graunted to fulfille
His askynge at his owne wille.
And she, for whome he had serued,
Hir thought he hath hir well deserued.
And thus with great deserte of armes
He wan hym for to ligge in armes,
As he whiche hath it dere abought.
For otherwise shulde he nought.

Nota de Penthesilea Amazonie regina, que Hectoris amore colligata, contra Pirrum Achillis filium apud Troiam arma ferre etiam personaliter non recusauit.

And ouer this if thou wilte here
Upon knighthode of this mattere,
How loue and armes ben acqueinted,
A man maie see both writte and peinted,
So forforth, that Penthesile,
Whiche was the quene of Femine,
The loue of Hector for to seke,
And for thonour of armes eke,
To Troie cam with spere and shelde,
And rode hir selfe in to the felde,
With maidens armed all a route,
In rescus of the Towne aboute,
Whiche with the grekes was belein.

Nota qualiter Philimenis propter militie famam a finibus terre in defensionem Troie veniens, tres puellas a regno Amazonie quolibet anno percipiendas sibi et heredibus suis imperpetuum ea de causa habere promeruit.

Fro Paphlagonie and as men sein,
Whiche stant vpon the worldes ende,
That tyme it liked eke to wende
Philimenis, whiche was kynge,
To Troie, and came vpon this thynge
In helpe of thilke noble towne,
And all was that for the renoune
Of worship and of worldes fame:
Of whiche he wolde beare a name,
And so he did, and forth with all
He wan of loue in speciall
A faire tribute for euermo.
For it felle thilke tyme so,
Pyrrus the sonne of Achilles
This worthy quene amonge the pres
With dedely swerde sought oūt, and fonde,
And slough hir with his owne honde.
Wherof this kynge of Paphlagonie
Penthesile of Amazonie,
Where she was quene, with hym ladde,
With suche maidens as she hadde
Of hem that were left aliue,
Forth in his ship, till thei ariue,
Where that the body was begraue
With worship, and the women saue.
And for the goodship of this dede,
Thei graunten hym a lustie mede,
That euery yere, for his truage,
To hym and to his heritage,
Of maidens faire he shall haue three.
And in this wise spedde hee,
Whiche the fortune of armes sought,
With his trauaile his ease he bought.
For other wise he shulde haue failed,
If that he had nought trauailed.

Nota pro eo, quod Eneas regem Turnum in bello deuicit, non solum amorem Lauine, sed et regnum Italie sibi subiugatum obtinuit.

Eneas eke within Italie
Ne had he wonne the bataile,
And done his might so besily
Ayene kynge Turne his enemie,
Ne had nought Lauine wonne.
But for he hath hym ouer ronne
And gat his pris, he gat hir foue.
By these ensamples here aboue,
Lo nowe my sonne, as I haue tolde,
Thou might wel see, who that is bolde,
And dar trauaile, and vndertake
The cause of loue, he shall be take
The rather vnto loues grace.
For comonliche in worthie place
The women louen worthinesse
Of manhode, and of gentilnesse.
For the gentils be most desired.
My fader but I were inspired
Through lore of you, I wote no weye
What gentilnesse is for to seye;
Wherof to telle I you beseche.
The grounde my sonne for to seche
Upon this diffinicion,
The worldes constitucion
Hath set the name of gentilnesse
Upon the fortune of richesse:
Whiche of longe tyme is falle in age,
Than is a man of highe linage
After the forme as thou shalt here,
But no thynge after the matere.

For who that reason vnderstonde,
Upon richesse it maie not stonde.
For that is thyng, whiche faileth ofte.
For he that stant to daie aloste,
And all the worlde hath in his wones,
To morowe he falleth all at ones
Out of riches in to pouerte:
So that therof is no deserte,
Whiche gentilnesse maketh abide.
And for to loke on other side,
Howe that a gentilman is bore:
Adam, whiche was all tofore,
With Eue his wife, as of hem two
All was aliche gentill tho.
So that of generacion
To make declaracion,
There maie no gentilnes bee.
For to the reason if we see
Of mans byrthe the measure,
It is so common to nature,
That it yeueth euery man aliche,
As well to the poore as to the riche.
For naked thei ben bore bothe,
The lorde no more hath for to clothe,
As of hym that like throwe,
Than hath the poorest of the rowe.
And whan thei shull both passe,
I not of hem whiche hath the lasse
Of worldes good, but as of charge,
The lorde is more for to charge,
Whan god shall his accompte here.
For he hath had his lustes here.
But of the body, whiche shall deye,
All though there be diuers weye
To deth, yet is there but one ende,
To whiche that euery man shall wende,
As well the begger as the lorde,
Of one nature of one accorde.
She whiche our olde mother is
The erthe, dothe that and this
Receyueth, and aliche deuoureth,
That she to nouther part fauoureth.
So wote I nothyng after kinde,
Where I maie gentilles finde.
For lacke of vertue lacketh of grace,
Wherof Richesse in many place,
Whan men best wene for to stonde,
All sodeinly goth out of honde.
But vertue sette in the courage,
There maie no worlde be so saluage,
Whiche might it take and done awaye,
Till when that the body deye:
And than he shall be riched so,
That it maie faile neuermo.
So maie that well be gentilnesse,
Whiche yeueth so great a sikernes.
For after the condicion
Of reasonable intencion,
The whiche out of the soule groweth,
And the vertue fro vice knoweth,
Wherof a man the vice escheweth,
Without slouth, and vertue seweth,
That is a very gentill man:
And nothyng els, whiche he can
Ne whiche he hath, ne whiche he maie.
But for all that yet nowe a daie,
In loues courte to taken hede,
The poore vertue shall not spede,
Where that the riche vice woweth,
For selde it is, that loue alloweth
The gentill man withouten good,
Though his condicion be good.
But if a man of bothe two
Be riche and vertuous also:
Than is he well the more worth.
But yet to put hym selfe forth,
He must done his besinesse
For nother good, ne gentilnesse
Maie helpen hem, whiche idel bee.
But who that woll in his degre
Trauaile so, as it belongeth,
It happeth ofte, that he fongeth
Worship, and ease bothe two.
For euer yet it hath be so,
That loue honest in sondrie wey
Profiteth: for it dothe aweye
The vice: and as the bokes seyne,
It maketh curteis of the vileyne,
And to the cowarde hardiesse
It yeueth: so that the very prowesse
Is caused vpon loues reule,
To hym that can manhode reule:
And eke towarde the womanhede,
Who that therof woll taken hede.
For though the better affaited bee
In euery thyng, as men maie see.
For loue hath euer his lustes grene
In gentill folke, as it is sene,
Whiche thyng there maie no kind arest.
I trowe that there is no beste,
If he with loue shulde acqueint,
That he ne wolde make it queint
As for the while, that it last.
And thus I conclude at last,
That thei ben idell, as me semeth,
Whiche vnto thyng, that loue demeth,
For slouthen; that thei shulden do.
And ouer this my sonne also,
After the vertue morall eke
To speke of loue if I shall seke
Amonge the holy bokes wise,
I finde writte in suche a wise.

Nota de amore charitatis, vbi dicit, qui non diligit, manet in morte.

WHO loueth not, as here is dead.
For loue aboue all other is head,
Whiche hath the vertues for to lede,
Of all that vnto mannes dede
Belongeth. For of idelship
He hateth all the felaushyp.
For slouthe is euer to despise,
Whiche in disdeigne hath all apprise,
And that accordeth nought to man.
For he that wit and reason can,
It sit hym wel, that he trauaile
Upon suche thyng, which might auaile.
For idelship is nought comended,
But euery lawe it hath defended.
And in ensample thervpon
The noble wise Salomon,
Whiche had of euery thyng insight,
Seith: As the birdes to the flight
Ben made, so the man is bore
To labour, whiche is nought forbore
To hem, that thinken for to thriue.
For we, whiche are nowe a liue,
Of hem that besy whilom were
(As wel in schole as els where)

Nowe euery daie ensample take,
That if it were nowe to make
Thyng, which that thei firste founden out,
It shuld not be brought about.
Her liues than were alonge,
Her wittes great, her mightes strong,
Her hertes full of besinesse,
Wherof the worldes redinesse,
In body both, and in courage,
Stant euer vpon his auantage:
And for to drawe in to memorie
Her names bothe, and her historie
Upon the vertu of her dede
In sondry bokes thou might rede.

Expedit de manibus labor, vt de cotidianis
Actibus ac vita viuere poscit homo.
Sed qui doctrina causa fert mente labores
Prævalet, et merita perpetuata parat.

Hic loquitur contra ociosos quoscunque, et maxime contra istos, qui excellentis prudentie ingenium habentes absque fructu operum torpescunt. Et ponit exemplum de diligentia predecessorum. qui ad totius humani generis doctrinam et auxilium suis continuis laboribus et studiis gratia mediante diuina artes et scientias primitus inuenerunt.

Of euery wisdome the parfite
The highe god of his spirite
Yafe to men in erth here,
Upon the forme and the matere,
Of that he wolde make hem wise
And thus cam in the firste aprise
Of bokes, and of all good,
Through hem, that whilom vnderstode
The lore, whiche to hem was yeue:
Wherof these other, that nowe liue
Ben euery daie to lerne newe:
But er the tyme that men sewe,
And that the labour forth it brought,
There was no corne, though men it sought
In none of all the feldes oute,
And er the wisedome cam aboute
Of hem, that first the bokes writte,
This maie wel euery wise man witte.
There was great labour eke also.
Thus was none idel of the two,
That one the plough hath vndertake
With labour, whiche the hond hath take.
That other toke to studie and muse,
As he whiche wolde not refuse
The labour of his wittes all:
And in this wise it is befall
Of labour, whiche that thei begonne
We be now taught, of that we conne,
Her besines is yet to seene,
That it stant euer aliche greene.
All be it so the bodie deye,
The name of hem shall neuer aweye,
In the Cronicke as I finde,
Cham, whos labour is yet in mynde,
Was he, whiche firste the letters fonde,
And wrote in hebrewe with his honde
Of naturall philosophie.
He fonde first also the clergie.
Cadmus the letters of gregois
First made vpon his owne choise.
Theges of thyng, whiche shal befall
He was the first augur of all,
And Philemon by the visage
Fonde to descrine the courage.
Claudius, Esdras, and Sulpices,
Termegis, Pandulfe, and Frigidilles,
Menander, Ephiloquorus,
Solinus, Pandas, and Iosephus,
The first were of enditours
Of olde Cronike, and eke auctours.
And Herodot in his science
Of metre, of ryme, and of cadence
The first was, whiche men note.
And of musike also the note
In mans voyce or softe or sharpe,
That fonde Iubalt, and of the harpe
The mery sowne, whiche is to like,
That fonde Paulius forth with phisike.
Zeuzis fonde first the portrature:
And Promætheus the sculpture,
After what forme that hem thought,
The resemblace anon thei wrought.
Tuball in yron and in stele
Fonde first the forge, and wrought it wele.
And Iadahel, as saith the boke,
Firste made nette, and fishes toke.
Of huntyng eke he fonde the chace,
Whiche nowe is knowe in many place.
A tent of clothe with corde and stake
He sette vp first, and did it make.
Herconius of cokerie
First made the delicacie.
The crafte Myneure of wolle fonde,
And made cloth hir owne honde.
And Delbora made it of lyne.
The women were of great engyne.
But thyng which yeueth mete and drinke,
And doth the labour er for to swynke,
To till the londes, and sette the vines,
Wherof the corne and the wynes
Ben sustenance to mankynde,
In olde bokes as I finde,
Saturnus of his owne wit
Hath founde first: and more yit
Of chapmenhode he fonde the weye,
And eke to coygne the money
Of sondry metall, as it is,
He was the first man of this.
But howe that metall cam a place
Through mans wit and goddes grace
The route of philosophers wise
Contreueden by sondry wise.
First for to gette it out of myne,
And after for to trie and fine.
And also with great diligence
Thei fonde thilke experience,
Whiche cleped is Alconomie,
Wherof the siluer multiplie
Thei made, and eke the golde also.
And for to telle howe it is so
Of bodies seuen in speciall
With foure spirites ioynt withall,
Stant the substance of this matere,
The bodies, whiche I speke of here,
Of the planettes ben begonne
The golde is titled to the sonne,
The moone of siluer hath his part,
And Iron that stonde vpon Mart,
The leed after Saturne groweth,
And Iupiter the brasse bestoweth,
The copper sette is to Venus,
And to his part Mercurius

Hath the quicke siluer, as it falleth,
The whiche after the boke it calleth
Is first of thilke foure named
Of spirites, whiche ben proclaymed,
And the spirite, whiche is seconde,
In Sal Armoniake is founde:
The thirde spirite Sulphur is,
The fourth sewende after this
Arcennium by name is hote,
With blowyng and with fires hote.
In these thynges, whiche I saye,
Thei worchen by diuers waye.
For as the philosopher tolde
Of golde and siluer thei ben holde
Two principall extremitees,
To whiche all other by degrees
Of the metalles ben accordant,
And so through kinde resemblant:
That what man couth awaie take
The rust, of whiche thei woxen blake,
And the sauour of the hardnes,
Thei shulden take the sikenes
Of golde or siluer parfectly.
But for to worche it sikerly
Betwene the corps and the spirite,
Er that the metall be parfite
In seuen formes it is sette
Of all: and if one be lette,
The remenant may not auaile:
But other wise it maie nought faile.
For thei, by whom this art was founde,
To euery poynt a certayne bounde
Ordeinen, that a man maie fynde,
This crafte is wrought by wey of kinde,
So that there is no fallace in.
But what man that this werke begyn,
He mote awaite at euery tide,
So that nothynge be lefte a side.
Fyrst of the distillacion,
Forth with the congellacion,
Solucion, Discencion,
And kepe in his entencion
The point of subtimacion,
And forth with Calcinacion
Of very approbacion,
Do that there be fixacion,
With temperate hetes of the fyre,
Tyll he the parfite Elixer
Of thilke philosophers stoue
Maie gette, of whiche that many one
Of philosophers, whilome write:
And if thou wolt the names wite
Of thilke stone, with other two,
Whiche as the clerkes maden tho,
So as the bokes it recorden,
The kynde of hem I shall recorden.

Nota de tribus lapidibus, quos philosophi composuerunt: quorum primus est lapis vegetabilis, qui sanitatem conseruat, Secundus dicitur lapis Animalis, que membra et virtutes sensibiles fortificat, Tertius dicitur lapis mineralis, que omnia metalla purificat, et in suum perfectum naturali potentia deducit.

These olde philosophers wise,
By wey of kynde in sondrie wise
Thre stones made through clergie,
The fyrste I shall specifie,
Was cleped Vegetabilis:
Of whiche the propre vertue is
To mans heale for to serue,
As for to kepe and to preserue
The body fro sickenes all,
Till death of kynde vpon hym fall.
The seconde stone I the behote
Is lapis Animalis hote:
The whose vertue is propre, and couth
For eare, and eie, nose, and mouth,
Wherof a man maie here and see,
And smelle, and taste in his degree,
And for to fele, and for to go
It helpeth a man of both two:
The wittes fiue he vnderfongeth
To kepe, as it to hym belongeth.
The thirde stone in speciall
By name is cleped Minerall,
Whiche the mettals of euery myne
Attempreth, till that thei ben fyne,
And pureth hem by suche a wey,
That all the vice goth awey
Of rust, of stynke, and of hardnes:
And whan thei ben of suche clennes,
This minerall, so as I fynde,
Transformeth all the fyrste kynde,
And maketh hem able to conceiue
Through his vertue, and receiue
Both in substance and in figure
Of golde and siluer the nature.
For thei two ben thextremitees,
To whiche after the propertees
Hath euery metall his desire,
With helpe and comforte of the fyre.
Forth with this stone, as it is saide,
Whiche to the sonne and moone is laide:
For to the redde, and to the white
This stone hath power to profite.
It maketh multiplicacion
Of golde, and the fixacion
It causeth, and of his habite
He doth the werke to be parfite
Of thilke Elixer, whiche men call
Alconomy, as is befalle
To hem, that whilom were wise.
But now it stant all otherwise.
Thei speken faste of thilke stone,
But howe to make it, nowe wote none,
After the soothe experience.
And netheles great diligence
Thei setten vp thilke dede,
And spillen more than thei spede.
For alway thei fynde a lette,
Whiche bringeth in pouertee and dette
To hem, that riche were tofore,
The losse is had, the lucre is lore:
To get a pounde thei spenden fiue,
I not how suche a crafte shall thriue,
In the maner as it is vsed,
It were better be refused,
Than for to worchen vpon wene
In thynge, whiche stant not as thei wene
But not for thy who that it knewe,
The science of hym selfe is trewe,
Upon the forme, as it was founden,
Wherof the names yet be grounded
Of hem, that first it founden out:
And thus the fame goth all about
To suche as soughten besines
Of vertue, and of worthines,
Of whom if I the names call,
Hermes was one the first of all,

To whom this arte is moste applied:
Geber therof was magnified,
And Ortolan, and Morien,
Amonge the whiche is Auicen,
Whiche fonde and wrote a great partie
The practike of Alconomie:
Whose bokes pleinly, as thei stonde
Upon this crafte, fewe vnderstonde.
But yet to put hem in assaie,
There ben full many nowe a daie,
That knowen littell what thei mene,
It is not one to wite, and wene.
In forme of wordes thei it trete,
But yet thei failen of beyete.
For of to muche, or of to lite,
There is algate founde a wite:
So that thei folowe not the line
Of the perfecte medicine,
Whiche grounded is vpon nature:
But thei that writen the scripture
Of Greke, Arabe, and Caldee,
Thei were of suche auctoritee,
That thei first founden out the wey
Of all that thou hast herde me sey.
Wherof the cronike of her lore
Shall stonde in price for euermore.
But towarde our marches here
Of the Latins, if thou wolt here
Of hem that whilom vertuous
Were, and therto laborious,
Carment made of hir engine
The first letters of latine,
Of whiche the tonge romayn came,
Wherof that Aristarcus name,
Forth with Donat, and Didymus
The fyrste rule of schole, as thus,
Howe that latine shall be compowned,
And in what wise it shall be sowned,
That euery worde in his degree
Shal stonde vpon congruitee.
And thilke time at Rome also
Was Tullius Cicero,
That writeth vpon Rethorike,
How that men shulde her wordes pike
After the forme of eloquence,
Whiche is, men seine, a great prudence.
And after that out of hebrewe
Jerome, whiche the langage knewe,
The Bible, in whiche the lawe is closed,
In to latine he hath transposed.
And many an other writer eke
Out of Caldee, Arabe, and Greke,
With great labour the bokes wise
Translateden, and otherwise
The latins of hem selfe also
Her study at thilke tyme so
With great trauaile of schole toke
In sondry forme for to loke,
That we maie take her euidence
Upon the lore of the science
Of craftes bothe, and of clergie,
Amonge the whiche in poesie
To the louers Ouide wrote
And taught, if loue be to bote,
In what maner it shulde akele.
For thy my sonne if that thou fele,
That loue wrynge the to sore,
Beholde Ouide, and take his lore.
My father if thei might spede,
My loue, I wolde his bokes rede.
And if they techen to restreyne
My loue, it were an idell peyne
To lerne a thynge, whiche mai not bee.
For liche vnto the grene tree,
If that men take his roote aweie:
Right so myn herte shulde deie,
If that my loue be withdrawe,
Wherof touchende vnto this sawe
There is but onely to pursewe
My loue, and idelship eschewe.
My good sonne sooth to seye,
If there be siker auy weye
To loue, thou hast saide the best.
For who that woll haue all his rest,
And do no trauaile at nede,
It is no reason that he spede,
In loues cause for to wynne.
For he, whiche dare nothyng begynne,
I not what thyng he shulde acheue.
But ouer this thou shalte beleue,
So as it sit the well to knowe,
That there ben other vices slowe,
Whiche vnto loue do great lette,
If thou thyn herte vpon hem sette.

Perdit homo causam linquens sua iura sopori,
Et quasi dimidium pars sua mortis habet.
Est in amore vigil Venus, et que habet vigilanti,
Obsequium thalamis fert vigilata suis.

Hic loquitur de Somnolentia, quæ Accidie Camerraria dicta est, cuius natura semimortua alicuius negotii vigilias obseruari soporifero torpore recusat, vnde quatenus amorem concernit Confessor Amanti diligentius opponit.

TOWARDE the slowe progenie
There is yet one of companie,
And he is cleped Somnolence,
Whiche dothe to Slouth his reuerence,
As he whiche is his chamberlein,
That many an honderde tyme hath lein
To slepe, when he shulde wake.
He hath with loue truce take,
That wake who so wake will,
If he maie couche adowne his bill,
He hath all wowed what hym list,
That ofte he goth to bedde vnkist,
And saith, that for no druerie
He woll not leue his sluggardie.
For though no man wold it alowe,
To slepe leuer than to wowe
Is his maner, and thus on nightes
When he seeth the lusty knightes
Reuelen, where these women are,
Awey he sculketh as an hare,
And gothe to bed, and leyth hym softe,
And of his slouthe he dremeth ofte,
How that he sticketh in the mire,
And howe he sitteth by the fire,
And claweth on his bare skankes,
And howe he clymeth vp the bankes,
And falleth in the slades depe.
But then who so take kepe,
When he is falle in suche a dreme,
Right as a ship against the streme
He louteth with a slepie noyse,
And broustleth as a monkes froyse,
When it is throwe in to the panne,
And otherwhile selde whanne

That he maie dreme a lustie swèuen,
Hym thinketh as thoughe he were in heuen:
And as the world were holly his.
And than he speaketh of that and this,
And maketh his exposicion
After his disposicion,
Of that he wold, and in suche wise
He dothe to loue all his seruise.
I not what thonke he shall deserue.
But sonne if thou wolte loue serue,
I rede that thou do not so.
A good father certes no,
I had leauer by my trouth,
Er I were sette on suche a slouth,
And beare suche a slepye snoute,
Bothe eien of my head were out.
For me were better fully die,
Than I of suche sluggardie
Had any name, god me shilde.
For whan my mother was with childe,
And I lay in her wombe close,
I wolde rather Atropos,
Whiche is goddesse of all death,
Anone as I had any breath,
Me had fro my mother cast.
But nowe I am nothyng agast,
I thanke god: for Lachesis,
Ne Cloto, whiche hir felawe is,
Me shopen no suche destinee,
Whan thei at my natiuitee
My werdes setten as thei wolde.
But thei me shopen that I sholde
Eschewe of slepe the truandise,
So that I hope in suche a wise
To loue for to ben excused,
That I no sompnolence haue vsed,
For certes father Genius,
Yet vnto nowe it hath be thus
At all tyme if it befelle,
So that I might come and dwelle
In place there my lady were,
I was not slowe ne slepy there.
For than I dare well vndertake,
That whan hir list on nightes wake
In chambre as to carole and daunce,
Me thinke I maie me more auaunce
If I may gone vpon hir honde,
Then if I wynne a kynges londe.
For whan I maie hir honde beclip,
With suche gladnes I daunce and skip,
Me thinketh I touche not the floore.
The Ro, whiche renneth on the moore
Is than nought so light as I.
So mowe ye witten all for thy,
That for the tyme slepe I hate,
And whan it falleth other gate,
So that hir liketh not to daunce,
But on the dyes to caste a chaunce,
Or aske of loue some demaunde,
Or els that hir list commaunde
To rede and here of Troilus,
Right as she wolde, so or thus,
I am all redie to consent.
And if so is, that I maie hent
Somtyme amonge a good leyser,
So as I dare of my desire,
I telle a part: but whan I praie,
Anone she biddeth me go my weye,
And saith: it is ferre in the night,
And I swere, it is euen light.
But as it falleth at laste,
There may no worldes joye last,
So mote I nedes fro hir wende,
And of my watche make an ende.
And if she than hede toke,
Howe pitousliche on hir I looke,
Whan that I shall my leue take,
Hir ought of mercy for to slake
Hir daunger, whiche saith euer naie.
But he seith often, Haue good daie,
That lothe is for to take his leue.
Therfore while I maie beleue,
I tary forth the night alonge.
For it is nought on me alonge,
To slepe, that I soone go,
Till that I mote algate so.
And than I bidde, god hir see,
And so downe knelende on my knee,
I take leue, and if I shall,
I kisse hir, and go forth withall.
And other while, if that I dore,
Er I come fully at dore,
I tourne ayene, and feigne a thynge,
As though I had lost a rynge,
Or somwhat els, for I wolde
Kisse hir eftsoone, if I shulde.
But selden is, that I so spede.
And whan I see, that I mote nede
Departe, I departe, and than
With all my herte I curse and banne,
That euer slepe was made for eye.
For as me thinketh I might drie
Without slepe to waken euer,
So that I shulde not disseuer
Fro hir, in whom is all my light.
And than I curse also the night,
With all the will of my courage,
And saie, Away thou blacke image,
Whiche of thy derke cloudie face
Makest all the worldes light deface,
And causest vnto slepe awaye,
By whiche I mote nowe gone awaye
Out of my ladies companie.
O slepy night I the defie,
And wolde that thou lay in presse
With Proserpine the goddesse,
And with Pluto the helle kynge.
For till I se the daie springe,
I sette slepe nought at a risshe.
And with that worde I sigh and wisshe,
And saie: A why ne were it daie.
For yet my lady than I maie
Beholde, though I do no more.
And efte I thinke forthermore,
To some man howe the night doth ease,
Whan he hath thyng, that may hym please
The longe night by his side,
Where as I faile, and go beside.
But slepe, I not wherof it serueth,
Of whiche no man his thanke deserueth
To get hym loue in any place,
But is an hyndrer of his grace,
And maketh hym dead as for a throwe,
Right as a stocke were ouerthrowe.
And so my fader in this wise
The slepy nightes I despise:
And euer a middes of my tale
I thinke vpon the nightyngale,
Whiche slepeth not by wey of kynde
For loue, in bokes as I fynde.

Thus at laste I go to bedde,
And yet myn herte lieth to wedde
With hir, where as I cam fro,
Though I departe, he woll not so,
There is no locke maie shet hym oute,
Hym nedeth nought to gone aboute,
That perce maie the harde wall.
Thus is he with hir ouerall
That be hir leef, or he loth,
In to hir bed myn herte goth:
And softely taketh hir in his arme,
And feleth howe that she is warme,
And wissheth that his body were
To fele, that he feleth there.
And thus my selfen I torment,
Tyll that the dead slepe me hent.
But than by a thousand seore,
Wel more than I was tofore
I am tormented in my slepe:
But that I dreme is not on shepe.
For I ne thynke nought on wull,
But I am dretched to the full
Of loue, that I haue to kepe:
That nowe I laugh and nowe I wepe,
And nowe I lese and nowe I wynne,
And nowe I ende, and nowe beginne:
And other while I dreme, and mete,
That I alone with hir mete,
And that daunger is lefte behynde:
And than in slepe suche ioye I fynde,
That I ne bede neuer awake.
But after, whan I hede take,
And shall arise vpon the morowe,
Than is all torned in to sorowe:
Nought for the cause I shall arise,
But for I mette in suche a wise.
And at laste I am bethought,
That all is vaine, and helpeth nought.
But yet me thynketh by my wille,
I wold haue ley and slepe stille,
To meten euer of suche a sweuen.
For than I had a slepie heuen.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne and for thou tellest so,
A man maie finde of tyme a go,
That many a sweuen hath be certeyn,
All be it so, that som men seyn,
That sweuens ben of no credence:
But for to shewe in euidence,
That they full ofte soth thynges
Be token, I thynke in my wrytinges
To telle a tale therupon,
Whiche felle by old dayes gone.

Hic ponit exemplum, qualiter somnia prenostice veritatis quandoque certitudinem figurant. Et narrat, quod cum Ceix rex Trocenie pro reformatione fratris sui Dedalionis in ascipitrem transmutati peregre proficiscens in mari longius a patria dimersus fuerat, Iuno mittens Iridem nunciam suam in partes Chimerie ad domum somni iussit, quod ipse Alcione dicti regis vxori huius rei euentum per somnia certificaret. Quo facto Alciona rem perscrutans corpus mariti sui, vbi super fluctus mortuus iactabatur, inuenit: que pro dolore angustiata cupiens corpus amplectere, in altum mare super ipsum prosiliit, vnde dii miserti amborum corpora in aues, que adhuc Alciones dicte sunt, subito conuerterunt.

THIS fynde I writte inn poesie,
Ceyx the kynge of Trocenie
Had Alceon to his wyfe,
Whiche as hir owne hertes lyfe
Hym loueth, and he had also
A broder, whiche was cleped tho
Dedalion, and he par cas,
Fro kynde of man forshape was
In to a goshauke of likenes,
Whereof this kynge great heauinesse
Hath take: and thought in his courage
To gone vpon a pilgremage
In a strange region,
Where he hath his deuocion
To done his sacrifice, and preye,
If that he might in any weye
Towardes the goddes fynde grace,
His broders hele to purchace,
So that he might be reformed,
Of that he had ben transformed.
To this purpose, and to this ende,
This kynge is redy for to wende:
As he whiche wold go by ship,
And for to done hym felauship,
His wife vnto the sea hym brought
With all hir herte, and hym besought,
That he the tyme hir wolde seyne,
Whan that he thought come ageyne.
Within, he saith, two monethes daie.
And thus in all the haste he maie
He toke his leue, and forth he saileth.
Wepend and she hir selfe bewaileth,
And torneth home there she cam fro.
But whan the monethes were ago,
The whiche he set of his comynge,
And that she herd no tydynge,
There was no care for to seche,
Wherof the goddes to beseche
Tho she began in many wise,
And to Iuno hir sacrifice
Aboue all other moste she dede,
And for hir lorde she hath so bede,
To witte and knowe howe that he ferde,
That Iuno the goddes hir herde
Anone, and vpon this matere
She badde Iris hir massagyer,
To Slepes hous that she shall wende,
And byd hym, that he make an ende
By sweuen, and shewen all the cas
Unto this ladie, howe it was.
This Iris fro the highe stage
(Whiche vndertake hath the message)
Hir reinie cope dyd vpon,
The whiche was wonderly begone
With colours of dyuers hewe,
An honderd mo than men it knewe,
The heuen lyche vnto a bowe
She bende, and she cam downe lowe,
The god of slepe where that she fonde,
And that was in a straunge londe,
Whiche marcheth vpon Chimerie.
For there, as seith the poesie,
The god of slepe hath made his hous,
Whiche of entaylle is meruailous.
Under a hille there is a caue,
Whiche of the sonne maie not haue;
So that no man maie knowe aright
The poynt betwene the daie and night

There is no fyre, there is no sparke,
There is no dore, whiche maie charke,
Wherof an eie shulde vnshet,
So that inward there is no let.
And for to speke of that withoute,
There stant no great tree nigh aboute,
Wheron there might crowe or pie
Alight? for to clepe or crie.
There is no cocke to crowe daie,
Ne best none, whiche noise maie
The hyll, but all aboute rounde
There is growend vpon the grounde
Popie, whiche beareth the sede of slepe,
With other herbes suche an hepe.
A still water for the nones
Rennend vpon the small stones,
Whiche hight of Lethes the riuer,
Under that hille in suche maner
There is, whiche yeueth great appetite
To slepe, and thus full of delite
Slepe hath his hous. And of his couche
Within his chamber if I shall touche,
Of Hebenus that slepie tree
The bordes all aboute bee.
And for he shuld slepe softe,
Upon a fether bed alofte
He lieth, with many a pylow of downe.
The chambre is strowed vp and downe
With sweuens many a thousande folde.
Thus came Iris in to this holde,
And to the bed, whiche is all blacke
She goth, and ther with slepe she spake,
And in this wise as she was bede,
The massage of Iuno she dede.
Full ofte hir worde she reherseth,
Er she his slepie eares perseth.
With mochell wo but at laste
His slomerend eies he vpcaste,
And said hir, that it shall be do.
Wherof amonge a thousand tho
Within his hous, that slepie were
In speciall he chese out there
Three, whiche shulden do this dede.
The first of hem, so as I rede,
Was Morpheus, the whose nature
Is for to take the fygure
Of that person, that hym liketh,
Wherof that he full ofte entriketh
The lyfe, whiche slepe shall by night.
And Ithecus that other hight,
Whiche hath the voice of euery soune,
The chere and the condicioun
Of euery life what so it is.
The thirde sewende after this,
Is Panthasas, whiche maie transforme
Of euery thynge the right forme,
And chaunge it in an other kynde.
Upon hem three, so as I fynde,
Of sweuens stant all thapparence,
Whiche other while is euidence,
And other while but a iape,
But netheles it is so shape,
That Morpheus by night allone
Appereth vntill Alceone,
In lykenesse of hir husbonde,
All naked dead vpon the stronde.
And how he dreint in speciall
These other two it shewen all,
The tempest of the blacke clowde,
The woode sea, the wyndes lowde,
All this she met, and seeth hym dien:
Wherof that she began to crien
Slepend a bedde there she laie,
And with that noise of hir affraie,
Hir women sterten vp aboute,
Whiche of hir ladie were in doubte,
And asken hir, howe that she ferde.
And she, right as she sigh and herde,
Hir sweuen hath tolde hem euery dele.
And thei it halsen all wele,
And seyn, it is a token of good.
But till she wist howe that it stood,
She hath no comfort in hir herte.
Upon the morowe and vp she sterte,
And to the sea (where as she mette
The bodie laie) without lette
She drough: and whan that she cam nigh,
Starke dead his armes sprade she sighe
Hir lorde, fletende vpon the wawe:
Wherof hir wittes be withdrawe,
And she whiche toke of death no kepe,
Anone forth lepte in to the depe,
And woulde haue caught hym in hir arme.
This infortune of double harme
The goddes from the heuen aboue
Beheld, and for the trouthe of loue,
Whiche in this worthie ladie flood e
Thei haue vpon the salt floode,
Hir dreint lorde and hir also
For deth to life torned so,
That thei ben shapen in to briddes
Swimmend vpon the wawe amiddes.
And whan she sawe hir lorde lyuend
In lykenesse of a birde swymende,
And she was of the same sorte,
So as she might do disporte
Upon the ioie, whiche she had
Hir winges both abrode she sprad,
And hym both so as she maie suffise,
Beclipte and kiste in suche a wise,
As she was whilome wont to do,
Hir winges for hir armes tho
She toke, and for hir lippes softe
Hir harde bille, and so full ofte
She fondeth in hir birdes forme,
If that she might hir selfe conforme
To do the plesance of a wife,
As she did in that other life.
For though she had hir power lore,
Hir wille stode, as it was tofore,
And serueth hym so as she maie,
Wherof in to this ylke daie
To geder vpon the sea thei wonne,
Where many a doughter and sonne
Thei bringen forth of byrdes kynde.
And for men shulden take in mynde
This Alceon the trewe quene,
Hir briddes yet as it is sene,
Of Alceon the name beare.
Lo thus my sonne it maie the stere
Of sweuens for to take kepe.
For oft tyme a man a slepe
Maie se, what after shall betide.
For thy it helpeth at some tide
A man to slepe as it belongeth:
But slouthe no life vnderfongeth,
Whiche is to loue appertenant
My fader vpon the couenant
I dare well make this auowe,
Of all my life in to nowe,

Als ferforth as I can vnderstonde,
Yet toke I neuer slepe on honde,
What it was tyme for to wake.
For though myn eie it wolde take,
Myn herte is euer there agayne.
But netheles to speake it playne,
All this that I haue sayde you here,
Of my wakynge, as ye maie here,
It toucheth to my lady swete.
For other wise I you bihete,
In straunge place whan I go,
Me lyst no thynge to wake so.
For whan the women tysten plaie,
And I hir se not in the waie,
Of whome I shulde myrthe take,
Me list not longe for to wake,
Bot if it be for pure shame,
Of that I wolde eschewe a name,
That thei ne shuld haue cause none
To seie, A lo where suche one,
That hath forlore his countenaunce.
And thus amonge I synge and daunce
And feigne lust, there none is.
For ofte syth I fele this
Of thought, whiche in mine herte falleth,
Whan it is night myn heade appalleth:
And that is for I see hir nought,
Whiche is the waker of my thought.
And thus as tymeliche as I maie
Full ofte, whan it is brode daie,
I take of all these other leue,
And go my wey: and thei beleue,
That seen per cas her loues there,
And I go forth as nought ne were
Unto my bed, so that alone
I maie there ligge sigh and grone,
And wisshen all the longe night,
Tyll that I see the daies light:
I not if that be somnolence,
But vpon your conscience
Myn holy fader demeth ye.
My sonne I am well payd with the
Of slepe, that thou the sluggardie
By nights in loues companie
Eschewe hast, and do thy peyne
So, that thy loue dare not pleyne.
For loue vpon his lust wakende
It euer, and wold that none ende,
Wherof the longe night is sette,
Wherof that thou beware the bette,
To telle a tale I am bethought,
Howe loue and slepe acorden nought.

Hic dicit, quod vigilia in amantibus, et non somnolentia laudanda est. Et ponit exemplum de Cephalo filio Phebi, qui nocturno silentio Auroram amicam suam diligentius amplecteus, Solem et Lunam interpellabat, videlicet quod sol in circuito ab oriente distantiori currum cum luce sua retardaret, et quod Luna sphera sua longissima orbem circuens, noctem continuaret, ita vt ipsum Cephalum amplexibus Aurore volutum priusquam dies illucesceret suis delitiis adquiescere diutius permittere dignarentur.

For loue who that lust to wake
By night, he maie ensample take
Of Cephalus, whan that he laie
With Aurora the swete maie
In armes all the longe night.
But whan it drough towarde the lyght,
That he within his herte sie
The daie, whiche was the morowe nie,
Anone vnto the sonne he praide,
For luste of loue; and thus he saide:
O Phebus, whiche the daies light
Gouernest tyll that it be night,
And gladdest euery creature
After the lawe of thy nature,
But netheles there to a thynge,
Whiche onliche to thy knowlechynge
Belongeth as in priuitee
To loue, and to his dutee,
Whiche asketh not to ben a pert,
But in scilence, and in couert
Desyreth for to be beshaded:
And thus whan that the light is faded,
And vesper sheweth hym alofte
And that the night is longe and softe
Under the loudes derke and stille.
Than hath this thynge most of his wille.
For thy vnto thy mightes hie,
As thou, whiche art the daies eie
Of lone and might no counseyl hyde,
Upon this derke nightes tide
With all myn herte I the beseche,
That I plesance might seche
With hir, whiche lyeth in myn armes,
Withdrawe the baner of thyn armes,
And lete thy lightes ben vnborne,
And in the signe of Capricorne
The hous appropred to Saturne,
I preie the, that thou wolt soiourne
Where ben the nightes derke and longe.
For I my loue haue vnderfonge,
Whiche lieth here by my side naked,
As she whiche wolde ben awaked,
And me list no thynge for to slepe:
So were it good to take kepe
Nowe at this nede of my praier,
And that the like for to stere
Thy fyrie carte, and so ordeine,
That thou thy swift hors restreine
Lowe vnder erthe in occident,
That thei toward thorient
By cercle go the longe weie.
And eke to the Diane I preie,
Which cleped art of thy noblesse
The nightes moone, and the Goddesse,
That thou to me be gracious,
And in Cancro thyn own hous,
Ayene Phebus in opposite
Stond at this time, and of delite
Beholde Venus with a gladde eie.
For than vpon Astronomie
Of due constellacion,
Thou makest prolificacion,
And dost that children ben begete,
Whiche grace if that I might gete,
With all myn herte I woll serue
By nyght, and thy vigille observe.
Lo thus this lustie Cephalus
Praied vnto Phebe, and to Phebus,
The night in lengthe for to drawe,
So that he might do the lawe
In thilke poynt of loues heste,
Whiche cleped is the nightes feste,
With outen slepe of sluggardie,
Whiche Venus out of companie
Hath put awey, as thilke same,
Whiche lustles fer from game

In chambre doth full ofte wo
A bedde whan it falleth so,
That loue shulde ben awaited,
But slouthe, whiche is euill affaited
With slepe hath made his retenue,
That what thynge is to loue due,
Of all his dette he paieth none,
He wote not howe the nygt is gone,
Ne howe the daie is come aboute,
But onely for to slepe and route,
Till high middaie, that he arise.
But Cephalus did otherwise,
As thou my sonne hast herd aboue.
My fader who that hath his loue
A bedde naked by his side,
And wold than his eien hide
With slepe, I not what man is he.
But certes as touchend of me,
That felle me neuer yet er this.
But other while whan so is,
That I maie catche slepe on honde
Lyggend alone, than I fonde
To dreme a mery sweuen er daie.
And it so falle, that I maie
My thought with suche a sweuen please,
Me thynke I am somdele at ease.
For I none other comfort haue,
So nedeth nought that I shall eraue
The Sonnes carte for to tarie
Ne yet the Moone that she carie
Hir cours a longe vpon the heuen.
For I am nought the more in euen
Towardes loue in no degree.
But in my slepe yet than I see
Somwhat in sweuen of that me liketh,
Whiche afterwarde myn herte entriketh,
Whan that I fynde it other wise:
So wote I not of what seruice
That slepe to mans ease dooth.
My sonne certes thou sayst sooth:
But onely that it helpeth kynde,
Somtyme in Phisike as I fynde,
Whan it is take by measure
But he whiche can no slepe measure
Upon the reule as it belongeth,
Full ofte of sodeine chaunce he fongeth,
Suche infortune, that hym greueth.
But who these olde bokes leueth,
Of somnolence howe it is writte.
There maie a man the soth witte,
If that he wolde ensample take,
That otherwhile is good to wake,
Wherof a tale in Poesie
I thynke for to specifie.

Hic loquitur in amoris causa contra istos, qui somnolentie dediti, ea que seruare tenentur, amittunt, Et narrat quod cum Io puella pulcherrima a Iunone in vaccam transformata, et in Argi custodiam sic depositam fuisse superueniens Mercurius Argum dormientem occidit, vt ipsam vaccam a pastura rapiens, quo voluit, secum perduxit.

OUIDE telleth in his saies
Howe Jupiter by olde daies
Laie by a maide, whiche Io
Was cleped, wherof that Iuno
His wife was wrothe, and the goddesse
Of Io torned the likenesse
In to a Cowe to goe there oute
The large feldes all aboute,
And get hir mete vpon the grene.
And therupon this highe quene
Betoke hir Argus for to kepe.
For he was seldon wonte to slepe:
And yet he had an hondred eyen,
And all aliche well thei syen.
Now herken how he was begiled
Mercurie whiche was all affiled
This Cowe to stele he came desguised,
And had a pipe well deuised
Upon the notes of musike,
Wherof he might his eres like.
And ouer that he had affaited
His lusty tales, and awaited
His time; and thus in to the felde
He came, where Argus he beheld
With Io, whiche beside hym went:
With that his pype anon he hent,
And gan to pipe in his manere
Thynge, whiche was slepie for to here,
And in his pipynge euer amonge
He tolde hym suche a lusty songe,
That he the fool hath brought a slepe,
There was none eie that might kepe
His heade, whiche Mercurie of smote,
And forth with all anone fote hote
He stale the cowe, whiche Argus kepte,
And all this fell for that he slepte.
Ensample it was to many mo,
That mochell slepe doth ofte wo,
Whan it is time for to wake.
For if a man this vice take,
In somnolence and hym delite,
Men shulde vpon his dore write
His Epitaphe, and on his graue.
For he to spille, and nought to saue
Is shaped, as though he were deade.
For thy my sonne holde vp thin heade,
And let no slepe thyn eie englue,
But whan it is to reason due.
My fader as touchend of this,
Right so as I you tolde, it is,
That ofte a bedde, whan I sholde,
I maie not slepe though I wolde.
For loue is euer fast byme,
Whiche taketh none hede of due tyme.
For whan I shall myn eien close,
Anone my hert he woll oppose,
And hold his schole in suche a wise
Tyll it be daie that I arise:
That selde it is whan that I slepe.
And thus fro somnolence I kepe
Myn eie, and for thy if there bee
Ought elles more in this degree
Now aske forth. My sonne yis.
For slouth, whiche as moder is,
The fourth drawer and the Norice
To man of many a dredfull vice,
Hath yet another last of all,
Whiche many a man hath made to falle,
Where that he might neuer arise:
Wherof for thou the shalt auise,
Er thou so with thy selfe misfare,
What vice it is I woll declare.

Nil fortuna iuuat, vbi desperatio ledit.
Quo desiccat humor non viridescit humus.
Magnanimus sed amor spem ponit, et inde salutem.
Consequitur, quo ei prospera fata fauent.

Hic loquitur super vltima specie accidie, que Tristicia, siue desperacio dicitur, cuius obstinata condicio totius consolationis spem deponens alicuius remedii, quo liberari poterit, fortunam sibi euenire impossibile credit.

WHAN slouth doth all that he maie
To driue forth the longe daie
Till he become to the nede,
Than at last vpon the dede
He loketh howe his tyme is lore,
And is so wo begone therfore,
That he within his thought conceiueth
Tristesse, and so him selfe deceiueth,
That he wanhope bringeth inne,
Where is no comforte to beginne,
But euery ioye hym is delaied,
So that within his herte affraied
A thousande tyme with one breath
Wepende he wissheth after death,
Whan he fortune fynt aduerse.
For than he woll his hope reherse,
As though his worlde were all forlore,
And saith, alas that I was bore,
How shall I liue? how shall I do?
For nowe fortune is thus my fo.
I wote well god me woll not helpe:
What shulde I than of ioye yelpe?
Where there no bote is of my care.
So ouercaste is my welfare
That I am shapen all to strife:
Alas that I nere of this life,
Er I be fulliche ouertake.
And thus he will his sorowe make,
As god him might not auaile:
But yet ne woll he not trauaile,
To helpe hym selfe at suche a nede,
But sloutheth vnder suche a drede,
Whiche is affermed in his herte:
Right as he might nough asterte
The worldes wo, whiche he is inne.
Also whan he is falle in synne,
Hym thynketh he is so fer culpable,
That god woll not be merciable
So great a sinne to foryeue.
And thus he leueth to be shriue.
And if a man in thilke throwe
Wold hym counseile, he wolde not knowe
The soth, though a man it fynde.
For tristesse is of suche a kynde,
That for to maintene his folie
He hath with hym obstinacie,
Whiche is within of suche a slouth,
That he forsaketh all the trouth,
And woll to no reason bowe.
And yet he can not alowe
His owne skille, but of hede
Thus dwineth he, till he be dede,
In hyndrynge of his owne estate.
For where a man is obstinate,
Wanhope falleth at laste,
Whiche maie not longe after laste,
Till slouth make of hym an ende.
But god wote whether he shall wende.
My sonne and right in suche manere
There be louers of heuie chere,
That sorowen more than is nede,
Whan they be taried of her spede,
And can not them selfe rede,
But lesen hope for to spede,
And stynten loue to pursewe.
And thus their faden hyde and hewe,
And lustles in her hertes ware.
Herof it is, that I wolde are,
If thou my sonne art one of tho.
A good father it is so,
Out take o point I am beknowe.
For els I am ouerthrowe
In all that euer ye haue seide,
My sorowe is euermore vnteide,
And secheth ouer all my veynes.
But for to counsaile of my peines
I can no bote do therto.
And thus withouten hope I go:
So that my wittes ben empeired,
And I am, as who saith dispeired
To winne loue of thilke swete,
Without whom, I you bchete,
Myn herte, that is so bestadde,
Right inly neuer maie be gladde.
For by my trouth I shall not lie.
Of pure sorowe, whiche I drie,
For that she saith she will me nought,
With dretchyng of myn owne thought,
In suche a wanhope I am falle,
That I ne can vnethes calle,
As for to speke of any grace,
My ladies mercy to purchace.
But yet I saie nought for this,
That all in my defaute it is,
That I am neuer yet in stede,
Whan time was, that I me bede
Ne sayde, and as I durst tolde.
But neuer fonde I, that she wolde
For ought she knewe of myn entent,
To speke a goodly worde assent.
And netheles this dare I saie,
That if a sinfull wolde praie
To god of his foryeuenes,
With halfe so great a besinesse,
As I haue do to my ladie,
In lacke of askynge of mercie,
He shulde neuer come in helle.
And thus I maie you soothly telle,
Saufe onely that I crie and bidde,
I am in tristesse all amidde,
And fulfilled of desperance:
And therof yeue me my penance
Myn holy father, as you liketh.
My sonne of that thyn herte siketh,
With sorowe might thou not amende,
Tyll loue his grace woll the sende.
For thou thyn owne cause empeirest,
What tyme as thou thy selfe despeirest
I not what other thyng auaileth
Of hope, whan the herte faileth
For suche a sore is incurable:
And eke the goddes ben vengeable,
And that a man maie right well frede,
These olde bokes who so rede
Of thinge, whiche hath befalle er this.
Nowe here, of what ensample it is.

Hic narrat qualiter Iphis, regis Thencri filius, ob amorem cuiusdam puelle nomine Araxarathen, quam neque donis aut precibus vincere potuit, desperans ante patris ipsius puelle ianuas noctanter se suspendit, vnde dii commoti, dictam puellam in lapidem durissimam transmutarunt, quam rex Theucer vna cum filio suo apud Sala-

minam in Templo veneris pro perpetua memoria sepeliri et iocari fecit.

WHILOM by olde daies fer,
Of Mese was the kynge Theucer,
Whithe had a knight to sonne Iphis,
Of loue and he so maistred is,
That he hath set all his courage,
As to regarde of his lignage,
Upon a maide of lowe estate.
But though he were a potestate
Of worldes good, he was subiecte
To loue and put in suche a plite,
That he excedeth the measure
Of reason, that hym selfe assure
He can nought. For the more he praid,
The lasse loue on hym she layde.
He was with loue vnwise constreigned,
And she with reason was restreigned.
The lustes of his herte he seweth,
And she for drede, shame escheweth:
And as she shulde, toke good hede,
To saue and kepe hir womanhede.
And thus the thynge stode in debate
Betwene his lust, and hir estate.
He yaue, he sende, he spake by mouth.
But yet for ought that euer he couth
Unto his spede he fonde no weie:
So that he cast his hope aweie,
Within his herte he gan despeyre
Fro daie to daie, and so empeire,
That he hath lost all his delite
Of lust, of slepe, of appetite,
That he through strength of loue passeth
His witte, and reason ouerpasseth:
As he whiche of his life ne rought,
His death vpon hym selfe he sought:
So that by night his weie he nam,
There wist none where he becam.
The night was derke, there shone no moone,
Tofore the gates he eam soone,
Where that this yonge maide was,
And with this wofull worde, alas
His deadly plaintes he began
So still, that there was no man
It herde: and than he saide thus:
O thou Cupide, O thou Venus,
Fortuned by whose ordinance
Of loue, is euery mans chance.
Ye knowen all myn hole herte,
That I ne maie your hondes asterte.
On you is euer that I crie,
And you deigneth not to plie,
Ne towarde me your eare eneline.
Thus for I see no medicine
To make an ende of my quarele,
My death shall be in stede of hele
Ha thou my wofull ladie dere,
Whiche dwellest with thy father here,
And slepest in thy bedde at ease,
Thou wotest nothyng of my disease,
Howe thou and I be nowe vnmete,
A lorde, what sweuen shalt thou mete:
What dremes hast thou nowe on honde?
Thou slepest there, and I herde stonde.
Though I no death to the deserue,
Here shall I for thy loue sterue,
Here shall I a kynges sonne die
For loue, and for no felonie.
Whether thou therof haue ioy or sorow,
Here shalt thou se me dead to morowe.
O harde herte abouen alle,
This death, whiche shall to me falle,
For that thou wolde not do me grace,
It shall be tolde in many place,
That I am dead for loue and trouth,
In thy defaute, and in thy slouth.
Thy daunger shall to many mo
Ensample be for euermo,
Whan thei the wofull death recorde.
And with that worde he toke a corde,
With whiche vpon the gate tree
He henge him selfe, that was pitee.
The morow cam, the night is gone.
Men come out and see anone
Where that this yonge lorde was dede,
There was an hous without rede.
For no man knewe the cause whie,
There was wepyng, there was crie.
This maiden, whan she it herde,
And sigh this thynge howe it misferde:
Anone she wist what it ment,
And all the cause howe it went.
To all the worlde she tolde it out,
And preieth to hem, that were aboute
To take of hir the vengeance.
For she was cause of thilke chance,
Why that this kynges son is spilte:
She taketh vpon hir selfe the gilte,
And is all redie to the peine,
Whiche any man hir wolde ordeine.
But if any other wolde,
She saith, that hir selfe she sholde
Do wreche with hir owne honde,
Through out the worlde in euery londe,
That euery lyfe therof shall speke,
Howe she hir selfe it shulde wreke.
She wepeth, she crieth, she swouneth ofte,
She caste hir eien vp alofte,
And saide amonge full piteously:
O god, thou wost that it am I,
For whom Iphis is thus beseine,
Ordeine so, that men maie seine
A thousande winter after this,
Howe suche a maiden did amis.
And as I did, do to me.
For I ne did no pitee
To hym, whiche for my loue is lore.
Do no pitee to me therfore.
And with this worde she fell to grounde
A swoune, and there she laie a stounde.
The goddes, whiche hir plaintes herde,
And sith how wofully she ferde,
Hir life thei toke awey anone,
And shopen hir into a stone,
After the forme of his image,
Of body both, and of visage.
And for the meruaile of this thynge
Unto the place came the kynge,
And eke the queene, and many mo:
And whan thei wisten it was so,
As I haue tolde it here aboue,
How that Iphis was deade for loue,
Of that he had be refused:
Thei helden all men excused,
And wondren vpon the vengeance.
And for to kepe remembrance,
This fayre image maiden liche,
With companie noble and riche,

With torches, and great solemnitee,
To Salamine the Citee
They leade and carie forth withall
This deade corps, and seine it shall,
Besyde thilke image haue
His sepulture, and be begraue.
This corps and this image thus
In to the citee to Venus,
Where that goddesse hir temple had,
To gether bothe two thei ladde.
This ilke image as for a miracle,
Was set vpon an high pinnacle,
That all men it might knowe:
And vnder that thei maden lowe
A tombe riche for the nones
Of marble and eke of Jaspre stones,
Wherin that Iphis was beloken,
That euermore it shall be spoken,
And for men shall the sothe witte
Thei haue her epitaphe writte,
As thynge, whiche shulde abide stable,
The letters grauen in a table
Of marble were, and saide this:
Here lieth, whiche slough hym selfe, Iphis
For loue of Araxarathen.
And in ensample of the women,
That suffren men dien so,
Hir forme a man maie seen also,
Howe it is tourned flesshe and bone
In to the figure of a stone.
He was to nesshe, and she to harde.
Beware for thy here afterwarde
Yemen and women both two,
Ensampleth you of that was tho.
Lo thus my sonne as I the saie
It greueth by diuers waie
In dispeire a man to falle,
Whiche is the last branche of all
Of slepe, as thou hast herde deuise,
Wherof that thou thy selfe auise,
Good is, er that thou be deceiued,
Wher that the grace of hope is weiued.
My father howe so that it stonde,
Nowe haue I pleynly vnderstonde
Of slouthes courte the propertee,
Wherof touchende in my degree,
For euer I thynke to beware.
But ouer this so as I dare,
With all myn herte I you beseche,
That ye me wolde enforme and teche,
What there is more of your apprise
In loue, als well as otherwise,
So that I maie me cleane shriue.
My sonne while thou arte aliue,
And hast also thy full mynde,
Amonge the vices, whiche I fynde,
There is yet one suche of the seuen,
Whiche all this worlde hath set vneuen,
And causeth many a wronge,
Where he the cause hath vnderfonge,
Wherof hereafter thou shalte here
The forme bothe, and the matere.

EXPLICIT LIBER QUARTUS.

Obstat auaritia naturæ legibus, et quæ
Largus amor poscit, strictius illa vetat.
Omne quod est nimium, vitiosum dicitur aurum,
Vellera sicut oues seruat auarus opes.

Non decet, vt soli seruabitur æs, sed amori
Debet homo solam solus habere suam.

Hic in quinto libro intendit Confessor tractare de auaritia, que omnium malorum radix esse dicitur, necnon de eiusdem vicii speciebus, et primum ipsius auaritie naturam describit.

INCIPIT LIBER QUINTUS.

FYRSTE whan the highe god beganne
This worlde, and that the kynde of man
Was fal into no gret encres,
For worldes good was tho no pres,
But all was set to the commune.
Thei speken than of no fortune,
Or for to lese or for to winne
Till Auarice brought it in,
And that was whan the worlde was wore
Of man, of hors, of shepe, of ore,
And that men knewen the money:
Tho went pees out of the wey,
And werre came on euery side,
Whiche all loue leide aside,
And of common his propre made,
So that in stede of shouell and spade
The sharpe swerde was take on honde.
And in this wise it came to londe,
Wherof men made diches depe,
And high walles, for to kepe
The golde, whiche Auarice encloseth.
But all to littel hym supposeth,
Though he might all the worlde purchace.
For what thing, that he maie embrace
Of golde, of catell, or of londe,
He let it neuer out of his honde,
But gette hym more, and halt it fast,
As though the worlde shulde euer laste.
So is he liche vnto the helle.
For as these olde bokes telle,
What cometh therin lasse or more,
It shall departe neuermore.
Thus whan he hath his cofer loken,
It shall not after ben vnstoken,
But whan he list to haue a sight
Of golde, Howe that it shineth bright,
That he theron maie loke and muse
For otherwise he dare not vse
To take his parte or lesse or more,
So is he poore, and ouermore
Hym lacketh, that he hath enough.
An ore draweth in the plough
Of that hym selfe hath no profite:
A shepe right in the same plite
His woll beareth, but on a daie
An other taketh the flees awaie.
Thus hath he, that he nought ne hath.
For he therof his parte ne tath.
To seie howe suche a man hath good,
Who so that reasone vnderstoode
It is vnproperliche sayde:
That good hath hym, and halt him taide,
That he ne gladdeth nought withall,
But is vnto his good a thrall,
And a subiecte thus serueth he:
Where that he shulde maister be.
Suche is the kynde of thauarous.
My sonne as thou art amorous,
Tell if thou fare of loue so.
My father as it semeth no,

That auarous yet neuer I was,
So as ye setten me the cas.
For as ye tolden here aboue,
In full possession of loue
Yet was I neuer here tofore:
So that me thynketh well therfore
I maie excuse well my dede.
But of my wyll withouten drede,
If I that treasour might gete,
It shulde neuer be foryete,
That I ne wolde it faste holde,
Tyll god of loue hym selue wolde,
That death vs shulde departe a two.
For leueth well, I loue hir so,
That euen with myn owne life,
If I that swete lustie wife
Might ones welden at my wille,
For euer I wolde holde hir stille:
And in this wise taketh kepe,
If I hir had, I wolde hir kepe:
And yet no fridaie wolde I fast,
Though I hir kepe and helde fast.
Fie on the bagges in the chist.
I had enough, if I hir kyst.
For certes if she were myne,
I had hir leuer than a myne
Of golde: for all this worldes ryche
Ne might me make so riche,
As she that is so inly good:
I set nought of other good.
For might I gette suche a thynge,
I had a treasour for a kynge.
And though I wolde it fast holde,
I were than well beholde.
But I might pipe nowe with lasse,
And suffre that it ouer passe,
Not with my will, for thus I wolde
Ben auarous, if that I sholde.
But father I herde you sey,
How the auarous hath yet some wey
Wherof he maie be glad. For hee
Maie, whan hym list, his tresure see,
And grope, and fele it all aboute:
But I full ofte am shet theroute,
There as my worthie tresour is.
So is my life liche vnto this,
That ye me tolden here to fore,
Howe that an oxe his yoke hath bore
For thynge that shulde hym not auaile:
And in this wise I me trauaile.
For who that euer hath the welfare,
I wote well that I haue the care.
For I am had, and nought ne haue,
And am, as who saith, loues knaue.
Nowe deme in your owne thought,
If this be auariee or nought.
My sonne I haue of the no wonder,
Though thou to serue be put vnder
With loue, whiche to kynde accordeth:
But so as euery boke recordeth,
It is to kynde no pleasance,
That men aboue his sustenance,
Unto the golde shall serue, and bowe.
For that maie no reason auowe.
But auarice netheles,
If he maie getten his encrees
Of golde, that wolde he serue and kepe.
For he taketh of nought els kepe,
But for to fylle his bagges large:
And all is to hym but a charge.
For he ne parteth nought withall,
But kepeth it as seruaunt shall.
And thus though that he multiplie
His golde, without treasorie
He is, for man is nought amended
With golde, but if it be dispended
To mans vse, wherof I rede
A tale, and take therof good hede,
Of that befelle by olde tide,
As telleth vs the clerke Ouide.

Hic loquitur contra istos auaros, et narrat qualiter Mida rex Frigie Silenum Bacchi sacerdotem, quem rustici vinculis ferreis alligarunt dissoluit, et in hospicium suum benignissime recollegit: pro quo Bacchus quodcunque munus rex exigere vellet, donari concessit. Unde rex auaritia ductus, vt quicquid tangeret, in aurum conuerteretur, indiscrete petiit.

Bacchus, whiche is the god of wine
Accordant vnto his diuine
A prest, the whiche Silenus hight,
He had, and fell so, that by night
This prest was drunke, and goth a strayde,
Wherof the men were euill apayde
In Frigelonde, where as he went.
But at last a chorle hym hent
With strength of other felawship:
So that vpon his drunkeship
They bounden hym with cheynes faste,
And forth they lad hym also faste
Unto the kynge, whiche hight Mide.
But he that wolde his viee hide,
This curtois kynge toke of hym hede
And bad, that men shulde hym lede
In to a chambre for to kepe,
Till he of leyser had slepe.
And thus this priest was soone vnbound,
And vpon a couche fro the grounde
To slepe he was leyde soft enough.
And whan he woke, the kinge him drough
To his presence, and did hym chere.
So that this preest in suche manere,
While that him liketh, ther he dwelleth,
And al this he to Bacchus telleth.
Whan that he cam to hym ageyne.
And Whan that Bacchus hard seyne,
How Mide hath done his curtesie,
Hym thinketh, it were a vilanie,
But he rewarde hym for his dede,
So as he might of his godhede.
Unto this kynge this god appereth,
And clepeth, and that other hereth.
This god to Mide thonketh fayre,
Of that he was so debonayre
Towarde his prest, and bad hym seye,
What thynge it were, he wolde preye,
He shulde it haue of worldes good.
This kynge was glad, and stille stoode,
And was of his askynge in doute,
And all the worlde he casteth aboute,
What thynge was best for his astate,
And with hym selfe stode in debate
Upon thre pointes, whiche I fynde,
Ben leuest vnto mans kynde.
The first of hem it is delite,
The two ben worship and profite,
And than he thought, if that I craue
Delite, though I delite maie haue,

Delite shall passen in my age,
That is no siker auantage.
For euery ioye bodily
Shall ende in wo, delite for thy
Woll I not chese. And if I worship
Aske, and of the worlde lordship,
This is an occupacion
Of proude imaginacion,
Whiche maketh an herte vaine within,
There is no certaine for to winne.
For lorde and knaue is all one wey,
Whan thei be bore and wan thei dey.
And if I profite aske wolde,
I not in what maner I sholde
Of worldes good haue sikernes.
For euery these vpon richesse
Awaiteth, for to robbe and stele:
Suche good is cause of harmes fele.
And also though a man at ones
Of all the worlde within his wones
The treasour might haue euery dele:
Yet had he but one mans dele
Towarde hym selfe, so as I thynke,
Of clothynge, and of meate and drinke.
For more (out take vanitee)
There hath no lorde in his degree.
And thus vpon these poyntes diuerse
Diuersly he gan reherce,
What poynt hym thought for the beste.
But playnly for to gette hym rest,
He can no siker waie caste.
And netheles yet at laste
He fell vpon the couetise
Of golde, and than in sundrie wise
He thought, as I haue said tofore,
How treasour maie be soone lore,
And had an inly great desyre
Touchende of suche recouere,
Howe that he might his cause auayle,
To get hym golde withouten faile.
Within his herte and thus he preiseth
The golde, and faith, how that he peiseth
Aboven all other metall moste.
The golde, he saith, maie lede an hoste
To make werre ayene the kynge,
The golde put vnder all thynge,
And set in what hym list aboue:
The golde can make of hate loue,
And werre of pees: and right of wronge,
And longe to shorte, and shorte to longe.
Without golde maie be no fest:
Golde is the lorde of man and best,
And maie hem both bie and selle
So that a man maie sothely telle,
That all the worlde to golde obeieth.
For thy this kynge to Baccus preith,
To graunte him golde, but he excedeth
Measure, more than hym nedeth.
Men tellen, that the maladie,
Whiche eleped is hydropsie,
Resembled is vnto this vice.
By waie of kynde of Auarice
The more hydropsie drinketh,
The more hym thirsteth: for him thynketh,
That he maie neuer drinke his fille,
So that there maie no thynge fulfille
The lustes of his appetite,
And right in suche a maner plite
Stant euer Auarice, and euer stoode,
The more he hath of worldes good,
The more he wolde it kepe streite,
And euer more and more coueite.
And right in suche condicion,
Without good discrecion,
This kynge with Auarice is smitte,
That all the worlde it might witte.
For he to Bacchus than preid,
That wherupon his honde he leyd,
It shulde through his touche anone
Become golde: and therupon
This god hym graunteth, as he badde.
Tho was this kynge of Frige gladde,
And for to put it in assaie,
With all the hast that he maie,
He toucheth that, he toucheth this:
And in his hond all golde it is,
The stone, the tree, the leaf, the gras,
The floure, the fruite all golde it was.
Thus toucheth he, while he maie laste
To go: but honger at laste
Hym toke so, that he mote nede,
By wey of kynde his honger fede.
The cloth was leid, the borde was set,
And all was forth tofore hym set,
His disshe, his cup, his drink, his meate.
But whan he wolde or drinke or eate,
Anone as it his mouth cam nighe,
It was all golde; and than he sighe
Of Auarice the folie:
And he with that beganne to crie,
And preide Bacchus to foryeue
His gylt, and suffer hym for to lyue,
And be suche as he was tofore:
So that he were nought forlore,
This god, whiche herde of this greuance,
Toke routhe vpon his repentance,
And bad hym go forth redily
Unto a flood was fast by,
Whiche Paceole than hight:
In whiche als fast as euer he might
He shuld hym wasshe oueralh:
And said hym than that he shall
Recouer his first astate ageine.
This kynge right as he herd seyn,
In to the flood goth fro the londe,
And wesshe hym both foote and honde,
And so forth all the remenante,
As hym was set in couenant.
And than he sigh meruailes strange,
The flood his colour gan to change,
The grauell with the small stones,
To gold thei torne both attones:
And he was quite of that he hadde:
And thus fortune his chance ladde.
And whan he sigh his touch awey,
He goth hym home the right wey,
And liueth forth as he did er,
And put all auarice a fer,
And the riches of golde despiseth,
And seith, that meate and cloth suffiseth.
Thus hath this kynge experience,
Howe fooles done the reuerence
To golde, whiche of his owne kynde
Is lasse worth than is the rynde,
To sustenance of mans foode:
And than he made lawes good,
And all his thynge set vpon skille:
He bede his people for to tille
Her londe, and liue vnder the lawe.
And that thei shuld also forthdrawe.

Bestail, and seche none encrees
Of golde, whiche is the breche of pees
For this a man maie fynde writte,
To fore the time, er golde was smitte
In coygne, that men the floren knewe,
There was wel nighe no man vntrewe.
Tho was there shelde ne speare,
Ne deadly wepen for to beare.
Tho was the towne withouten walle,
Whiche nowe is closed ouer alle.
Tho was there no brocage in londe,
Whiche nowe taketh euery cause on honde
So maie men knowe, how the floreyn
Was moder first of malengin,
And bringer in of all werre,
Wherof this world stant out of herre,
Through the counseill of Auarice,
Whiche of his owne propre vice
Is as the helle wonderfull.
For it maie neuermore be full:
That what as euer cometh therinne,
A wey he maie it neuer winne.
But sonne myn do thou not so,
Let all suche Auarice go,
And take thy parte of that thou hast:
I bid not that thou do wast,
But holde largesse in his measure.
And if thou see a creature,
Whiche through pouert is falle in nede,
Yeue hym some good: for this I rede.
To hym that woll not yeuen here,
What peyne he shall haue els where:
There is a peyn amonge all
Benethe in helle, whiche men calle
The wofull peyne of Tantalie,
Of whiche I shall the redily
Deuise howe men therin stonde.
In hell thou shalt vnderstonde,
There is a flood of thilke office,
Whiche serueth all for auarice:
What man that stond shall therin,
He stant vp euen to the chinne.
Aboue his hede also there hongeth
A fruite whiche to that peine longeth:
And that fruite toucheth euer in one
His ouerlippe, and therupon
Suche thirste and honger hym assaileth,
That neuer his appetite ne faileth.
But whan he wolde his honger fede,
The frute withdraweth hym at nede:
And though he heue his hede on high,
The fruite is euer aliche nigh,
So is the honger well the more.
And also though hym thurst sore,
And to the water bowe a doune,
The flood in suche condicion
Aualeth, that his drinke areche
He maie not. Io nowe whiche a wreche,
That meate and drinke is hym so couth,
And yet ther cometh none in his mouth.
Liche to the peines of this flood
Stant Auarice in worldes good.
He hath enough, and yet hym nedeth,
For his scarcenes it hym forbedeth:
And euer his honger after more
Trauaileth hym aliche sore:
So is he peined ouerall,
For thy thy goodes forth withall
My sonne loke thou dispende,
Wherof thou might thy selfe amende
Both here, and eke in other place,
And also if thou wolte purchace
To be beloued, thou must vse
Largesse: for if thou refuse
To yeue for thy loues sake,
It is no reason that thou take
Of loue, that thou woldest craue.
For thy if thou wolt grace haue,
Be gracious and do largesse:
Of Auarice and the sekenesse
Eschewe aboue all other thynge,
And take insample of Mide the kynge,
And of the flood of helle also,
Where is enough of all wo.
And though there were no matere,
But onely that we finden here;
Men ought Auarice eschewe.
For what man thilke vice sewe.
He gete hym selfe but litell rest,
For howe so that the body rest,
The herte vpon the golde trauaileth,
Whom many a nightes drede assaileth.
For though he ligge a bed naked,
His herte is euermore awaked,
And dremeth, as he lieth to slepe,
How besy that he is to kepe
His tresour, that no thefe it stele:
Thus hath he but a wofull wele.
And right so in the same wise,
If thou thy selfe wolt wele auise,
There be louers of suche enowe,
That wol vnto no reason bowe
If so be thei come aboue,
Whan thei ben maisters of her loue,
And that thei shulden be moste gladde
With loue, thei ben moste bestadde:
So fayn thei wolde it holden all,
That her herte, her eie is ouerall,
And wenen euery man be thefe,
To stele awey that hem is lefe.
Thus through her owne fantasie
Thei fallen in to Jelousie.
Than hath the ship to broke his cable,
With euery wynde and is menable.
My fader for that ye nowe telle,
I haue herde oft tyme telle,
Of Jelousie, but what it is,
Yet vnderstod I neuer er this.
Wherfore I wolde you beseche,
That ye me wolde informe and teche,
What maner thyng it might bee.
My sonne that is harde to mee.
But netheles as I haue herde,
Now herken, and thou shalt be answerde,

Nota de Zelotipia, cuius fantastica suspitio amorem quamuis fidelissimum multotiens sine causa corruptum imaginatur.

AMONG the men lacke of manhod
In mariage, vpon wifehode
Maketh that a man him selfe deceiueth:
Wherof it is, that he conceiueth,
That ilke vneasy maladie,
The whiche is cleped Jelousie:
Of whiche if I the propertee
Shall telle, after the niceteе,
So as it worcheth on a man:
A feuer it is cotidian,

Whiche euery daie wol come aboute,
Where so a man be in or oute.
At home if that a man woll wonne,
This feuer is than of comon wonne
Most greuous in a mans eie.
For than he maketh hym tote and prie,
Where so as euer his loue go,
She shall not with hir litell to
Misteppe, but he seeth it all:
His eie is walkend ouerall.
Where that she synge, or that she daunce,
He seeth the lest countenance,
If she loke on a man a side,
Or with hym rowne at any tide,
Or that she laugh, or that she loure,
His eie is there at euery houre.
And whan it draweth to the night,
If she than be without light,
Anone is all the game shente.
For than he set his parliament
To speake it whan he cometh to bed,
And saith: if I were nowe to wed,
I wolde neuer haue wife.
And so he torneth in to strife
The luste of loues dutee,
And all vpon diuersitee.
If she be fresshe, and well araied,
He saith hir baner is displaied
To clepe in guestes by the weie.
And if she be not well beseie,
And that hir list not to be gladde,
He beareth on honde that she is madde,
And loueth not hir husbonde.
He saith, he maie well vnderstonde,
That if she wolde his companie,
She shuld than afore his eie
Shewe all the pleasure that she might.
So that by daie ne by night
She not what thyng is for the beste,
But liueth out of all rest.
For what as euer hym liste to seyn,
She dare not speke o worde ageyn,
But wepeth, and holt hir lippes close.
She maie welle writte, Sance repose
The wife, whiche is to suche one maried,
Of all women be he waried.
For with his feuer of idousie,
His eche daies fantasie
Of sorowe is euer aliche grene,
So that there is no loue sene,
While that him list at home abide.
And whan so is he woll out ride,
Than hath he redie his aspie
Abidyng in hir companie,
A iangler, an euill mouthed one,
That she ne maie no whither gone,
Ne speke one worde, ne ones loke.
But he ne woll it wende, and croke,
And torne after his owne entent,
Though she no thyng but honour ment:
Whan that the lorde cometh home ageyne,
The iangler must somwhat seyn.
So what without, and what withinne,
This feuer is euer to begynne.
For where he cometh he can not ende,
Till death of hym hath made an ende.
For though so be, that he ne here,
Ne se, ne witte in no manere,
But all honoure and womanhede,
Therof the Jelous taketh none hede:
But as a man to loue vnkynde,
He cast his staffe and as the blinde,
And fint defaulte, where is none.
As who so dremeth on a stone
Howe he is leyde, and groneth ofte.
Whan he lieth on his pilowe softe.
So is there nought but strife and chest,
Whan loue shulde make his fest.
It is great thynge if he hir kisse,
Thus hath she lost the nightes blisse.
For at suche tyme he gruteheth euer,
And bereth on honde, there is a leuer,
That she wolde another were
In stede of hym abedde there.
And with tho wordes, and with mo
Of Jelousie, he torneth hir fro,
And lieth vpon that other side.
And she with that draweth hir aside,
And there she wepeth all the night.
A to what peine she is dight.
That in hir youth hath so be set
The bonde, whiche maie not ben vnkent?
I wote the tyme is ofte cursed,
That euer was the golde vnpursed,
The whiche was layd vpon the boke,
Whan that all other she forsoke
For loue of hym, but all to late
She pleineth: for as than algate
She mote forbeare, and to hym bowe,
Though he ne woll it nouht allowe.
For man is lorde of thilke feyre:
So maie the woman but empeyre,
If she speke ought agein his wille
And thus she bereth her peyne stille.
But if this Feuer a woman take,
She shall be well more harde shake.
For though she both see and here,
And fynde, that there is no matere,
She dare but to hir selfe pleyne:
And thus she suffreth double peyne,
Lo thus my sonne, as I haue writte,
Thou might of Jelowsie witte
His feuer, and his condicion.
Whiche is full of suspection.
But wherof that this feuer groweth,
Who so these olde bokes troweth,
There maie he fynde howe it is.
For thei vs teche, and telle this,
Howe that this feuer of Jelousie
Somdele it groweth of sotie
Of loue, and somdele of vntrust.
For as a sicke man lest his lust,
And whan he maie no sauoure geate,
He hateth than his owne meate.
Right so this feuerous maladie,
Whiche caused is of fantasie,
Maketh the Jelous in febte plite,
To lese of loue his appetite
Through feigned informacion
Of his imaginacion.
But finally to taken hede,
Men maie well make a likelyhede
Betwene hym whiche is amarous
Of golde, and hym that is Jelous
Of loue: in o degree
Thei stonde both, as semeth me,
That one wold haue his bagges still,
And nought departen with his will,
And dare not for the theues slepe,
So fayne he wolde his treasour kepe:

That other maie not well be glad.
For euermore he is adrad
Of these louers, that gone aboute,
In aunter, if thei put hym oute.
So haue thei both litell ioye,
As well of loue, as of moneie.
Now hast thou son of my techynge.
Of Jelousie a knowlechynge
That thou might vnderstonde this,
Fro whence he cometh, and what he is:
And eke to whom that he is like,
Beware for thy thou be not sike
Of thilke feuer, as I haue spoke.
For it woll in hym selfe be wroke.
For loue hateth no thyng more,
As men maie finde by the lore
Of hem, that whilom were wise,
Howe that thei speke in many wise.
My fader sothe is that ye seyn,
But for to loke there ayen,
Before this time howe it is falle,
Wherof there might ensample falle
To suche men as ben Jelous,
In what maner it is greuous,
Right fayn I wolde ensample here.
My good sonne at thy praiere,
Of suche ensamples as I finde,
So as thei comen nowe to mynde,
Upon this point of tyme agone,
I thinke for to tellen one.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos maritos, quos Zelotipia maculauit. Et narrat quater Vulcanus, cuius vxor Venus extitit, suspitionem inter ipsam et Martem concipiens, eorum gestus diligentius explorabat, Vnde contigit, quod cum ipse quadam vice ambos inter se pariter amplexantes in lecto nudos inuenit, et exclamans, omnem cetum deorum et dearum ad tantum spectaculum conuocauit, super quo tamen derisum potius quam remedium a tota cohorte consecutus est.

OUIDE wrote of many thynges,
Amonge the whiche, in his writynges
He told a tale in poesie,
Whiche toucheth vnto Jelousie,
Upon a certaine cas of loue.
Amonge the goddes al aboue.
It felle at thilke tyme thus:
The god of fire, whiche Vulcanus
It hote, and hath a crafte forth with
Assigned for to be the smith
Of Jupiter, and his figure,
Both of visage and of stature,
Is lothly, and masgracious.
But yet he hath within his hous,
As for the likynge of his life,
The faire Venus to his wife.
But Mars, whiche of batailles is
The god, an eie had vnto this,
As he whiche was chiualrous.
It felle him to ben amorous,
And thought it was great pitee,
To see so lustie one as she,
Be coupled with so lourd a wight
So that his peine daie and night
He did, if he hir wynne might.
And she that had a good insight
Toward so noble a knightly lorde,
In loue fel of his acorde.
There lacketh nought but tyme and place,
That be nis sicker of hir grace.
But whan two hertes fallen in one,
So wise a waite was neuer none,
That at sometyme thei ne mete.
And thus this faire lustie swete
With Mars hath ofte companie,
But thilke vnkynde Jelousie,
Whiche euermore the herte opposeth,
Maketh Vulcanus, that he supposeth,
That it is not wel ouerall:
And to hym selfe he said, he shall
Aspie better, if that he maie.
And so it felle vpon a daie,
That he this thyng so slightly ledde,
He fonde hem both two a bedde
All warme, echone with other naked,
And he with crafte all redy maked,
Of stronge cheines hath hem bounde,
As he together hem had founde,
And lefte hem bothe ligge so,
And gan to clepe and crie tho
Unto the goddes all aboute:
And thei assembled in a route
Come all at ones for to see.
But none amendes had hee,
But was rebuked here and there
Of hem, that loues frendes were,
And saiden, that he was to blame.
For if there felle hym any shame,
It was through his misgouernance.
And thus he lost contenance,
This god, and let his cause falle,
And thei to scorne hym laughen all.
And losen Mars out of his hondes,
Wherof these erthly husbondes
For euer might ensample take,
If suche a chaunce hem ouertake.
For Vulcanus his wife bewrayd,
The blame vpon hym selfe he laide,
Wherof his shame was the more,
Whiche ought for to ben a lore
For euery man, that liueth here,
To reulen hym in this matere.
Though suche an happe of loue asterte,
Yet shuld he not apoynte his herte
With Jelousie, of that is wrought:
But feigne, as though he wist it nought.
For if he let it ouer passe,
The sclaunder shall be well the lasse,
And he the more in ese stonde.
For this thou might well vnderstonde,
That where a man shall nedes lese,
The lasse harme is for to chese.
But Jelousie of his vntriste,
Maketh full many an harme ariste,
Whiche elles shulde not arise.
And if a man wolde hym auise
Of that befelle to Vulcanus,
Hym ought of reason thinke thus:
That sith a god was therof shamed,
Well shuld an erthily man be blamed,
To take vpon hym suche a vice.
For thy my sonne in thyne office
Beware, that thou be nought ielous,
Whiche oft tyme hath shent the hous.
My fader this ensample is harde,
Howe suche thynge to the heuenwarde

Amonge the goddes might falle.
For there is but o god of all,
Whiche is the lorde of heuen and helle.
But if it like you to telle,
Howe suche goddes come aplace,
Ye might mochell thanke purchace.
For I shall be well taught withall.
My sonne it is thus ouerall
With hem, that standen misbileued,
That suche goddes ben beleued,
In sondry place, in sondry wise
Amonges hem, whiche be vnwise,
There is betaken of credence,
Wherof that I the difference
In the maner, as it is writte,
Shall do the plainly for to witte.

Mentibus illusis signantur templa deorum,
Vnde deos cæcos natio cæca colit.
Nulla creaturi ratio facit esse creatum,
Equiparans quoad huc iura pagana fouent.

Quia secundum poetarum fabulas in huiusmodi libelli locis quampluribus nomina et gestus deorum falsorum intitulantur, quorum infidelitas, vt Christianis clarius innotescat, intendit de ipsorum origine secundum varias paganorum sectas scribere consequenter. Et primo defecta Caldeorum tractare proponit.

Er Christe was bore among vs here
Of the byleues, that tho were,
In foure fourmes thus it was.
Thei of Chaldee, as in this cas
Had a beleue by hem selue,
Whiche stode vpon the signes twelue,
Forth eke with the planettes seuen,
Whiche as thei sighen vpon the heuen
Of sondrie constellacion,
In her imaginacion
With sondrie kerfe and portrature
Thei made of goddes the figure.
In thelementes and eke also
Thei hadden a beleue tho,
And all that was vnresonable.
For the elementes ben seruisable
To man: And ofte of accidence,
As men maie see the experience,
Thei ben corrupt by sondrie weye:
So maie no mans reason seye,
That thei ben god in any wise,
And eke if men hem wel auise,
The sonne and moone eclipsen both,
That be hem lef, or be hem loth,
Thei suffre, and what thyng is passible
To ben a god is impossible.
These elementes ben creatures,
So ben these heuenly figures.
Wherof maie wel be iustified,
That thei maie not he deified.
And who that taketh awaie the honour,
Whiche due is to the creatour,
And yeueth it to the creature:
He dothe to great a forfaiture.
But of Caldee netheles,
Upon this feith though it be lesse.
Thei holde affermed the creance,
So that of helle the penance,
As folke, whiche stant out of beleue,
Thei shall receiue as we beleue.

Of the Caldens so in this wise
Stant the beleue out of assise:
But in Egypte worste of alle
The faith is fals, howe so it falle.
For thei diuers beastes there
Honour, as though thei goddes were.
And nethelesse yet forthe withall
Thre goddes moste in speciall
Thei haue forth with a goddesse,
In whome is all her sikernesse.
Tho goddes be yet eleped thus
Orus, Typhon, and Isirus.
They were brethren all three,
And the goddesse in hir degree,
Her sister was, and Isis hight:
Whom Isirus forlaie by night,
And helde hir after as his wife.
So it befelle, that vpon strife
Typhon hath Isire his brother slayne,
Whiche had a childe, to sonne Orayne:
And he his fathers dethe to herte
So toke, that it maie nought asterte,
That he Typhon after ne slough,
Whan he was ripe of age enough.
But yet the Egypciens trowe,
For all this errour, whiche thei knowe,
That these bretherne ben of might,
To sette and kepe Egypt vpright,
And ouerthrowe, if that hem like.
But Isis, as seith the cronike,
Fro Grece in to Egypte cam,
And she than vpon honde nam
To teche hem for to sowe and ere,
Whiche no man knewe tofore there.
And whan the Egypciens sie
The feldes full afore her eie,
And that the londe began to greyne,
Whiche whilom had be bareyne:
For the erthe bare after the kynde
His due charge, this I fynde,
That she of birth the goddesse
Is cleped, so that in distresse
The women thervpon childynge
To hir clepe, and her offrynge
Thei bearen, whan that thei ben light.
Lo howe Egypt all out of sight
Fro reason stant in misbeleue
For lacke of lore as I beleue.

De secta Grecorum.

AMONGE the grekes out of the weie,
As thei that reson put aweie,
There was, as the cronike saith,
Of misbeleue an other faith,
That thei her goddes, and goddesses
As who saith token all to gesses,
Of suche as weren full of vice,
To whom thei made sacrifice.

Nota qualiter Saturnus deorum summus appellatur.

THE high god, so as thei sayde,
To whom thei worship layde,
Saturnus hight and kynge of Crete
He had be: But of his sete
He was put downe, as he whiche stoode
In frensie, and was so woode,
That fro his wyfe, whiche Rea hight,
His owne children he to plight,

And ete hem of his commune wonne.
But Iupiter, whiche was his sonne,
And of full age, his father bonde,
And kyt of with his owne honde
His genitalles, whiche also faste
In to the depe sea he caste:
Wherof the grekes afferme and sey
Thus, whan thei were caste awey,
Came Venus forth by weie of kynde.
And of Saturne also I fynde,
Howe afterwarde in to an ile
This Iupiter hym dyd exile,
Where that he stode in gret mischiefe.
Lo whiche a god thei maden chiefe.
And sithen that suche one was hee,
Whiche stode moste high in his degree
Amonge the goddes, thou might know
These other, that ben more lowe,
Ben litell worth, as it is founde.

Iupiter deus deliciarum.

FOR Iupiter was the seconde,
Whiche Iuno, had vnto his wife,
And yet a lechour all his life
He was, and in auoutrie
He wrought many a trecherie.
And for he was so full of vices,
Thei cleped hym god of delices.
Of whom if thou wolte more witte,
Ouide the poete hath writte.
But yet her sterres bothe two,
Saturne and Iupiter also,
Thei haue, although thei ben to blame,
Attitled to her owne name.
Mars was an other in that lawe,
The whiche in Dace was forthe drawe:
Of whom the clerke Vegetius
Wrote in his boke, and tolde thus,
Howe he into Italie came,
And suche fortune there he nam,
That he a maiden hath oppressed,
Whiche in hir ordre was professed,
As she whiche was the prioresse
In Vestes temple the goddesse:
So was she well the more to blame.
Dame Hia this ladis name
Men clepe, and eke she was also
The kynges doughter that was tho,
Whiche Minitor by name hight:
So that ayene the lawes right,
Mars thilke tyme vpon hir that
Remus and Romulus begat.
Whiche after, whan thei come in age,
Of knighthode, and of vassellage
Italy all holle thei ouercome,
And founden the great Rome,
In armes and of suche emprise
Thei weren, that in thilke wise,
Her father Mars for the meruaile
The god is cleped of bataile.
Thei weren his children both two,
Through hem he toke his name so:
There was none other cause why,
And yet a sterre vpon the skie
He hath vnto his name applied,
In whiche that he is signified.
An other god thei hadden eke,
To whom for counsayle thei beseke,
The whiche was brother to Venus,
Apollo men hym clepe thus.
He was an hunt vpon the hilles,
There was with hym no vertue elles,
Wherof that any bokes carpe,
But onely that he couth harpe:
Whiche whan he walked ouer londe,
Full ofte time he toke on honde,
To get hym with his sustenance,
For lacke of other purueance.
And otherwhile of his falsehede
He feigneth hym to conne a rede
Of thyng, whiche afterwarde shuld fall,
Wherof amonge his sleightes all,
He hath the lewde folke deceiued,
So that the better he was receiued.
Lo nowe through what creacion
He hath deificacion,
And cleped is the god of wit
To suche as be the fooles yit.
An other god, to whom thei sought,
Mercurie hight, and hym ne rought,
What thyng he stale, ne whom ne slough.
Of sorcerie he couth enough,
That whan he wold hym selfe transforme,
Full ofte tyme he toke the forme
Of woman, and his own lefte:
So did he well the more thefte,
A great speker in all thynges
He was also, and of lesynges
An autour, that men wisten none
An other suche as he was one.
And yet thei maden of this thefe
A god, whiche was vnto hem lefe,
And cleped hym in tho beleues,
The god of marchantes, and of theues.
But yet a sterre vpon the heuen
He hath of planettes seuen.
But Vulcanus, of whom I spake,
He had a courbe vpon the backe,
And therto he was hippe halte,
Of whom thou vnderstonde shalte:
He was a shrewe in all his youth,
And he none other vertue couth
Of crafte to helpe hym selfe with,
But onely that he was smith
With Iupiter, whiche in his forge
Diuers thynge made hym forge.
So wote I not for what desyre
Thei cleped hym the god of fyre.
Kynge of Cicile Hipolitus
A sonne had, and Eolus
He hight, and of his fathers graunt,
He helde by wey of couenant,
The gouernaunce of euery ile,
Whiche was longende vnto Sicile.
Of hem that fro the londe foreyn,
Laie vpon the wynde all pleine,
And fro thilke iles in to the londe
Full ofte cam the wynde to honde.
And after the name of hym for thy
The wyndes cleped Eoli
Thei were, and he the god of wynde.
Lo nowe howe this beleue is blynde.
The kynge of Crete Iupiter,
The same, whiche I spake of er,
Unto his brother, whiche Neptune
Was hote, it list hym to commune
Parte of his good, so that by ship
He made hym stronge of the lordship
Of all the sea in tho parties,
Where that he wrought his tyrannies.

And the strange yles aboute
He wan, that euery man hath doute
Upon his marche for to sayle.
For he anone hem wolde assayle
And robbe, what thyng that thei ladden,
His saufe conduit but if thei hadden:
Wherof the commen voice aroos
In euery londe, that suche a loos
He caught, all nere it worth a strea,
That he was cleped of the sea
The god by name, and yet he is
With hem, that so beleue amis.
This Neptune eke, was thilke also,
Whiche was the first founder tho
Of noble Troie, and he for thy
Was well the more sette by.
The loresman of the shepeherdes,
And eke of hem that netherdes,
Was of Arcade, and hyght Pan:
Of whom hath spoke many a man
For in the wodde of Nouarigne,
Enclosed with the trees of pigne,
And on the mount of Parisie,
He had of beastes the bailie,
And eke beneth the valeie,
Where thylke riuer, as men maie seie
(Which Ladon hight) made his cours
He was the chiefe of gouernours
Of hem, that kepten tame beastes,
Wherof thei maken yet the feastes
In the citie of Stimphalides.
And forth with all yet netheles,
He taught men the forth drawynge
Of bestaile, and eke the makynge
Of oxen, and of hors the same,
Howe men hem shulde ride and tame.
Of foules eke, so as we fynde,
Full many a subtile crafte of kynde
He fonde, whiche no man knewe tofore.
Men did hym worshyp eke therfore
That the fyrst in thilke londe
Was, whiche the melodie fonde
Of reedes, whan thei weren ripe,
With double pipes, for to pipe:
Therof he yafe the fyrst lore,
Till afterwarde men couth more.
To euery crafte of mans helpe
He had a redy witte to helpe
Through naturall experience.
And thus the nice reuerence
Of fooles, whan that he was deade,
The foote was tourned to the heade,
And clepen hym god of nature.
For so thei maden his fygure.
An other god, so as thei fele,
Whiche Jupiter vpon Semele
Begatte in his auoutrie,
Whom for to hide his lecherie,
That none therof shall take kepe,
In a mountayne for to kepe,
Whiche Dion hight, and was in Inde,
He sent, in bokes as I fynde,
And he by name Bacchus hight,
Whiche afterwarde, whan that he might,
A wastor was, and all his rent
In wyne and bordell he dispent.
But yet all were he wounder bad,
Amonge the grekes a name he had,
Thei cleped hym the god of wine.
And thus a glotton was diuine.

There was yet Esculapius
A god in thilke tyme as thus,
His crafte stode vpon surgerie,
But for the luste of lecherie
That he to Daires doughter drough,
It fell, that Iupiter hym slough.
And yet thei made hym nought for thy
A god, and wist no cause why.
In Rome, he was longe tyme so
A god amonge the Romaines tho.
For as he saide of his presence,
There was distroied a pestilence,
Whan thei to the ile Delphos went,
And that Apollo with him sent
This Esculapius his sonne,
Amonge the Romaynes for to wonne:
And there he dweite for a while,
Till afterwarde in to that yle,
Fro when he cam, ayene he tourneth,
Where all his life that he soiourneth
Amonge the grekes, till that he deyde.
And thei vpon hym than leyde
His name, and god of medicine
He hatte, after that ilke lyne
An other god of Hercules
Thei made, whiche was netheles
A man, but that he was so stronge,
In all this worlde that brode and longe
So mighty was no man, as hee:
Meruailes twelue in his degree
As it was couth in sondry londes,
He did with his owne hondes,
Ageine geantes and monsters both,
The whiche horrible were and loth:
But he with strength hem ouercam,
Wherof so great a price he nam,
That thei hym clepe amonges all
The god of strengthe, and to hym calle.
Hnd yet there is no reason inne
For he a man was full of synne,
Whiche proued was vpon his ende.
For in a rage hym selfe he brende.
And suche a cruell mans dede
Accordeth nothynge with godhede.
Thei had of goddes yet an other,
Whiche Pluto hight, and was the brother
Of Iupiter, and he for youth
With euery worde, whiche cam to mouth
Of any thynge, whan he was wroth,
He wolde swere his common othe,
By Lethen, and Phlegeton,
By Cocytus, and Acheron,
The whiche after the bokes tell
Ben the chiefe floodes of helle.
By Segne, and Styge he swore also,
That ben the depe pittes two
Of hell the most principall.
Pluto these othes ouer all
Swore of his common customance,
Till it befell vpon a chance,
That he for Iupiters sake
Unto the goddes lette do make
A sacrifice, and for that dede,
One of the pitees for his mede
In hell, of whiche I spake of er,
Was grauuted hym, and thus he ther
Upon the fortune of this thynge
The name toke of helle kynge.
Lo these goddes and well mo
Amonge the grekes thei had tho,

And of goddesses many one,
Whose names thou shalt here anone:
And in what wise they deceiuen
The foles, whiche her feith receiuen.

Mater dearum.

So as Saturne is souerayne
Of false goddes, as thei sayne:
So is Cybéle of goddesses
The mother, whom without gesses
The folke preyn, honour, and serue,
As they, the whiche her lawe obserue.
But for to knowen vpon this,
Fro when she cam and what she is,
Berecinthia the countrei hight.
Where she cam first to mans sight,
And after was Saturnus wife,
By whom thre children in hir life
She bare, and thei were cleped tho
Iuno, Neptunus, and Pluto,
The whiche of nice fantasie
The people wolde deifie.
And for hir children were so
Cybéle than was also
Made a goddesse, and thei hir call
The mother of the goddes all.
So was that name bore forth,
Anp yet the cause is littell worth.
A voice vnto Saturne tolde
How that his owne sonne hym sholde
Out of his reigne put awey:
And he because of thilke wey,
That hym was shape suche an hate,
Cybéle his wife began to hate,
And eke hir progenie bothe.
And thus while that thei were wroth,
By Philyra vpon a daie
In his auoutrie he laie,
On whom he Iupiter begat:
And thilke childe was after that,
Whiche wrought all that was prophecied.
As it tofore is specified.
So whan that Iupiter of Crete
Was kynge, a wife vnto hym mete,
The doughter of Cybéle he toke,
And that was Iuno, saith the boke,
Of his deificacion,
After the false opinion,
That haue I tolde, so as thei mene.
And for this Iuno was the quene
Of Iupiter, and syster eke,
The fooles vnto hir seke,
And seyn, that she is the goddesse
Of reignes bothe, and of richesse:
And eke she as thei vnderstonde,
The water Nymphes hath in honde
To leaden at hir owne heste:
And whan hir list the skie tempest.
The reynbowe is hir messagere.
Lo whiche a misbeleue is here,
That she goddesse is of the skie,
I wote none other cause why.
An other goddesse is Minerue,
To whom the grekés obey aud serue,
And she was nigh the great lay
Of Triton founde, where she lay
A childe for cast, but what she was,
There knewe no man the soth cas:
But in Affrike she was leyde,
In the maner as I haue seyde,
And caried from that ilke place
In to an yle farre in Thrace,
The whiche Pallene than hight,
Where a norice hir kepte and dight.
And after for she was so wise,
That she fonde fyrst in hir auise
The cloth makynge of woll and line,
Men saiden that she was deuine,
And the goddesse of sapience
Thei clepen hir in that credence.
Of the goddesse, whiche Pallas
Is cleped, sondry speche was.
One saith hir father was Pallant,
Whiche in his time was a geant,
A cruell man, a bataylous.
An other saith, how in his hous
She was the cause why he deyde.
And of this Pallas some eke sayde,
That she Martes wife was, and so
Amonge the men that were tho
Of mysbeleue in the ryote,
The godesse of bataile she hote
Was, and yet she bereth the name.
Nowe loke how thei be for to blame.
Saturnus after his exile
Fro Crete, cam in great perile
Into the londes of Itaile:
And there he did great meruaile:
Wherof his name dwelleth yit.
For he fonde of his owne wit
The fyrst crafte of plough tillynge,
Of earynge, and of corne sowynge,
And howe men shulde set vines,
And of the grapes make wines.
All this he taught, and it fell so,
His wyfe, the whiche cam with him tho,
Was cleped Ceres by name.
And for she taught also the same,
And was his wife that ilke throwe,
As it was to the people knowe,
Thei made of Ceres a goddesse,
In whome her tỹlthes yet they blesse,
And sayen that Triptolemus,
Hir sonne goth amonges vs,
And maketh the corne good chepe or dere,
Ryght as hir list from yere to yere.
So that this wife, because of this,
Goddesse of corne cleped is.
Kynge Iupiter, whiche his likynge
Whilom fulfilled in all thynge,
So priueliche about he lad
His lust, that he his will had
Of Latona, and on hir that
Diane his doughter he begat,
Unknowen of his wife Iuno.
But afterwarde she knewe it so,
That Latona for drede fled
Into an yle, where she hed
Hir wombe, whiche of childe aros,
Thilke ile was cleped Delos,
In whiche Diana was forth brought,
And kepte so, that hir lacked nought.
And after whan she was of age,
She toke none hede of mariage,
But out of mans companie
She toke hir all to venerie.
In foreste and in wildernesse
For there was all hir besinesse
By daie, and eke by nightes tide,
With arowes brode vnder the side,

And how in honde, of whiche she slough,
And toke, all that hir lyst enough
Of beastes, whiche ben chaceable,
Wherof the cronike of this fable
Saith, that the gentils most of all
Worship hir, and to hir calle:
And the goddesse of high hilles,
Of greene trees, of fresshe welles,
Thei clepen hir in that beleue,
Whiche that no reason maie acheue.
Proserpina, whiche doughter was
Of Ceres, befell this cas,
While she was dwellyng in Cecile,
His mother in that ilke while
Upon hir blessynge, and hir hest
Had, that she shulde ben honest,
And fere for to weaue and spinne
And dwelle at home, and kepe hir inne.
But she cast all that lore aweie.
And as she went hir out to pleie,
To gather floures in a plaine,
And that was vnder the mountaine
Of Ethna, felle the same tide
That Pluto cam the way ride,
And sodeinly, er she was ware,
He toke hir vp into his chare.
And as thei riden in the felde,
Hir great beautee he beheldе,
Whiche was so plesant in his eie,
That for to holde in companie,
He wedded hir, and helde hir so
To ben his wife for euermo.
And as thou hast tofore herde telle,
Howe he was cleped god of helle,
So is she cleped the goddesse,
Because of hym ne more ne lesse.
Lo thus my sonne, as I the tolde,
The grekes whilom by daie oldes
Her goddes had in sondrie wise:
And through the lore of her apprise,
The Romaines helde eke the same,
And in worship of her name,
To euery god inspeciall
Thei made a temple forth withall:
And eke of hem yeres daie
Attitled had, and of arraie
The temples weren than ordeined,
And eke the people was constreigned,
To come and done her sacrifice.
The preestes eke in her office
Solempne made thilke feastes.
And thus the grekes like to beastes
That men in stede of god honour,
Whiche might nought hem selfe socour,
While that thei were aliue here.
And ouer this as thou shalte here.
The grekes (fulfilled of fantasie)
Sayne eke, that of the hilles hye
The goddes ben inspeciall,
But of her name in generall
Thei hoten all Satyri.
There ben of nymphes properly
In the beleue of hem also:
Oreades thei saiden tho
Attitled ben to the mountaines.
And for the woddes in demeines
To kepe, tho ben Driades,
Of fresshe welles Naiades.
And of the nymphes of the see
I fynde a tale in propertee,
Howe Dorus whilom kyng of Grece,
Whiche had of infortune a pece:
His wife, forth with his doughter alle,
So as the happes shulde falle,
With many a gentil woman there,
Dreint in the salte sea they were:
Wherof the grekes that tyme sayden,
And suche a name vpon hem layden,
Nereides that thei ben hote
The nymphes, whiche that thei note
To reigne vpon the stremes salte.
Lo nowe if this beleue halt.
But of the nymphes as thei telle,
In euery place where thei dwelle,
Thei ben all redy obeisant,
As damoyselles attendant
To tho goddes, whose seruice
Thei mote obeie in all wise:
Wherof the grekes to hem beseke,
With them that ben goddesses eke,
And haue in hem a great credence,
And yet without experience
Sanfe onely of illusion,
Whiche was to hem damnacion.
For men also that were dede
Thei hadden goddes as I rede,
And tho by name Manes highten,
To whom full great honour thei dighten,
So as the grekes lawe sayth:
Whiche was ayene the right feith.
Thus haue I tolde a great partie,
But all the holle progenie
Of goddes in that ilke tyme
To longe it were for to ryme.
But yet of that whiche thou hast herde,
Of mysbeleue, how it hath ferde,
There is a great diuersitee.
My father right so thinketh me.
But yet one thynge I you beseche,
Whiche stant in all mens speche,
The god, and the goddesse of loue,
Of whom ye nothynge here aboue
Haue tolde, ne spoken of her fare,
That ye me wolde nowe declare,
Howe thei fyrst come to that name.
My sonne I haue lefte it for shame,
Because I am hir owne preest,
But for theistonde nigh thy brest
Upon the shrifte of thy matere,
Thou shalt of them the sooth here.
And vnderstonde now well the cas.
Venus Saturnus doughter was,
Whiche all daunger put aweie,
Of loue, and fonde to lust a weie,
So that of hir in sondrie place
Diuers men fell in to grace,
And suche a lusty life she ladde,
That she diuers children had.
Nowe one by this, nowe one by that,
Of hir it was that Mars begat
A childe, whiehe cleped was Armene,
Of hir also cam Androgene:
To whom Mercurie father was.
Anchises begatte Eneas
Of hir also, and Hericon
Biten begatte, and thervpon,
Whan that she sigh ther was none other,
By Iupiter, hir owne brother
She lay, and he begat Cupide.
And thilke sonne vpon a tide,

Whan he was come vnto his age,
He had a wonder fayre visage,
And fond his mother amorous,
And he was also lecherous:
So whan thei were bothe alone:
As he whiche eien had none
To see reason, his mother kist,
And she also that nothyng wist,
But that, whiche vnto his lust belonketh.
To bene hir louer hym vnderfongeth.
Thus was he blynde, and she vnwis.
But neuertheles this cause it is,
Whiche Cupide is the god of loue.
For he his mother durst loue,
And she, whiche thought hir lustes fonde,
Diuers loues toke on honde
Well more than I the telf here.
And for she wolde her selfe shere,
She made common that disporte,
And set a lawe of suche a porte,
That euery woman might take,
What man hir list, and nought forsake
To ben as common as she wolde.
She was the fyrst also, whiche tolde,
That women shuld her body selle.
Semiramis, so as men telle,
Of Venus kepte thilke apprise.
And so did in the same wise
Of Rome faire Neabolie,
Whiche solde her body to Regolie.
She was to euery man felawe.
And helde the luste of thilke lawe,
Whiche Venus of hir selfe beganne,
Wherof that she the name wanne,
Why men hir clepen the goddesse
Of loue, and eke of gentilnesse,
Of worldes luste, and of plesance
See nowe the foule myscreance.
Of grekes in thilke tyme tho,
Whan Venus toke hir name so.
There was no cause vnder the moone,
Of whiche thei hadden tho to doone.
Of well or wo where so it was,
That thei no token in that caas
A god to helpe or a goddesse,
Wherof to take my witnesse.

Nota de epistola Dindimi regis Bragmannorum Alexandro magno directa, vbi dicit, quod Greci tunc ad corporis conseruacionem pro singulis membris singulos deos specialiter appropriari credunt.

THE kynge of Bragmans Dindimus
Wrote vnto Alisander thus,
In blamynge of the grekes faith:
And of the misbeleue he saith,
Howe thei for euery membre hadden
A sondry god, to whom thei spradden
Her armes, and of helpe besoughten.
Minerue for the head thei soughten,
For she was wise, and of a man
The witte and reason whiche he can
Is in the celles of the brayn,
Wherof thei made her souerayn
Mercurie, whiche was in his dawes
A great speaker of fals lawes:
On hym the kepynge of the tonge
Thei laid, whan thei speke or songe.
For Bacchus was a glotton eke,
Hym for the throte thei beseke,
That he it wolde wasshen ofte
With soote drinkes and with softe.
The god of shulders and of armes
Was Hercules, for he in armes
The mightiest was to fight,
To hym the lymmes thei behight.
The god, whom thei clepen Mart,
The brest to kepe hath for his part.
For with the herte in his image,
That he addresse to his courage.
And of the galle the goddesse,
For she was full of hastinesse
Of wrath, and light to greue also,
Thei made, and sayd, it was Juno.
Cupide, which the brond of fire,
Bare in his honde, he was the sire
Of the stomacke, whiche boileth euer,
Wherof the lustes ben the leuer.
To the goddesse Ceres,
Whiche of the corne yafe hir encrees,
Upon the feith that tho was take,
The wombes cure was betake.
And Venus throughe the lecherie,
For whiche thei hir deifie
She kept all doune the remenant
To thilke office apperteinant.

Nota de prima Idolorum cultura, que ex tribus precipue statuis exorta est, quarum prime fuit illa, quam in silii sui memoriam quidam Princeps nomine Cirophanes a sculptore Promotheo fabricari constituit.

THUS was dispers in sondrie wise
The misbeleue, as I deuise,
With many an ymage of entaile
Of suche as might hem not auaile.
For thy without liues chere
Unmighty be to see, or here
Or speke, or do, or elles fele,
And yet the fooles to hem knele,
Whiche is her owne hande werke.
A lorde howe this beleue is derke,
And fer fro reasonable witte:
And netheles they don it yit.
That was this daie a ragged tree,
To morowe vpon his maiestee
Stant in the temple well beseyne.
Howe might a mans reason seyn,
That suche a stocke maie helpe or greue?
But thei, that ben of suche beleue,
And vnto suche goddes calle:
It shall to hem right so befalle,
And failen at most neede.
But if the lyst to take heede,
And of the first ymage witte,
Petronius therof hath writte,
And eke Nigargarous also,
And thei affermc, and write so,
That Promotheus was tofore.
And fonde the fyrst crafte therfore.
And Cirophanes, as thei telle,
Through counsell, which was take in hell,
In remembrance of his lignage,
Let setten vp the fyrst ymage.
Of Cirophanes, seith the booke,
That he for sorow, whiche he toke

Of that he sigh his sonne dede,
Of comfort knewe none other rede,
But lete do make in remembrance
A faire image of his semblance,
And set it in the market place:
Whiche openly to fore his face
Stood euery day, to done hym ease:
And thei that than wolden please
The fader, shuld it obeye,
Whan that thei comen thilke weye.

Secunda statua fuit illa, quam ad sui patris Beli culturam, rex Ninus fieri et adorari decreuit. Et sic de nomine Beli postea Bel et Belzebub Idolum accreuit.

AND of Nilus kynge of Assire
I rede, how that in his Empire
He was next after the seconde
Of hem, that first images founde.
For he right in semblable caas
Of Belus, whiche his fader was,
From Nembroth in the right line,
Lete make of gold and stones fine
A precious image riche
After his fader euenliche:
And thervpon a lawe he sette,
That euery man of pure dette,
With sacrifice, and with truage,
Honour shuld thilke image.
So that within tyme it felle,
Of Belus cam the name of Belle,
Of Bel cam Belsabub and so
The misbeleue went tho.

Tertia statua fuit illa, que ad honorem Apis Regis Græcorum sculpta fuit, cui postea nomen Serapis imponentes ipsum quasi deum pagani coluerunt.

THE third image next to this,
Whan the kynge of Grece Apis
Was deed, thei made a figure
In resemblance of his stature.
Of this kynge Apis seith the booke,
That Serapis his nome tooke,
In whom through longe continuance
Of misbeleue a great creance
Thei hadden, and the reuerence
Of sacrifice and of encenee
To hym thei made, and as thei telle
Amonge the wonders, that befelle,
Whan Alexander fro Candace
Cam ridend in a wilde place
Vnder an hille a caue he fonde,
And Candalus, whiche in that londe
Was bore, and was Candaces sonne,
Him told, how that of common wonne
The goddes were in thilke caue.
And he that wolde assaye and haue
A knowlageyng, if it be soth,
Light of his hors, and in he gothe,
And fond therin, that he sought.
For through the fendes sleight him thought,
Amonge other goddes mo,
That Serapis spake to him tho,
Whom he sigh there in great araie.
And thus the fende from daie to daie
The worship of idolatrie
Drough forth vpon the fantasie
Of hem, that were than blynde,
And couthen nought the trouth finde.
Thus hast thou herd in what degree
Of Grece, Egypte, and Chaldee
The misbeleue whilom stood,
And howe so thei be not good
Ne trewe, yet thei sprongen oute,
Wherof the wyde worlde aboute
His part of misbeleue toke:
Til so befelle, as seith the boke,
That god a people for him selue
Hath chose, of the linages twelue,
Wherof the sothe redily,
As it is writen in Genesie
I thinke telle in suche a wise,
That it shall be to thyn a prise.

De Hebreorum seu Iudæorum secta quorum Sinagoga, ecclesia Christi superueniente, defecit.

AFTER the flood, fro whiche Noe
Was saufe, the worlde in his degree
Was made as who seith newe ageyn
Of floure, of fruit, of gras, of greyn,
Of beast, of byrd, and of mankind,
Whiche euer hath be to god vnkind.
For not withstondinge all the fare,
Of that this worlde was made so bare,
And afterward it was restored,
Amonge the men was nothyng mored
Toward god of good liuynge:
But all was torned to likynge
After the flesshe, so that foryete
Was he, whiche yafe hem life and mete,
Of heuen and erth creatour.
And thus cam forth the great errour.
That thei the high god ne knewe,
But maden other goddes newe,
As thou hast herde me saide tofore.
There was no man that tyme bore,
That he ne had after his choyce
A god, to wom ye yafe his voyce.
Wherof the misbeleue cam
In to the tyme of Abraham:
But he fonde out the right weie,
Howe onely men shulde obeie
The high god, whiche weldeth all,
And euer hath done, and euer shall,
In heuen, in erth, and eke in helle,
There is no tonge his might maie telle.
This Patriarche to his linage
Forbad, that thei to none ymage
Encline shulde in no wise:
But her offrende and sacrifice,
With all the hole hertes loue,
Vnto the mighty god aboue
Thei shulden yeue, and to no mo.
And thus in thilke tyme tho
Began that sect vpon this erthe,
Whiche of beleues was the ferthe,
Of rightousnes it was conceiued:
So must it nedes be receiued
Of hym that all ryght is in,
The high god, whiche wolde wynne
A people vnto his owne feyth,
Or Abraham the grounde he leyth,
And made hym for to multiplie
In to so great a progenie,
That they Egypte all ouer sprad.
But Pharao with wronge hem lad

In seruitude ayene the pees,
Till god let sende Moises,
To make the deliuerance.
And for his people great vengeance
He toke, whiche is to here a wonder,
The kyng was slayn, the londe put vnder,
God bad the read see deuide,
Whiche stode vpright on euery side,
And yafe vnto his people a weie,
That thei on fote it passed dreye,
And gone so forth in to deserte,
Where for to kepe hem in couert.
The daies whan the sonne brent,
A large cloude hem ouerwent.
And for to wissen hem by nyght,
A firie piller hem alight.
And whan that they for honger plaine,
The mighty god began to rayne,
Manna fro heuen downe to grounde,
Wherof that eche of hem hath founde
His foode, suche right as hym list.
And for thei shuld vpon hym trist,
Right as who set a tonne a broche,
He perced the harde roche,
And spronge out water all at wille,
That man and best hath dronke his fille.
And afterwarde he yafe the lawe
To Moyses, that hem withdrawe
Thei shuld not fro that he bad.
And in this wise thei be lad,
Till thei toke in possession
The londes of promission,
Where that Caleph and Iosue
The marches vpon suche degree
Departen after the linage,
That eche of hem as heritage
His pourpartie hath vnderfonge.
And thus stode this beleue longe,
Whiche of prophetes was gouerned,
And thei had eke the people lerned
Of great honour, that shuld hem falle:
But at most nede of all
They failden, whan Christ was bore.
But howe that thei her feith haue lore,
It nedeth nought to tellen all,
The mater is so generall
Whan Lucifer was hest in heuen,
And ought moste haue stonde in euen,
Towardes god he toke debate.
And for that he was obstinate,
And wold nought to trouth encline,
He fell euer into ruine.
And Adam eke in paradise,
Whan he stode moste in all his prise,
After the state of Innocence,
Ayen the god brake his defence,
And fell out of his place aweie.
And right by suche maner weye
The Iewes in her best plite,
Whan that thei shulde most perfite
Haue stonde vpon the prophecie,
Tho fellen thei to moste folie,
And hym, which was fro heuen come,
And of a maide his flesshe hath nome,
And was amonge hem bore and fed,
As men that wolden nought be sped,
Of goddes sonne, with o voice
Thei henge and slough vpon the croice:
Wherof the perfite of her lawe
Fro then forth hem was withdrawe,
So that thei stonde of no merite,
But in truage as folke subiecte,
Without propretee of place
Thei liuen out of gods grace,
Dispers in all londes out.
And thus the feith is come aboute,
That wilome in the Iewes stood,
Whiche is nought perfitelich good.
To speke as it is nowe befalle,
There is a feyth abouen all,
In whiche the trouth is comprehended,
Wherof that we ben all amended.

De fide Christiana, in qua perfecte legis complementum, summi ministerii sacramentum, nostreque salvacionis fundamentum in fallibiliter consistere creditur.

THE high almighty maiestee,
Of rightousnes, and of pitee,
The synne, whiche that Adam wrought,
Whan he sigh tyme ayene he bought,
And send his sonne fro the heuen,
Whiche mans sowle hath set in euen,
And hath his grace reconciled,
Fro whiche the man was first exiled,
And in hym selfe so sore fall,
Upon the poynt whiche is befall,
That he ne might him selfe arise.
Gregorie saith in his aprise,
It helpeth nought a man be bore,
If gods sonne were vnbore.
For than through the first synne,
Whiche Adam whylom brought vs inne,
There shulden all men be lost:
But Christ restoreth thilke lost,
And bought it with his flesshe and blood.
And if we thynken, howe it stood
Of thilke raunson, whiche he paide,
As saynt Gregorie it wrote and saide,
All was behouely to the man.
For that, wherof his wo began,
Was after cause of all his welth,
Whan he, whiche is the well of helthe,
The high creatour of life,
Upon the nede of suche a strife,
So wold he for his creature
Take on him selfe the forfeiture,
And suffer for the mans sake.
Thus maie no reason well forsake,
That thilke sinne originall
Ne was the cause in speciall
Of mans worship at last
Whiche shall withouten end last.
For by that cause the godhede
Assembled was with the manhede,
In the virgine, where he nome
Our flesshe, and very man become
Of bodely fraternitee,
Wherof the man in his degree
Stant more worth, as I haue tolde
Than he stode erst by many folde,
Through baptisme of the newe lawe,
Of whiche Christe lorde is and felawe,
Through vertue of his might,
Whiche in Mary was alight
To binde mans soule agayne.
And this beleue is so certayne,
So full of grace and of vertue,
That what man clepeth to Iesu,

In clene life, forth with good dede,
He maie not failen of heuen mede,
So that it stont vpon beleue,
That euery man maie well acheue,
Whiche taken hath the right feith.
For elles, as the gospell seith,
Saluacion there maie be none.
And for to preche thervpon
Christ bad to his apostles all,
The whose power as nowe is falle
On vs, that ben of holy churche,
If we the good dedes wurche.
For feyth, but if there be good dede,
Thapostle seyth, is worth no mede.
Nowe were it good, that thou for thy,
Whiche through baptisme proprely
Art vnto Christes feyth professed,
Beware that thou be not oppressed
With antichristes lollardie.
For as the Iewes prophecie
Was set of god for auantage:
Right so this newe tapinage
Of lollardie goth aboute,
To sette Christes feithe in doute.
The saintes, that were vs tofore,
By whome the feithe was first vp bore,
That holy churche stode releued:
Thei oughte better be beleued,
Than these, whiche that men knowe,
Not holy, though thei feigne and blowe
Her lollardie in mennes eare.
But if thou wylt lyue out of feare,
Suche newe lore I rede eschewe,
And holde forth right the weie, and sewe
As thyn auncestres did er this:
So shalt thou nought beleue amis.
Christe wrought fyrst, and after taught,
So that his dede the worde araught:
He yafe ensample in his parsone,
And we the wordes haue alone
Like to the tre with leues greene,
Upon the whiche no fruite is seene.

Nota quod cum Anthenor palladium Troie a templo Minerue abstulit, Thoas ibidem summus sacerdos auro corruptus, oculos auertit, et sic malum quasi non videns scienter fieri permisit.

The priest Thoas, whiche of Minerue
The temple had for to serue,
And the Palladion of Troie
Kepte vnder keie: for moneie
Of Anthenor whiche he hath nome,
Hath suffred Anthenor to come,
And the Palladion to stele,
Wherof the worship and the wele
Of the Troians was ouerthrowe.
But Thoas at same throwe,
Whan Anthenor this Iewell toke,
Wynkend cast awey his loke,
For a deceite, and for a wile,
As he that shuld hym selfe begile,
He hid his eyen fro the sight,
And wende well, that he so might
Excuse his fals conscience.
I wote not if thilke euidence
Now at this time in her astates,
Excuse might the prelates,
Knowend how that the feith discreseth
And all morall vertue cesseth:
Wherof that thei the keyes bere,
But yet hem liketh not to stere
Her gostly eie for to see
The worlde in his aduersitee.
Thei woll no labour vndertake
To kepe that hem is betake.
Christe died hym selfe for the feyth,
But nowe our ferfull prelate seyth,
The life is swete, and that he kepeth,
So that the feith vnholpe slepeth,
And thei vnto her ease entenden,
And in her lust her life dispenden,
And euery man do what hym list.
Thus stant this worlde fulfilled of miste,
That no man seeth the right weie.
The wardes of the church keie,
Through mishandlynge ben miswreint,
The worldes wawe hath welnigh dreint
The ship whiche Peter hath to stere.
The forme is kept, but the matere
Transformed is in other wise,
But if thei weren gostly wise,
And that the priestes were good,
As thei by olde daies stoode,
It were than litell nede,
Amonge the men to taken hede,
Of that thei heren Pseudo tell,
Whiche nowe is come for to dwelle
To sowe Cockil with the corne,
So that the tilthe is nigh forlorne,
Whiche Christ sewe first his owne honde,
Nowe stant the Cockill in the londe,
Where stode whilom the good greyne.
For the prelates nowe, as men seyne,
Forslouthen that thei shuld tille:
And that I trowe be the skille,
Whan there is lacke in hem aboue,
The people is stranged to the loue
Of trouth, in cause of ignorance.
For where there is no purueiance
Of light, men erren in the darke.
But if the prelates wolden warke
Upon the feith whiche thei vs teache,
Men shulden nought her waie seche
Without light as nowe is vsed.
Men see the charge all daie refused,
Whiche holy churche hath vndertake.

Gregorius. Quando Petrus cum Iudea, Andreas cum Achaia, Thomas cum India, et Paulus cum gente venient, quid dicemus nos moderni, quorum fossum talentum pro nihilo computabitur.

But who that wolde ensample take,
Gregorie vpon his Omelie
Ayene the slouth of Prelacie
Complaineth hym, and thus he saith:
Whan Peter, father of the faith
At domes daie shall with hym brynge
Iudea, whiche through his prechynge
He wan, and Andrewe with Achaie
Shall come his dette for to paie,
And Thomas eke with his beyete
Of Indie, and Poule the routes great
Of sondry londes to present:
And we fulfilled of londe and rent,
Whiche of this worlde we holden here,
With voide hondes shall appere,

Touchende our cure spirituall,
Whiche is our charge in speciall.
I not what thynge it maie amount,
Upon thilke ende of our accompte,
Whiche Christ hym selfe is auditour,
Whiche taketh none hede of vein honour,
The office of the Chancellerie,
Or of the kynges treasorie,
Ne for to write, ne for to taile,
To warrant may not thaw auaile.
The worlde, which nowe so well we trow,
Shall make vs than but a mowe.
So passe we without mede,
That we none otherwise spede,
But as we rede, that he spedde,
The whiche his lordes besaunt hedde,
And thervpon gat none encrees.
But at his tyme netheles,
What other man his thanke deserue,
The worlde so lustie is to serue
That we with him ben all accorded,
And that is wist and well recorded
Through out this erthe in all londes.
Let knightes wynne with her hondes,
For our tonges shall be still,
And stande vpon the flesshes will.
It were a trauaile for to preche,
The faith of Christ as for to teche
The folke painim, it woll not bee.
But euery prelate holde his see,
With all suche as he maie geate
Of lusty drinke, of lusty meate,
Wherof the body fatte and full,
Is vnto gostely labour dulle,
And slough to handle thilke plough.
But els we ben swifte enough
Towarde the worldes Auarice,
And that is as a sacrifice,
Whiche after that thapostle saith,
Is openly ayene the faith,
Unto the idols yeue and graunted.
But netheles as it is nowe haunted,
And vertue changed into vice,
So that largesse is Auarice,
In whose chaptre nowe we treate.
My father this matter is beate
So far, that euer while I liue,
I shall the better hede yeue
Unto my selfe by many weye.
But ouer this nowe wolde I preye,
To witte what the branches are
Of Auarice, and howe thei fare,
Als well in loue as otherwise.
My sonne and I the shall deuise,
In suche a maner as thei stonde,
So that thou shalt vnderstonde.

Agros iungit agris Cupidus domibus domosque,
Possidiat totam sic quasi solus humum.
Solus & innumeros mulierum spirat amores,
Vt sacra millenis sit sibi culta Venus.

Hic tractat Confessor super illa specie auaritie, quæ cupiditas dicitur, quam in amoris causa pertractans amanti super hoc opponit.

Dame Auarice is nought solayne,
Whiche is of golde the capitayne;
But of hir courte in sondrie wise,
After the schole of hir aprise,
She hath of seruantes many one,
Wherof that Couetise is one:
Whiche with the large worlde about
To seche thauauntages out,
Where that he maie the profite winne,
To Auarice and bryngeth it inne:
That one halt, and that other draweth,
There is no daie whiche hem bedaweth,
No more the sonne than the moone,
Whan there is any thynge to doone,
And namely with Couetise.
For he stant out of all assise
Of reasonable mans fare,
Where he purposeth hym to fare
Upon his lucre, and his beyete,
The small pathe, the large strete,
The furlonge, and the longe mile,
All is but one for thilke while.
And for that he is suche one holde
Dame Auarice hym hath with holde,
As he whiche is the principall,
Outwarde for he is ouer all
A purueour, and an espie.
For right as of an hungrie pie
The storue beastes ben awaited:
Right so is Couetise affaited,
To loke where he maie purchace.
For by his will he wolde enbrace
All that this wide worlde beclippeth.
But euer he somwhat ouerhippeth,
That he maie not all fulfille
The lustes of his gredie wille.
But where it falleth in a londe,
That Couetise in mightie honde
Is sette, it is full harde to fede.
For than he taketh none other hede,
But that he maie purchace and gete,
His conscience hath all forgete,
And not what thynge it maie amounte,
That he shalt afterwarde accompte.
But as the Luce in his degree
Of tho, that lesse ben than hee,
The fisshes grediły deuoureth,
So that no water hem socoureth:
Right so no lawe maie rescowe
Fro hym that woll not righte allowe.
For where that suche one is of mighte,
His will shall stonde in stede of righte,
Thus ben the men distroied full ofte,
Till that the great god aloste,
Ayene so great a couetise,
Redresse it in his owne wise.
And in example of all tho
I fynde a tale written so,
The whiche for it is good to lere,
Hereafterwarde thou shalt here.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra magnates cupidos, Et narrat de Crasso Romanorum Imperatore, qui turrim, in qua speculum Virgilii Rome fixum extiterat, dolosa circumventus cupiditate euertit, vnde non solum sui ipsius perditionem, sed totius ciuitatis intollerabile damnum contingere causauit.

Whan Rome stoode *in noble plite*,
Virgile, whiche was tho parfite,
A mirrour made of his clergie,
And sette it in the townes eie

Of marbre on a piller without,
That thei by thirtie mile about,
By daie and eke also by night,
In that mirrour beholde might
Her ennemies, if any were,
With all her ordinance there,
Whiche thei ayene the citee cast.
So that while thilke mirrour last,
There was no londe, whiche might acheue
With werre Rome for to greue.
Wherof was great enuie tho
And it fell that ilke tyme so,
That Rome had werres stronge
Ageyne Carthage, and stoode longe
The two citees vpon debate.
Carthage sigh the stronge astate
Of Rome in thilke mirrour stonde,
And thought all priuely to fonde
To ouerthrowe it by some wile.
And Hanniball was thilke while.
The prince and leader of Carthage,
Whiche had set all his courage
Upon knighthode in suche a wise,
That he by worthie and by wise,
And by none other was counsailed:
Wherof the worlde is yet meruailed
Of the maistries that he wrought
Upon the marches, whiche he soughte.
And fell in thilke tyme also,
The kynge of Puile, whiche was tho,
Thought ayene Rome to rebelle,
And thus was take the quarelle,
Howe to distroie the mirrour.
Of Rome tho was emperour
Crassus, whiche was so couetous,
That he was euer desyrous
Of golde to gette the pillage,
Wherof that Puile, and eke Carthage,
With philosophers wise and great
Begynne of this matter to treat.
And at last in this degree
There was philosophers three,
To do this thyng which vndertoke,
And thervpon thei with hem toke
A great treasure of golde in cofres
To Rome, and thus these philosophers
To gether in companie went:
But no man wist what thei ment.
Whan thei to Rome come were,
So priuely thei dwelte there,
As thei that thoughten to deceiue,
Was none, that might of hem perceiue,
Till thei in sondry stedes haue
Her golde vnder the erthe begraue
In two treasours, that to beholde
Thei shulde seme as thei were olde.
And so forth than vpon a daie,
All openly in good araie,
To themperour thei hem present,
And tolden, it was her entent
To dwell vnder his seruise.
And he hem asketh in what wise.
And thei hym told in suche a plite,
That eche of hem had a spirite,
The whiche slepende a nyght appereth,
And hem by sondry dreames lereth,
After the worlde that hath betid,
Under the grounde if ought be hid
Of olde treasour at any throwe,
Thei shall it in her sweuen knowe.
And vpon this condicion
Thei sein, what golde vnder the towne
Of Rome is hid, thei woll it fynde,
There shall nought be lefte behinde:
Be so that he the halue dele
Hem graunt: and he assenteth wele.
And thus cam sleight for to dweile
With Couetise, as I the telle.
This emperour bad redily,
That thei be lodged fast by,
Where he his owne body laie.
And whan it was at morowe daie,
That one of hem saythe, that he mette,
Where he a golde hoorde shall fette.
Wherof this emperour was glad,
And therupon anone he bad
His minours for to go, and myne:
And he hym selfe of that couyne
Goth forthe withall, and at his honde
The treasour redy there he fonde,
Where as thei saide it shulde be.
And who was than glad but he?
Upon that other daie seconde
Thei haue an other golde hoorde fonde,
Whiche the seconde maister toke
Upon his sweuen and vndertoke.
And thus the sothe experience
To themperour yafe suche credence,
That all his trust, and all his feith
So sikerliche on hem he leith,
Of that he fonde hym so releued,
That thei be perfitly beleued,
As though thei were goddes three,
Nowe herken the subtilitee.
The thirde maister shulde mete,
Which as they saiden was vnmete
Aboue hem all, and couth moste:
And he without noyse or boste,
All priuiliche, so as he wolde
Upon the morowe his sweuen tolde
To the emperour right in his eare,
And saide hym, that he wist where
A treasour was, so plentious
Of golde, and eke so precious
Of iewelles, and of riche stones,
That it to all his hors at ones
Were a charge suffisant.
This lorde of vpon this couenant
Was glad, and asketh where it was.
The maister saide vnder the glas.
He tolde hym eke as for the myne
He wolde ordeine suche engyne,
That thei the werke shuld vndersette
With tymbre, and without lette
Men maie the treasour sauely delue,
So that the myrrour by hym selue
Without empeirement shall stonde.
All this the maister vpon honde
Hath vndertake in all weye.
This lorde, whiche had his wit awey,
And was with couetise blent,
Anone therto yafe his assent.
And thus to mine forth withall
The tymbre sette vp ouer all,
Wherof the pyller stode vpright,
Till it befelle vpon a night,
These clerkes, when thei were ware,
Howe that the tymber only bare
The pyller, where the myrrour stode,
Her sleight no man vnderstode

Thei go by night vnto the myne
With pitche, with sulphur, and with rosyne:
And whan the citee was a slepe,
A wilde fyre in to the depe
Thei caste amonge the tymber werke,
And so forth while the night was derke
Desguised in a poore araie
Thei passeden the towne er daie.
And whan thei comen vpon an hille,
They sighen how the mirrour fyllè:
Wherof thei made ioye enough,
And eche of hem with other lough,
And sayde: Lo what couetise
Maie doe, with hem that be not wise?
And that was proued afterwarde.
For euery londe to Rome warde,
Whiche had be subiecte to fore,
Whan this myrrour was so forlore,
And thei the wonder herde seie,
Anone begonne to disobeie
With werres vpon euery side.
And thus hath Rome lost his pride,
And was defouled ouer all.
For this I fynde of Haniball,
That he of Romaynes on a daie,
Whan he hem fonde out of araie,
So great a multitude slough,
That of golde rynges, whiche hē drough
Of gentill handes, that ben deade,
Busshelles full three, I rede
He fylled, and made a bridge also,
That he might ouer Tyber go
Upon the corps that dede were
Of the Romaynes, which he slough there.
But nowe to speke of the iuyse,
The whiche after the couetise
Was take vpon this emperour,
For he destroied the myrrour,
It is a wonder for to here.
The Romaines maden a chayere,
And sette her emperour therin.
And sayden, for he wolde wynne
Of golde the superfluitee,
Of golde he shulde suche plentee
Receyue, till he saide ho,
And with golde, whiche thei had tho
Boylende hote within a panne,
Into his mouthe thei pouren than.
And thus the thirst of golde was queint
With golde, whiche had ben atteint.
Wherof my sonne thou might lere
Whan couetise hath lost the stere
Of reasonable gouernance,
There falleth ofte great greuance.
For there maie be no werse thynge,
Than couetise aboute a kynge
If it in his persone bee,
It doth the more aduersitee.
And if it in his counsaile stonde,
It bryngeth all daie mischiefe to honde
Of common harme: and if it growe
Within his court, it woll be knowe.
For than shall the kynge be pilled.
The man whiche hath his londe tilled,
Awaiteth nought more redily
The heruest, than thei gredily
Ne make than warde and watche,
Where thei the profite mighten catche.
And yet full ofte it falleth so,
As men maie sene amonge hem tho,
That he, whiche most coueiteth fast,
Hath least auantage at last.
For whan fortune is there agayne,
Though he coueite, it is in vayne:
The happes ben nought alliche,
One is made poore an other riche:
The courte to some it doth profite,
And some ben euer in one plite,
And yet thei both aliche sore
Coueite, but fortune is more
Unto that one parte fauourable.
And though it be nought reasonable,
This thynge maie a man sene all daie;
Wherof that I the telle maie
After ensample in remembrance,
Howe euery man maie take his chance
Or of rychesse, or of pouerte,
How so it stande of the deserte,
Here is nought euery thynge acquite.
For ofte a man maie see this yit,
That who best doth, lest thonke shall haue.
It helpeth nought the worlde to craue,
Whiche out of reule and of measure
Hath euer stande in auenture,
As well in courte as els where
And howe in olde daies there
It stode so as the thynges felle,
I thynke a tale for to telle.

Hic ponit exemplum contra illos, qui in domibus regum seruientes, pro eo quod ipsi secundum eorum cupiditatem promoti non existunt, de regio seruitio quamvis in eorum defectu indiscrete murmurant.

In a cronike this I rede,
About a kynge, as must nede,
There was knightes and squiers
Great route, and eke officers:
Some of longe tyme hym had serued,
And thoughten, that thei haue deserued
Auancement, and gone without:
And some also ben of the route,
That comen but a while agone,
And thei auanced were anone.
These olde men vpon this thyng,
(So as thei durst) ageyne the kynge
Amonge hem selfe compleinen ofte:
But there is nothyng sayde so softe,
That it ne cometh out at last.
The kynge it wyst, anone als fast
As he whiche was of high prudence,
He shope therfore an euidence
Of hem that plainen in the cas,
To knowe in whose defaute it was,
And all within his owne entent,
That no man wist what it ment.
Anone he lette two cofres make,
Of one semblance, of one make,
So lyche, that no life thilke throwe,
That one maie fro that other knowe:
Thei were in to his chambre brought:
But no man wote why thei be brought.
And netheles the kynge hath bede,
That thei be sette in priuie stede,
As he that was of wisdome sligh.
Whan he therto his tyme sigh,
All priueliche, that none it wist,
His owne hondes that one chist
Of fine golde, and of fyne perie,
The whiche out of his tresorie

Was take, anone he filde full:
That other coffre of strawe and mull,
With stones mened he filde also.
Thus be thei full both two.
So that ereliche vpon a daie
He bad within there he laie,
There shulde to fore his bedde
A bourde vp sette, and fayre spredde,
And than he let the cofres fette.
Upon the bourde and did hem sette,
He knewe the names well of tho,
The whiche ayene hym grutcheth so,
Both of his chambre and of his halle,
Anone and sent for hem all,
And saide to hem in this wyse:
There shall no man his hap despise,
I wotte well ye haue longe serued,
And got wote what ye haue deserued,
But if it is a longe on me,
Of that ye vnauanced be,
Or els if it be longe on you,
The soth shall be preued nowe,
To stoppe with your euyll worde.
Lo here two cofers on the borde,
Chese whiche you list of both two.
And witteth well, that one of tho
Is with treasour so full begone,
That if ye happe therupon,
Ye shall be riche men for euer.
Nowe chese and take whiche you is leuer.
But be well ware, er that ye take.
For of that one I vndertake,
There is no maner good therin,
Wherof ye might profite winne.
Nowe goth to getherof one assent,
And maketh your aduisement.
For but I you this daie auance,
It stant vpon your owue chance
All onely in default of grace,
So shall ye shewe in this place
Upon you all well afine
That no defaute shall be myn.
Thei knelen all, and with one voice
The kynge thei thanken of this choice.
And after that thei vp arise,
And gon a side, and hem auise,
And at last thei acorde,
Wherof her tale to recorde,
To what issue thei ben falle,
A knight shall speake for hem alle.
He kneleth downe to the kynge,
And saith that thei vpon this thynge
Or for to wynne, or for to lese,
Ben all auised for to chese.
Tho toke this knight a yerd on honde,
And goth there as the cofers stonde,
And with thassent of euerichone,
He leid his yarde vpon one,
And setth the kynge, howe thilke same
Thei chese in reguerdon by name,
And preith him that thei might it haue.
The kynge whiche wolde his honour saue,
Whan he hath herde the common voice,
Hath graunted hem her owne choice,
And toke hem therupon the keye.
But for he wolde it were seye
What good thei haue, as thei suppose,
He had anone the cofer vnclose,
Whiche was fulfilled with straw and stones.
Thus be thei serued all at ones.

This kynge than in the same stede,
Anone that other Cofer vndede,
Where as thei sawen great richesse,
Well more than thei couthen gesse,
Lo, sayth the kynge, nowe maie ye see,
That there is no defaute in mee.
For thy my selfe I woll acquite,
And beareth your owne wite
Of that fortune hath you refused.
Thus was this wise kynge excused,
And thei left of her euyll speche,
And mercy of her kynge beseche.

Nota de diuitiarum accidencia, vbi narrat, qualiter Fredericus Romanorum imperator duos pauperes audiuit litigantes, quorum vnus dixit, Bene potest ditari, quem rex vult ditare. Et alius dixit, quem deus vult ditare diues erit, que rex cum ab experimentum postea probata fuisset, ille qui deum innocabat pastillum auro plenum fortitus est, alius vero caponis pastillum sorte preelegit.

SOMDELE to this mater like
I fynde a tale, howe Frederike
Of Rome that tyme Emperour
Herde, as he wente, a great clamour
Of two beggers vpon the weye:
That one of hem began to seye,
Ha lord well may the name be riche,
Whome that a kynge list to riche.
That other said no thynge so,
But he is ryche and well bego,
To whome that god wol sende wele.
And thus thei maden wordes fele.
Wherof this lorde hath hede nome,
And did hem both for to come
To the paleis, where hr shall ete,
And bad ordeine for her meate
Two pasteys, whiche he lete do make.
A capon in that one was bake,
And in that other for to wynne
Of floreyns all that maie within
He let do put a great riches:
And euen as liche as man maie gesse,
Outwarde thei were both two.
This begger was commanded tho,
He the whiche held hym to the kynge,
That he fyrste chese vpon this thynge.
He sawe hem, but he felt hem nought:
So that vpon his owne thought
He chese the capon, and forsoke
That other, whiche his felawe toke.
But whan he wist howe that it ferde,
He seyth alowde, that men it herde,
Nowe haue I certaynely conceiued,
That he maie lightly be deceiued,
That tristeth vnto mans helpe.
But well is hym, that god woll helpe.
For he stant on the siker side,
Whiche elles shulde go beside,
I see my felawe well recouer,
And I mote dwell still pouer.
Thus spake the begger his entent,
And poore he cam, and poore he went,
Of that he hath richesse sought,
His infortune it wolde nought.
So maie it shewe in sondrie wise,
Betwene fortune and couetise,

The chance is cast vpon a dee
But yet a man maie full ofte see
Enowe of suche netheles,
Whiche euer put hem selfe in pres
To get hem good, and yet thei faile.
And for to speke of this entaile
Touchende of loue in thy mattere,
My good sonne as thou might here,
That right as it with tho men stood
Of infortune of worldes good,
As thou hast herde me tell aboue:
Right so full ofte it stant by loue,
Though thou coueyte it euermore,
Thou shalte haue no dele the more,
But only that, whiche is the shape,
The remenant is but a iape.
And netheles enowe of tho
There ben, that nowe coueite so.
That where as thei a woman see,
Ye ten or twelue though there bee,
The loue is nowe so vnauised,
That where the beautee stant assised,
The mans herte anone is there,
And rouneth tales in hir ere,
And seith, howe that he loueth streite.
And thus he sette hym to coueite
An hondred though he sawe a daie,
So wolde he more than he maie.
So for the great couetise
Of sotie and fool emprise,
In eche of hem he fint somwhat,
That pleaseth hym, or this or that:
Some one, for she is white of skynne,
Some one, for she is noble of kynne,
Some one, for she hath a rodie cheke,
Some one, for that she semeth meke,
Some one, for she hath eyen greye,
Some one, for she can laugh and pleye,
Some one, for she is longe and smaile,
Some one, for she is lite and talle,
Some one, for she is pale and bleche,
Some one, for she is softe of speche,
Some one, for that she is camused,
Some one, for she hath not be vsed,
Some one, for she can daunce and sing,
So that some thyng of his likyng
He fint: and though no more he fele,
But that she hath a litell hele,
It is enough, that he therfore
Hir loue, and thus an hundred score,
While thei be newe, he wolde he had,
Whom he forsaketh, she is bad,
The blinde man no colour demeth,
But all is one right as him semeth:
So hath his lust no iudgement,
Whom couetise of loue blent.
Hym thinketh, that to his couetise,
Howe all the worlde ne maie suffise.
For by his wille he wolde haue all,
If that it might so befall.
Thus is he comon as the strete,
I set nought of his beyete.
My sonne haste thou suche couetise?
Naye fader suche loue I despise,
And while I liue shal don euer.
For in good feith yet had I leuer,
Than to coueite in suche aweye,
To ben for euer till I deye
As poor as Iob, and loueles,
Out taken one, for haueles
His thonkes is no man a liue.
For than a man shulde all vnthriue.
There ought no wise man coueite,
The lawe was not set so streite.
For thy my selfe with all to saue,
Suche one there is I wold haue,
And none of all this other mo.
My sonne of that thou woldest so,
I am not wroth, but ouer this,
I wolf the telle, howe it is.
For there be men, whiche other wise
Right onely for the couetise,
Of that thei seen a woman riche,
There wol thei all her loue affiche
Nought for the beautee of hir face,
Ne yet for vertu ne for graee,
Whiche she hath elles right enough,
But for the parke and for the plough,
And other thinges, whiche therto longeth.
For in none other wise hem longeth
To loue, but if thei profite finde.
And if the profite be behynde,
Her loue is euer lesse and lesse.
For after that she hath richesse,
Her loue is of proporcion.
If thou hast suche condicion.
My sonne telle right as it is.
Myn holy fader naye ywis,
Condicion suche haue I none
For truly fader I loue one
So well, with all myn hertes thought,
That certes though she had nought,
And were as poore as Medea,
Whiche was exiled for Creusa,
I wolde hir nought the lesse loue:
Ne though she were at hir aboue,
As was the riche quene Candace,
Whiche to deserue loue and grace
To Alisander, that was kynge,
Yafe many a worthye riche thynge:
Or elles as Panthasilee,
Whiche was the quene of Feminee,
And great richesse with hir nam,
Whan she for loue of Hector cam
To Troie, in rescous of the towne.
I am of suche condicion,
That though my ladie of hir selue
Were also riche, as suche twelue,
I couth not, though it were so,
No better loue hir, than I do.
For I loue in so plaine a wise,
That for to speke of couetise,
As for pouerte, or for richesse,
My loue is nother more ne lesse.
For in good feith I trowe this,
So couetous no man there is,
For why, and he my ladie sie,
That he through loknyge of his eie
Ne shuld haue suche a stroke within,
That for no gold he might wyn,
He shuld nought hir loue asterte,
But if he lefte there his herte,
Be so it were suche a man,
That couthe skille of a woman.
For there be men so rude some,
Whan thei amonge the women come,
Thei gon vnder protection,
That loue and his affection
Ne shal not take hem by the sleue.
For thei ben out of that beleue,

Hem lusteth of no ladie chere,
But euer thinkend there and here,
Where as the golde is in the cofre,
And wol none other loue profre.
But who so wote, what loue amounteth,
And by reason truliche acompteth:
Than maie he knowe, and taken hede,
That all the lust of womanhede,
Whiche maie ben in a ladis face,
My lady hath, and eke of grace.
If men shuld yeuen hir a prise,
Thei maie wel seye, howe she is wise,
And sobre, and simple of countenance,
And all that to good gouernaunce
Belongeth of a worthie wight,
She hath plainly: for thilke night,
That she was bore, as for the nones,
Nature set in hir at ones
Beautee with bountee so beseyn,
That I maie well afferme and seyn,
I sawe yet neuer creature,
Of comly hede, and of feture,
In any kynges region,
Be liche hir in comparison.
And therto, as I haue you tolde,
Yet hath she more a thousande folde
Of bountee, and shortly to telle,
She is pure heade and welle,
And myrroure, and ensample of good,
Who so hir vertues vnderstood.
Me thinketh it ought enought suffise
Withouten other couetise,
To loue suche one, and to serue,
Whiche with hir chere can deserue
To be beloued better ywis,
Than she par cas that richest is,
And hath of golde a milion:
Suche hath he myn opinion,
And euer shall, But netheles
I saie nought she is haueles,
That she nis riche, and well at ease,
And hath enough, wherwith to please
(Of worldes good) whome that hir list.
But one thyng I wolde wel ye wist,
That neuer for no worldes good
Myn hert vnto hir warde stoode,
But onely right for pure loue.
That wote the high god aboue:
Nowe fader what saie ye therto?
My sonne I saie it is wel do.
For take of this right good beleue,
What man that wol hym selfe releue
To loue in any other wise,
He shall well fynde his couetise
Shall sore greue hym at laste.
For suche a loue maie not laste.
But nowe men seyn in our daies,
Men maken but a fewe assaies,
But if the cause be richesse.
For thy the loue is well the lesse.
And who that wold ensamples telle,
By olde daies as thei fell,
Than might a man well vnderstonde,
Suche loue maie not longe stonde.
Now herken sonne, and thou shalt here
A great ensample of this mattere

Hic ponit exemplum contra istos, qui non propter amorem, sed propter diuitias sponsalia sumunt. Et narrat de quodam regis Apulie Senescallo, qui non solum propter pecuniam vxorem duxit, sed etiam pecunie commercis vxorem sibi desponsatam vendidit.

To treat vpon the cas of loue,
So as we tolde here aboue,
I fynde write a wonder thynge.
Of Puile whilom was a kynge,
A man of high complexion,
And yonge, but his affection,
After the nature of his age,
Was yet not falle in his courage,
The lust of woman for to knowe.
So it betid vpon a throwe,
This lorde felle in to great likenes,
Phisike hath done the besines
Of sondry cures many one
To make hym holle, and therupon
A worthie maister, whiche there was,
Yafe hym counsell vpon this cas,
That if he wolde haue parfite hele,
He shuld with a woman dele,
A fresshe, a yonge, a lustie wight,
To don hym companie a night.
For than he sayde hym redily,
That he shall be all hole therby,
And other wise he knewe no cure.
The kynge, whiche stode in a venture
Of life and deth for medicine,
Assented was and of couyne.
His stewarde, whom he trusteth well,
He toke and tolde hym euery dele,
How that this maister had sayde,
And thervpon he hath hym prayde,
And charged vpon his ligeance,
That he do make purueiance,
Of suche one as be conenable
For his plesance, and delitable,
And bad hym, howe that euer it stood,
That he shall spare for no good.
For his will is right well to paie.
The stewarde saide, he wold assaie.
But now here after thou shalt witte,
As I fynde in the bokes writte,
What couetise in loue doth.
This stewarde, for to tell soth,
Amonges all the men onliue
A lustie ladie hath to wiue,
Whiche netheles for golde he toke,
And nought for loue, as saith the boke.
A riche marchant of the londe
Hir fader was, and he hir fonde
So worthely and suche richesse
Of worldes good and suche largesse,
With hir he yafe in mariage,
That onely for thilke auantage
Of good, the stewarde hath hir take
For luere, and nought for loues sake:
And that was afterwarde well sene,
Nowe herken, what it woll mene.
The stewarde in his owne herte
Sigh, that his lorde maie not asterte
His maladie, but he haue
A lustie woman hym to saue,
And thought he wolde yeue enough
Of treasour, wherof he drough
Great couetise into his mynde,
And set his honour ferre behynde.
Thus he, whom golde hath ouersette,
Was trapped in his owne nette.

The golde hath made his wittes lame,
So that sechende his owne shame,
He rouneth in the kynges eare,
And said hym, that he wist where
A gentill and a lustie one
Tho was, and thither wolde he gone,
But he mote yeue yeftes great.
For but it be through great beyete
Of golde, he shulde not spede.
The kynge hym bad vpon the nede,
That take an hundrede pounde he sholde,
And yeue it, where that he wolde,
Be so it were in worthie place.
And thus to stonde in loues grace,
This kynge his golde hath habandoned.
And whan this tale was full rouned,
The stewarde toke the golde, and went,
Within his herte and many a went
Of couetise than he caste,
Wherof a purpose at laste
(Ayene loue and ayene his right)
He toke, and saide howe thilke night
His wife shall ligge by the kynge,
And goth thynkende apon this thynge,
Towarde his inne till he cam home
In to the chambre, and than he nome
His wife, and tolde hir all the cas.
And she whiche red for shame was,
With both hir handes to hym prayde
Knelende, and in this wise sayde:
That she to reason and to skille,
In what thynge that he bid wyll,
Is redy for to done his beste:
But this thynge that were not honeste,
That he for golde hir shulde selle.
And he tho with his wordes felle,
Forth with his gastly countenance,
Sayth, that she shall done obeisance,
And folowe his wille in euery place,
And thus through strength of his manace,
Hir innocence is ouerladde,
Wherof she was so sore adradde,
That she his wille mote nede obeie.
And thervpon was shape aweie,
That he his owne wife by night
Hath out of all mennes sight,
(So priuely that none it wist)
Brought to the kynge, whiche as hym list
Maie do with hir what he wolde.
For whan she was there as she sholde
With hym a bedde vnder the cloth,
The stewarde toke his leue, and goth
In to the chambre faste by:
But howe he slepte, that wote not I.
For he sigh cause of ielousie.
But he whiche hath the companie
Of suche a lusty one as shee,
Hym thought that of his degree,
There was no man so well at ease.
She doth all that she maie to please,
So that his herte all holle she had.
And thus this kynge his ioie lad
Till he was nigh vpon the daie.
The stewarde than where she laie
Cam to the bedde, and in this wise
Hath bid she shulde arise.
The kynge saith naie, she shall not go.
The stewarde saide nothynge so.
For she mote gone er it be knowe,
And so I swore, at thilke throwe,
Whan I hir fette to you here.
The kynge his tale wolde not here,
And seith, how that he hath hir bought.
For thy she shall departe nought,
Till he the bright daie beholde,
And caught hir in his armes folde,
As he whiche list for to pleie,
And bad his stewarde gone aweie,
And so he did ayene his wille.
And thus his wife a bedde stille
Laie with the kynge the longe night,
Till that it was high sonne light,
But who she was he knew nothynge.
Tho cam the stewarde to the kynge,
And prayde hym without shame
In sauyng of hir good name,
He might leaden home ayene
This ladie, and tolde hym pleyne,
Howe that it was his owne wife.
The kynge his eare vnto this strife
Hath leyde: and what that he it herde,
Well nigh out of his wit he ferde
And sayde: A caytife most of all,
Where was it euer or this befall,
That any Lokarde in this wise
Betoke his wife for couetise?
Thou hast bothe hir and me begiled,
And eke thyn owne estate reuiled,
Wherof that buxome vnto the
Here after shall she neuer be.
For this auowe to god I make,
After this daie, if I the take,
Thou shalte be honged and to drawe.
Nowe loke anone thou be withdrawe:
So that I see the neuer more.
This stewarde that drad hym sore,
With all the hast that he maie
Is fled awey the same daie,
And was exiled out of londe.
Lo there a nice husbonde,
Whiche thus his wife hath loste for euer.
But netheles she had a leuer.
The kynge her weddeth and honoureth,
Wherof hir name she socoureth,
Whiche erst was lost through couetise
Of him, that lad hir other wise.
And hath hym selfe also forlore.
My sonne be thou ware therfore,
Where thou shalt loue in any place,
That thou no couetise embrace,
The whiche is not of loues kinde.
But for all that a man maie finde
Nowe in this tyme of thilke rage
Full great disease in mariage,
What venim medleth with the sugre,
And mariage is made for lucre,
Or for the lust, or for the hele,
What man that shall with other dele,
He maie not faile to repent.
My fader suche is myn entent:
But netheles good is to haue.
For good maie oft tyme saue
The loue, whiche shuld elles spille.
But god, whiche wote my hertes wille
I dar wel take to witnesse,
Yet was I neuer for richesse
Be set with mariage none.
For all myn herte is vpon one
So frely, that in the persone
Stant all my worldes ioye alone.

I aske nother parke ne plough,
If I hir had, it were enough.
Hir loue shulde me suffise,
Withouten other couetise.
Lo nowe my fader, as of this,
Touchend of me, right as it is,
My shrifte I am be knowe pleyn:
And if ye wol ought elles seyn
Of couetise if there be more
In loue, agropeth out the sore.

Fallere eum nequeat, propria vir fraude cubornat
Testes sit queis vera retorta fides.
Sicut agros cupidus dum quærit amans mulieres
Vult testes falsos falsus habere suos.
Non sine vindicta periurus abibit in eis,
Visu qui cordis intima cuncta videt.
Fallere periuro non est laudanda puellam
Gloria, sed falso conditionis opus.

Hic tractat super illis auaricie speciebus, quæ falsum testimonium et periurium nuncupantur, quorum fraudulenta circumuentio tam in cupiditatis quam in amoris causa sui desiderii propositum, quam sepe fallaciter attingit.

My sonne thou shalt vnderstonde,
Howe couetise hath yet on honde
In speciall two counsailours,
That ben also his procurours.
The first of hem is fals witnesse,
Whiche euer is redy to witnesse
What thyng his maister woll hym hote:
Periurie is the second hote,
Which spareth nought to swere an othe,
Though it be fals, and god be wrothe.
That one shall fals witnes beare,
That other shall the thyng forsweare,
Whan he his charged on the boke.
So what with hepe, and what with croke,
Thei make her maister ofte winne,
And woll not knowe, what is sinne
For couetise: and thus men seyn,
Thei make many a fals bargeyn.
There maie no trewe quarel arise
In thilke queste of thilke assise,
Where as thei two the people enforme.
For thei kepe euer o maner forme,
That vpon golde her conscience
Thei founde, and take her euidence.
And thus with fals witnes and othes
Thei winne hem meate, drinke, and clothes.
Right so there be, who that hem knew,
Of these louers ful many vntrewe.
Nowe maie a woman finde enowe,
That eche of hem, whan he shall wowe,
Anone he will his hande downe leyne
Upon a boke, and sweare and seyne,
That he wol feith and trouth beare.
And thus he profereth hym to swenre
To seruen euen till he die,
And all is very trecherie.
For whan the soth hym selfe trieth,
The more he swereth, the more he lieth.
Whan he his feith maketh all thermest,
Than maie a woman trust hym lest.
For till he maie his will acheue,
He is no lenger for to leue.
Thus is the trouthe of loue exiled,
And many a good woman beguiled.
And eke to speke of fals witnesse,
There ben now suche many I gesse,
That liche vnto the prouisours
Thei make hem hir preuie proctours,
To tell howe there is suche a man,
Whiche is worthy to loue, and can
All that a good man shulde conne.
So that with lesing is begonne
The cause, in whiche thei woll procede,
And also siker as the crede
Thei make of that thei knowen fals.
And thus full ofte about the halse
Loue is of fals men embraced.
But loue, whiche is so purchaced
Come afterwarde to litell prise.
For thy my sonne, if thou be wise,
Nowe thou hast herde this euidence,
Thou might thyn owne conscience
Oppose, if thou hast be suche one.
Naye god wote father I am none,
Ne neuer was, for as men saith,
Whan that a man shall make his faith,
His hert and tonge must accorde.
For if so be that thei discorde,
Than is he fals, and els nought.
And I dare saie, as of my thought
In loue, it is not discordable
Unto my worde, but accordable.
And in this wise father I
Maie right well swere, and saufly,
That I my lady loue well.
For that accordeth euery dele,
It nedeth nought to my soth sawe,
That I witnesse shulde drawe
Into this daie, for euer yit
Ne might it sinke in to my wit,
That I my counsaile shulde seye
To any wight, or me bewreye,
To sechen helpe in suche manere,
But onely for my lady dere.
And though a thousande men it wiste,
That I hir loue, and than hem list
With me to swere, and to witnesse:
Yet were that no fals witnesse.
For I dare vnto this trouth dwelle,
I loue hir more than I can telle.
Thus am I father giltelés,
As ye haue herde: and netheles
In your dome I put it all.
My sonne witte in speciall,
It shall not commonliche faile,
All though it for a tyme faile,
That fals witnesse his cause spede
Upon the point of his falshede:
It shall well afterwarde be kid,
Wherof so as it is betid,
Ensample of such thynges blynde
In a cronike writte I fynde.

Hic ponit exemplum de illis, qui falsum testificantes, amoris innocentiam circumueniunt, Et narrat qualiter Thetis Achillem filium suum adolescentem muliebri vestitum apparatu asserens esse puellam inter regis Lichomedis filias ad educandum produxit, Et sic Achilles decepto rege filie sue Deidamie socia et cubicularia effectus super ipsam Pirrhum genuit, qui postea mire probitatis militiam assecutus, mortem patris sui apud Troiam Polixene Tyrannice vindicauit.

THE goddesse of the sea Thetis
She had a sonne, and his name is

Achilles, whom to kepe and warde,
While he was yonge, and in to warde
She thought hym saufly to betake,
As she, whiche drad for his sake
Of that was saide of prophecie,
That he at Troie sholde die,
Whan that the citee was beleyne.
For thy so as the bokes seyne,
She cast hir wit in sondrie wise,
Howe she hym might so desguise,
That no man shuld his body knowe.
And so befelle that ilke throwe,
While that she thought vpon this dede,
There was a kyng, whiche Lichomede
Was hote, and he was well begone,
With faire doughters many one,
And dwelte ferre out in an yle.
Nowe shalt thou here a wonder wile.
This quene, whiche the mother was
Of Achilles, vpon this cas
Hir sonne, as he a maiden were
Let clothen in the same gere,
Whiche longeth vnto womanhede.
And he was yonge, and toke none hede,
But suffreth all that she hym dede,
Wherof she hath hir women hede,
And chargeth by her othes alle,
Howe so it afterward befall,
That thei discouer nought this thynge,
But feigne and make a knowlageynge
Upon the counseile, whiche was nome,
In euery place where thei come,
To telle and to witnesse this,
Howe he hir ladis doughter is.
And right in suche a maner wise
She bad thei shuld hir don seruise:
So that Achilles vnderfongeth,
As to a yong lady belongeth,
Honoure, seruice, and reuerence.
For Thetis with great diligence
Hym hath so taught, and so affaited,
That howe so that he were awaited
With sobre, and goodly contenance
He shulde his womanhede auance,
That none the soth knowe might,
But that in euery mans sight
He shuld seme a pure maide.
And in suche wise, as she hym saide,
Achilles, whiche that ilke while
Was yonge, vpon hym selfe to smile
Began, whan he was so beseyn.
And thus after the bokes seyn,
With frette of perle vpon his hede
All fresshe betwene the white and rede,
As he whiche tho was tender of age,
Stode the colour in his visage:
That for to loke vpon his cheke,
And seen his childly maner eke,
He was a woman to beholde.
And than his moder to hym tolde,
That she hym bad so begone,
Because that she thought gone
To Lichomede at thilke tide,
Where that she saide, he shulde abide
Amonge his doughters for to dwelle.
Achilles herd his moder telle,
And wist nought the cause why.
And netheles full buxomly
He was redy to that she bad,
Wherof his moder was right glad,
To Lichomede and forth thei went.
And whan the kyng knewe hir entent,
And sawe this yonge doughter there,
And that it came vnto his ere,
Of suche record, of suche witnesse,
He had right a great gladnesse,
Of that he both sigh and herde,
As he that wote not howe it ferde
Upon the counseil of the nede.
But for all that kynge Lichomede
Hath toward him hir doughter take:
And for Thetis his moder sake,
He put hir in to companie
To dwelle with Deidamie
His owne doughter the eldest,
The fairest, and the comliest
Of all his doughters, whiche he had.
Lo thus Thetis the cause lad,
Ind lefte there Achilles feigned,
As he, whiche hath hym selfe restreigned
In all that euer he maie and can
Out of the maner of a man,
And toke his womanisshe chere,
Wherof vnto his bedfere
Deidamie he hath by night,
Where kynde wolde hym selue right,
After the Philosophers seyn,
There maie no wight be there ageyn,
And that was thilke tyme sene.
The longe nightes hem betwene
Nature, whiche maie not forbere,
Hath made hem bothe for to stere,
Thei kissen first, and ouerthore
The highe wey of loues lore
Thei gone, and all was done in dede,
Wherof lost is the maieden hede,
And that was afterward well knowe.
For it befell that ilke throwe
At Troie, where the siege laie,
Upon the cause of Menelaie,
And of his quene dame Heleine,
The gregois hadden mochel peine
All daie to fight, and to assaile.
But for thei might nought auaile
So noble a citee for to wynne,
A prenye counsaile thei begynne,
In sondrie wise where thei treat,
And at laste amonge the great
Thei fellen vnto his accorde,
That Phorceus, of his recorde,
Whiche was an Astronomien,
And eke a great magicien,
Shulde of his calculacion
Serche of constellacion,
How thei the citee mighten gette.
And he the whiche had nought foryete
Of that belongeth to a clerke,
His studie sette vpon this werke,
So longe his wit about he cast,
Till that he fonde out at last,
But if thei hadden Achilles,
Her werre shall ben endeles.
And ouer that he tolde hem pleine,
In what maner he was beseine,
And in what place he shall be founde.
So that within a litell stounde
Ulysses forth with Diomede,
Upon this point to Lichomede
Agamemnon to gether sente.
But Ulysses, er he forth went,

Whiche was one of the most wise,
Ordeined hath in suche a wise,
That he the most riche araye,
Wherof a woman maie be gaye,
With hym he toke manifolde.
And ouermore, as it is tolde,
An harnois as for a lustie knight,
Whiche burned was as siluer bright,
Of swerde, of plate, and eke of maile,
As though he shulde do bataile,
He toke also with hym by ship.
And thus to gether in felawship
Forth gone this Diomede and hee,
In hope till thei mighten see
The place, where Achilles is.
The wynde stode than nought amis,
But euery topsaile coole it blewe,
Till Ulysses the marches knewe,
Where Lichomede his reigne had.
The stiresman so well him ladde,
That thei be comen saufe to londe,
Where thei gone out vpon the stronde
In to the burgh, where that thei fonde
The kynge: and he, whiche hath facounde,
Ulysses did the message.
But the counsaile of his courage,
Why that he came, he tolde nought,
But vnderneth he was bethought,
In what maner he might aspie
Achilles from Deidamie,
And fro these other, that there were,
Full many a lustie ladie there.
Thei plaide hem there a daie or two,
And as it was fortuned so,
It fell that tyme in suche a wise,
To Bacchus that a sacrifice.
These yonge ladies shulden make:
And for the straunge mens sake,
That comen fro the siege of Troie,
Thei maden well the more ioie.
There was reuell, there was daunsinge,
And euery life, whiche couth singe
Of lusty women in the route,
A fresshe caroll hath songe about.
But for all this yet nethetes,
The grekes vnknowe of Achilles
So weren, that in no degree
Thei couthen witte, whiche was he,
Ne by his voice, ne by his paas.
Ulysses than vpon the caas
A thyng of high prudence hath wrought.
For thilke araye, whiche he hath brought
To yeue amonge the women there,
He lette do fetten all the gere,
Forth with a knightes harnoys eke,
In all the countrey for to seke,
Men shulden nought a fairer see,
And euery thyng in his degree
Endelonge vpon a bourde he laide.
So Lichomede and than he praide,
That euery lady these sholde
What thynge of all that she wolde,
And take it as by waye of yefte.
For thei hem selfe it shulde sheft,
He saide, after her owne wille.
Achilles than stode nought stille,
Whan he the bright helme beheldc,
The swerde, the hauberke, and the shelde,
His herte felle therto anone,
Of all that other wolde he none.
The knightes gere he vnderfongeth,
And thilke arraie, whiche that belongeth
Unto the women, he forsoke.
And in this wyse, as sayth the boke,
Thei knowen than whiche he was.
For he goth forth the great paas
In to the chambre, where he laie
Anone, and made no delaie:
He armeth hym in knightly wise,
That better can no man deuise.
And as fortune shulde falle,
He came so forth tofore hem alle,
As he, whiche tho was glad enough.
But Lichomede nothyng lough,
Whan that he sigh, howe that it ferde
For than he wist well and herde
His doughter had be forleyn.
But that he was so ouerseyn
The wonder ouergoth his wit.
For in Cronike is written yit
Thing, whiche shall neuer be foryete,
Howe that Achilles hath begette
Pirrhus vpon Deidamie,
Wherof came out the trecherie
Of fals witnes, when he sayde,
Howe that Achilles was a mayde:
But that was nothyng sene tho.
Forth he is to the siege go.
For with Ulysses and Diomede
Lo thus was proued in the dede
And fully spoke at thilke while,
If o woman an other begile,
Where is there any sekyrnesse?
Whan Thetis, which was than the goddesse,
Deidamie hath so beiaped,
I not howe it shall bene escaped
With tho women, whose innocence
Is nowe all daie through suche credence
Deceiued ofte, as it is sene
With men, that suche yntrouth mene.
For thei ben sligh in suche a wise,
That thei by slyght, and by queintise
Of fals witnes bringen inne,
That doth hem ofte for to wynne,
That thei be not worthy therto.
For thy my sonne doe not so.
My father as of fals witnesse
The trouth, and the maner expresse,
Touchende of loue, howe it hath ferde.
As ye haue tolde, I haue well herde.
But for ye sayden other wise,
Howe thilke vice of couetise
Hath yet periur of his acorde:
If that you list of some recorde
To tell an other tale also,
In loues cause of tyme ago,
What thynge it is to be forswore,
I wolde preie you therfore,
Wherof I might ensample take.
My good soonne and for thy sake,
Touchende of this I shall fulfill
Thyn axynge, at thyne owne will:
And the matere I shall declare,
Howe the women deceiued are,
Whan thei so tender hertes beare,
Of that thei here men so sweare.
But whan it cometh vnto thassaie,
Thei fynde it fals an other daie:
As Iason did ynto Medee
Whiche stante yet of auctoritee,

In token, and in memoriall,
Wherof the tale in speciall
Is in the boke of Troie writte,
Whiche I shall do the for to witte.

Hic in amoris causa ponit exemplum contra periuros, Et narrat qualiter Iason priusque ad Insulam Colchos pro aurco vellere ibidem conquestando transmearet, in amorrem et coniugium Medee regis Oethes filie iuramento firmius se astrinxit, sed suo postea completo negotio cum ipsam secum nauigio in Gretiam perduxit, vbi illam senectutem patris sui Esonis in floridam iuuentutem mirabili scientia reformauit, Ipse Iason fidei sue ligamento, aliisque beneficiis postpositis, dictam Medeam pro quadam Creusa regis Creontis filia periurus dereliquit.

In greece whilom was a kynge,
Of whom the fame and knowlageyng
Beleueth yet, and Peleus
He highte: but it felle hym thus,
That his fortune hir whele so lad,
That he no childe his owne had
To reignen after his decesse,
He had a brothor nethcles,
Whose right name was Eson,
And he the worthie knight Iason
Begatte, the whiche in euery londe
All other passed of his honde
An armes, so that he the best
Was named, and the worthiest.
He sought worshippe ouer all:
Nowe herken, and I the tell shall
An aduenture, that he sought,
Whiche afterwarde full dere he bouht.
There was an yle, whiche Cholchos
Was cleped, and therof arose
Great speche in euery londe aboute,
That suche meruaile was none oute
In all the wide worlde no where,
As tho was in that yle there.
There was a shepe, as it was tolde,
The whiche his flees bare all of golde,
And so the goddes had it sette,
That it ne might awaie be fette.
By power of no worldes wight:
And yet full many a worthy knight
It had assaied, as they dorst,
And euer it fell hem to the worst.
But he that wolde it nought forsake,
But of his knighthode vndertake
To do, what thynge therto belongeth,
This worthy Iason sore alongeth
To see the strange regions,
And knowe the condicions
Of other marches, where he went,
And for that cause his hole entent
He set Colchos for to seche:
And therupon he made a speche
To Peleus his eme the kynge.
And he well paide was of that thynge,
And shope anone for his passage,
Suche as were of his lignage,
With other knightes, whiche he ches,
With hym he toke: and Hercules,
Whiche full was of chiualrie,
With Iason wente in companie:
And that was in the moneth of maie,
Whan colde stormes were awaie.
The winde was good, the ship was yare,
Thei toke her leue, and forth thei fare
Towarde Colchos: but on the weie
What hem befelle, is longe to seie:
Howe Laomedon the kynge of Troie,
Whiche ought well haue made hem ioie,
Whan thei to rest a while hym preyde,
Out of his londe he them congeyde.
And so befelle the dissencion,
Whiche after was destruction
Of that citee, as men maie here:
But that is nought to my matere.
But thus the worthy folke gregois
Fro that kynge, whiche was not curtois,
And fro his lande with sayle vpdrawe
Thei went hem forth, and many a sawe
They made, and many a great manace,
Tyll at last in to that place,
Whiche as thei sought, thei arriue,
And striken sayle, and forth as bliue
Thei sente vnto the kynge, and tolde,
Who weren there, and what thei wolde,
Oetes, whiche was then kynge,
Whan that he herde this tidynge
Of Iason, whiche was comen there
And of these other, what thei were:
He thought done hem great worship.
For thei anone come out of ship,
And streight vnto the kynge thei wente,
And by the honde Iason he hente,
And that was at the paleys gate,
So far the kynge came on his gate,
Towarde Iason to done hym chere.
And he, whom lacketh no manere,
Whan he the kynge sigh in presence,
Yafe hym ageyne suche reuerence,
As to a kynges state belongeth.
And thus the kynge hym vnderfongeth,
And Iason in his arme he caught,
And forth into the halle he straught,
And there thei sat and speake of thyages.
And Iason tolde hym tho tidynges,
Why he was come, and faire hym praide
To hast his tyme: and the kynge thus saide.
Iason thou art a worthy knight,
But it lieth in no mans might
To done, that thou arte come fore,
There hath bene many a knight forfore,
Of that thei wolden it assaie.
But Iason wolde not hym esmaie,
And saide: of euery worldes eure
Fortune stant in auenture,
Paranter wele, paranter wo:
But howe as euer that it go,
It shall be with myn honde assayed.
The kynge tho helde hym not wel paied.
For he the grekes sore dredde,
In aunter if Iason ne spedde,
He might therof beare a blame.
For tho was all the worldes fame
In grece, as for to speke of armes.
For thy he drad hym of his harmes,
And gan to preche, and to preye.
But Iason wolde not obeye,
But saide, he wolde his purpos holde,
For ought that any man hym tolde.
The kynge whan he these wordes herde,
And sigh how that this knight auswerde:
Yet for he wolde make hym glad,
After Medea gone he bad,

Whiche was his doughter: and she cam.
And Iason whiche good hede nam
Whan he hir sigh, ageyn hir goth.
And she, whiche was hym nothyng loth,
Welcomed hym in to that londe,
And softe toke hym by the honde,
And downe thei setten both same.
She had herde spoken of his name.
And of his great worthines.
For thy she gan hir eie impresse
Upon his face, and his stature,
And thought how neuer creature
Was so welfarende, as was hee.
And Iason right in suche degree
Ne might not withholde his loke,
But so good hede on hir he toke,
That hym ne thought vnder the heuen,
Of beautee sighe he neuer hir euen,
With all that felle to womanhede.
Thus eche of other token hede,
Though there no worde was of recorde,
Her hertes both of one accorde
Ben sette to loue, but as tho
There mighten be no wordes mo.
The kynge made hym great ioye and fest,
To all his men he yafe an best,
So as thei wolde his thonke deserue,
That thei shulde all Iason serue,
While that he wolde there dwelle.
And thus the daie, shortely to telle,
With many myrthes thei dispent,
Till night was come, and tho thei went.
Echone of other toke his leue,
Whan thei no lenger mighten leue.
I not howe Iason that night slepe,
But well I wote, that of the shepe,
For whiche he cam in to that ile,
He thought but a littell while:
All was Medea that he thought
So that in many wise he sought
His wit wakende, er it was daie:
Some tyme ye, some tyme nay,
Some tyme thus, some tyme so,
As he was stered to and fro
Of loue, and eke of his conquest,
As he was holde of his behest.
And thus he rose vp by the morowe,
And toke hym selfe seint Iohn to borow,
And saide he wolde first begynne
At loue, and after for to wynne
The flees of golde, for whiche he come,
And thus to hym good herte he nome.
Medea right in the same wise,
Till daie cam, that she must arise,
Laye and bethought hir all the night,
Howe she that noble worthy knight,
By any waye might wedde.
And wel she wist, if he ne spedde
Of thyng, whiche he had vndertake,
She might hir selfe no purpose take.
For if he deyde of his bataile,
She must than algate faile
To getten hym, whan he were dede.
Thus she began to sette rede,
And tourne about hir wittes all
To loke howe that it might fall,
That she with hym had a leisire
To speake and telle of hir desire.
And so it felle the same daie,
That Iason, with that swete maie
To gether sette, and hadden space
To speke, and he besought hir grace.
And she his tale goodly herde:
And afterwarde she hym answerde
And said: Iason as thou wilt,
Thou mighte be saufe, thou might be spilt,
For witte well, that neuer man,
But if he couth, that I can,
Ne mighte that fortune acheue,
For whiche thou comest: but as I leue,
If thou wolt holde couenaunt
To loue of all the remenaunt,
I shall thy life and honour saue,
That thou the flees of gold shalt haue.
He said: All at your owne wille
Madame I shall truly fulfille
Your hest, while my life maie laste.
Thus longe he praied, and at last
She graunteth, and behight hym this,
That whan night cometh, and it time is
She wolde hym sende certeinly
Suche one, that shulde him priuely
Alone in to hir chambre brynge.
He thanketh hir of that tidynge.
For of that grace is hym begonne,
Hym thinketh al other thinges wonne.
The daie made ende, and loste his sight,
And comen was the derke night,
The whiche all the daies eie blent.
Iason toke leue, and forth he went:
And whan he cam out of the pres,
He toke to counsaile Hercules
And tolde hym, howe it was betid,
And praide it shulde well ben hid,
And that he wolde loke about
The whiles that he shulde be out.
Thus as he stode, and hede name,
A mayden fro Medea came,
And to her chambre Iason ledde,
Where that he fonde redy to bedde
The fairest, and the wisest eke,
And she with simple chere and meke,
Whan she him sigh, waxe all asshamed,
Tho was hir tale newe entamed
For sikernesse of mariage.
She fette forth a riche image,
Whiche was the figure of Iupiter:
And Iason swore, and said ther,
That also wis god hym helpe,
That if Medea did hym helpe,
That he his purpose might wynne,
Thei shulde neuer part a twynne,
But euer while hym last life,
He wolde hir holde for his wife:
And with that word thei kystend both.
And for thei shulde hem vncloth,
There come a maiden in hir wise
She did hem both full seruise,
Till that thei were in bed naked.
I wote that night was well bewaked,
Thei hadden both what thei wolde:
And than at leyser she hym tolde,
And gan fro point to point enforme
Of this bataile, and all the forme,
The whiche that he shulde finde there,
Whan he to that yle come were:
She saide, at entre of the pas,
Howe Mars, whiche god of armes was,
Hath set two oxen sterne and stoute,
That casten fire and flam aboute,

Both at mouth and at nase,
So that thei setten all on blase.
What thyng that passeth hem betweene.
And forthermore vpon the greene
There goth the flees of golde to kepe,
A serpent, whiche maie neuer slepe.
Thus who that euer it shulde wynne,
The fire to stoppe he mote begynne,
The whiche that tho fierse beastes cast:
And daunt he mot hem at last,
So that he maie hem yoke and driue:
And there vpon he als bliue
The serpent, with suche strength assaile,
That he maie slein hym by bataile,
Of whiche he must the teeth outdrawe,
As it belongeth to that lawe:
And than he must the oxen yoke,
Til thei haue with a plough to broke
A forow of lond, in whiche a rowe
The teeth of thadder he must sow,
And therof shull arise knightes
Well armed at all rightes:
Of hem is nought to taken hede.
For eche of hem in hastihede
Shall other slea with dethes wounde.
And thus whan thei be brought to grounde
And go so forth, and take his praie,
Than must he to the goddes praie.
But if he faile in any wise
Of that ye here me deuise,
There maie be set non other weie,
That he ne mote algates deie.
Nowe haue I tolde the peril all,
I will yow telle forth withall
(Quod Medea to Iason tho)
That ye shall knowen er ye go
Ageyne the venym and the fire
What shall be the recouere.
But sir, for it is nigh daie,
Ariseth vp, so that I maie
Deliuer you, what thyng I haue,
That maie your life and honoure saue.
Thei were both loth to rise:
But for thei were both wise,
Up thei risen at last.
Iason his clothes on hym cast,
And made hym redy right anone.
And she hir shirte did vpon,
And cast on hir a mantell close
Withouten more, and than aros.
Tho toke she forth a riche tie
Made all of golde and of perie:
Out of the whiche she toke a rynge,
The stone was worth all other thynge:
She said, whiles he wold it were,
There might no perill hym dere:
In water maie it not be dreinte,
Where as it cometh the fire is queint,
It daunteth eke the cruel beste:
There maie none quad that man arest:
Where so he be on sea or londe,
That hath this rynge vpon his honde.
And ouer that she gan to seyne,
That if a man wil ben vnseyne,
Within his honde holde close the stone,
And he maie inuisible gone.
The rynge to Iason she betaught,
And so forth after she hym taught,
What sacrifice he shuld make.
And gan out of hir cofer take
Hym thought an heuenly figure,
Whiche all by charme and by coniure
Was wrought, and eke it was through writ
With names, whiche he shuld witte,
As she hym taught tho to rede,
And bad hym as he wold spede,
Without rest of any while,
Whan he were londed in that ile,
He shuld make his sacrifice,
And rede his carecte in the wise,
As she hym taught, on knes doun bent
Thre sithes towerd orient.
For so shuld he the goddes please,
And wyn hym selfe mochel ease.
And whan he had it thrise radde,
To open a boxe she hym badde,
That she there toke hym in present,
And was full of suche oignement,
That there was fire ne venym none,
That shulde fastenen hym vpon,
Whan that he were anoynt withall.
For thy she taught hym howe he shall
Anoynt his armes all aboute:
And for he shulde nothyng doute,
She toke hym than a maner glue,
The whiche was of so great vertue,
That where a man it shulde cast,
It shulde bynde anone so fast,
That no man might it done awaye,
And that she had by all waye,
He shulde into the mouthes throwe
Of tho two oxen, that fire blowe,
Therof to stoppe the malice
The glue shall serue of that office.
And ouer that hir oignement,
Hir rynge, and hir enchauntement,
Ayene the serpent shulde hym were,
Till he hym slea with swerde or speare:
And than he maie saufely enough
His oxen yoke in to the plough,
And the teeth sowe in suche wise,
Til he the knightes se arise,
And eche of other downe be laide,
In suche maner as I haue saide.
Lo thus Medea for Iason
Ordeineth, and prayeth therypon,
That he nothyng foryete shulde.
And eke she prayeth hym that he wolde,
Whan he hath all his armes done,
To grounde knele, and thonke anone
The goddes, and so forth by ease
The flees of golde he shulde sease:
And whan he had it seased so,
That than he were sone ago,
Without any tarienge.
Whan this was saide into wepynge
She fel, as she that was through nome
With loue, and so forth ouercome,
That all hir worlde on hym she sette.
But whan she sigh there was no lette,
That he mote nedes parte hir fro,
She toke hym in hir armes two,
An honderde tymes and gan hym kisse,
And saide: O all my worldes blisse,
My trust, my luste, my life, myn hele,
To ben thyn helpe in this quarele
I pray vnto the goddes all.
And with that word she gan downe fall
Of swoune: and he hir vp nam,
And forthe with that the maiden cam,

And thei to bedde anone hir brought:
And than Iason hir besought,
And to hir seyde, in this manere.
My worthye lustye ladie dere
Comforteth you, for by my trouth,
It shall not fallen in my slouth,
That I ne woll throughout fulfille
Your hestes, at your owne wille.
And yet I hope to you bringe
Within a while suche tidynge,
The whiche shall make vs bothe game.
But for he wolde kepe hir name
Whan that he wist it was nigh daie,
He saide, adewe my swete maie.
And forth with hym he nam his gere,
Whiche as she had take hym there,
And straught vnto his chambre went,
And goth to bedde, and slepe hym hent,
And laie, that no man hym a woke.
For Hercules hede of hym toke,
Till it was vnderne high and more,
And than he gan to sigh sore,
And sodeinly he brayde of slepe,
And thei than toke of hym kepe.
His chamberleins ben soone there,
And maden redy all his gere,
And he arose, and to the kynge
He went, and saide, howe to that thing,
For whiche he cam, he wolde go.
The kynge therof was full wo,
And for he molde hym fayne withdraw,
He tolde hym many a dredefull sawe.
But Iason wolde it nought recorde,
And at laste thei accorde,
Whan that he wolde nought abide,
A bote was redy at tide,
In whiche this worthy knight of Grece,
Full armed vp at euery pece,
To his bataile whiche belongeth,
Toke sore in honde, and sore hym longeth,
Till he the water passed were.
Whan he cam to that ile there
He set hym on his knees doun straught,
And his carecte, as he was taught,
He rad, and made his sacrifice,
And sithe anoynte hym in that wise
As Medea hym hath bede:
And than arose vp fro that stede,
And with the glewe the fire he queynt,
And anone after he atteynt
The great serpent, and hym slough,
But erst he had sorowe enough.
For that serpent made hym trauaile
So hard and sore of his bataile,
That nowe he stood, and nowe he felle.
For longe tyme it so befelle,
That with his sword, and with his spere,
He might not the serpent dere:
He was so sherded all aboute,
It held all edge toole withoute.
He was so rude and hard of skyn,
There might no thyng go there in,
Venym and fire to geder he cast,
That he Iason sore a blast.
And if it ne were his oyntement,
His rynge, and his enchauntement,
Whiche Medea toke hym before,
He had with that worme be lore.
But of vertu, whiche therof cam
Iason the dragon ouercam:
And he anone the tethe out drough,
And set his oxen in his plough,
With whiche he brake a pece of londe,
And sewe it with his owne honde.
Tho might he great merueile see
Of euery toth in his degree.
Sprong vp a knight with spore and shelde,
Of whiche anone right in the felde,
Echone slough other, and with that
Iason Medea not forgat,
On both his knees he gan downe falle,
And gafe thonke to the goddes all.
The flees he toke, and gothe to bote:
The sonne shineth bright and hote,
The flees of gold shone forth with all
The water glisterd ouerall.
Medea wept, and sighed ofte,
And stode vpon a towre alofte,
All priuely within hir selfe,
There herd it not ten ne twelfe,
She praid, and said: O god hym spede,
The knight, whioh hath my maiden hede.
And aie she loketh toward the ile.
But whan she sigh within a while,
The flees glisteryng ageyn the sonne,
She said: O lord all is ywonne,
My knight the feld hath ouercomen,
Nowe wolde god, he were comen.
O lorde god, I wolde he were in londe.
But I dare take this on honde,
If that she had wynges two,
She wolde haue flowen to hym tho
Streight there he was vnto the bote.
The daie was clere, the sonne hote,
The grekes were in great doute,
The while that her lorde was oute,
Thei wist not what shuld betide,
But wayted euer vpon the tide,
To see what ende shulde falle.
There stoden eke the nobles all,
Forth with the comun of the towne:
And as thei loken vp and doune,
Thei were waren within a throw,
Where cam the bote, which thei wel know,
And sigh how Iason brought his preye.
And tho thei ganen all seye,
And criden al with o steuen,
O where was euer vnder the heuen
So noble a knight, as Iason is?
And wel nighe all saiden this,
That Iason was a faire knight.
For it was neuer of mans might
The flees of golde so for to wynne:
And thus tellen thei begynne.
With that the kynge cam forth anone,
And sigh the flees, howe that it shone.
And whan Iason cam to the londe,
The kynge hym selfe toke his honde,
And kissed hym, and great ioye made.
The Grekes weren wonder glade,
And of that thing right mery hem thought,
And forth with hem the flees thei brought,
And ech on other gan to ligh.
But wel was hym that might nigh
To se there of the propertee.
And thus thei passen the citee,
And gone vnto the paleis straught.
Medea, whiche forgat hir naught,
Was redy there, and saide anon:
Welcome, O worthy knight Iason,

She wolde haue kist hym wonder fayn:
But shame tourued hir agayne.
It was nought the maner as tho.
For thy she dorste nought do so.
She toke hir leue, and Iason went
Into his chambre, and she hym sente
Hir maiden, to sene howe he ferde:
The whiche whan that she sigh and herde,
Howe that he had faren out,
And that it stode well all about,
She tolde hir ladie what she wist.
And she for ioye, hir maiden kist.
The bathes weren than araied
With herbes tempred and assaied,
And Iason was vnarmed soone,
And did, as it befelle to doone.
Into his bathe he went anone,
And wisshe hym cleane as any bone
He toke a soppe, and out he cam,
And on his best araye he nam,
And kempt his head, whan he was clad,
And goth hym forth all mery and glad
Right straught in to the kinges halle.
The kynge cam with his knightes alle,
And made hym glad welcomynge.
And he hem tolde tho tidynge
Of this and that, howe it befelle,
Whan that he wan the shepes felle.
Medea whan she was after sent
Come soone to that parlement:
And whan she might Iason see,
Was none so glad of all as she.
There was no ioye for to seche,
Of hym, made euery man a speche.
Som man said one, som said other.
But though he were goddes brother,
And might make fire and thonder,
There might be no more wonder,
Than was of hym in that citee.
Echone taught other, this is he,
Whiche hath in his power within,
That all the worlde ne might wynne.
Lo here the beste of all good.
Thus thei saiden, that there stoode,
And eke that walkende vp and downe,
Both of the court, and of the towne.
The tyme of souper cam anone:
Thei wisshen, and therto thei gon.
Medea was with Iason sette.
Tho was there many a deintee fette
And set tofore hem on the boorde,
But none so likyng as the woorde,
Whiche was there spoke among hem two,
So as thei dorst speke tho.
But though thei had litel space,
Yet ther acorden in that place,
Howe Iason shuld come at night,
Whan euery torche and euery light
Were out, and than other thynges,
Thei speke alowde for supposinges
Of hem that stoden there aboute.
For loue is euermore in doute.
For if it be wisly gouerned
Of hem, that ben of loue lerned.
Whan al was doone, that dissh and cup,
And cloth, and boord, and all was vp,
Thei wake, while hem list to wake,
And after that thei leue take,
And gon to bed for to reste
And whan hym thought for the beste,
That euery man was fast on slepe,
Iason, that wolde his tyme kepe,
Goth forth stalkyng all priuely
Unto the chambre, and redily
There was a maide, whiche hym kepte,
Medea woke, and no thyng slepte.
But netheles she was a bedde,
And he with all hast hym spedde,
And made hym naked, and all warme
Anone he toke hir in his arme.
What nede is for to speke of ease,
Hem list eche other for to please,
So that thei had ioye enowe,
And tho thei setten, whan and how,
That she with hym awey shal stele,
With wordes suche and other fele.
Whan all was treted to an ende,
Iason toke leue, and gan forth wende
Unto his owne chamber in pes,
There wist it non but Hercules.
He slept, and ros whan it was tyme,
And whan it fel towardes prime,
He toke to hym suche as he triste
In secre, that none other wist,
And tolde hem of his counseile there,
And saide, that his will were,
That thei to ship had all thyng
So priuely in the euenyng,
That no man might her dede aspie,
But tho that weren of companie.
For he woll go without leue,
And lenger woll he nought beleue,
But he ne wolde at thilke throwe
The kynge or quene shulde it knowe.
Thei saide all, this shall well be do:
And Iason trust well therto.
Medea in the meane while,
Whiche thought hir father to begile,
The treasour, whiche hir father had,
With hir all priuely she lad.
And with Iason at tyme sette,
Away she stale, and fonde no lette,
And straught she goth hir vnto ship
Of Grece with that felaushipe.
And thei anone drough vp the saile,
And all that night this was counsaile.
But erly whan the sonne shone,
Men sigh, that thei were agone,
And come vnto the kynge, and tolde.
And he the soth knowe wolde,
And asketh where his doughter was.
There was no worde, but out alas,
She was a go, the mother wepte,
The father as a wood man lepte,
And gan the tyme for to warie,
And swore his othe, he wold not tary
That with Caliphe, and with galeye,
The same cours, the same weye,
Whiche Iason toke, he wolde take,
If that he might hym ouertake.
To this thei saiden all yea
Anone as thei weren at the sea,
And all, as who saith, at one woorde,
Thei gone within shippes boorde.
The saile goth vp, and forth thei straught,
But none exploit therof thei caught:
And so forth thei tourne home ayene.
For all that labour was in vayne.
Iason to Grece with his praie
Goth through the sea the right waie.

Whan he there come, and men it tolde,
Thei maden ioye yonge and olde.
Esou whan that he wist of this,
Howe that his sonne comen is,
And hath achieued that he sought,
And whom with hym Medea brought,
In all the wide worlde was none
So glad a man as he was one.
Together bene these loners tho,
Till that thei had sonnes two,
Wherof thei weren bothe glade.
And olde Eson great ioye made,
To seen the encrees of his lignage.
For he was of so great an age,
That men awayten euery daie,
Whan that he shulde gone awaie.
Iason, whiche sigh his fader olde,
Upon Medea made hym bolde
Of art magike, whiche she couth,
And praieth hir, that his fathers youth
She wolde make ayenewarde newe,
And she that was towarde hym trewe,
Behighte hym, that she wolde it do,
Whan that she tyme sigh therto.
But what she did in that matere,
It is a wonder thynge to here.
But yet for the nouelrie,
I thinke tellen a great partie.

Nota quibus medicamentis Essonem senectute decrepitum, ad sue iuuentutis adolescentiam prudens Medea reduxit.

THus it befell vpon a night,
Whan there was nought but sterre light,
She was vanisshed right as hir list,
That no wight, but hir selfe wist:
And that was at midnight tide,
The worlde was stille on euery side,
With open head, and foote all bare,
Hir heare to sprad, she gan to fare,
Upon hir clothes gyrte she was,
Al specheles vpon the gras
She glode forth, as an adder doth,
None other wise she ne goth,
Till she came to the fresshe floode
And there a while she withstoode
Thries she turned hir aboute,
And thries eke she gan downe loute,
And in the floode she weat hir heare
And thries on the water there
She gaspeth, with a dretchynge onde,
And tho she toke hir speche on honde:
First she began to clepe and call
Upwarde vnto the sterres all:
To wynde, to ayre, to sea, to londe
She preide, and eke helde vp her honde
To Echates, and gan to crie,
Whiche is the goddesse of Sorcerie,
She saide, helpeth at this nede,
And as ye maden me to spede,
Whan Iason came flees to seche:
So helpe me nowe, I you beseche.
With that she loketh, and was ware
Downe fro the skie there came a chare,
The whiche dragons aboute drowe:
And tho she gan hir head downe bowe,
And vp she stighe, and faire and welle
She drofe forth by chare and whelle
Aboue in the ayre amonge the skies
The londe of Crete, in tho parties
She sought, and fast gan hir highe,
And thervpon the hylles highe
Of Othryn and Olympe also,
And eke of other hylles mo
She fonde, and gethereth herbes soote,
She pulleth vp some by the roote,
And many with a knife she shereth
And all in to hir chaare she beareth.
Thus whan she hath the hylles sought,
The floodes there foryate she nought,
Eridian, and Amphrisos,
Penelee, and eke Sperceidos,
To hem she went, and there she nome
Bothe of the water, and of the fome,
The sonde, and eke the small stones,
Whiche as she chese out for the nones,
And of the redde sea a parte,
That was behoueliche to hir art
She toke, and afterwarde than about
She sought sondry sedes out.
In feldes, and in many greues,
And eke a parte she toke of leues.
But thing, whiche might hir most auaile
She fonde in Crete, and in Thessaile.
In daies, and nightes nyne,
To make with this medicine,
She was purueyed of euery pece,
And torneth homward in to Grece,
Before the gates of Eson
Hir chare she lette awaie to gone,
And toke out first that was therin.
For tho she thought to begyn
Suche thyng, as semeth impossible,
And made hir selfen inuisible,
As she that with the aire enclosed,
And might of no man be disclosed:
She toke vp turues of the londe,
Without helpe of mans honde,
And heled with the greene gras,
Of whiche an Aulter made there was
Unto Echates, the goddesse,
Of arte magike and maistresse,
And efte an other to inuent,
As she whiche did hir holle intent.
Tho toke she feldwodde, and verueyne,
Of herbes ben not better tweyne,
Of whiche anone without let,
These aulters ben about set:
Two sondry pittes fast by
She made, and with that hastily
A wether, whiche was black, she slough,
And out therof the bloud she drough,
And did in to the pittes two:
Warme milke, she put also therto,
With hony meynt, and in suche wise
She gan to make hir sacrifice,
And cried and praide forth withall
To Pluto the god infernal,
And to the quene Proserpine:
And so she sought out all the lyne
Of hem, that longen to that crafte,
Behynde was no name laft:
And praid hem all, as she well couth,
To graunt Eson his first youth.
This olde Eson brought forth was tho:
Awaie she bad all other go
Upon perill, that might fall:
And with that worde thei wenten all,
And lefte there them two alone.
And tho she began to gaspe, and gone,

And made signes many one,
And said hir wordes thervpon:
And with spellyng, and hir charmes
She toke Eson in both hir armes,
And made hym for to slepe fast,
And hym vpon hir herbes cast.
The blacke wether tho she tooke,
And hewe the flesshe, as doth the cooke,
On either aulter part she laide,
And with the charmes, that she saide,
A fire downe from the skye alight,
And made it for to brenne light.
And whan Medea sawe it brenne,
Anone she gan to sterte and renne
The firye aulters all about.
There was no best, whiche goth out
More wilde, than she semeth there.
Aboute her shulders henge her here,
As though she were out of hir mynde,
And torneth in to another kynde.
Tho laye there certaine woodde clefte,
Of whiche the peces nowe and efte
She made hem in the pittes weté,
And put hem in the firye hete,
And toke the bronde, with all the blase,
And thries she began to rase
About Eson, there as he slepte,
And efte with water, whiche she kepte,
She made a cercle about hym thries,
And efte with fire of sulphur twies.
Full many a other thyng she dede,
Whiche is not written in the stede.
But she ran vp so and doune,
She made many a wonder soune,
Somtyme liche vnto the cocke,
Somtyme vnto the lauerocke,
Somtyme cacleth as an henne,
Somtyme speketh as don the men,
And right so as hir iargon strangeth,
In sondry wise her forme chaungeth:
She semeth faire, and no woman,
Forth with the craftes that she can,
She was as who saith, a goddesse,
And what hir list more or lesse
She did, in bokes as we finde,
That passeth ouer mans kinde.
But who that woll of wonders here,
What thyng she wrought in this matere,
To make an ende of that she gan,
Such meruaile herd neuer man.
Apointed in the newe moone,
Whan it was tyme for to doone,
She set a cauldron on the fire,
In whiche was all the hole a tyre,
Where on the medicine stoode
Of Ieuse, of water, and of bloode,
And lette it boyle in suche a plite,
Til that she sigh the spume white.
And tho she cast in rynde and roote,
And sede, and floure, that was for boote,
With many an herbe, and many a stone,
Wherof she hath there many one.
And eke Cimpheius, the serpent,
To hir hath all hir scales lent.
Chelidre hir yafe hir adders skyn,
And she to boyle cast hem in,
And parte eke of the horned oule,
The whiche men here on nightes houle:
And of a rauen, whiche was tolde
Of nyne hondred wynter olde,
She toke the head, with all the bille,
And as the medicine it wille,
She toke hereafter the bowele
Of the see foule, and for the hele
Of Eson, with a thousand mo
Of thynges, that she had tho
In that caldron to gyder as blyue
She put, and toke than of oliue
A drye braunche hem with to stere,
The whiche anone gan floure and bere,
And waxe all fresshe, and grene ageyne,
Whan she this vertue had seyne,
She lette the leaste droppe of all
Upon the bare floure downe fall,
Anone there sprong vp floure and gras,
Where as the droppe fall was,
And waxe anone all medowe greene,
So that it might well be seene.
Medea than knewe and wist
Hir medicine is for to trist,
And gothe to Eson there he laye,
And toke a swerde was of assaye,
With whiche a wounde vpon his side
She made, that there out maie slide
The bloud within, whiche was olde,
And sicke and trouble, feble, and colde.
And tho she toke vnto his vse
Of herbes of all the best Iuse,
And poured it in to his wounde,
That made his veines full and sounde.
And tho she made his woundes close,
And toke his honde, and vp he rose,
And tho she yafe hym drinke a draught,
Of whiche his youth agayne he caught,
His head, his herte, and his visage
Liche vnto twenty wynter age.
His hore heres were awaie,
And liche vnto the fresshe maie,
Whan passed bene the colde shoures:
Right so recouereth he his floures.
Lo what might any man deuise
A woman shewe in any wise,
More hertely loue in any stede,
Than Medea to Iason dede?
First she made hym the flees to wynne:
And after that from kith and kynne,
With great treasore with hym she stale:
And to his fader forth with all
His elde hath torned in to youthe,
Whiche thyng none other woman couth.
But howe it was to hir acquit
The remembraunce dwelleth yit.
Kynge Peleus his eme was dead,
Iason bare croune on his head,
Medea hath fulfilled his will
But whan he shuld of right fulfill
The trouth, whiche to hir afore
He had in the ile of Colchos swore,
Tho was Medea most deceiued.
For he an other hath receiued,
Whiche doughter was to kynge Creon,
Creusa she hight, and thus Iason,
As he that was to loue vntrewe
Medea lefte, and toke a newe.
But that was afterwarde so bought,
Medea with hir art hath wrought
Of cloth of golde a mantell riche,
Whiche semeth worthe a kynges riche,
And that was vnto Creusa sent,
In name of yefte, and of present,

For sisterhode hem was betwene.
And whan that yonge fresshe quene
That mantil lapped hir aboute,
Anon therof the fire sprange oute,
And brent hir both flesshe and bone.
Tho cam Medea to Iason,
With both hir sonnes on her honde,
And saide: O thou of euery londe
The moste vntrewe creature,
Lo this shall be thy forfaiture.
With that she both his sonnes slough
Before his eie, and he out drough
His swerde, and wold haue slaine hir tho
But farewell she was ago
Unto Pallas the court aboue,
Where as she pleineth vpon loue,
As she that was with that goddesse,
And he was lefte in great distresse.
Thus might you see, what sorow it dooth,
To swere an othe, whiche is not sooth
In loues cause namely.
My son be well ware for thy
And kepe, that thou be not forswore,
For this, whiche I haue tolde tofore,
Ouide telleth euery dele.
My father I may leue it wele.
For I haue herde it ofte saye,
Howe Iason toke the flees awaye
Fro Colchos, But yet herde I nought,
By whom it was first thider brought.
And for it were good to here,
If that you list at my praiere,
To telle I wolde you beseche.
My sonne, who that woll it seche,
In bokes he may finde it writte.
And netheles, if thou wolt witte
In the maner as thou hast preyde,
I shall the tell, howe it is seyde.

Nota qualiter avreum vellus in partes insule Colchos primo deuenit. Athamas rex Neiphylen habuit coniugem, ex qua Phrixum et Hellen genuit, Mortua autem Neiphylen Athamas Inonem regis Cadmi filiam postea in vxorem duxit, quæ more nouerce dictos infantes in tantum recollegit odium, que ambos in mare proici penes regem procurauit, vnde Iuno compatiens quendam Arietem grandem aureo vestitum vellere ad littus natantem destinauit, super cuius dorsum pueros apponi iussit, quo facto Aries super vndas regressus cum solo Phrixo sibi adherente, in Colchos applicuit, vbi Iuno dictum Arietem cum solo vellere, prout in aliis canitur cronicis, sub arcta custodia collocauit.

The fame of thilke shepes felle,
Whiche in Colchos, as it befelle,
Was all of gold, shal neuer deye:
Wherof I thynke for to seye,
Howe it cam first in to that ile.
There was a kynge in thilke while
Towardes Grece, and Athamas
The cronicke of his name was,
And had a wife, whiche Neiphyle hight,
By whom, so as fortune it dight,
He had of children yonge two.
Frixus the first was of tho,
A knaue childe, right faire with all,
A doughter eke, the whiche men call
Helle, he had by his wife.
But for there maie no mans life
Endure vpon this erth here,
This worthy quene, as thou might here,
Er that the children were of age,
Toke of hir ende the passage
With great worship and was begraue,
What thing it liketh god to haue,
It is great reason to ben his.
For thy this kynge, so as it is,
With great suffrance it vnderfongeth,
And afterwarde, as hym belongeth,
Whan it was tyme for to wedde,
A newe wife he toke to bedde,
Whiche Ino hight, and was a maide,
And eke the doughter, as men saide,
Of Cadme, whiche a kyng also
Was holde in thilke daies tho.
Whan Ino was the kynges make,
She cast how that she might make
These childre to her father loth,
And shope a wile ayene hem both,
Whiche to the kynge was all vnknowe.
A yere or two she let do sowe
The lond with sodden wheate aboute,
Wherof no corne maie spryngen oute,
And thus by sleight, and by couyne
Aros the derth, and the famine
Through out the londe in suche a wise,
So that the kynge a sacrifice,
Upon the pointe of this distresse,
To Ceres, whiche is the goddesse
Of corne, hath shape hym for to yeue,
To loke, if it maie be foryeue
The mischiefe, whiche was in his londe.
But she, whiche knewe tofore the honde
The circumstance of all this thynge,
Ageyn the comyng of the kynge
In to the temple, hath shape so,
Of her accorde that all tho,
Whiche of the temple prestes were,
Haue saide, and full declared there
Unto the kynge: But if so bee,
That he deliuer the countre
Of Phrixus, and of Helle bothe,
With whom the goddes ben so wrothe,
That while tho childre be within,
Suche tilthe shall no man begyn;
Wherof to gette hym any corne.
Thus was it saide, thus was it sworne
Of all the prestes, that there are.
And she, whiche causeth all this fare,
Seyde eke therto, what that she wolde,
And euery man than after tolde,
So as the quene had hem preyde.
The kynge, whiche hath his ere leyde,
And leueth all, that euer he herde,
Unto her tales thus answerde,
And seith, that leuer is hym to chese
His children bothe for to lese,
Than hym, and all the remenant
Of hem, whiche are appertenant
Unto the londe, whiche he shall kepe:
And bade his wife to take kepe,
In what manere is best to doone,
That thei deliuerde were soone
Out of this worlde, and she anone
Two men ordeineth for to gone.
But first she made hem for to sweare,
That thei the children shulde beare

Unto the sea, that none it knowe,
And hem therin both throwe.
The children to the sea ben lad,
Where in the wise, as Ino bad,
These men be redy for to do.
But the goddesse, whiche Iuno
Is hote, appereth in the stede,
And hath vnto the men forbede,
That thei the children nought ne slea,
But bad hem loke in to the sea,
And taken hede of that thei sighen.
There swam a shepe tofore her eyen,
Whose flees of burned golde was all.
And this goddesse forth with all
Commandeth, that without let,
Thei shulde anone the children set
Aboue vpon the shepes backe.
And all was do, right as she spake,
Wherof the men gone home ageyne.
And fell so, as the bokes seyne,
Helle the yonge maiden tho,
Whiche of the sea was wo bego,
For pure drede hir hert hath lore,
That fro the sheepe, whiche hath hir bore,
As she that was swounende feint,
She fell, and hath hir selfe adreint.
With Phrixus and this sheepe forth swam,
Till he to the ile of Colchos cam,
Where Iuno the goddesse he fonde,
Whiche toke the sheepe vnto the londe,
And set it there in suche a wise,
As thou tofore hast herde deuise:
Wherof cam after all the wo,
Why Iason was forswore so
Unto Medee, as it is spoke.
My father who that hath to broke
His trouth, as ye haue tolde aboue,
He is not worthy for to loue,
Ne be beloued, as me semeth.
But euery newe loue quemeth
To hym, that newefangle is.
And netheles newe after this,
If that you list to taken hede,
Upon my shrifte to proceede
In loues cause ayene the vice,
Of couetise and auarice,
What there is more, I wolde witte,
My sonne this I finde writte,
There is yet one of thilke brood,
Whiche only for the worldes good,
To make a treasoure of money,
Put all conscience aweye:
Wherof in thy confession,
The name and the condicion
I shall here afterwarde declare,
Whiche maketh one riche, an other bare.

Plus capit vsura sibi, quam debetur, et illud
Fraude collocata sæpe latenter agit.
Sic amor excessus quam sæpe suos vt auarus
Spirat et vnius tres capit ipse loco.

Hic tractat de illa specie Auaricie, quæ vsura dicitur, cuius creditor in pecunia tantum numerata plus quam sibi de iure debetur incrementum lucri adauget.

Upon the benche sittende on high
With Auarice Vsure I sighe,
Ful clothed of his owne sute,
Whiche after golde maketh chase and sute
With his brocours, that renne aboute
Liche vnto ratches in a route
Suche luere is none aboue grounde,
Whiche is not of tho ratches founde.
For where thei see beyete sterte,
That shall hem in no wise asterte,
But thei it drive in to the net,
Of luere, whiche Vsure hath set.
Vsure with the riche dwelleth,
To all that euer he byeth and selleth
He hath ordeined of his sleight
Mesure double, and double weight.
Outwarde he selleth by the lasse,
And with the more he maketh his tasse,
Wherof his hous is full within:
He recheth nought be so he wyn,
Though that there lese ten or twelue,
His loue is all toward hym selue,
And to none other: but he see,
That he maie wynne suche thre
For where he shall ought yeue or lene,
He woll ayenward take a bene,
There he hath lent the smal pese.
And right so there ben many of these
Louers, that though thei loue alite,
That skarsly wolde it weye a mite:
Yet wolde thei haue a pound ageyn,
As doth Vsure in his bargayne.
But certes suche Vsure vnliche,
It falleth more vnto the riche,
Als well of loue, as of beyete,
Than vnto hem, that ben nought great
And as who saith ben simple and powere.
For selden is, whan thei recouere,
But if it be through great deserte,
And netheles men see powerte
With pursuite of countenance,
Full ofte make a great cheuesance,
And take of loue his auauntage.
For with the helpe of his brocage,
That maken seme where is nought.
And thus full ofte is loue bought.
For litel what, and mochell take,
With false weightes that thei make.
Nowe sonne of that I saide aboue,
Thou wotest what Vsure is of loue,
Tell me for thy what so thou wilt,
If thou therof hast any gilte?
My father naye, for ought I here.
For of tho pointes ye tolden here,
I will you by my trouth assure,
My weight of loue, and my mesure
Hath be more large, and more certeyne,
Than euer I toke of loue ageyne.
For so yet couthe I neuer of sleighte,
To take ageyne by double weighte
Of loue, more than I haue yeue.
For also wis mote I be shriue,
And haue remission of sinne,
As so yet couth I neuer wynne,
Ne yet so muchel, soth to seyne,
That euer I might haue halfe ageyne
Of so full loue, as I haue lent.
And if myne hap were so well went,
That for the hole I might haue halfe,
My thinketh I were a goddesse halfe.
For where Vsure wolde haue double,
My conscience is not so trouble,
I bid neuer as to my dele,
But of the hole an haluen dele,

That is none excesse, as me thinketh
But netheles it me forthinketh.
For well I wote, that wol not bee.
For euery daie the better I see,
That howe so euer I yeue or lene,
My loue in place that I mene,
For ought that euer I axe or craue,
I can nothynge ayenewarde haue.
But yet for that I wol not lete,
What so befalle of my beyete
That I ne shall yeue and lene
My thought, and all my loue so clene,
That towarde me shall nought beleue.
And if she of hir good leue
Rewarde wolde me nought ageyne,
I wote the last of my bargeyne
Shall stonde vpon so great a lost,
That I maie neuer more the cost
Recouer in this worlde till I die.
So that touchende of this partie
I maie me well excuse, and shall.
And for to speke forth withall,
If ony brocour for me went,
That point come neuer in myn entent:
So that the more me meruaileth
What thyng it is, my lady eileth,
That all myn herte, and all my tyme
She hath, and do no better byme.
I haue herde saide, that thought is free.
And netheles in priuitee
To you my fader, that bene here,
Myn hole shrifte for to here,
I dare myn herte well disclose
Touchende vsurie, as I suppose,
Whiche, as ye tellen, in loue is vsed,
My ladie maie not bene excused,
That for o lokynge of hir eie,
Myn hole herte till I deie,
With all that euer I maie and can,
She hath me wonne to hir man:
Wherof me thinketh, good reson wolde,
That she somdele rewarde sholde,
And yeue a parte, there she hath all:
I not what falle herafter shall.
But in to nowe yet dare I seyne,
Hir list neuer yeue ageyne
A goodly worde in suche a wise
Wherof myn hope might arise,
My great loue to recompense,
I not howe she hir conscience
Excuse wol of this measure,
By large weight, and great measure
She hath my loue, and I haue nought
Of that, whiche I haue dere abought:
And with myn herte I haue it payde,
But all this is aside layde,
And I go loueles aboute.
Hir ought stonde in full great doute,
Till she redresse suche a sinne,
That she wol al my loue wynne,
And yeueth me not to liue by,
Nought al so muche, as grant mercy
Hir list to seye, of whiche I might
Some of my great peine alight.
But of this point, lo thus I fare,
As he that payeth for his chaffare,
And bieth it dere, and yet hath none:
So mote he nedes poure gone.
Thus bie I dere, and haue no loue,
That I ne maie nought come aboue
To wynne of loue none encrece.
But I me will ne the lese
Touchende vsure of loue acquite,
And if my lady be to wite,
I pray to god suche grace hir sende,
That she by time it mote amende.
My sonne of that thou hast answerde,
Touchende vsure, I haue al herde,
Howe thou of loue hast wonnen smale,
But that thou telliest in thy tale,
And thy lady therof accusest,
Me thinketh these wordes thou misusest.
For by thyn owne knowlechyng,
Thou sayst, howe she for one lokyng,
Thy hole herte fro the she toke.
She maie he suche, that hir o loke
Is worthe thyne herte many folde.
So hast thou well thyn herte solde,
Whan thou hast that is more worthe.
And eke of that thou tellest forthe,
Howe that hir weight of loue vneuen
Is vnto thyne, vnder the heuen
Stonde neuer in euen that balance,
Whiche stont in loues gouernance.
Suche is the statute of his lawe,
That though thy loue more drawe,
And peyse in the balance more,
Thou might not aske ageyn therfore
Of duetie, but all of grace.
For loue is lorde in euery place.
There maie no lawe hym iustifie
By reddour, ne by companie,
That he ne wol after his wille,
Whome that hym liketh saue or spille.
To loue a man maie well begynne,
But whether he shall lese or wynne,
That wote no man, til at last.
For thy eoueyt not to fast
My sonne, but abide thyn ende
Percase all maie to good wende.
But that thou hast me tolde and saide
Of a thynge I am right well paide,
That thou by sleight, ne by gile
Of no brocour, hast otherwhile
Engyned, loue of suche dede
Is sore venged as I rede.

Hic ponit exemplum contra istos maritos, qui vltra id quod proprias habent vxores, ad noue voluptatis incrementum, alias mulieres superflue lucrari non verentur. Et narrat qualiter Iuno vindictam suam in Eccho, in huiusmodi mulierum lucris adquirendis de consilio mariti sui Iouis mediatrix exstiterat.

BROKERS of loue, that deceiuen,
No wonder is though thei receiuen,
After the wronge, that thei deseruen.
For whom as euer that thei seruen,
And do pleasance for a while,
Yet at the last her owne gile
Upon her owne head descendeth,
The whiche god of his vengeance sendeth.
As by ensample of tyme ago
A man may finde, it hath be so.
It felle some tyme, as it was seene,
The high goddesse and the quene
Iuno tho had in companie
A maiden full of trecherie.
For she was euer in acorde
With Iupiter, that was hir lorde,

To get hym other loues newe
Through suche brocage, and was vntrewe,
All other wise than hym nedeth.
But she, the whiche no shame dredeth,
With queint wordes, and with slie
Blent in suche wise hir ladys eie,
As she, to whom that Iuno trist,
So that thereof she nothyng wist.
But so priuie maie be nothyng,
That it ne commeth to knowlechyng,
Thynge done vpon the derke night
Is after knowen on daies light.
So it befelle, that at last,
All that this sligh maiden cast,
Was ouer cast, and ouerthrowe.
For as the soothe mote be knowe,
To Iuno it was done vnderstonde,
In what manere hir husbonde
With fals brocage hath taken vsure
Of loue, more than his mesure,
Whan he toke other than his wife,
Wherof this maide was giltife,
Whiche had bene of his assent
And thus was all the game shent.
She suffred hym, as she mote nede,
But the brocour of his misdede
She, whiche hir counseile yafe therto,
On hir is the vengeance do.
For Iuno with hir wordes hote,
This maiden, whiche Eccho was hote
Reproueth, and saith in this wise:
O traitresse, of whiche seruice
Hast thou thyn owne ladie serued,
Thou hast great peine well deserued:
Thy sligh wordes for to peynt
With flaterie, that is so queint
Towardes me, that am thy queene,
Wherof thou madest me to wene,
That my husbonde trewe were,
Whan that he loueth els where,
All be it so, hym nedeth nought:
But vpon the it shall be bought,
The whiche art priuie to the doynges,
And me full ofte of thy lesinges
Deceyued hast: nowe is the daie,
That I thy while quite maie.
And for thou hast to me counceled,
That my lorde hath with other dealed,
I shall the sette in suche a kynde,
That euer vnto the worldes ende,
All that thou herest, thou shalte tell,
And clappe it out, as doth a belle.
And with that worde she was forshape,
There may no vice hir mouthe escape,
What man that in the worlde crieth,
Withouten faile Eccho replieth,
And what worde that hym lust to sayn,
The same worde she saith agayn.
Thus she, whiche whilom had leue
To dwelle in chamber, mot beleue
In woodes, and on hilles both.
For suche brocage as wiues loth,
Whiche doth her lordes hertes chaunge,
And loue in other places straunge.
For thy if euer it so befalle,
That thou my sonne amonges all
Be wedded man, hold that thou hast.
For than all other loue is waste:
O wife shal wel to the suffise,
And than if thou for couetise
Of loue, woldest aske more,
Thou shuldest don ayen the lore
Of all hem that trewe be.
My fader as in this degre
My conscience is nought accused.
For I no suche brocage haue vsed,
Wherof that lust of loue is wonne.
For thy speketh forthe, as ye begonne,
Of Auarice vpon my shrifte.
My son I shall the branches shifte
By order as thei ben set,
On whom no good is wel beset.

Pro verbis verba, munus pro munere reddi
Conuenit, vt pondus æqua statera gerat.
Propterea cupido non dat sua dona cupido.
Nam qui nulla serit, gramina nulla metet.

Hic tractat auctor super illa specie Auaricie, que parcimonia dicitur, cuius natura tenax aliqualem sue substantie portionem, aut deo aut hominibus participare nullatenus consentit.

BLIND Auarice of his lignage,
For counseille, and for cosinage,
To be witholde ayen largesse
Hath one, whose name is said Scarsnesse,
The whiche is keper of his hows,
And is so throughout auarous,
That he no good lete out of honde,
Though god hym selfe it wolde fonde,
Of yeft shuld he no thyng haue:
And if a man it wold craue,
He must than faile nede,
Where god hym selfe maie not spede.
And thus Scarsnes in euery place
By reson maie no thonke purchace.
And netheles in his degree
Aboue all other most priuee
With Auarice stant he this.
For he gouerneth that there is
In eche astale of his office,
After the reule of thilke vice,
He taketh, he kepeth, he halt, he bynt,
That lighter is to fle the flynt,
Than gete of hym in hard or neysshe
Only the value of a reysshe.
Of good in helpyng of an other
Nought, though it were his owne brother.
For in the cas of yefte and lone
Stant euery man for hym alone
Hym thinketh of his vnkyndshippe,
That hym nedeth no felawship
Be so the bagge and he accorden,
Hym recheth nought, what men recorden
Of hym, be it euill or good,
For all his truste is on his good:
So that alone he falleth ofte,
Whan he best weneth stonde alofte,
Als well in Ioue as other wise.
For loue is euer of some reprise
To hym that woll his loue holde.
For thy my sonne, as thou arte holde.
Touchende of this telle me thy shrifte,
Hast thou be scarse or large of gifte
Unto thy loue, whom thou seruest.
For after that thou well deseruest
Of gifte, thou might be the bette.
For that good holde I well be sette,
For whiche thou might the better fare:
Than is no wisedome for to spare.

For thus men seyne in euery nede,
He was wise, that first made mede.
For where as mede maie not spede,
I not what helpeth other dede.
Full ofte he faileth of his game,
That will with ydell honde reclayme
His hawke, as many a nice doth.
For thy my sonne telle me soth,
And saith the trouth, if thou hast bee
Unto thy loue or scarse, or fre?
My father it hath stonde thus,
That if the treasour of Cresus,
And all the golde of Octauian,
Forth with the richesse of Indian,
Of perles and of riche stones,
Were all to gether myn at ones,
I sette it at no more account,
Than wolde a bare strawe amount,
To gyue it hir all in a daie,
Be so that to that swete maie
It might like more or lesse.
And thus because of my largesse
Ye maie well vnderstonde and leue,
That I shall nought the worse acheue
The purpos, whiche is in my thought,
But yet I yafe hir neuer nought,
Ne therto durst a profre make.
For well I wote, she woll nought take:
And yeue woll she nought also,
She is eschewe of bothe two.
And this I trowe be the skill
Towardes me, for she ne will,
That I haue any cause of hope,
Nought als muche as a drope:
But toward other as I maie see,
She taketh and yeueth in suche degree,
That as by wey of frendelyhede,
She can so kepe hir womanhede,
That euery man speketh of hir wele:
But she wol take of me no dele,
And yet she wote wel, that I wolde
Yeue, and do both what I sholde,
To plesen hir in all my might,
By reason this wote euery wight.
For that maie by no weye asterte,
There she is maister of the herte,
She mote be maister of the good,
For god wote wel, that all my mood
And all myn herte, and all my thought,
And all my good, while I haue ought,
Als freely as god hath it giue,
It shall be hirs, while I liue,
Right as hir list, hir selue commande;
So that it nedeth no demande
To aske me, if I haue be scarse
To loue, for as to tho parse
I wille answere, and sey no.
My sonne that is right well do.
For often tyme of scarcenesse
It hath be seen, that for the lesse
Is lost the more, as thou shalt here
A tale, like to this matere.

Hic loquitur contra istos, qui auaricia stricti largitatis beneficium in amoris causa confundunt. Et ponit exemplum, qualiter Croceus largus et hilaris Babionem auarum et tenacem de amore Viole, quæ pulcherrima fuit, donis largissimis circumuenit.

SCARCENES and loue acord neuer.
For euery thyng is wel the leuer,
Whan that a man hath bought it dere.
And for to speke in this matere,
For sparyng of a littel cost.
Full oft tyme a man hath lost
The large cote for the hode:
What man that scarse is of his good,
And wol not gyue, he shall nought take,
With gyfte a man may vndertake
The highe god to please, and queme,
With gyft a man the worlde maie deme.
For euery creature bore
If thou hym yeue, is glad therfore,
And euery gladship (as I finde)
Is comforte vnto loues kinde,
And causeth ofte a man to spede.
So was he wise, that first yafe mede.
For mede kepeth loue in hous,
But where the men be coueitous,
And sparen for to yeue a parte,
Thei knowen nought Cupides arte.
For his fortune, and his apprise
Disdeigneth alle couetise,
And hath alle nigardie:
And for to loke of this partie
A sothe ensample, howe it is so,
I finde writte of Babio,
Whiche had a loue at his menage
There was no fayrer of hir age,
And hight Viola by name,
Whiche full of youth, and full of game
Was of hir selfe, and large and free:
But suche an other chinche as hee
Men wisten nought in all the londe,
And had affaited to his honde
His seruant, the whiche Spodius
Was bote: and in this wise thus
The worldes good of suffisance
Was had, but likyng and pleasance
Of that belongeth to richesse
Of loue stode in great distresse:
So that this yonge lustie wight
Of thing, whiche felle to loues right
Was euill serued ouer all,
That she was wo bego withall:
Til that Cupide and Venus eke
A medicine for the seke
Ordeine wolden in this cas,
So as fortune than was
Of loue vpon the destinee
It fell right, as it shulde bee.
A fresshe, a free, a frendly man,
That nought of auarice can,
Whiche Croceus by name hight,
Towarde this swete cast his sight,
And there she was cam in presence.
She sigh hym large of dispense,
And amorous, and glad of chere
So that hir liketh well to here
The goodly wordes, whiche he saide,
And thervpon of loue he praide.
Of loue was all that he ment.
To loue and for she shulde assent,
He gafe hir giftes euer amonge.
But for men sayen, that mede is stronge,
It was well sene at thilke tide
For as it shulde of right betide,
This Viola largesse hath take,
And the nigarde she hath forsake,

Of Babio she will no more.
For he was grutchende euermore,
There was with hym none other fare,
But for to pinche, and for to spare,
Of worldes mucke to gette encres:
So goth the wretche loueles
Beiaped for his scarsitée.
And he that large was and free,
And sette his herte to dispende,
This Croceius his bowe bende,
Whiche Venus toke hym for to holde,
And shotte as ofte as euer he wolde.
Lo thus departeth loue his lawe,
That what man woll nought be felawe
To yeue and spende, as I the telle,
He is nought worthie for to dwell
In loues courte to be relieued.
For thy my sonne, if it be lieued,
Thou shalt be large of thy dispense.
My father in my conscience,
If there be any thynge amis
I wolde amende it after this,
Towarde my loue namely.
My sonne well and redily
Thou saist, so that well paide withall
I am, and further if I shall
Unto thy shrifte specifie
Of Auarice the progenie,
What vice sueth after this,
Thou shalt haue wonder howe it is
Amonge the folke in any reigne,
That suche a vice might reigne,
Whiche is comune at all assaies,
As men maie finde now a daies.

Cuncta creatura deus et, qui cuncta creauit,
Damnant ingrati dictaque facta viri.
Non dolor a longe stat, quo sibi talis amicam
Traxit, et in fine deserit esse suam.

Hic loquitur supra illa aborta specie auaricie, que ingratitudo dicta est, cuius conditioni non solum creator, sed etiam cuncte creature abhominabilem detestantur.

THE vice like vnto the fende,
Whiche neuer yet was mans frende,
And cleped is vnkindeship,
Of couine and of felaushipe
With Auarice he is witholde.
Hym thinketh he shuld nought ben hold
Unto the mother, whiche hym bare:
Of hym maie neuer man beware,
He wol not knowe the merite:
For that he wolde it not aquite,
Whiche in this worlde is mochel vsed,
And fewe ben therof excused.
To tell of hym is endeles:
And thus I saie netheles,
Where as this vice cometh to londe,
There taketh no man his thonke on honde,
Though he with all his might serue,
He shall of hym no thonke deserue:
He taketh what any man wil yeue:
But while he hath o daie to liue,
He wol nothyng rewarde ageyne,
He grutcheth for to gyue a greyne,
Where he hath take a berne fulle,
That maketh a kinde herte dulle,
To sette his trust in suche frendeship,
There as he fint no kindeship.

And for to speke wordes pleine,
Thus here I many a man compleine,
That nowe on daies thou shalte finde
At nede, fewe frendes kinde:
What thou hast doone for hem tofore,
It is forgetten, as it were lore.
The bokes speken of this vice,
And telle howe god of his Justice,
By waye of kinde and eke nature,
And euery liuis creature,
The lawe also, who that it can,
Thei dampne an vnkinde man.
It is all one, to sey vnkinde,
As thyng, whiche doone is againe kinde.
For it with kinde neuer stoode
A man to yelde euill for good.
For who that wolde taken hede,
A beest is glad of a good dede,
And loueth thilke creature,
After the lawe of his nature,
And doth hym ease: and for to see
Of this matere auctoritee,
Full oft tyme it hath befalle,
Wherof a tale amonge vs all,
Whiche is of olde ensamplarie,
I thinke for to specifie.

Hic narrat, quod bestie in suis beneficiis hominem ingratum naturaliter precellunt. Et ponit Exemplum de Adriano Romano senatore, qui in quadam foresta venationibus insistens, dum predam persequeretur, in cisternam profundam nescia familia corruit, vbi super peruenies quidam pauper, nomine Bardus, immissa cordula putans hominem extraxisse, primo Simiam extraxit, Secundo serpentem, Tertio Adrianum, qui pauperem despiciens aliquid ei pro benefacto reddere recusabat. Sed tam serpens quam simia gratuita beneuolentia ipsum singulis donis remunerauerunt.

To speke of an vnkynde man
I finde, howe whilome Adrian
Of Rome, whiche a great lorde was,
Upon a daie as he par cas
To woodde in his huntyng went,
It hapneth at a sodein wente,
After the chase as he pursueth,
Through hap, whiche no man escheweth,
He felle vnware in to a pit,
Where that it might not be let.
The pit was depe, and he felle lowe,
That of his men none might knowe
Where he became, for none was nigh,
Whiche of his fall the mischiefe sigh.
And thus alone there he laie
Clepende, and criende all the daie
For socoure and deliuerance,
Till ageyne eue it fell par chance,
A while er it began to night,
A poure man, whiche Bardus hight,
Come forth walkende with his asse,
And had gethered hym a tasse
Of grene stickes and of drie,
To selle, whom that wolde hem bie,
As he, whiche had no liuelode,
But whan he might suche a lode
To towne with his asse carie.
And as it felle hym for to tarie
That ilke tyme nighe the pitte,
And hath the trusse fast knitte,

He herde a voice, whiche cried dymme,
And he his ere to the brymme
Hath leide, and herde it was a man,
Whiche saide: O helpe here Adrian,
And I will yeuen halfe my good.
The poure man this vnderstood,
As he that wolde gladly wyn,
And to this lorde, whiche was within,
He spake and saide: if I the saue,
What sikernes shall I haue
Of couenant, that afterwarde
Thou wolt me gyue suche rewarde,
As thou behightest nowe before?
That other hath his othes swore,
By heuen, and by the goddes all,
If that it might so befalle,
That he out of the pit hym brought,
Of all the goodes, whiche he ought,
He shall haue euen haluen dele.
This Bardus seide, he wolde wele
And with this worde his asse anone
He let vntrusse, and thervpon
Downe goth the corde in to the pit,
To whiche he hath at ende knit
A staffe, wherby he saide, he wolde,
That Adrian hym shulde holde.
But it was tho per chance fallen,
In to that pit was also fallen
An ape, whiche at thilke trowe,
Whan that the corde cam downe lowe,
All sodenly therto he skipte,
And it in both his armes clipte:
And Bardus with his asse anone
Hym hath vp draw, and he is gon.
But whan he sigh it was an ape,
He wend all had ben a iape
Of faierie, and sore hym dradde.
And Adrian eft soone gradde
For helpe, and cride and preide faste:
And he eft soone his corde caste.
But whan it cam vnto the grounde,
A great serpent it hath by wounde,
The whiche Bardus anone vp drough:
And than hym thought welenough
It was fantasie that he herde
The voys, and he therto answerd,
What wight art thou in goddes name?
I am (quod Adrian) the same,
Whose good thou shalte haue euen halfe.
Quod Bardus than a gods halfe,
The thirde tyme assaye I shall,
And cast his corde forth withall
In to the pit, and whan it came
To hym, this lorde of Rome it name,
And thervpon hym hath adressed,
And with his honde ful ofte blessed:
And than he bad to Bardus hale.
And he, whiche vnderstode his tale,
Betwene hym and his asse all softe,
Hath drawen, and set hym vp a lofte,
Without harme all easely.
He saith not ones grant mercy,
But straught hym forth in to the citee,
And let this poore Bardus bee.
And nethelès this simple man
His couenant, so as he can,
Hath asked: And that other saide,
If it so be that he vpbraide
Of ought, that hath be spoke or do,
It shall be venged of hym so,
That hym were better to be dede.
And he can tho no other rede,
But on his asse agayne he cast
His trusse, and hieth homewarde faste.
And whan that he came home to bed,
He tolde his wife, howe that he sped.
But finally to speke ought more
Unto this lorde, he drad hym sore,
So that one worde he durst not sayne.
And thus vpon the morowe agayne
In the maner, as I recorde,
Forth with his asse, and with his corde,
To gather woodde, as he did er,
He goth, and whan that he cam ner
Unto the place, where he wolde,
He gan his ape anone beholde,
Whiche had gadred al aboute
Of stickes here and there a route,
And leyde hem redy to his honde:
Wherof he made his trusse and bonde,
Fro daie to daie, and in this wise
This ape profreth his seruise,
So that he had of woodde enough.
Upon a tyme and as he drough
Towarde the woodde, he sigh beside
The great gastly serpent glide,
Till that she cam in his presence,
And in hir kinde a reuerence
She hath hym do, and forth withall
A stone more bright than a Christall
Out of hir mouth to fore his waye
She let downe fall, and went awaye,
For that he shall not be adrad.
Tho was this poore Bardus glad,
Thankende god, and to the stone
He goth, and taketh it vp anone,
And hath great wonder in his witte,
Howe that the beast hym hath aquitte,
Where that the mans son hath failed,
For whom he had most trauailed.
But all he put in gods honde,
And torneth home, and what he fonde
Unto his wife he hath it shewde,
And thei that were bothe lewde,
Acorden, that he shulde it selle.
And he no lenger wolde dwelle,
But forth anone vpon the tale
The stone he profreth to the sale,
And right as he hym selfe it sette,
The ieweller anone forth fette
The golde, and made his payement,
Therof was no delaiement.
Thus whan this stone was bought and sold,
Homward with ioye many folde
This Bardus goth, and whan he cam
Hom to his hows, and that he nam
His gold out of his pours within,
He fonde his stone also therin:
Wherof for ioye his herte plaide,
Unto his wife and thus he saide.
Lo here my golde, lo here my stone.
His wife hath wonder thervpon,
And asketh hym howe that maye be.
Nowe by my trouth I not (quod he)
But I dare swere vpon a boke,
Unto my marchant I it toke,
And he it had, whan I went.
So knowe I nought to what entent
It is nowe here, but it be gods grace.
For thy to morowe in other place

I wille it fonde for to selle,
And if it woll not with hym dwelle,
But crepe in to my purse ageyne,
Than dare I sauely swere and seyne,
It is the vertue of the stone.
The morowe came, and he is gone
To scche about in other stede,
His stone to selle, and so he dede,
And lefte it with his chapman there.
But whan that he came els where,
In presence of his wife at home,
Out of his purs and that he nome
His golde, fonde his stone withal.
And thus it felle hym oueral,
Where he it solde in sondrie place,
Suche was the fortune, and the grace.
But so well maie nothyng be hid,
That it nis at last kid.
This fame goth about Rome
So serforth, that the wordes come
To the emperour Iustinian,
And he let sende for the man,
And asked hym, howe that it was.
And Bardus tolde all the cas,
Howe that the worme, and eke the beste,
Al though thei made no biheste,
His trauaile hadden well aquitte:
But he, whiche had mans witte,
And made his couenant by mouth,
And swore therto all that he couth,
To parte and gyue halfe his good,
Hath nowe foryete howe that it stood,
As he, whiche wol no trouth holde.
This emperour al that he tolde,
Hath herde, and thilke vnkyndnesse
He saide, he wolde hym selfe redresse.
And thus in courte of iudgement
This Adrian was than assent,
And the quarell in audience
Declared was in the presence
Of the emperour and many mo,
Wherof was mochel speche tho,
And great wondryng among the prese.
But at last nethelese,
For the partie, whiche hath pleined,
The lawe hath demed, and ordeined
By hem, that were auised wele,
That he shal haue the haluen dele
Throughout of Adrians good.
And thus of thilke vnkinde blood
Stant the memorie vnto this daie,
Where that euery wise man maie
Ensamplen hym, and take in mynde,
What shame it is, to ben vnkynde,
Ageyne the whiche reason debateth,
And euery creature it hateth.
For thy my sonne in thy office
I rede the flee that ilke vice.
For right as the cronicle seith
Of Adrian, howe he his feith
Foryate for worldes couetise:
Ful oft in suche a maner wise
Of louers nowe a man maie see
Ful many, that vnkynde bee
For wel behote, and euel last
That is her life, for at last,
Whan that thei haue her wille do,
Her loue is after soone ago.
What sayst thou sonne to this cas?
My fader I wil saie allas,
That euer suche a man was bore,
Whiche whan he hath his trouth swore,
And hath of loue what he wolde,
That he at any tyme sholde
Euer after in his hert finde
To sin fal, and to ben vnkinde.
But fader as touchend of mee,
I maie not stond in that degree.
For I toke neuer of loue why,
That I ne maie go therby,
And do my profite els where.
For any spede I finde there,
I dare wel thynken all about:
But I ne dare not speke it out:
And if I dorst, I wold pleine,
That she, for whom I suffer peine,
And loue hir euer a liche hote,
That nother yeue ne behote,
In rewardyng of my seruice,
It list hir in no maner wise.
I wille not sey, that she is kinde,
And for to sey, she is vnkinde,
That dare I not by god aboue,
Whiche demeth euery herte of loue,
He wote, that on myn owne side
Shall none vnkindenes abide.
If it shall with my ladie dwelle,
Therof dare I no more telle.
Nowe good father as it is
Tell me, what thinketh you of this?
My sonne of that vnkindship,
The whiche towarde thy ladisship,
Thou pleinest, for she woll the nought,
Thou art to blamen of thy thought.
For it maie be, that thy desire,
Though it brenne euer, as doth the fire,
Percase to hir honour misset,
Orels tyme come nought yet,
Whiche stant vpon thy destinee.
For thy my sonne, I rede thee,
Thynke well, what euer the befall.
For no man hath his lustes all:
But as thou toldest me before,
That thou to loue art nought forswore,
And hast doone no vnkindnesse,
Thou might therof thy grace blesse,
And leue nought that continuance,
That there maie be none suche greuance
To loue, as is vnkindship,
Wherof to kepe thy worship,
So as these olde bokes tale,
I shall the telle a redy tale.
Now herken, and be ware therby.
For I will tell it openly.

Hic ponit exemplum contra viros amori ingratos. Et narrat qualiter Theseus Aegei filius consilio fultus Ariadne regis Minos filie in domo, que Labyrinthus dicitur, Minotaurum vicit, vnde Theseus Ariadne sponsalia certissime promittens, ipsam vna cum Phedra sorore sua a Creta secum nauigio duxit, Sed statim postea oblito gratitudinis beneficio, Ariadnam ipsum salutantem, in insuta Chion spretam post tergum reliquit. Et Phedram Athenis sibi sponsatam ingratus coronauit.

MINOS, as telleth the poete,
The whiche whilom was kyng of Crete,

A sonne had, and Androchee
He hight, and so befelle that hee,
Unto Athenes for to lere
Was sente, and so he bare hym there,
For that he was of high lignage,
Suche pride he toke in his corage,
That he foryeten hath the schooles,
And in ryot amonge the fooles,
He did many thynges wronge,
And vsed thilke life so longe,
Til at last of that he wrought
He fonde the mischiefe, whiche he sought,
Wherof it fell, that he was slayne.
His fader, whiche it herde sayne,
Was wroth, and all that euer he might,
Of men of armes he hym dight
A stronge power, and forth he went
Unto Athenis, where he brent
The plaine countrey al aboute:
The cities stode of hym in doute,
As thei that no defence had
Ageyne the power, whiche he lad.
Egeus, whiche was there kynge,
His counsell toke vpon this thynge.
For he was than in the citee:
So that of pees in to treatee,
Betwene Minos and Egeus
Thei fell, and bene accorded thus:
That kynge Minos fro yere to yere
Receyue shal as thou shalt here
Out of Athenis for truage
Of men, that were of mighty age
Parsons nyne: of whiche he shall
His will don in speciall.
For vengeaunce of his sonnes deth
None other grace there ne geth
But for to take the luyse,
And that was don in suche a wise,
Upon whiche stode a wonder cas.
For that tyme so it was,
Wherof that men yet rede and singe,
Kynge Minos had in his kepynge
A cruell monster, as seith the iest.
For he was halfe man and halfe best,
And Minotaurus he was hote,
Which was begotten in a riote
Upon Pasiphae, his owne wife,
Whiles he was out vpon the strife,
Of that great siege of Troie.
But she, whiche lost hath all ioye,
Whan that she sighe this monstre bore,
Bad men ordeine anon therfore,
And felle that ilke tyme thus,
There was a clerke, one Dedalus,
Whiche had ben of hir assent,
Of that hir lorde, was so miswent,
And he made of his owne witte,
Wherof the remembrance is yit.
For Minotaure had suche a hous,
That was so stronge, and merualous,
That what man that within went,
There was so many a sondrye went,
That he ne shulde nought come out,
But gone amased all about:
And in this house to locke and warde
Was Minotaurus put in warde,
That what life, that therin cam,
Or man or beest, he ouercum,
And slough, and fedde hym thervpon.
And in this wise many one,
Out of Athenis for truage,
Deuoured weren in that rage.
For euery yere thei shopen hem so
Thei of Athenis er thei go
Towarde that ilke wofull chance,
As it was sette in ordinance,
Upon fortune her lotte thei cast,
Till that Theseus at laste,
Whiche was the kynges sonne there,
Amonges other that there were,
In thilke yere, as it befelle,
The lotte vpon his chance felle.
He was a worthye knight withall.
And whan he sigh his chance falle,
He ferde, as though he toke none hede,
But all that euer he might spede
With hym, and with his felaushipp,
Forth in to Crete he goth by ship,
Where that the kyng Minos he sought,
And profereth all that he hym oughte
Upon the point of her accorde.
This sterne kynge, this cruell lorde
Toke euery daie one of the nyne,
And put hym in to the discipline
Of Minotaure to be deuoured.
But Theseus was so fauoured,
That he was kepte till at last,
And the meane while he cast,
What thyng hym were best to do.
And felle, that Ariadne tho,
Whiche was the doughter of Minos,
And had herde the worthye los
Of Theseus, and of his might,
And sigh he was a lustie knight,
Hir holle herte on hym she laide.
And he also of loue hir praide
So ferforth, that thei were alone,
And she ordeineth, that anone,
In what maner she shuld hym saue,
And shope so, that she did hym haue
A clewe of threde, of whiche within
First at dore he shall begynne
With hym to take that one ende:
That whan he wold ageynward wende,
He might go the same weye.
And ouer this so as I seye,
Of pitche she toke hym a pelote,
The whiche he shulde in to the throte
Of Minotaure cast right.
Suche wepon also for hym she dight,
That he by reason maie not faile
To make an ende of his bataile.
For she hym taught in sondrie wise,
Tille he was knowe of thilke emprise,
Howe he this best shuld quelle.
And thus shortely for to telle,
So as this maiden hym had taught,
Theseus with this monster faught,
And smote of his hede, the whiche he nam,
And by the threde, so as he cam
He goth ageyne, til he were oute:
So was great wonder all aboute.
Minos the tribute hath releced,
And so was all the werre seced
Betwene Athenes and hem of Crete.
But nowe to speke of that swete,
The whose beautee was withoute wan,
This faire maiden Adrian:
Whan that she sigh Theseus sounde,
Was neuer yet vpon this grounde,

A gladder wight than she was tho.
Theseus dwelt a daie or two,
Where that Minos great chere hym ded.
Theseus in a preuie sted
Hath with this maiden spoke and rowned,
That she to hym was abandouned
In al that euer she couth,
So that of hir lustie youth,
All priuely betwene hem twey,
The firste floure he toke awey.
For he so faire tho behight,
That euer while he liue might,
He shuld hir take for his wife,
And as his owne hertes life
He wolde hir loue, and trouth beare.
And she, whiche might not forbeare,
So sore loueth hym ageyne,
That what as euer he wold seyne,
With all hir hert she it leueth.
And thus his purpose he acheueth,
So that assured of his trouth
With hym she went, and that was routh
Phedra hir yonge suster eke,
A lustie maide, a sobre, a meke,
Fulfilled of all curtosie,
For susterhode and companie
Of loue, whiche was hem betwene,
To see hir suster be made a quene,
Hir fader lefte, and forth she went
With hym, whiche all his first entent
Forgat within a litel throwe,
So that it was all ouer throwe,
Whan she best wend it shuld stonde.
The ship was blowen fro the londe
Wherin that thei sailend were.
This Ariadne had mochel fere,
Of that the wynde so lowde blewe,
As she whiche of the sea ne knewe,
And praid for to reste a while.
And so felle, that vpon an yle,
Whiche Chio high, thei ben dreue,
Where he to hir leue hath yeue,
That she shall lond and take hir rest:
But that was nothyng for hir best.
For whan she was to lond brought,
She, which that tyme thought nought
But all trouth, and toke no kepe,
Hath laide hir soft for to slepe:
As she whiche longe hath ben forwatched.
But certes she was euil matched,
And fer from all loues kinde.
For more than the beast vnkinde
Theseus, whiche no trouth kept,
(While that this yonge ladie slept)
Fulfilled of all vnkindship,
Hath all forgeten the goodship,
Whiche Ariadne hym had do,
And bad vnto the shipmen tho
Hale vp the saile, and nought abide,
And forth he gothe the same tide
Towarde Athenis, and hir on londe
He left, whiche laie nigh the stronde
Slepend, til that she awoke.
But whan that she cast vp hir loke
Towarde the stronde, and sigh no wight,
Hir herte was so sore aflight,
That she ne wist what to thinke,
But drough hir to the water brinke,
Where she behelde the sea at large:
She sigh no ship, she sigh no barge
Als ferforth as she might kenne:
Ha lorde (she said) whiche a senne,
As all the worlde shall after here
Upon this wofull woman here,
This worthie knight hath doone and wrought
I wend I had his loue bought,
And so deserued at nede,
Whan that he stode vpon his drede,
And eke the loue, he me behight.
It is great wonder, howe he might
Towardis me nowe ben vnkinde,
And so to lette out of his minde
Thyng, which he said his owne mouth.
But after this, whan it is couth,
And drawe to the worldes fame,
It shall ben hyndrynge of his name.
For well he wote, and so wote I,
He yafe his trouthe bodily,
That he myn honour shulde kepe,
And with that worde she gan wepe
And soroweth more than enough.
Hir faire tresses she to drough
And with hir selfe she toke such strife,
That she betwene the deth and life
Swounende lay full ofte amonge:
And all was this on hym alonge,
Whiche was to loue vnkinde so,
Wherof the wronge shall euermo
Stonde in cronike of remembrance,
And eke it asketh a vengeance
To ben vnkinde in loues cas,
So as Theseus than was,
All though he were a noble knight.
For he the lawe of loues right
Forfaited hath in all waye,
That Ariadne he put awaye,
Whiche was a great vnkinde dede.
And after that, so as I rede,
Phedra, the whiche hir sister is,
He toke in stede of hir, and this
Fell afterwarde to mekell tene,
For thilke vice, of whiche I mene.
Unkyndship where it falleth,
The trouthe of mans herte it palleth,
That he can no good dede acquite:
So maie he stonde of no merite
Towardes god, and eke also
Men calle hym the worldes fo.
For he no more than the fende
Unto none other man is frende,
But all toward hym selfe alone.
For thy my sonne in thy persone
This vice aboue all other flee.
My fader as ye teche me,
I thinke to do in this matere.
But ouer this I wolde fayn here,
Wherof I shall me shriue more.
My good sonne as for thy lore,
After the reule of couetise,
I shall the propertee deuise
Of euery vice by and by.
Nowe herken, and be wel ware therby.

Viribus ex clara res tollit luce rapina
Floribus et iuncta virgine mella capit.

Hic tractat super illa specie cupida, que rapina nuncupatur, cuius mater extorcio ipsam ad deseruiendum magnatum curiis specialius commendauit.

In the lignage of Anarice
My sonne yet there is a vice,
His right name it is Rauine,
Whiche hath a route of his couine.
Rauine amonge the maisters dwelleth,
And with his seruantes as men telleth,
Extorcion is nowe witholde.
Rauine of other mens folde
Maketh his larder, and payeth nought.
For where as euer it maie be sought
In his hous there shall no thyng lacke,
And that ful ofte abieth the packe
Of poore men, that dwelle aboute.
Thus stant the commune people in doute,
Whiche can do none amendement.
For whan hym faileth paiement,
Rauine maketh non other skille,
But taketh by strength al that he wille.
So ben there in the same wise
Louers, as I the shall deuise:
That whan nought elles maie auaile,
Anone with strength thei assaile
And gette of loue the sesine,
When thei se tyme by rauine.
For thy my sonne shriue the here,
If thou hast ben Rauinere
Of loue. Certes father no.
For I my lady loue so.
For though I were as was Pompeye
That all the worlde me wolde obeye:
Or els suche as Alisandre,
I wolde nought do suche a sclander.
It is no good man, whiche so doth.
In good feith sonne thou saist soothe.
For he that woll of purueance,
By suche a wey his luste auance,
He shall it after sore abie,
But if these olde ensamples lie.
Nowe good father telle me one,
So as ye connen many one,
Touchende of loue in this matere.
Now list my sonne, and thou shalte here:
So as it hath befall er this,
In lones cause howe that it is,
A man to take by rauine
The preye, whiche is feminine.

Hic ponit exemplum contra istos in amoris causa raptores, Et narrat qualiter Pandion rex Athen. duas filias, videlicet Prognem et Philomenam habuit: Progne autem regi Tracie Thereo desponsata contigit, quod cum Tereus, ad instantiam vxoris sue Philomenam de Athen. in Traciam sororis visitationis causa secum quadam vice perduceret, in concupiscentiam Philomene tanta seueritate in Itinere dilapsus est, quod ipse non solum sue violentia rapine virginitatem eius oppressit, sed et ipsius linguam, ne factum detegeret forcipe mutulauit, vnde imperpetue memorie cronicam tanti raptoris austeritatem, miro ordine dii postea vindicarunt.

THERE was a riall noble kynge,
A riche of all worldes thynge,
Whiche of his propre enheritance
Athenis had in gouernance,
And who so thinketh thervpon,
His name was kynge Pandion.
Two doughters had he by his wife,
The whiche he loued as his life.
The first doughter Progne hight,
And the seconde, as she well might,
Was cleped faire Philomene,
To whom fell after mochel tene.
The father of his purueance,
His doughter Progne wolde auance,
And gafe hir vnto mariage
A worthy kyng of high lignage,
A noble knight eke of his honde,
So was he kid in euery londe.
Of Trace he hight Thereus,
The clerke Ouide telleth thus.
This Thereus his wife home lad,
A lusty life with hir he had,
Till it befelle vpon a tide,
This Progne, as she lay hym beside,
Bethought hir, howe that it might bee,
That she hir suster might see,
And to hir lorde hir will she saide
With goodly wordes, and hym praide,
That she to hir might go.
And if it liked hym not so,
That than he wolde hym selfe wende,
Or els by some other sende,
Whiche might hir dere suster grete,
And shape, howe that thei might mete.
Hir lorde anone to that he herde
Yafe his accorde, and thus answerde.
I will (saide he) for thy sake,
The wey after thy sister take
My selfe, and bryng hir, if I maie,
And she with that, there as she laye,
Bigan hym in hir armes clippe,
And kist hym with hir softe lippe,
And saide: sire graunt mercy.
And he soone after was redy,
And tok his leue for to go.
In sory tyme did he so.
This Thereus goth forth to shippe,
And with hym his felaushippe.
By sea the right cours he nam,
Unto the countrey till he cam,
Where Philomene was dwellynge,
And of hir suster the tidynge
He tolde, and tho thei weren gladde,
And mochel ioye of hym thei made.
The father and the mother bothe
To leaue her doughter were lothe,
But if thei were in presence:
And netheles at reuerence
Of hym that wolde hym selfe trauaile,
Thei wolde nought he shulde faile,
And that thei praide geue hir leue,
And she that wolde not beleue,
In all hast made hir yare
Towarde hir suster for to fare
With Thereus, and forth she went,
And he with his hole entent,
Whan she was fro hir frendes go,
Assotteth of hir loue so,
That his eie might he not witholde,
That he ne must on hir beholde,
And with the sight gan desire,
And set his owne herte a fire:
And fire, whan it to towe approcheth,
To hym anone the strength accrocheth,
Till with his hete it be deuoured,
The towe ne may not be souccoured.
And so the tyranne rauener,
Whan that she was in his power,

And he therto sawe tyme and place,
As he that lost hath all grace,
Forgate, he was a wedded man,
And in a rage on hir he ran,
Right as a wolfe, that taketh his praye.
And she began to crie and praye,
O father, ò mother dere,
Nowe helpe. but thei ne might it here.
And she was of to litell might,
Defence ageyne so rude a knight
To make, whan he was so woode,
That he no reason vnderstoode,
But helde hir vnder in suche wise,
That she ne might not arise,
But laye oppressed and diseased,
As if a Goushauke had seysed
A byrde, whiche durst not for fere
Remue. And thus this tyranne there
Beraft hir suche thyng, as men seyne,
May neuer more be yolden ageyne,
And that was the virginitee:
Of suche rauyn it was pitee.
But whan she to hir selfe come,
And of hir mischiefe hede nome;
And knewe, how that she was no maide,
With wofull herte thus she saide.
O thou of all men the werst,
Where was there euer man that derst
Do suche a dede, as thou hast do?
That daie shall falle, I hope so,
That I shall tell out all my fille,
And with my speche I shall fulfille
The wide worlde in brede and length,
That thou hast doone to me by strength,
If that I amonge the people dwelle,
Unto the people I shall it telle.
And, if I be within walle
Of stones closed, than I shalle
Unto the stones clepe and crie,
And tell hem thy felonie.
And if I be the woddes wende,
There shall I tell all and ende,
And crie it to the byrdes out,
That thei shall here it all aboute.
For I so lowde it shall reherse,
That my voice shall the heuen perce,
That it shall sowne in goddes eare.
A fals man, where is thy fere?
O more cruell than any best,
Howe hast thou holden thy behest,
Whiche thou vnto my sister madest?
O thou, whiche all loue vngladest,
And art ensample of all vntrewe:
Nowe wolde god my sister knewe
Of thyn vntrouthe, howe that it stode.
And he than as a lion woode,
With his vnhappye handes stronge,
He caught hir by the tresses longe,
With the whiche he bonde both hir armes,
That was a feble dede of armes,
And to the grounde anone hir cast,
And out he clippeth also fast
Hir tonge, with a paire of sheres.
So what with blode, and what with teres,
Out of hir eyen, and of hir mouthe
He made hir faire face vncouth,
She laye swownange vnto the dethe,
There was vnneth any brethe.
But yet whan he hir tonge refte,
A litell parte therof he lefte:
But she withall no worde maie sowne,
But chitre, and as a byrde iargowne.
And neuertheles that woode hounde
Hir bodie hent vp fro the grounde,
And sent hir there, as by his will,
She shulde abide in prisone still
For euer mo, but nowe take hede,
What after felle of this misdede.
Whan all this mischiefe was befall
This Thereus, that foule hym falle,
Unto his countrey home he tigh.
And whan he come his palais nigh
His wife alredy there hym kepte.
Whan he hir sigh, anone he wept,
And that he did for deceite.
For she began to aske hym streite,
Where is my sister? And he saide,
That she was dede, and Progne abraide.
As she that was a wofull wife,
And stode betwene hir deth and life,
Because she herde suche tidynge.
But for she sigh hir lord wepynge,
She wende nought but all trouth,
And had wel the more routh.
The perles were tho forsake
To hir, and blacke clothes take,
As she that was gentill and kynde,
In worship of hir sisters mynde,
She made a riche enterement.
For she fonde none amendement
To sighen or to sob more:
So was there gyle vnder the gore.
Nowe leaue we this kynge and quene,
And torne ayene to Philomene.
As I beganne to tell erste,
Whan she cam in to prison ferst,
It thought a kynges doughter strange
To make so sodeine a change
Fro welth, vnto so great a wo:
And she began to thynke tho,
Though she by mouth nothyng praide,
Within hir herte thus she saide,
O thou almighty Iupiter,
That hie sittest, and lokest ferre,
Thou suffrest many wrongfull doynge,
And yet it is not thy willynge.
To the there maie nothyng ben hid,
Thou wost, howe it is betid.
I wolde I had not be bore.
For than had I nought forlore
My speche and my virginitee.
But good lorde all is in thee,
Whan thou therfo wolte do vengeance,
And shape my deliuerance.
And euer amonge this lady wepte.
And thought that she neuer kepte
To be a worldes woman more,
And that she wissheth euermore.
But ofte vnto hir sister dere
Hir herte speketh in this manere,
And said: O sister, if ye knewe
Of myn estate, ye wolde rewe,
I trowe, and my deliuerance
Ye wold shape, and do vengeance
On hym, that is so fals a man:
And netheles so as I can,
I will you sende some tokenyng,
Wherof ye shall haue knowlageyng
Of thyng, I wote that shall you lothe,
The whiche you toucheth, and me both.

And tho within a while as tite
She wafe a cloth of silke all white,
With letters and imagerie,
In whiche was all the felonie,
Whiche Thereus to hir hath do,
And lapped it to gether tho,
And sette hir signet therupon,
And sent it vnto Progne anon.
The messager, whiche forth it bare,
What it amounted is nought ware,
And netheles to Progne he goth,
And priuely taketh hir the cloth,
And went again right as he cam:
The courte of hym none hede name.
Whan Progne of Philomene herde,
She wolde knowe how that it ferde,
And openeth that the man hath brought,
And wot therby, what hath be wrought,
And what mischiefe there is befall.
In swoune tho she gan downe fall,
And efte arose, and gan to stonde,
And efte she taketh the clothe on honde,
Behelde the letters, and thymages:
But at last of suche outrages
She saide: wepynge is nought the bote,
And swereth, if that she leue mote,
It shall be venged other wise:
And with that she gan hir auise,
How first she might vnto hir wyn,
Hir sister, that no man within,
But onely thei, that were swore,
It shulde knowe, and shope therfore,
That Thereus nothyng it wist:
And yet right as hir seluen liste,
Hir sister was deliuered soone
Out of prison, and by the moone
To Progne she was brought by nighte.
Whan eche of other had a sight,
In chambre there thei were alone,
Thei maden many a pitous mone.
But Progne most of sorow made,
Whiche sigh hir sister pale and fade,
And specheles, and dishonoured,
Of that she had be defloured.
And eke vyon hir lorde she thought,
Of that he so vntruely wrought,
And had his espousaile broke,
She maketh auowe it shall be wroke.
And with that word she kneleth downe
Wepynge in great deuocion,
Unto Cupide and to Venus
She praid, and said than thus:
O ye, to whom no thyng astert
Of loue maie, for euery herte
Ye knowe, as ye that ben aboue
The god and the goddesse of loue,
Ye witen well, that euer yit
Withal my wille, and all my wit,
Sith first ye shope me to wedde,
That I laie with my lorde a bedde,
I haue ben trewe in my degree,
And euer thought for to bee,
And neuer loue in other place,
But all onely the kynge of Trace,
Whiche is my lorde, and I his wife.
But nowe allas this wofull strife,
That I hym thus ageinward finde
The most vntrewe, and most vnkinde,
That euer in ladies armes laie.
And wel I wote that he ne maie
Amend his wronge, it is so gret.
For to litell of me he lete,
Whan he myn owne sister toke,
And me that am his wife forsoke.
Lo thus to Venus and Cupide
She praid, and ferthermore she cride
Unto Apollo the highest,
And said: O mightie god of rest,
Thou do vengeance of this debate,
My sister and all hir estate
Thou wost, and how she hath forlore
Hir maidenhede, and I therfore
In all the worlde shall beare a blame,
Of that my sister hath a shame,
That Thereus to hir I seht.
And well thou wost, that myn entent
Was all for worship and for good.
O lorde, that geuest the liues foode
To euery wight, I praie the here,
These wofull sisters, that ben here,
And let vs nought to the ben loth,
We ben thyn owne women both.
Thus plaineth Progne, and axeth wreche,
And though hir sister lacke speche,
To hym, that all thynges wote,
Hir sorowe is not the lesse hote.
But he, that than herd them two,
Hym ought haue sorowed euermo.
For sorowe, whiche was hem betwene,
With signes plaineth Philomene.
And Progne saith, it shal be wreke,
That all the worlde therof shall speake.
And Progne tho sickenes feigned,
Wherof vnto hir lorde she pleined,
And preith, she mote her chambre kepe,
And as hir liketh wake and slepe.
And he hir graunteth to be so.
And thus to gether ben thei two,
That wolde hym but a litell good.
Nowe herken hereafter, how it stoode
Of wofull auntres that befelle.
These sisters, that ben both felle,
And that was not on hem alonge,
But onely on the great wronge,
Whiche Thereus had hem do:
Thei shopen for to venge hem tho.
This Thereus by Progne his wife
A sonne hath, whiche as his life
He loueth, and Itys he hight.
His mother wist well she might
Do Thereus no more greue,
Than slea his childe, whiche was so leue.
Thus she that was as who saith madde
Of wo, whiche hath hir ouerladde,
Without insight of motherhed,
Forgate pitee, and lost drede,
And in hir chambre priuely
This childe without noyse or crie
She slough, and hewe hym all to peces:
And after with diuers spieses
The flesshe, whan it was so to hewe,
She taketh, and maketh therof a sewe,
With whiche the fader at his meate
Was serued, till he had hym eate,
That he ne wist, howe that it stoode:
But thus his owne flesshe and bloode
Hym selfe deuoureth ageyne kinde,
As he that was to fore vnkinde.
And than er that he were arise,
For that he shulde bene agrise,

To shewen hym the childe was dede,
This Philomene toke the hede
Betwene two dissbes, and all wrothe
Tho came forthe the sisters bothe,
And setten it vpon the borde.
And Progne than began the worde
And seide: O werst of all wikke,
Of conscience whom no prikke
Maie stere, lo what thou hast do,
Lo here ben nowe we sisters two.
O rauener, lo here thy preie,
With whom so falsely on the weie
Thou hast thy tyranny wrought,
Lo nowe it is som dele abought:
And better it shall: for of thy dede
The worlde shall euer singe and rede,
In remembrance of thy defame.
For thou to loue hast done suche shame,
That it shall neuer be forgete.
With that he sterte vp fro the mete,
And shoue the borde in to the flore,
And caught a sworde anone, and swore,
That thei shulde of his hondes die.
And thei vnto the goddes crie
Began, with so loude a steuene,
That thei were herde vnto heuene,
And in the twynkelyng of an eie
The goddes, that the mischiefe seie,
Her formes chaunged all thre,
Eche of hem in his degree
Was turned in to a bridde kinde
Diuerseliche as men may finde,
After the state that thei were ynne
Her formes were set a twynne:
And as it telleth in the tale
The first in to a nightyngale
Was shape, and that was Philomene,
Whiche in the winter is not sene.
For than be the leues falle,
And naked ben the busshes alle.
For after that she was a bridde,
Hir wille was euer to be hid,
And for to dwelle in priue place,
That no man shuld se hir face
For shame, whiche maie not be lassid
Of thyng that was tofore passid,
Whan that she lost hir maidenhed.
For euer vpon hir womanhede,
(Though that the gods wold hir change)
She thynketh, and is the more strange,
And holt hir clos the winter daie,
But whan the wynter goth awaie,
And that nature the goddesse
Will of hir owne fre largesse,
With herbes, and with flours both
The feldes, and the medowes clothe,
And eke the wooddes, and the greaues
Ben hilled all with grene leaues,
So that a bridde hir hide maie
Betwene March, April, and Maie,
She that the winter held hir clos
For pure shame, and nought aros,
Whan that she sigh the bowes thicke,
And that there is no bare sticke,
But all is hid with leaues grene,
To woodde cometh this Philomene,
And maketh hir first yers flight,
Where as she singeth daie and night:
And in hir songe all openly
She maketh hir plaint, and saith: O why
Why ne were I yet a maide?
For so this olde wise said,
Whiche vnderstood, what she ment,
Hir notes ben of suche entent.
And eke thei said, how in hir songe
She maketh great ioye, and mirthe amonge,
And saith: ha nowe I am a bridde,
Ha nowe my face may ben hid,
Though I haue lost my maidenhede,
Shall no man see my chekes rede.
Thus medleth she with ioye wo,
And with her sorowe myrth also:
So that of loues maladie
She maketh diuers melodie,
And saith: loue is a wofull blisse,
A wisedome, whiche can no man wisse,
A lustie feuer, a wounde softe,
This note she reherseth ofte
To hem, whiche vnderstonde hir tale.
Nowe haue I of this nightyngale,
Whiche erst was cleped Philomene,
Tolde all that euer wolde mene,
Both of hir forme, and of hir note,
Wherof men maie the storie note.
And of hir sister Progne I finde,
How she was tourned out of kynde
In to a swalowe swifte of wynge,
Whiche eke in winter lieth swownynge
There as she maie no thyng be sene,
But whan the wodde is woxen grene,
And comen is the sommer tide,
Than fleeth she forth, and ginneth to chide,
And chetereth out in hir langage,
What falsehede is in mariage,
And telleth in a maner speche
Of Thereus the spouse breche:
She wol not in the wooddes dwelle,
For she wolde openlich telle,
And eke for that she was a spouse,
Amonge the folke she cometh to house,
To do these wiues vnderstonde
The falshode of her husbonde,
That thei of hem beware also.
For there be many vntrewe of tho.
Thus ben the sisters briddes bothe,
And ben towarde the men so lothe,
That thei ne will for pure shame
To no mans honde be tame.
For euer it dwelleth in her mynde,
Of that thei fonde a man vnkynde,
And that was fals Thereus,
If suche one be amonge vs
I note, but his condicion
Men saie in euery region,
Within towne and eke without,
Nowe reigneth comonly about.
And natheles in remembrance
I will declare, what vengeance
The goddes hadden hym ordeined,
Of that the sisters hadden pleined.
For anone after he was chaunged,
And from his owne kinde straunged,
A lapwynke made he was.
And thus he hoppeth on the gras,
And on his heed there stont vp right
A crest, in token of a knight.
And yet vnto this day, men seith,
A lapynke hath lost his feith,
And is the birde falsest of all.
Beware my sonne er the so fall,

For if thou be of suche couine,
To get of loue by rauine
Thy lust: it maie the falle thus,
As it befelle Thereus.
My father god forbede:
Me were leuer be fortrede
With wilde horses, and to drawe,
Er I ageine loue, and his lawe,
Did ony thyng, or loude or still,
Whiche were not my ladies will.
Men sayen, that euery loue hath drede:
So foloweth it, that I hir drede,
For I hir loue, and who so dredeth,
To please his loue and serue hym nedeth.
This maie ye knowe by this skill,
That no rauine doone I will
Ageine hir will, by suche a weye,
But while I liue, I will obeye,
Abydynge on hir courtesie,
If any mercy wolde hir plie.
For thy my father, as of this
I wote nought I haue do amisse.
But farthermore I you beseche,
Some other pointe that ye me teche,
And asketh forthe if there be ought,
That I maie be the better tought.

Viuat vt ex spoliis grandi quam sæpe tumultu,
Quo graditur, populus latro perurget iter:
Sic amor ex casu poterit, quo capere prædam,
Si locus est aptus, cætera nulla timet.

Hic loquitur super illa cupiditatis specie, quam furtum vocant, cuius ministri alicuius legis offensam non metuentes tam in amoris causa quam aliter, suam quam sæpe conscientiam offendunt.

WHAN Couetise in poure estate
Stont with hym selfe vpon debate,
Through lacke of his misgouernance,
That he vnto his sustenance
Ne can no nother waie finde
To get hym good: than as the blinde
Which seeth nought, what shal after fall,
That ilke vice, whiche men call
Of Robbery, he taketh on honde,
Wherof by water and by londe
Of thyng, whiche other men beswynke,
He getteth hym clothe, mete, and drinke:
Hym retcheth nought, what he begynne
Through theste, so that he maie wynne.
For thy to make his purchaas
He lieth awaytende on the paas,
And what thyng that he seeth ther passe,
He taketh his parte, or more or lasse,
If it be worthy to be take:
He can the pakkes well ransake,
So priuely beareth none aboute
His golde, that he ne fint it oute,
Or other iewell what it bee,
He taketh it as his propretee,
In wooddes, and in feldes eke,
Thus robbery goth to seke,
Where as he maie his purchas finde.
And right so in the same kinde,
My good sone as thou might here,
To speke of loue in this mattere,
And make a very resemblance,
Right as a thefe maketh his chenesance,
And robbeth mens gooddes aboute,
In woodde and felde, where he goth oute.
So bene there of these louers somme
In wilde stedes, where thei come,
And finden there a woman able,
And therto place conenable,
Withouten leue, er that thei fare,
Thei take a parte of that chaffare,
Ye though she were a shepeherdesse,
Yet woll the lorde of wantonnesse
Assaie, all though she be vnmete.
For other mens good is swete.
But therof wote nothyng the wife
At home, whiche loueth as hir life
Hir lorde, and sit all daie wisshynge
After hir lordes home comynge,
But whan that he cometh home at eue,
Anone he maketh his wife beleue.
For she nought els shulde knowe,
He telleth hir, how his hunt hath blow,
And howe his houndes haue well ronne,
And howe there shone a mery sonne,
And howe his hawkes flowen wele:
But he wol telle hir neuer a dele,
Howe he to loue vntrewe was,
Of that he robbed in the pas,
And toke his lust vnder the shawe
Ageyne loue, and ageyne his lawe.
Whiche thyng my sonne I the forbede.
For it is an vngoodly dede.
For who that taketh by robberie
His loue, he maie not iustifie
His cause: and so full oft sithe,
For ones that he hath ben blithe,
He shall ben after sorie thries.
Examples for suche robberies
I finde written as thou shalt here
Accordende vnto this matere,

Hic loquitur contra istos in amoris causa predones, qui cum suam furtiue concupiscentiam aspirant, fortuna in contrarium operatur. Et narrat, quod cum Neptunus quandam virginem nomine Cornicem solam iuxta mare deambulantem opprimere suo furto voluisset, superueniens Pallas ipsam de manibus eius, virginitate seruata gratius liberauit.

I REDY how whilom was a maide,
The fairest, as Ouide saide,
Whiche was in hir tyme tho,
And she was of the chamber also
Of Pallas, whiche is the goddesse,
And wife to Mars, of whome prowesse
Is youe to these worthy knightes.
For he is of so great mightes,
That he gouerneth the bataile,
Withouten hym maie nought auaile
The stronge honde, but he it helpe,
There maie no knight of armes yelpe,
But he fight vnder his banere:
But nowe to speke of my matere,
This faire fresshe lustie maie,
Alone as she went on a daie
Upon the stronde for to plaie,
There came Neptunus in the waie,
Whiche hath the sea in gouernance,
And in his herte suche plesance
He toke, whan he this maiden sigh,
That all his hert aros on high,

For he so sodenliche vnware
Beheld the beautee, that she bare,
And cast anone within his herte,
That she hym shall no waie asterte,
But if he take in auantage
Fro thilke maide somme pillage,
Nought of the brooches ne the rynges,
But of some other smale thynges,
He thought parte, er that he went:
And hir in bothe his armes hent,
And put his honde towarde the cofre,
Where to robbe he made a profre,
That lustie treasour for to steale,
Whiche passeth other goodes fele,
And cleped is the maidenhead,
Whiche is the floure of womanhead.
This maide, whiche Cornix by name
Was hote, dredynge all shame,
Sigh, that she might nought debate:
And well she wist, he wolde algate
Fulfille his luste of robberie:
Anone began to wepe and crie,
And saide: O Pallas noble quene,
Shewe nowe thy might, and let be sene,
To kepe and saue myn honour,
Helpe that I lese nought my floure,
Whiche nowe vnder thy key is loke.
That worde was not so soone spoke,
Whan Pallas shope recouire
After the wille and the desire
Of hir, whiche a maide was:
And sodeinly vpon this cas,
Out of hir womanliche kinde
In to a briddes likenes I finde,
She was transformed forth withall,
So that Neptunus nothyng stall
Of such thyng that he wolde haue stole.
With fethers blacke as any cole
Out of his armes in a throwe
She fleth before his eien a crowe,
Whiche was to hir a more delite,
To kepe hir maidenhead white,
Under the wede of fethers blacke,
In perles white than forsake
That no life maie restore agayne.
But this Neptune his herte in vayne
Hath vpon robberie sette.
The brid is flowe, and he was let,
The faire maide is hym escaped,
Wherof for euer he was beiaped,
And scorned of that he hath lore.
My sonne be thou ware therfore,
That thou no maidenhead stele,
Wherof men see diseases fele,
That haue happened in sondrie wise,
So as I shall the yet deuise
Another tale thervpon,
Whiche felle by olde daies gone.

Hic ponit exemplum contra istos in causa virginitatis lese per predones, et narrat quod cum Calisto regis Lichaonis mire pulchritudinis filia, suam virginitatem Diane conseruandam castissima vouisset, Et in siluam, que Tegea dicitur, inter alias ibidem nymphas moraturam se transtulisset, Iupiter virginis castitatem subtili furto surripiens, quendam filium, qui postea Archas nominatus est, ex ea genuit, vnde Iuno in Calistonem seuiens, eius pulchritudinem in vrse turpissime deformitatem subito transfiguauit.

KYNGE Lichaon vpon his wife
A daughter had, a goodly life,
And clene maiden of worthy fame,
Calistona whose right name
Was cleped, and of many a lorde
She was besought, but hir accorde
To loue might no man wynne,
As she, whiche hath no lust therinne,
But swore within hir herte, and saide,
That she woll euer ben a maide.
Wherfore to kepe hir selfe in pees
With suche as Amadriades
Were cleped woodmaidens tho,
And with the nymphes eke also,
Upon the sprynge of fresshe welles,
She shope to dwelle, and no where elles.
And thus came this Calistona
Into the woodde of Tegea,
Where she virginitee behight
Unto Diane, and therto plight
Hir trouth vpon the bowes grene,
To kepe hir maidenhead clene.
Whiche afterwarde vpon a daie
Was priueliche stole awaie.
For Iupiter through his queintise
From hir it toke in suche a wise,
That sodenliche foorth withall
Hir wombe arose, and she to swall,
So that it might not be hid
And thervpon it is betid,
That Diane, whiche it herde telle
In priue place vnto a welle,
With Nymphes al a companie
Was come, and in a ragerie
She saide, that she bathe wolde,
And bad that euery maiden sholde
With hir all naked bathe also.
And tho began the priuie wo,
Calistona wex rede for shame:
But thei that knewe not the game,
To whom no suche thyng was befall,
Anone thei made hem naked all,
As thei nothyng wolde hide,
But she withdrewe hir euer aside.
And netheles in the floode,
Where that Diana hir selfe stoode,
She thought to come vnperceiued:
But therof she was all deceiued.
For whan she came a litell nighe,
And that Diana hir wombe sighe,
She said: awaie thou foule best.
For thyne astate is not honest
This chast water for to touche.
For thou hast take suche a touche,
Whiche neuer maie ben hole ageyne,
And thus goth she, whiche was forleine,
With shame, and the Nymphes fledde,
Till whan that nature hir spedde,
That of a sonne, whiche Archas
Was named, she deliuered was.
And tho Iuno, whiche was the wife
Of Iupiter (wrothe and hastife
In purpose for to do vengeaunce)
Came forthe vpon thilke chaunce,
And so Calistona she spake,
And set vpon hir many a lacke

And said: a nowe thou arte take,
That thou thy werke might not forsake.
A thou vngoodly hypocrite,
Thou art greatly for to wite.
But nowe thou shalt full sore abie
That ilke stelthe of micherie,
That thou hast both take and do,
Wherof thy fader Lichao
Shall not be glad, whan he it wote,
Of that his doughter was so hote,
That she hath broken hir chast vowe:
But I the shall chastise nowe,
Thy great beautee shall be torned,
Through whiche that thou hast be mestorned.
Thy large fronte, thy eien graye
I shall hem chaunge in other waye,
And all the feture of thy face
In suche a wise I shall deface,
That euery man the shall forbeare.
With that the likenes of a beare
She toke, and was forshapen anone.
Within a tyme and thervpon
Befelle, that with a bowe in honde,
To hunte and game for to fonde
In to that woodde goth to plaie
Hir sonne Archas, and in his waie
It happeth that this beare came:
And whan that he good hede name,
Where that he stode vnder the bough,
She knewe hym well, and to hym drough,
For though she had hir forme lore,
The loue was nought lost therfore,
Whiche kinde hath set vnder his lawe.
Whan she vnder the woodde shawe
Hir childe beheld, she was so glad,
That she with both hir armes sprad,
As though she were in womanhed,
Toward hym come, and toke none hede
Of that he bare a bowe bente,
And he with that an arowe hath hent,
And gan to teise it in his bowe,
As he that can none other knowe,
But that it was a beste wilde.
But Iupiter, whiche wolde shilde
The moder, and the sonne also,
Ordeineth for hem both two,
That thei for euer were saue.
But thus my sonne thou might haue
Ensample, howe that it is to flee,
To robbe the virginitee
Of a yonge innocent aweye.
And ouer this by other weye,
In olde bokes as I rede
Suche robberie is for to drede,
And namliche of thilke good,
Whiche euery woman that is good,
Desireth for to kepe and holde,
As whilome was by daies olde.
For if thou here my tale wele
Of that was tho, thou might somdele
Of olde ensamples taken hede,
Howe that the floure of maidenhede
Was thilke tyme holde in pris:
And so it was, and so it is,
And so it shall for euer stonde:
And for thou shalt it vnderstonde,
Nowe herken a tale nexte sewende
Howe maidenhede is to commende.

Hic loquitur de virginitatis commendatione, vbi dicit, quod nuper Imperatores ob tanti status dignitatem virginibus cedebant in via.

Of Rome amonge the gestes olde
I finde, howe that Valery tolde,
That what man was tho empesour
Of Rome, he shulde done honour
To the virgin, and in the weye,
Where he hir mete, he shulde obeye
In worship of virginitee,
Whiche was tho a great dignitee,
Nought oneliche of the women tho,
But of the chaste men also
It was commended ouerall.
And for to speke in speciall,
Touchend of men ensample I finde.

Hic loquitur qualiter Phirinus iuuenum Rome pulcherrimus, vt illesam suam virginitatem conseruaret, ambos oculos eruens vultus sui decorem abhominabilem constituit.

Phirinus, whiche was of mans kinde
Aboue all other the faireste
Of Rome, and eke the comliest:
That well was hir, whiche hym might
Beholde, and haue of hym a sight.
Thus was he tempted ofte sore,
But for he wolde be no more
Amonge the women so coueited,
The beautee of his face streited.
He hath, and put out bothe his eien,
That all women, whiche it seine,
Than afterwarde of hym ne rought.
And thus his maidenhead he bought.
So may I proue wel for thy,
Aboue all other vnder the sky,
That maidenhead is for to preise.
Who that the vertues wolde peise,
Whiche, as the Apocalipsis recordeth,
To Christe in heuen best accordeth:
So may it shewe well therfore,
As I haue tolde it here to fore,
In heuen, and eke in erth also,
It is accepte to bothe two,
Out of his flesshe a man to liue,
Gregorie hath this ensample yeue,
And saith: it shall rather be tolde,
Liche to an angell many folde,
Than to the life of mans kinde,
There is no reason for to finde,
But onely through the grace aboue,
In flesshe without flesshely loue
A man to liue chaste here.
And netheles a man maie here
Of suche, that haue bene er this,
And yet there bene, but for it is
A vertue, whiche is selden wonne:
Nowe I this matter haue begonne,
I thynke tellen ouer more,
Whiche is my sonne for thy lore,
If that the liste to taken hede,
To trete vpon the maidenhede.

Vt rosa de spinis spineto preualet orta,
Et lilii flores cespite plura valent:
Sic sibi virginitas carnis sponsalia vincit,
Aeternos flatus quæ sine labe parit.

The boke seith, that a mans life
Upon knighthode in a warre and strife

Is set amonge his ennemies,
The freyle flesshe, whose nature is
Ay redy for to spurne and fall,
The first foman is of all.
For thilke warre is redy aie,
It warreth night, it warreth daie,
So that a man hath neuer rest.
For thy is thilke knight the best,
Through might and grace of gods sonde,
Whiche that bataile maie withstonde,
Wherof yet dwelleth the memorie
Of hem, that some tyme the victorie
Of thilke deadly warre hadden:
The high prowesse, whiche thei ladden,
Wherof the soule stode amended,
Upon this erthe it is commended.

Hic loquitur, qualiter Valentinianus imperator, cum ipse octogenarius plures prouincias Romano Imperio belliger subiugauit, dixit se super omnia magis gaudere de eo, que contra sue carnis concupiscentiam victoriam optinuisset, nam et ipse virgo omnibus diebus vite sue castissimus permansit.

AN emperour by olde daies
There was, and he at all assaies
A worthie knight was of his honde,
There was none suche in all the loude.
But yet for all his vassellage,
He stode vnwedded all his age,
And in cronike as it is tolde,
He was an hundred wynter olde.
But whan men wolde his dedes peise,
And his knighthode of armes preise,
Of that he did with his hondes,
Whan he the kynges of the londes
To his subiection put vnder:
Of all that preise hath he no wonder.
For he it set of none accounte,
And said, all that maie not amounte
Ayens a point, whiche he hath nome,
That he his flesshe hath ouercome.
He was a virgine, as he saide,
On that bataile his pris he laide.
Lo nowe my sonne auise thee.
Ye fader all this maie well bee.
But if all other dede so,
The worlde of men were soone ago.
And in the lawe a man maie finde,
Howe god to man by wey of kinde
Hath set the worlde to multiplie.
And who that woll hym iustifie,
It is enough to do the lawe.
And netheles your good sawe
Is good to kepe, who so maie,
I wol nought there ayen say naie.
My sonne take it as I saye,
If maidenhead be take awaye,
Without lawes ordinaunce,
It may not faile of vengeaunce.
And if thou wolte the soth witten,
Beholde a tale, the whiche is written
Howe that the kynge Agamemnon,
Whan he the citee of Lesbon
Hath wonne, a maiden there he fonde,
Whiche was the fairest of the londe,
In thilke tyme, that men wist
He toke of hir what hym list
Of thyng, whiche was most precious,
Wherof that she was daungerous.
This faire maide eleped is
Chryseis, the doughter of Chrisis,
Whiche was that tyme in speciall
Of thilke temple principall,
Where Phebus had his sacrifice:
So was it well the more vice.
Agamemnon was than in waye
To Troiwarde, and toke a waye
This maiden, whiche he with hym lad,
So great lust in hir he had.
But Phebus, which hath great disdain,
Of that his maiden was forlain,
Anone as he to Troie came,
Vengeance vpon this dede he name,
And sent a commune pestilence.
Thei soughten than her euidence,
And maden calculacion,
To knowe in what condicion
This deth cam in so sodenly.
And at laste redily
The cause and eke the man thei fonde.
And forth with al the same stounde
Agamemnon opposed was,
Whiche hath knowen all the cas
Of the folie, whiche he hath wrought:
And thervpon mercy thei sought
Toward the god in sondrie wise
With prayer and with sacrifice.
The maiden home ayene thei sende,
And yafe hir good enough to spende
For euer whiles she wolde liue.
And thus the sinne was forgyue,
And all the pestilence seced.
Lo what it is to ben encreced
Of loue, whiche is ylle wonne.
It were better nought begonne,
Than take a thyng without leue,
Whiche thou must after nedes leue,
And yet haue maugre forth with all.
For thy to robben ouer all
In loues cause if thou begynne,
I not what ease thou shalt wynne.
My sonne be well ware of this.
For thus of robbery it is.
My father your exemplaris
In loues cause of robberie,
I haue it right well vnderstonde.
But ouer this howe so it stonde,
Yet wol I wite of your apprise,
What thyng is more of couetise.

Insidiando latens tempus rimatur et horam
Fur quibus occulto tempore furta parat:
Sic amor insidiis vacat, et sub tegmine ludos
Prendere furtiuos nocte fauente queat.

Hic tractat super illa cupiditatis specie, que secretum latrocinium dicitur, cuius natura custodie rerum nesciente ea que cupit, tam per diem quam per noctem absque strepitu clanculo furatur.

WITH couetise yet I finde
A seruant of the same kinde,
Whiche stelth is hote, and micherie
With hym is euer in companie.
Of whom if I shall telle soothe.
He stalketh as a peecocke doothe,

And taketh his preie so couerte,
That no man wote it in aperte.
For whan he wote the lorde from home,
Than woll he stalke about and come,
And what thyng he sint in his wey,
Whan that he seeth the men awey,
He stealeth it, and goth forth withall,
That therof no man knowe shall:
And eke full ofte he goth a night,
Without moone or sterre light.
And with his crafte the dore vnpiketh,
And taketh therin what hym liketh.
And if the dore be so shette,
That he be of his entre lette,
He will in at the wyndowe crepe
And while the lorde is fast a slepe,
He steleth, what thyng hym best list,
And goth his wey er it be wist,
Full ofte also by light of daie,
Yet woll he steale, and make assaie:
Under the cote his honde he put,
Till he the mans purs haue cut,
And rifley that he sint therin:
And thus he auntreth hym to wyn,
And beareth an horn, and nought ne bloweth
For no man of his counsaile knoweth,
What he maie gette of his michynge,
It is all bille vnder the wynge.
And as an hounde that goth to folde
And hath there take what he wolde,
His mouth vpon the gras he wipeth,
And so with feigned chere hym slipeth,
That what as euer of shepe he strangle,
There is no man therof shall iangle,
And for to knowe who it dede
Right so dothe stelthe in euery stede,
Where as hym list his preie take,
He can so well his cause make,
And so well feigne, and so well glose,
That there ne shall no man suppose,
But that he were an innocent.
And thus a mans eie he bient,
So that this crafte I maie remeue
Withouten helpe of any meue.
There be louers of that degree,
Whiche all her lust in priuetee,
As who saith getten all by stelth,
And ofte atteinen to great welth,
As for the tyme that it lasteth.
For loue awayteth euer, and casteth
Howe he maie stele, and catche his praie,
Whan he therto maie finde a way.
For be it night, or be it daie,
He taketh his parte, whan that he maie.
And if he maie no more do,
Yet woll he stele a cusse or two.
My sonne what saist thou therto?
Telle if thou didst euer so?
My father how? My sonne thus:
If thou hast stole any cusse,
Or other thyng, whiche therto longeth.
For no man suche theues hongeth:
Telle on for thy, and saith the trouth.
My father naye, and that is routh.
For by my wille, I am a thefe,
But she, that is to me most lefe
Yet durst I neuer in priuetee
Nought ones take hir by the knee
To steale of hir, or this, or that:
And if I durst, I wote well what.
And netheles but if I lie,
By stelth ne by robberie
Of loue, whiche fell in my thought,
To hir did I neuer nought.
But as men seyne, where herte is failed,
There shall no castell be assailed.
But though I had hertes ten,
And were as stronge as all men,
If I be not myn owne man,
And dare not vsen, that I can,
I maie my selfe not recouere,
Though I be man neuer so pouere.
I beare an herte, and hirs it is
So that me faileth wit in this,
Howe that I shulde of myne accorde
The seruant lede ayenst the lorde.
For if my foote wolde owhere go,
Or that my honde wolde els do,
What that my herte is there againe,
The remenant is all in vaine,
And thus me lacketh all wele,
And yet ne dare I nothyng stele
Of thyng, whiche longeth vnto loue:
And eke it is so high aboue,
I maie not well therto areche,
But if so be a tyme of speche
Full selde, if than I stele maie
A worde or two, and go my waie.
Betwixte hir high estate and me
Comparison there maie none be:
So that I fele, and well I wote,
All is to heuy and to hote
To set on honde without leue.
And thus I mot algate leue
To stele, that I maie not take,
And in this wise I mote forsake
To ben a thefe ayen my wille
Of thyng, whiche I maie not fulfille.
For that serpent, whiche neuer slept,
The flees of golde so well me kepte
In Colchos, as the tale is tolde,
That my lady a thousand folde
Nis better zemed, and bewaked,
Where she be clothed, or be naked,
To kepe hir body night and daie
She hath a wardein redy aie,
Which is so wounderfull a wight,
That hym ne maie no mans might
With sword, ne with no wepon daunte,
Ne with no sleight of charme enchant,
Wherof he might be made tame,
And Danger is his right name,
Whiche vnder locke, and vnder key,
That no man may it stele awey,
Hath al the tresour vnder fonge,
That vnto loue maie belonge:
The lest lokynge of hir eye
Maie not be stole, if he it sey.
And who so grutcheth for so lite,
He wold soone set a wite
On hym, that wolde stele more,
And that me greueth wonder sore.
For this prouerbe is euer newe,
That stronge lockes maken trewe
Of hem that wolden stele and pike.
For so wel can there no man slike
By hym ne by no other mene,
To whom Danger wol yeue or lene
Of that tresour he hath to kepe:
So though I wold stalke and crepe,

And waite on eue, and eke on morowe,
Of Danger shal I nothyng borowe:
And stele wel ne maie I nought.
And thus I am right wel bethought,
While Danger stont in his office,
Of stelth, whiche ye clepe a vice,
I shall be giltie neuer mo.
Therfore I wold he were ago
So fer, that I neuer of hym herde,
Howe so that afterward it ferde.
For than I might yet percas
Of loue make some purchas
By stelth, or by some other waye,
That nowe fro me stont fer awaye.
But fader as ye tolde aboue
How stelth goth a night for loue,
I may not wel that pointe forsake,
That oft tymes I ne wake
On nightes, whan that other slepe.
But howe, I pray you take kepe,
Whan I am lodged in suche wise,
That I by night maie arise,
At some wyndowe and loken out,
And see the howsinge al about,
So that I maie the chamber knowe,
In whiche my ladie, as I trowe,
Lieth in hir bed, and slepeth softe:
Than is myn hert a thefe full ofte.
For there I stonde and beholde
The longe nightes, that ben colde,
And thynke on hir, that lieth there:
And than I wisshe, that I were
Als wise as was Nectanabus,
Or elles as was Protheus,
That couthen both of Nigromance,
In what likenesse, in what semblance,
Right as hym list hym selfe transforme.
For if I were of suche a forme,
I sey than I wolde flee
In to hir chamber for to see,
If any grace wold falle:
So that I might vnder the palle
Some thyng of loue pike and stele.
And thus I thinke thoughtes fele:
And though there of no thyng be soth,
Yet ease as for a tyme it doth.
But at last whan I finde,
That I am fall in to my minde,
And see, that I haue stonde longe,
And haue no profite vnderfonge:
Than stalke I to my bedde within.
And this is all that euer I winne
Of loue, whan I walke on night,
My will is good, but of my might
Me lacketh both, and of my grace.
For who so that my thought embrace,
Yet haue I nought the better ferde.
My father lo, nowe haue ye herde,
What I by stelth of loue haue do,
And howe my wille hath be therto,
If I be worthie to penance,
I put it to your ordinance.
My sonne of stelth I the behete,
Though it be for a tyme swete,
At ende it doth but litell good,
As by ensample howe that it stood
Whilom, I maie the tell nowe.
I pray you father tell me howe.
My sonne of him, whiche goth by daie
By wey of stelthe to assaie
In loues cause, and taketh his praie,
Ouide saide, as I shall saie
And in his Methamor he tolde
A tale, whiche is good to holde.

Hic in amoris causa super isto latrocinio, quod de nocte contigit, ponit exemplum. Et narrat, quod cum Leucothea Orcami filia in cameni subarcta matris custodia virgo preseruabatur, Phebus eius pulchritudinem concupiscens in conclaue domus clara luce subintrans, virginis pudicitiam matre absente defloravit, vnde ipsa impregnata iratus pater filiam suam ad sepeliendam viuam effodit, ex cuius tumulo florem, quem solsequium vocant, dicunt tunc consequenter primitus acreuisse.

THE poet, vpon this matere
Of stelth, wrote in this manere.
Venus, whiche hath the lawe in honde
Of thyng, whiche maie not be withstonde,
As she, whiche the tresoure to warde
Of loue, hath within hir warde,
Phebus to loue hath so constreigned,
That he without rest is peined
With all his heate to coueyte
A maiden, whiche was warded streyte
Within chambre, and kepte so close,
That selden was, whan she disclose,
Goth with hir mother for to plaie,
Leuchothea, so as men saie,
This maiden hight, and Orchamus
Hir father was: and befelle thus,
This doughter, that was kept so dere,
And had ben fro yere to yere,
Under hir mothers discipline,
A clene maide, and a virgine:
Upon the wose natiuitee,
Of comely head, and of beautee
Nature hath set all that she maie
That liche vnto the fresshe maie,
Whiche other monethes of the yere
Surmounteth: so without pere
Was of this maiden the feyture,
Wherof Phebus out of measure
Hir loueth, and on euery side
Awaiteth, if so may betide,
That he through any sleight might
Hir lustie maiden head vnright,
The whiche were all his worldes welth.
And thus lurkynge vpon his stelth,
In his awaite so longe he laie,
Till it befell vpon a daie,
That he through out hir chambre wall
Came in all sodeinliche, and stall
That thyng, that was to hym so liefe:
But wo the while, he was a thefe.
For Venus, whiche was enemie
Of thilke loues micherie,
Discouereth all the plaine caas
To Climene, whiche than was
Towarde Phebus his concubine.
And she to let the couine
Of thilke loue, deadly wrothe
To plein vpon this maide she goth,
And tolde hir father howe it stoode:
Wherof for sorowe well nighe woode,
Unto hir mother thus he saide:
Lo what it is to kepe a maide?
To Phebus dare I nothyng speke,

But vpon hir it shall be wreke,
So that these maidens after this
Mowe take ensample, what it is
To suffre her maiden head be stole,
Wherof that she the deth shall thole:
And bad with that, to make a pitte,
Wherin he hath his doughter sette,
As he that woll no pitee haue,
So that she was all quicke begraue,
And deide anone in his presence.
But Phebus, for the reuerence
Of that she had ben his loue,
Hath wrought, through his power aboue,
That she sprange vp out of the molde
In to a floure, was named golde,
Whiche stonte gouerned of the sonne.
And thus whan loue is euill wonne,
Full ofte it cometh to repentaile.
My fader that is no meruaile,
Whan that the counseil is bewreyed:
But oft tyme loue hath pleyed,
And stolle many a priue game,
Whiche neuer yet cam in to blame
Whan that the thynges weren hid.
But in youre tale as it betid,
Venus discouereth all the cas,
And eke also brode daie it was,
Whan Phebus suche a stelthe wrought,
Wherof the maide in blame he brought,
That afterward she was so lore,
But for ye saiden nowe to fore,
Howe stelth of loue goth by night,
And doth his thynges out of sight,
Therof me lust also to here
A tale liche to the matere,
Wherof I might ensample take.
My good sonne for thy sake,
So as it befelle by daies olde,
And so as the poet it tolde,
Upon the nightes micherie,
Nowe herken a tale of poesie.

Hic ponit exemplvm super eodem, quod de nocte contingit. Et narrat qualiter Hercules cum Iole in quadam spelunca nobili, Thophis dicta, sub monte Tmolo, vbi sylua Bacchi est, hospicio pernoctarunt. Et cum ipsi variis lectis separatim iacentes dormierunt, contigit lectum Herculis vestimentis Iole, lectum quod Iole pelle leonis, qua Hercules induebatur, operiri: super quo Faunus a sylua descendens speluncam subintrauit, temptans si forte cum Iole sue concupiscentie voluptatem, nesciente Hercule furari posset. Et cum ad lectum Herculis muliebri palpata veste ex casu peruenisset, putans Iolen fuisse, cubiculum nudo corpore ingreditur: quem sentiens Hercules manibus apprehensum ipsum ad terram ita fortiter allisit, vt impotens sui corporis effectus vsque mane ibidem requieuit. Vbi Saba cum Nymphis syluestribus superueniens, ipsum sic illusum deridebat.

The mightiest of all men
Whan Hercules with Iolen,
Whiche was the loue of his courage,
To gether vpon a pilgremage
Towarde Rome shulden go,
It fell hem by the waie so,
That thei vpon a daie a caue
Within a roche founden haue,
Whiche was roiall and glorious,
And of entaile curious,
By name and Thophis it was hote:
The sonne shone tho wonder hote,
As it was in the somer tide.
This Hercules, whiche by his side
Hath Iolen his loue there,
Whan thei at thilke caue were,
He seyd, he thought it for the best,
That she hir for the hete rest
All thilke daie, and thilke night.
And she that was a lustie wight,
It liketh hir all that he seyde.
And thus thei dwell yet and pleyde
The longe daie, and so befill
This caue was vnder the hyll
Of Tmolus, whiche was begrowe
With vines, and at thilke throwe
Faunus with Saba the goddesse,
By whom the large wildernesse
In thilke tyme stode gouerned,
Were in a place, as I am lerned,
Nighe by, whiche Bacchus woodde hight.
This Faunus toke a great insight
Of Iolen that was nowe nighe.
For whan that he hir beautie sighe,
Out of his wit he was assoted
And in his herte it hath so noted,
That he forsoke the Nimphes all,
And sayde, he wolde, howe so it fall,
Assaie an other for to winne:
So that his hertz thought within
He set, and cast, howe that it might
Of loue pike awaie by night,
That he by daie in other wise
To stele might not suffise:
And thervpon his time awaiteth,
Now take good hede howe loue affaiteth
Hym, whiche with all is ouercome.
Faire Iolen whan she was come
With Hercules in to the caue,
She sayde hym, that she wolde haue
His clothes of, and hirs bothe,
And eche of hem shuld other cloth,
And all was do right as she bad,
He hath hir in his clothes clad,
And cast on hir his golion,
Whiche of the skin of a lion
Was made, as he vpon the weie
It slough: and ouer this to pleie
She toke his great mase also,
And knit it at hir gyrdell tho:
So was she liche the man arraied,
And Hercules than hath assaied
To clothen hym in hir arrais:
And thus thei iape forth the daie,
Till that her souper redy were,
And whan thei hadden souped there,
Thei shopen hem to go to rest,
And as it thought hem for the best,
They bad, as for thilke night,
Two sondry beddes shuld be dight,
For thei togeder linge nolde,
Because that thei offer wolde
Upon the morowe her sacrifice.
The seruantes didden her office,
And sondry beddes made anone,
Wherin that they to rest gone
Eche by hem selfe in sondry place.
Fayre Iolen hath set the mace

Besides hir beddes head aboue,
And with the clothes of hir loue
She hilled all hir bedde aboute:
And he, whiche nothyng had in doute,
Hir wimple wonde aboute his cheke,
Hir kyrtell, and hir mantell eke,
Abrode vpon his bedde he spredde:
And thus thei slepen bothe a bedde.
What of trauaile, what of wine,
The seruantes like to dronken swine
Began for to route faste.
This Faunus, whiche his stelth cast,
Was than comen to the caue,
And fonde thei were all saue
Without noyse, and in he went,
The derke night his sight blent,
And yet it happed hym to go,
Where Iolen a bedde tho
Was layde alone for to slepe,
But for he wolde take kepe,
Whose bedde it was, he made assaie,
And of a lion where he laie
The cote he founde, and eke he feleth
The mace, and than his herte keleth,
That there durst he not abide,
But stalketh vpon euery side,
And sought about with his honde,
That other bedde tyll that he fonde,
Where laie bewympled a visage:
Tho was he glad in his courage.
For he hir kirtell fonde also,
And eke hir mantell both two
Bespred vpon the bed alofte.
He made hym naked than, and softe
Into the bed vnware he crepte,
Where Hercules that tyme slepte,
And wende well it were she.
And thus in stede of Iole
Anone he profreth hym to loue.
But he, whiche felte a man aboue,
This Hercules hym threwe to grounde
So sore, that thei haue hym founde
Lyggende there vpon the morowe.
And tho was nought a litell sorowe,
That Faunus of hym selfe made,
But els thei were all glade,
And lough hym to scorne aboute.
Saba with Nymphes all a route.
Came downe to loke howe it ferde:
And whan that thei the soth herde,
He was beiaped ouerall.
My sonne be thou ware with all
To seche suche micheries,
But if thou haue the better aspies,
In aunter if the so betide,
As Faunus did thilke tide:
Wherof thou might be shamed so.
Myn holy fader certes no,
But if I had right good leue,
Suche micherie I thinke leue,
My faynt herte woll not serue.
For maugre wolde I not deserue
In thilke place, where I loue.
But for ye tolden here aboue,
Of couetise and his pillage,
If there be more of that lignage,
Whiche toucheth to my shrifte, I praie,
That ye therof me wolde saie,
So that I maie the vice eschewe.
Sonne if I by order shewe
The vices, as thei stonde a rowe
Of couetise, thou shalt knowe,
There is yet one, whiche is the last,
In whome there maie no vertue last.
For he with god hym selfe debateth,
Wherof that all the heuen hym hateth

Sacrilegus tantum furto loca sacra prophanat,
Vt sibi sint agri, sic domus alma dei,
Nec locus est, in quo non temptat amans, qui amatur,
Si quæ posse nequit, carpere velle capit.

Hic tractat super vltima Cupiditatis specie, que sacrilegium dicitur, cuius furtum ea que altissimo sanctificantur bona depredans, ecclesie tantum spoliis insidiatur.

The high god, whiche all good
Purueied hath for mans foode,
Of clothes and of meate and drynke,
Bade Adam, that he shuld swynke,
To getten hym his substance:
And eke he set an ordinance
Upon a lawe of Moyses,
That though a man be haueles,
Yet shall he not by theft stele.
But nowe a daies there ben fele,
That woll no labour vndertake,
But what thei maie by stelth take,
Thei holde it sikerliche wonne.
And thus the lawe is ouerronne,
Whiche god hath set, and namely
With hem that so vntruly
The gooddes robbe of holy churche.
The theft, whiche thei than wurche,
By name is cleped Sacrilege,
Ayen the whom I thinke allege,
Upon the pointes as we ben taught,
Stont Sacrilege, and elles nought.
The first point is for to saye,
Whan that a thefe shall stele awaie
The holy thyng from holy place.
The seconde is, if he purchace
By waye of theft vnholy thynge,
Whiche he vpon his knowlageynge
Fro holy place awaie toke.
The thirde point, as saieth the boke,
Is suche, as where as euer it be,
In woodde, in felde, or in citee,
Shall no man stele by no wise,
That halowed is to the seruise
Of god, whiche all thynges wotte.
But there is nother cold ne hotte,
Whiche he for god or man woll spare,
So that the body maie wel fare,
And that he maie the world escape,
The heuen hym thynketh is but a iape.
And thus the sooth for to telle,
He rifeleth both boke and belle,
So forth with all the remenant,
To gods hows appertinant.
Where that he shulde bidde his bede,
He doth his theft in holy stede,
And taketh what thyng he fint therin.
For whan he seeth, that he maie wyn,
He woneth for no cursidnesse,
That he ne breketh the holynesse,
And doth to god no reuerence.
For he hath lost his conscience,

That though the preste therfore curse,
He seith, *he fareth* not the wurse.
And for to speke it other wise,
What man that lasseth the franchise,
And taketh of holy churche his praie,
I not what bedes he shall praie,
Whan he fro god, whiche hath yeue all,
The purpartie in speciall,
Whiche vnto Christe hym selfe is due,
Bynemeth, he maie not wel eschue
The peine comyng afterwarde,
For he hath made his forewarde,
With Sacrilege for to dwelle,
Whiche hath his heritage in helle.

Hic tractat precipue de tribus sacrilegis, quorum vnus fuit Antiochus, alter Nabuzardan, tertius Nabugodonosor.

And if we rede of tholde lawe,
I finde writte in thilke lawe
Of princes, howe there weren three
Culpable sore in this degree.
That one of hem was cleped thus,
The proude kynge Antiochus.
That other Nabuzardan hight,
Whiche of his crueltee behight
The temple to distroie and waste:
And so he did in all haste.
The thirde, whiche was after shamed,
Was Nabugodonosor named:
And he Hierusalem put vnder,
Of sacrilege and many a wonder
There in the holy temple he wrought,
Whiche Balthasar his heire abought.

Nota descripta in pariete tempore regis Balthasar, quæ fuit, Mane Techel Phares.

Whan Mane Techel Phares writte
Was on the walle, as thou might witte,
So as the bible it hath declared,
But for al that it is nought spared
Yet nowe a daie, that men ne pille,
And maken argument and skille
To sacrilege as it belongeth.
For what man that there after longeth,
He taketh none hede, what he dooth.
And if a man shall tell sooth
Of gile, and of subtilitee,
Is none so sligh in his degree,
To feigne a thyng for his beyete,
As is this vice, of whiche I trete:
He can so priuliche pike,
He can so well his wordes slike,
To put awaie suspicion,
That in his excusacion
There shall no man defaute finde.
And thus full ofte men be blinde,
That stonden of his worde deceiued,
Er his queintise be perceiued.
But netheles yet other while,
For all his stelth, and all his gile,
Of that he wolde his werke forsake,
He is atteint, and ouertake:
Wherof thou shalte a tale rede.

Hic loqvitvr de illis, qui larvata conscientia sacrilegium sibi licere fingunt. Et narrat, quod cum quidam Lucius Clericus, famosus et imperatori notus, deum suum Apollinem in templo Rome de anulo suo, pallio, et barba aurea spoliasset, ipse tandem apprehensus, et coram imperatore accusatus, taliter se excusando ait: Anulum a deo recepi, quia ipse digito protenso ex sua largitate anulum hunc gratiose mihi obtulit. Pallium ex lamine aureo constructum tuli: quia aurum maxime ponderosum et frigidum naturaliter consistit. Vnde nec in estate, propter pondus, nec in hyeme propter frigus ad dei vestes vtile fuit: Barbam a deo deposui, quia ipsum patri suo assimulare volui. Nam et Apollo stetit absque barba, iuuenis apparuit, Et sic ea que gessi non ex furto, sed ex honestate processisse manifeste declaraui.

Er Rome came to the creance
Of Christis feith it felle perchance,
Cesar, whiche tho was emperour,
Hym list for to doone honour
Unto the temple Apollinis,
And made an image vpon this,
The whiche was cleped Apollo,
Was none so riche in Rome tho.
Of plate of golde a berde he had,
The whiche his brest all ouer spradde.
Of golde also without faile
His mantell was of large entaile,
Besette with perrey all about:
Forth right he straught his finger out,
Upon the whiche he had a ryngе,
To seen it was a riche thyng,
A fine carbuncle for the nones,
Moste precious of all stones.
And fell that tyme in Rome thus,
There was a clerke one Lucius,
A courtier, a famous man,
Of query witte somwhat he can,
Out take that hym lacketh rule,
His owne estate to guyde and rule:
Howe so it stode of his spekynge,
He was not wise in his dooynge
But euery riote at last
Mote nedes falle, and maie not laste,
After the nede of his deserte:
So felle this clerke in pouerte,
And wist not howe for to rise,
Wherof in many a sondrie wise
He cast his wittes here and ther,
He loketh nigh, he loketh ferre,
Till on a tyme that he come
Into the temple, and hede nome,
Where that the god Apollo stoode.
He sigh the riches, and the goode,
And thought he wolde by some waie
The treasure picke and stele awaie:
And thervpon so sleighly wrought,
That his purpose about he brought,
And went awey vnapperceued:
Thus hath the man his god deceiued,
His rynge, his mantell, and his berde,
As he whiche nothyng was aferde,
All priuely with hym he bare.
And whan the wardeins were ware,
Of that her god despoiled was.
Hem thought it was a wonder cas,
Howe that a man for any wele,
Durste in so holy place stele,
And namely so great a thyng.
This tale came vnto the kyng.

And was through spoken ouerall,
But for to knowe in speciall,
What maner man hath do the dede,
Thei soughten helpe vpon the nede,
And maden calculacion,
Wherof by demonstracion
The man was founde with the good:
In iugement and whan he stoode
The kynge hath asked of hym thus:
Sey thou vnsely Lucius,
Why hast thou done this sacrilege?
My lorde, if I the cause allege,
(Quod he ayene) me thynketh this,
That I haue do nothyng amis.
Thre pointes ther ben, which I haue do,
Wherof the firste point stant so,
That I the rynge haue take awaye:
Unto that point this woll I saye,
When I the god beheelde about,
I sigh, howe he his honde straught out,
And profred me the rynge to yeue.
And I, whiche wolde gladly liue
Out of pouertee, through his largesse,
It vnderfange, so that I gesse,
And therof am nought to wite.
And ouermore I woll me quite,
Of golde that I the mantell toke:
Golde in his kynde, as saithe the boke,
Is heuy both and colde also,
And for that it was heuy so,
Me thought it was no garnement
Unto the god conuenient,
To clothen hym the sommer tide.
I thought vpon that other side,
Howe gold is colde, and suche a clothe
By reason ought to be lothe
In wynter tyme for the chele.
And thus thynkende thoughtes fele,
As I myn eie aboute caste,
His large berde than at laste
I sigh, and thought anone therfore,
Howe that his father hym before,
Whiche stode vpon the same place,
Was berdles, with a yongly face.
And in suche wise, as ye haue herde,
I toke away the sonnes berde,
For that his father had none,
To make hem liche, and here vpon
I aske for to ben excused.
Lo thus where sacrilege is vsed,
A man can feigne his conscience,
And right vpon suche euidence,
In loues cause if I shall treate,
There ben of suche small and great,
If thei no leyfer finde elles,
Thei wol not wonde for the belles,
Ne though thei see the preest at masse,
That thei wol leten ouerpasse,
If that thei finde her loue there,
Thei stonde and telle in hir ere,
And aske of god none other grace,
While thei ben in that holy place,
But er thei gon some auantage
There will thei haue, and som pillage
Of goodly wordes, or of beheste,
Or elles thei take at leste
Out of hir honde a rynge or gloue,
So nigh the weder thei will houe:
As who saith, she shall not foryet,
Nowe I this token of hir haue gete.

Thus halowe thei the hie feste,
Suche theefte maie no churche areste,
For all is lefull that hem liketh,
To whom that elles it misliketh.
And eke right in the selfe kinde
In great citees men may finde
This lustie folke, that make hem gaye,
And waite vpon the holy daye,
In churches, and in minstres eke
Thei gon the women for to seke.
And where that suche one goth aboute
To fore the fairest of the route,
Where as thei sitten all a rewe,
There wille he moste his body shewe,
His croked kempt, and therupon set
An ouche, with a chapelet:
Or elles one of grene leues,
Whiche late come out of the greues,
All for he shulde seme fresshe.
And thus he loketh on his flesshe,
Right as an hauke, whiche hath a sight
Upon the fowle, there he shall light,
And as he were a fairie,
He sheweth hym to for her eie
In holy place, where thei sitte,
Al for to make her hertes flitte.
His eie no where woll abide,
But loke and prie on euery side
On hir and hir, as hym best liketh.
And other while a monge he siketh.
Thinketh one of hem that was for me,
And so there thynken two or thre,
And yet he loueth none of all,
But where as euer his chance fall.
And netheles to sey a sooth,
The cause why that he so dooth,
Is for to stele an herte or two
Out of the churche er that he go.
And as I said it here aboue,
All that is sacrilege of loue.
For well maie be he steleth awaie
That he neuer after yeld maie.
Telle me for thy my sonne anone,
Hast thou do sacrilege or none,
As I haue said in this mancre?
My fader as of this matere,
I will you telle redily
What I haue do, but truly
I may excuse myn entent,
That I neuer yet to churche went
In suche maner, as ye me shriue,
For no woman that is on liue.
The cause why I haue it laft,
May be, for I vnto that crafte
Am nothyng able for to stele,
Though there be women not so fele.
But yet wille I not sey this,
Whan I am there my lady is,
In whom lieth holy my quarele,
And she to churche, or to chappele
Woll go to matens or to messe:
That tyme I waite well and gesse,
To churche I come, and there I stonde,
And though I take a boke on honde,
My countenance is on the boke,
But toward hir is all my loke.
And if so falle, that I praie
Unto my god, and somwhat saie
Of Pater noster, or of Crede,
All is for that I wolde spede.

So that my bede in holy churche
There might som miracle wurche,
My ladis herte for to chaunge,
Whiche euer hath be to me so straunge:
So that all my deuocion,
And all my contemplacion,
With all myn herte and my corage,
Is onely set on hir ymage.
And euer I waite vpon the tide,
If she loke any thyng aside,
That I me maie of hir auise,
Anone I am with couetise
So smite, that me were lefe
To be in holy churche a thefe,
But not to stele a vestement.
For that is nothyng my talent.
But I wolde stele, if that I might,
A glad worde, or a goodly sight.
And euer my seruice I profere,
And namely whan she woll gone offre,
For than I lede hir, if I maie.
For somwhat wolde I stele awaie.
Whan I beclippe hir on the wast,
Yet at lest I stele a taste:
And other while grant mercy
She saith, and so wynne I therby
A lusty touche, a good worde eke.
But all the remenant to seke,
Is fro my purpos wonder ferre.
So maie I saie, as I saide erre,
In holy churche if that I wowe,
My conscience I wolde allowe,
Be so that vp amendement,
I might gete assignement,
Where for to spede in other place,
Suche sacrilege I holde a grace.
And thus my father sooth to saie,
In churche right as in the waie,
If I might ought of loue take,
Suche hansell haue I nought forsake.
But finally I me confesse,
There is in me no holynesse,
While I hir see in holy stede:
And yet for ought that euer I dede,
No sacrilege of hir I toke,
But if it were of worde or loke,
Or els if that I hir frede,
Whan I towarde offryng hir lede,
Take therof what I take maie:
For els beare I nought awaie.
For though I wolde ought els haue,
All other thynges bene so saue,
And kepte with suche a priuilege,
That I maie do no sacrilege.
God wote my wil netheles,
Though I must nedes kepe pees,
And maugre myn so let it passe,
My will therto is not the lasse,
If I might other wise awaie.
For thy my father I you praie,
Tell what you thinketh therypon,
If I therof haue gilte or none.
Thy will my sonne is for to blame,
The remenant is but a game,
That I haue the tolde as yit.
But take this lore in to thy wit,
That all thyng hath tyme and stede:
The churche serueth for the bede,
The chambre is of an other speche.
But if thou wistest of the wreche,
Howe sacrilege it hath abought,
Thou woldest bettre be bethought,
And for thou shalte the more amende,
A tale I will on the dispende.

Hic in amoris causa super istius vitii articulo ponit exemplum, Et narrat pro eo quod Paris, Priami regis filius Helenam Menelai vxorem in quadam Grecie Insula a templo Veneris sacrilegus abduxit, illa Troie famosissima obsidia per vniuersa orbis climata diuulgata precipue causabat, ita quod huiusmodi sacrilegium non solum ad ipsius regis Priami, omniumque suorum interitum, sed ad perpetuam vrbis desolationem vindicte fomitem ministrabat.

To all men, as who saith, knowe
It is, and in the worlde through blowe,
Howe that of Troie Lamedon,
To Hercules, and to Iason,
Whan toward Colchos out of Grece
By sea seilend vpon a pece
Of londe of Troie reste preyde.
But he wrothfully conieyde:
And for thei founde hym so villeyne,
Whan thei came in to Grece ageyne,
With power, that thei get might,
Towardes Troie thei hem dight:
And there thei toke suche vengeance,
Wherof stant yet the remembrance.
For thei destroied kynge and all,
And lefte but the brent walle.
The grekes of Troiens many slowe,
And prisoners thei toke enowe:
Amonge the whiche there was one,
The kynges doughter Lamedon,
Essiona the faire thynge,
Whiche vnto Thelamon the kynge
By Hercules, and by thassent
Of all the holle parliament,
Was at his wille yeue and graunted.
And thus hath Grece Troie daunted,
And home thei tourne in suche manere.
But after this, nowe shalt thou here
The cause why this tale I telle,
Upon the chances that befelle.
Kynge Lamedon, whiche deide thus,
He had a sonne one Priamus,
Which was nought thilke tyme at home:
But whan he herde of this, he come,
And fonde howe the citee was falle,
Whiche he began anon to walle,
And made there a citee newe,
That thei, whiche other londes knewe,
Tho seiden, that of lyme and stone
In all the worlde so faire was none:
And on that o side of the towne
The kynge let make Ilion,
That high toure, that stronge place,
Whiche was adrad of no manace,
Of quarele, nor of none engyne:
And though men wolden make a myne,
No mans crafte it might approche:
For it was set vpon a roche.
The walles of the towne about
Hem stode of all the worlde no dout.
And after the proporcion,
Sixe gates were there of the towne,
Of suche a forme, of suche entaile,
That hem to see was great meruaile,

The diches weren brode and depe,
A fewe men it might kepe
From all the worlde, as semeth the,
But if the goddes weren so.
Great prees vnto that citee drough,
So that there was of people enough,
Of burgeis that therin dwellen,
There maie no mans tunge tellen,
Howe that citee was riche and good.
Whan al was made, and all well stoode,
Kynge Priamus tho hym bethought,
What thei of Grece whilom wrought,
And what was of her sworde deuoured,
And howe his sister dishonoured,
With Thelamon awaie was lad.
And tho thinkende he waxte vnglad,
And sette anone a parliment:
To whiche the lordes were assent.
In many a wise there was spoke,
Howe that thei mighten ben awroke.
But at the last netheles
Thei saiden all, accorde and pees
To setten euery parte in rest
It thought hem than for the best,
With reasonable amendement.
And thus was Anthenor forth sent,
To aske Esiona ageyne,
And witten what thei wolde seyne.
So passeth he the sea by barge
To Grece, for to sey his charge,
The whiche he saide redily
Unto the lordes by and by.
But where he spake in Grece aboute,
He herde nought but wordes stoute,
And nameliche of Thelamon:
The maiden wolde he not forgone
He saide for no maner thyng,
And had hym gone home to his kyng.
For there gate he none amende,
For ought he couth do or sende.
This Anthenor ayene goth home
Unto his kynge, and whan he come,
He tolde, in Grece of that he herde:
And howe that Thelamon answerde,
And howe thei were at her aboue,
That thei wol neither pees ne loue,
But euery man shall done his best.
But for men seyen, that night hath rest,
The kyng bethought hym all that night,
And erely whan the daie was light,
He toke councell of this matere.
And thei accorde in this manere,
That he withouten any let,
A certeyne tyme shulde set
A parlement to ben auised,
And in this wise it was auised.
Of parlement he set a daie,
And that was in the moneth of Maie.
This Priamus had in his ight
A wife, and Hecuba she hight:
By whom that tyme eke had he
Sonnes fiue, and doughters thre,
Besiden hem and thirty mo,
And weren knightes also tho,
But not vpon his wife begete,
But els where he might hemgete
Of women, whiche he had knowe,
Suche was the worlde that ilke throwe:
So that he was of children riche,
So therof was no man hym liche.

Of parlement the daie was come.
There bene lordes all and some.
Tho was pronounced and purposed,
And all the cause was hem disclosed,
Howe Anthenor in Grece ferde.
Thei sitten all still and herde.
And tho spake euery man aboute,
There was alledged many a doute,
And many a proude worde spoke also.
But for the moste parte as tho,
Thei wisten not what was the beste,
Or for to warre, or for to reste.
But he that was without fere
Hector amonge the lordes there
His tale tolde in suche a vise,
And saide: Lordes ye ben wise,
Ye knowen this, as well as I,
Aboue all other most worthy
Stant nowe in Grece the manhod,
Of worthynes and of knighthod.
For who so will it wel agrope,
To hem belongeth all Europe,
Whiche is the third parte euen
Of all the worlde vnder the heuen:
And we be but of folke a fewe.
So were it reson to eschewe
The perill, er we fall therin:
Better is to leue than begin
Thyng, whiche as maie not ben acheued.
He is not wise, that finde hym greued,
And doth so, that his greue be more.
For who that loketh all tofore,
And woll not see, what is behynde:
He maie full ofte his harmes finde.
Wicke is to striue, and haue the worse,
We haue encheson for to corse,
This wote I welk, and for to hate
The grekes, but er that we debate
With hem, that ben of suche a might,
It is full good, that euery wight
Be of hym selfe right well bethought.
But as for me thus saye I nought.
For while that my life woll stonde,
If that ye take werre in honde,
Falle it to best, or to the werst,
I shall my seluen be the ferst
To greuen hem, what euer I maie,
I wolle not ones saie naie
To thyng, which that your counceil demeth.
For vnto me welle more it quemeth
The werre certes than the pees.
But this I saie netheles,
As me belongeth for to saie:
Nowe shape ye the beste waie.
When Hector hath saide his auise,
Next after hym tho spake Paris,
Whiche was his brother, and aleyed,
Whan hym best thought, thus he seyde.
Stronge thyng it is to suffer wronge,
And suffer shame is more stronge:
But we haue suffred both two,
And for all that yet haue we do
What so we might to reforme
The pees, whan we in suche a forme
Sent Anthenor, as ye well knowe,
And thei hir great wordes blowe
Upon her wrongfull dedes eke.
And who that woll not hym selfe meke
To pees, and list no reason take,
Men seyn, reason wil hym forsake.

For in the multitude of men
Is not the strengthe, for with ten
It hath be sene in trewe quarele
Ayeue an honderd false, dele,
And had the better of gods grace.
Thus hath befalle in many place.
And if it like vnto you all,
I wille assaie howe so it falle,
Our enemies if I maie greue.
For I haue caught a great beleue
Upon a point I wol declare.
This ender daie as I gan fare
To hunte vnto the great herte,
Whiche was tofore myn houndes sterte,
And euery man went on his side,
Hym to pursewe, and I to ride
Began to chase, and sooth to saie,
Within a while out of my waie
I rode, and nist where I was:
And slepe me caught, and on the grasse
Beside a welle I leyd me downe
To slepe, and in a vision
To me the god Mercurie came,
Goddesses thre with hym he nam,
Minerue, Venus, and Iuno;
And in his honde an apple tho
He helde of golde, with letters writte:
And this he did me to witte,
Howe that thei put hem vpon mee,
That to the fairest of hem three,
Of golde that apple shulde I yeue.
With eche of hem, tho was I shryue,
And eche one faire me behight:
But Venus saide, if that she might
That apple of my yefte gette,
She wolde it neuermore foryete,
And saide, howe that in Grece londe
She wold bryng in to myn honde
Of all this erth the fairest,
So that me thought it for the best,
To hir and yafe the apple tho.
Thus hope I well, if that I go,
That she for me woll so ordeine,
That thei matere for to pleine
Shull haue, er that I come ayene.
Nowe haue ye herde, that I woll seyne,
Say ye, what stant in your auis.
And euery man tho saide his,
And sondrie causes thei recorde:
But at last thei accorde,
That Paris shall to Grece wende
And thus the parliament toke ende.
Cassandra whan she herde of this,
The whiche of Paris sister is:
Anone she gan to wepe and wayle,
And saide alas, what may vs ayle:
Fortune with hir blynde whele
Ne woll nought let vs stonde wele.
For this I dare well vndertake,
That if Paris his way take,
As it is saide, that he shall do,
We ben for euer than vndo.
The whiche Cassandra than hight,
In all the worlde as it beareth sight,
In bokes as men finde writte,
Is that Sybille, of whom ye witte,
That all men yet clepen sage:
Whan that she wist of this viage,
How Paris shall to Grece fare,
No woman might worse fare,
Ne sorowe more than she dede.
And right so in the same stede
Perde Helenus, whiche was hir brother,
Of prophecy and suche another:
And all was holde but a iape,
So that the purpose, whiche was shape,
Or were hem lefe, or were hem lothe,
Was holde: and in to Grece goth
This Paris, with his retenance.
And as it fell vpon his chance,
Of Grece he londeth in an ile,
And hym was tolde the same while
Of folke, whiche he began to freyne,
Tho was in theyle quene Heleyne:
And eke of countrees there aboute
Of ladies many a lusty route,
With mochel worthy people also.
And why thei comen theder tho,
The cause stode in suche a wise,
For worship and for sacrifice,
That thei to Venus wolden make,
As thei to fore had vndertake:
Some of good will, some of behest.
For than was hir highe fest
Within a temple, whiche was there.
Whan Paris wist, what thei were,
Anone he shope his ordinance
To gone to done his obeisance
To Venus, on hir holy daie:
And did vpon his best araie.
With great richesse he hym behongeth,
As it to suche a lorde belongeth.
He was nought armed netheles,
But as it were in londe of pees:
And thus he goth forth out of ship,
And taketh with hym his felaushipe,
In suche manere, as I you saie,
Unto the temple he helde his waie.
Tidyng, whiche goth ouerall,
To great and small forthe withall,
Come to the quenes eare, and tolde,
Howe Paris came, and that he wolde
Do sacrifice to Venus.
And whan she herde tell thus,
She thought, howe that it euer bee,
That she will hym abide and see.
Forth cometh Paris with glad visage
In to the temple on pilgremage.
Where vnto Venus the goddesse
He yeueth, and offreth great richesse,
And prayeth hir, that he pray wolde.
And than aside he gan beholde
And see, where that this lady stode,
And he forthe in his fresshe mode
Goth there she was, and made hir chere,
As he well couth in his manere:
That of his wordes suche plesance
She toke, that all hir aqueintance,
Als ferforth as the herte laye
He stale, er that he went awaye.
So goth he forthe, and toke his leue,
And thought anone, as it was eue,
He wolde doone his sacrilege,
That many a man shulde it abedge.
Whan he to ship ayene was come,
To hym he hath his counsaile nome,
And all deuised the matiere,
In suche a wise as thou shalt here.
Within nightall priuely
His men he warneth by and by,

That thei be redy armed soone
For certeine thyng, whiche is to done.
And thei anone ben redy all,
And echone other gan to call,
And went hem out vpon the stronde,
And toke a purpose there a loude,
Of what thynge that thei wolden do,
Towarde the temple and forth thei go.
So felle it of deuocion,
Heleyne in contemplacion,
With many an other worthy wight,
Was in the temple and woke all night,
To bidde and praye vnto thimage
Of Venus, as was thaim vsage.
So that Paris right as hym list,
In to the temple er thei it wist
Came with his men all sodenly,
And all at ones set askrie
In hem, whiche in the temple were.
For tho was muche peple there.
But of defence was no boote,
So suffren their, that suffre mote.
Paris vnto the quene wente,
And hir in both his armes hente
With hym, and with his felaushiip,
And forth thei beare hir vnto ship.
Up goth the saile, and forth thei wente;
And suche a wynde fortune hem sent,
Till thei the hauen of Troie caught,
Where out of ship anone thei straught,
And gone hem forth towarde the towne:
The whiche came with procession
Ayene Paris, to sene his praie.
And euery man began to saie
To Paris, and to his felaushiip,
All that thei couthen of worship.
Was none so littell man in Troie,
That he ne made mirthe and ioye,
Of that Paris had wonnen Heleyne.
But all that mirthe is sorow and peyne
To Helenus, and to Cassandre.
For thei it tolden shame and sklandre
And losse of all the commen grace,
That Paris out of holy place
By stelth hath take a mans wife:
Wherof he shall lese his life,
And many a worthy man therto,
And all the citee be fordo,
Whiche neuer shall be made ayene.
And so it fell right as thei seyne:
The sacrilege whiche he wrought
Was cause, why the grekes sought
Unto the towne, and it belaie,
And wolden neuer parte awaie,
Till what by sleight, and what by strength,
They had it wonne in brede and length,
And brente, and slayne, that was within.
Nowe se my sonne suche a synne
Is sacrilege in holy stede,
Beware therfore and bid thy bede,
And do nothyng in holy churche,
But that thou might by reason worche.
And eke take hede of Achilles,
Whan he vnto his loue chees
Polixena, that was also
In holy temple of Apollo,
Whiche was the cause why he diede,
And all his luste was leide aside.
And Troilus vpon Creseide
Also his first loue leyde
In holy place, and howe it ferde,
As who seith, all the worlde it herde:
Forsake he was for Diomede,
Suche was of loue his last mede.
For thy my sonne I wolde rede,
By this ensample as thou might rede,
Seche els where thou wilte thy grace,
And ware the well in holy place,
What thou to loue do or speke,
In aunter if it so be wreke,
As thou hast herde me tell to fore.
And take good hede also therfore:
Upon the forme of auarice,
More than of any other vice,
I haue deuided in parties
The branches, which of companies,
Through out the worlde in generall,
Be nowe the leders ouer all.
Of couetise, and of periurie,
Of fals brocage, and of vsurie,
Of scarcenes and of vnkyndeship,
Which neuer drough to felaushiip.
Of robberie and of priue stelth,
Whiche done is for the worldes welth,
Of rauine, and of sacrilege,
Which maketh the conscience agrege,
All though it maie riches atteyne,
It floureth, but it shall not greyne
Unto the fruite of rightwisnesse.
But who that wolde do largesse
Upon the reule, as it is yeue,
So might a man in trouth liue
Toward his god, and eke also
Toward the worlde: for both two,
Largesse awaiteth as belongeth,
To neither part that he ne wrongeth:
He kepeth him selfe, he kepeth his frendes,
So stant he saufe to both his endes,
That he excedeth no measure,
So well he can hym selfe measure,
Wherof my sonne thou shalt witte
So as the philosophe hath writte.

Prodigus et pareus duo sunt extremaque largus,
Est horum medius plebis in ore bonus.

Nota hic de virtute largitatis; que ad oppositum auaricie inter duo extrema videlicet parcimoniam et prodigalitatem specialiter consistit.

Betwix the two extremities
Of vice, stont the properties
Of vertue, and to preue it so,
Take Auarice, and take also
The vice of prodigalitee
Betwyx hem liberalitee
(Whiche is the vertue of largesse)
Stant, and gouerneth his noblesse.
For tho two vices in discorde
Stonde euer, as I fynde of recorde;
So that betwene her two debate
Largesse ruleth his astate.
For in suche wise as auariee,
As I to fore haue tolde the vice,
Through streit holding, and through scarsnes
Stant contrary to largesse:
Right so stant prodigalitee
Reuers, but nought in suche degree.
For so as auarice spareth,
And for to kepe his treasour careth,

That other all his owne and more,
Ayene the wise mannes lore,
Yeueth and dispendeth here and there,
So that hym recheth neuer where,
While he maie borowe, he woll dispende,
Tyll at last he saith, I wende.
But that is spoken all to late.
For than is pouertee at gate,
And taketh hym euen by the sleue.
For erst woll he no wisedome leue.
And ryght as auarice is synne,
That wolde his treasour kepe and wynne:
Right so is prodigalitee.
But of largesse in his degree,
Whiche euen stant betwene the two,
The high god and man also
The vertue eche of hem commendeth.
For he hym seluen fyrst amendeth,
That ouer all his name spredeth,
And to all other, where it nedeth
He yeueth his good in suche a wise,
That he maketh many a man arise,
Whiche els shulde falle lowe.
Largesse maie not ben vnknowe.
For what londe that he reigneth inne,
It may not fayle for to winne
Through his desert loue and grace,
Where it shall faile in other place.
And thus betwene to muche and lyte,
Largesse, which is nought to wite,
Holt euer forth the myddell waie.
But who that woll terne awaie
Fro that, to prodigalitee,
Anone he leueth the propirtee
Of vertue, and goth to the vice.
For in suche wise as Auarice
Leueth for scarsnesse his good name:
Right so that other is to blame,
Which through his waste mesure excedeth.
For no man wote what harme it bredeth,
While that a man hath good to yeue,
With great rowtes he maie leue,
And hath his frendes ouerall,
And eueriche of hym telf shall,
The while he hath his full packe,
They say: a good felawe is lacke,
Whan it fayleth at last,
Anone his price thei ouercast.
For than is there none other lawe,
But lacke was a good felawe.
Whan thei hem poore and nedie see
They let hym passe, and fare well hee.
All that he wend of companie
Is than torned to folie.
But nowe to speke in other kinde
Of loue, a man maie suche fynde,
That where thei come in euery route,
Thei cast and wast her loue aboute,
Till all her time is ouergone,
And than haue thei lone none.
For who that loueth ouerall.
It is no reason, that he shall
Of loue haue any propirtee.
For thy my sonne auise thee,
If thou of loue hast be to large.
For suche a man is not to charge.
And if it so be, that thou hast
Dispended all thy tyme in wast,
And set thy loue in sondry place,
Though thou the substance of thy grace
Lese at the last it is nō wonder.
For he that put hym seluen vnder,
As who saith, commyn ouer all,
He leseth the loue speciall
Of euery one, if she be wise.
For loue shall nought beare his prise
By reason, whan it passeth one,
So haue I sen full many one,
That were of loue wele at ease,
Whiche after felle in great disease,
Through wast of loue, that thei spent
In sondry places where thei went.
Right so my sonne I aske of the,
If thou with prodigalitee
Hast here and there thy loue wasted?
My father nay, but I haue tasted
In many a place, as I haue go,
And yet loue I neuer one of tho,
But for to driue foorth the daie.
For leueth well, my herte is aye
Withouten mo, for euermore
All vpon one, for I no more
Desire, but hir loue alone:
So make I many a priue mone.
For well I fele, I haue dispended
My longe loue, and not amended
My spede: for ought I finde yit,
If this be wast vnto your wit
Of loue, and prodigalitee,
Now good father demeth yee.
But of o thyng I will me shriue,
That I shall for no loue thriue,
But if hir selfe will me releue.
My sonne that I maie well leue.
And netheles me semeth so,
For ought that thou hast yet misdo
Of tyme, whiche thou hast spended,
It maie with grace ben amended.
For thyng whiche maie be worth the coste,
Perchaunce is nother wast ne loste,
For what thyng stant on auenture,
That can no worldes creature
Tell in certaine, howe it shall wende,
Till he therof maie sene an ende:
So that I note as yet therfore,
If thou my sonne hast wonne or lore,
For ofte tyme, as it is sene
Whan sommer hath lost all his grene,
And is with wynter wast and bare,
That hym is lefte nothyng to spare,
All is recouered in a throwe,
The colde wyndes ouerblowe,
And stilled ben the sharpe shoures,
And sodeinliche ayene his floures
The sommer happeneth, and is riche,
And so percase thy grace is liche.
My sonne though thou be now pouer
Of loue: yet thou might recouer.
My fader certes grant mercy:
Ye haue me taught so redily,
That euer while I liue shall,
The better I maie beware with all
Of thyng, which ye haue said er this.
But euermore how that it is
Toward my shrifte, as it belongeth,
To wit of other pointes me longeth,
Wherof that ye me wolden teche,
With all my herte I you beseche.

EXPLICIT LIBER QUINTUS.

Est gula, quæ nostrum maculauit prima parentem,
Ex vetito pomo quo dolet omnis homo,
Hæc agit, vt corpus animæ contraria spirat:
Quo caro fit crassa, spiritus atque macer.
Intus et exterius si quæ virtutis habentur,
Potibus ebrietas conuiciata ruit.
Mersa sopore labis, que Bacchus inebriat hospes
Indignata Venus oscula raro premit.

Hic in Sexto libro tractare intendit de illo capitali vitio, quod gula dicitur, nec non et eiusdem duabus solummodo speciebus, videlicet ebrietate et delicacia, ex quibus humane concupiscentis oblectamentum habundantius augmentatur.

INCIPIT LIBER SEXTUS.

THE great sinne originall,
Which euery man in generall
Upon his birth hath enuennomed,
In paradise it was mistimed,
Whan Adam of thilke apple bote,
His swete morcell was to hote,
Whiche dedly made the mankynde.
And in the bokes as I finde,
This vice, whiche so out of rule
Hath set vs all, is cleped Gule:
Of whiche the branches ben so great,
That of hem all I woll not treat.
But onliche as touchende of two
I thynke to speke, and of no mo.
Wherof the firste is dronkeship,
Whiche beareth the cuppe felaushipe.
Ful many a wonder doth that vice,
He can make of a wisman nice,
And of a foole, that hym shall seme,
That he can all the lawe deme,
And yeue euery iudgement,
Whiche longeth to the firmament,
Both of the sterre, and of the moone:
And thus he maketh a great clerke soone
Of hym, that is a lewde man.
There is no thyng, whiche he ne can
While he hath dronkeship on honde:
He knoweth the sea, he knoweth the stronde,
He is a noble man of armes,
And yet no strength is in his armes.
There he was stronge enowe tofore
With dronkeship it is forlore,
And all is changed his estate,
And wexeth anone so feble and mate,
That he maie neither go ne come,
But all to gether he is benome
The power both of honde and fote,
So that algate abide he mote,
And all his wittes he foryete,
The whiche is to hym suche a lete,
That he wote neuer, what he dooth,
Ne whiche is fals, ne whiche is sooth,
Ne whiche is daie, ne whiche is night,
As for the tyme he knoweth no wighte,
That he ne wote so muche as this,
What maner thyng hym seluen is,
Or he be man, or he be beast,
That holde I right a sory feast:
Whan he, that reason vnderstoode,
So sodeinliche is wexe woode,
Or elles liche the deade man,
Whiche nother go ne speke can.
Thus ofte he is to bedde brought,
But yet where he lieth woteth he nought,
Till he arise vpon the morowe,
And than he saith: O whiche a sorowe
It is for to be drinkeles,
So that halfe dronke in suche a rees
With drie mouth he sterte hym vp,
And saith: Baille ca the cuppe,
That made hym lese his wit at eue,
Is than a morowe all his beleue.
The cup is all that euer hym pleaseth,
And also that hym most diseaseth.
It is the cup whom he serueth,
Whiche all cares from hym keruеth,
And all bales to hym bryngeth.
In ioye he wepeth, in sorowe he singeth.
For dronkenship is so diuers,
It maie no while stonde inuers.
He drinketh the wine, but at last
The wine drinketh him, and bynt him fast,
And leith hym dronke by the walle,
As hym, whiche is his bonde thralle,
And all in his subiection,
And liche to suche condicion,
As for to speke it otherwise,
It falleth that the most wise
Ben other while of loue adoted,
And so bewhapped and assoted,
Of dronken men that neuer yit
Was none, whiche halfe so lost his wit
Of drinke, as thei of suche thynges do.
Whiche cleped is the iolife wo,
And wexen of her owne thought
So dronke, that thei knowe nought
What reason is, or more or lesse,
Suche is the kinde of that sikenesse,
And that is not for lacke of brayne:
But loue is of so great a mayne,
That where he taketh a herte on honde,
There maie nothing his might withstonde.
The wise Salomon was nome,
And stronge Sampson ouercome.
The knightly Dauid hym ne might
Rescue, that he with the sight
Of Bersabee ne was bestade.
Virgile also was ouerlade,
And Aristotle was put vnder.
For thy my sonne it is no wonder,
Yf thou be dronke of loue amonge,
Whiche is aboue all other stronge.
And if so is, that thou so bee,
Telle me thy shrifte in priuitee.
It is no shame of suche a thewe,
A yonge man to be dronkelewe,
Of suche phisike as I can a parte,
And as me semeth by that arte,
Thou shuldest by phisonomie
Be shapen to that maladie
Of louedronke, and that is routhe.
A holy fader all is trouthe,
That ye me telle, I am be knowe,
That I with loue am so bethrowe,
And all my herte is so through sonke,
That I am veriliche dronke:
And yet I maie both speke and go:
But I am ouercome so,
And torned fro my selfe so clene,
That ofte I wote not what I mene,
So that excusen I ne maie
My hert fro the first daie,
That I cam to my ladie kithe,
I was neuer yet sobre sithe:

Where I hir se, or se hir nought,
With musynge of myn owne thought
Of loue, whiche my herte assaileth,
So dronke I am, that my witte faileth,
And all my brayne is ouertorned,
And my maner so misterned,
That I foryete all that I can,
And stonde like a mased man.
That ofte whan I shulde plaie,
It maketh me drawe oute of the waie
In soleyn place by my selfe,
As doth a laborer to delfe,
Whiche can no gentilmans chere,
Or elles as a lewde frere,
Whan he is put to his penance:
Right so lese I my contenance.
And if it nedes so betide,
That I in companie abyde,
There as I must daunce and synge,
The houe daunce and carolynge,
Or for to go the newe foote,
I may not well heue vp my foote,
If that she be not in the waie.
For than is all my myrth awaie,
And were anone of thought so full,
Wherof my lymmes ben so dull
I maie vnnethes gon the pas.
For thus it is, and euer it was,
Whan I on suche thoughtes muse
The lust and myrth, that men vse,
Whan I see not my lady byme:
All is foryete for the tyme
So forforth, that my wittes chaungen,
And all lustes fro me straungen:
That thei seiu all truly,
And swere, that it am not I.
For as the man, which ofte drynketh
The wine, that in his stomake synketh,
Waxeth dronke an witles for a throwe,
Right so my lust is ouerthrowe,
And of mine owne thought so mate.
I waxe, that to myn astate
There is no lym wyll me serue,
But as a drunken man I swerue,
And suffre suche a passion,
That men haue great compassion
And eche by hym selfe merualleth,
What thyng it is, that me so ayleth.
Such is the maner of my wo,
Whiche time that I am hir fro,
Till efte ayene that I hir see:
But than it were a nicetee
To tell you how that I fare.
For whan I maie vpon hir stare,
Hir womanhead, hir gentilnesse,
Myn herte is full of suche gladnesse,
That ouerpasseth so my wit,
That I wote neuer where it sit,
But am so drunken of that sight,
Me thinketh, that for the time I might,
Right sterte through the wholle walle.
And than I maie well, if I shall,
Both synge and daunce, and lepe aboute,
And holde forthe the lustie route.
But netheles it falleth so
Full ofte, that I fro hir go
Ne may, but as it were a stake
I stonde, auisement to take,
And loke vpon hir faire face,
That for the while out of the place,
For all the worlde ne might I wende,
Such lust cometh than into my mynde:
So that without meate and drynke,
Of lusty thoughtes, whiche I thinke,
Me thinketh I might stonden euer,
And so it were to me leuer,
Than suche a sight for to leue,
If that she wolde yeue me leue,
To haue so mochell of my wille.
And thus thinkende I stonde still
Without blenchinge of mine eie,
Right as me thought that I seie
Of paradis the most ioie.
And so there whyle I me reioie
Unto my herte a great desyre,
The whiche is hotter than the fire,
All sodenliche vpon me renneth,
That all my thought within brenneth,
And am so forforth ouercome,
That I note where I am become:
So that amonge the hertes stronge
In stede of drynke I vnderfonge
A thought so swete in my courage,
That neuer pyement, ne vernage
Was halfe so swete for to drynke.
For as I wolde, than I thynke,
As though I were at mine aboue.
For so through dronke I am of loue,
That all that my sotie demeth,
Is soth, as than it to me semeth.
And while I maie the thoughtes kepe,
Me thinketh as though I were a slepe,
And that I were in goddes barme.
But whan I see myn owne harme,
And that I sodenliche awake
Out of my thought, and hede take,
Howe that the sothe stant in dede,
Than is my sikernesse in drede,
And ioye torneth into wo.
So that the hete is all ago
Of suche sotie, as I was inne:
And than ayenewarde I begynne
To take of loue a newe thurst,
Whiche me greueth all there wurst,
For than cometh the blanche Feuer
With chele, and maketh me so to cheuer,
And so it coldeth at myn herte,
That wonder is, howe I asterte
In suche a poynte, that I ne deye.
For certes there was neuer keye,
Ne frosen ise vpon the walle
More inly colde than I am all.
And thus suffer I the hote chele,
Whiche passeth other peynes fele,
In colde I brenne, and frese in hete,
And than I drynke a bitter swete
With drie lippe, and eien wete.
Lo thus I temper my diete,
And take a draught of suche relees,
That all my wit is herteles,
And all my hert there it sitte,
Is, as who saith, without witte.
So that I preue it by reason,
In makynge of comparison
There maie no difference bee
Betwix a dronken man and mee.
But all the werst of euericheone
Is euer, that I thurst in one.
The more that my herte drynketh
The more I maie, so that me thinketh

My thurst shall neuer be aequeint,
God shelde, that I be not dreynt
Of suche a superfluitee.
For wele I feele in my degree,
That all my witte is ouercast,
Wherof I am the more agast,
That in defaute of ladiship
Perchance in suche a dronkenship
I may be dead, er I beware.
For certes father this I dare
Beknowe, and in my shrifte telle,
But I a draught haue of that welle,
In whiche my deth is and my life:
My ioye is tourned in to strife,
That sobre shall I neuer worthe,
But as a dronken man for worthe.
So that in londe where I fare,
The lust is lore of my welfare,
As he that maie no bote fynde.
But this me thinketh a wonder kynde.
As I am drunke of that I drynke
Of these thoughtes, that I thynke,
Of whiche I synde no relees,
But if I myght netheles
Of suche a drynke as I coueyte,
So as me lust haue o receite
I shulde assobre and fare wele.
But so fortune vpon hir whele
On high me deigneth not to sette.
For euermore I synde a lette,
The botiler is not my frende,
Whiche hath the key by the bende:
I may well wisshe, and that is waste.
For well I wote so fresshe a taste
(But if my grace be the more)
I shall assaie neuermore.
Thus am I dronke of that I see.
For tastynge is defended me.
And I can not my selues stanche,
So that my fader of this branche
I am gyltife, to telle trouth.
My sonne that me thinketh routh.
For loue dronke is the mischiefe
Aboue all other the most chief.
If he no lusty thought assaye,
Whiche may his sory thurst alaye,
As for the tyme yet it lesseth
To hym, whiche other ioye misseth.
For thy my sonne aboue all
Thinke well, how so it the befall,
And kepe thy wittes that thou hast,
And let hem not be dronke in wast.
But netheles there is no wight,
That maie withstonde loues might,
But why the cause is, as I finde,
But that there is diuerse kinde
Of lone dronke why men pleineth,
After the courte, whiche all ordeineth,
I will the telle the manere,
Now list my sonne, and thou shalt here.

Hic narrat secundum poetam, qualiter in suo cellario duo dolia Iupiter habet, quorum primum liquoris dulcissimi, secundum amarissimi plenum consistit, ita quod ille, cui fatata est prosperitas, de dulci potabit, Alter vero cui aduersabitur poculum gustabit amarum.

For the fortune of euery chance,
After the goddes purueance,
To man it groweth from aboue:
So that the spede of euery loue
Is shape there, er it befall.
For Iupiter aboue all,
Whiche is of goddes soueraine
Hath in his seller, as men saine,
Two tonnes full of loue drinke,
That maketh many a herte sinke,
And many an herte also to flete
Or of the sowre, or of the swete.
That one is full of suche piement,
Whiche passeth all entendement
Of mans wit, if he it taste,
And maketh a ioylife herte in hast.
That other, bitter as the galle,
Whiche maketh a mans hert palle,
Whose dronkeship is a sikenesse,
Through felynge of the bitternesse.
Cupide is botiler of bothe,
Whiche to the leefe, and to the lothe,
Yeueth of the swete, and of the soure:
That som laugh, and some loure.
But for so muche as he blinde is,
Full oft tyme he goth amis,
And taketh the badde for the good,
Whiche hyndreth many a mans foode
Withoute cause, and forthereth eke:
So ben there som of loue seke,
Whiche ought of reason to ben hole.
And som comen to the dole
In happe, and as hem selfe lest
Drinke, vndeserued of the best.
And thus this blynde botiler
Yeueth ofte trouble in stede of chere,
And eke chere in stede of trouble.
Lo howe he can the hertes trouble,
And maketh men dronke al vpon chance,
Withoute lawe of gouernance.
If he drawe of the swete tonne,
Than is the sorowe all ouer ronne
Of loue dronke, and shall nought greuen
So to be drunke euery euen.
For all is than but a game.
But whan it is nought of the same,
And he the better tonne draweth,
Suche dronkeship an herte gnaweth,
And febleth all a mannes thought,
That better hym were haue dronke nought,
And all his breade haue eaten drie.
For than he leseth his lustie weie,
With dronkeship, and wote not whither
To go, the waies bene so slider,
In whiche he maie percas so fall,
That he shall breke his wittes all.
And in this wise men ben drunke,
After the drinke thei haue drunke.
But all drinken not ylike.
For some shall singe, and some shall sike,
So that it me nothynge meruayleth
My sonne, of loue that the ayleth.
For I wel knowe by thy tale,
That thou hast dronken of the dwale,
Whiche bitter is, till god the sende
Suche grace, that thou might amende.
But sonne thou shalt bidde and praie,
In such a wise, as I shall saie,
That thou the lust well atteyne
Thy wofull thurstes to restreyne
Of loue, and taste the swetenes,
As Bacchus did in his distres,

Whan bodiliche thurste hym hent,
In straunge londes where he went.

Nota hic qualiter potus aliquando sitienti precibus adquiritur; Et narrat exemplum, quod cum Bacchus de quodam bello ab Oriente repatrians in quibusdam Libye partibus affricanis generis potum non inuenit, fusis ad Iouem precibus, apparuit et aries, qui terra pede percussit, statimque fons emanauit, et sic potum petenti petitio preualuit.

THIS Bacchus, sonne of Iupiter
Was hote, and as he went fer,
By his fathers assignement
To make a werre in thorient,
And great power with hym he ladde,
So that the higher honde he hadde,
And victorie of his enmis,
And tourneth homwarde with his prise,
In suche a countrei whiche was drey
A meschiefe fell vpon the weye,
As he rode with his companye,
Nigh to the strondes of Libye,
There might thei no drinke finde
Of water, nor of other kinde:
So that hym selfe, and all his hoste
Were for defaut of drinke almoste
Distroyed: and than Bacchus praide
To Iupiter, and thus he saide:
O high father, that seest all,
To whom is reason, that I shall
Beseche, and prie in euery nede,
Beholde my father, and take hede,
This full thurst, that we be inne
To staunche, and graunt vs for to winne,
And saufe vnto the countrei fare,
Where that our lustie loues are
Waytende vpon our home comynge.
And with the voyce of his prayenge,
Whiche herde was to the goddes hie,
He sigh anone tofore his eie
A wether, whiche the grounde hath spurned,
And where he hath it ouerturned,
There spronge a welle fresshe and clere:
Wherof his owne botilere,
After the lustes of his wille,
Yaue euery man to drinke his fille.
And for this ilke great grace
Bacchus vpon the same place
A riche temple let arere,
Whiche euer shulde stonde there,
To thrustie men in remembrance.
For thy my sonne after this chance,
It sitte the well to taken hede,
So for to prey vpon thy nede,
As Bacchus preide for the well,
And thinke, as thou hast herde me tell,
Howe grace he gradde, and grace he had.
He was no foole, that first so rad.
For selden get a dombe man londe,
Take that prouerbe, and vnderstonde,
That wordes ben of vertue grette.
For thy to speke thou ne lette,
And aske, and preie erely and late,
Thy thurst to quenche, and thinke algate
The botiller, whiche beareth the keye
Is blynde, as thou hast herde me seye.
And if it might so betide
That he vpon the blynde side
Parcas the swete tonne araught,
Than shalte thou haue a lustie draught,
And waxe of loue dronke sobre.
And thus I rede thou assobre
Thyn herte, in hope of suche a grace.
For dronkeship in euery place,
To whether side that it turne,
Doth harme, and maketh a man to spurne,
And ofte falle in suche a wise,
Where he percas maie nought arise.

Hic de amoris ebrietate ponit exemplum qualiter Tristram ob potum, quem Brangweyn in vani ei porrexit de amore belle Isolde inebriatus extitit.

AND for to loke in euidence
Upon the sothe experience,
So that it hath befall er this,
In euery mans mouth it is,
Howe Tristram was of loue dronke,
With bele Isolde whan thei dronke
The drinke, which Brangweine hem betoke
Er that kyng Marke his eme hir toke
To wife, as it was after knowe.
And eke my sonne, if thou wilte knowe,
As it hath fallen ouer more
In loues cause, and what is more
Of dronkeship for to drede,
As it whilom befell in dede,
Wherof thou might the better eschewe,
Of dronken men that thou ne sewe
The companie in no manere,
A great ensample thou shalt here.

Hic de periculis ebrietatis causa in amore contingentibus narrat, quod cum Perithous illam pulcherrimam Ipotatiam in vxorem duceret, quosdam qui Centauri vocabantur, inter alios vicinos ad nuptias inuitauit, qui vino imbuti, nouæ nupte formocitatem aspicientes, duplici ebrietate a mensa Ipotatiam a Perithoo marito suo impetu rapuerunt.

THIS finde I writte in poesie
Of thilke faire Ipotasie,
Of whose beautee there as she was
Spake euery man, and felle per cas,
That Perithous so hym sped,
That he to wife hir shulde wed:
Wherof that he great ioye made,
And for he wolde his loue glade,
Ageyne the daie of mariage,
By mouthe bothe, and by message,
His frendes to the fest he praied,
With great worship and as men said,
He hath this yonge lady spoused.
And whan that thei were all housed,
And set and serued at mete,
There was no wyne, whiche maie begete,
That there ne was plentie enough.
But Bacchus thilke tonne drough,
Wherof by waie of dronkeship,
The greatest of the felaushipp,
Were out of reason ouer take,
And Venus, whiche hath also take
The cause most in speciall,
Hath yeue hem drinke forth with all
Of thilke cuppe, whiche exciteth
The lust, wherin a man deliteth.

And thus by double wey dronke
Of lust that ilke firie fonke
Hath made hem, as who seith, half woode,
That thei no reason vnderstoode,
Ne to none other thyng thei seyen,
But hir, whiche to fore her eien
Was wedded thilke same daie,
That fresshe wife, that lustie maie,
Of hir it was all that thei thoughten:
And so farforth her lustes saughten,
That thei, whiche named were
Centauri, at the feste there
Of one assent, of one accorde,
This yonge wife maugre hir lorde,
In suche a rage awaie forth ladden,
As thei, whiche none insight hadden,
But onely to her drunken fare,
Whiche many a man hath made misfare
In loue, als wel as other weye,
Wherof, if I shall more seye
Upon the nature of this vice,
Of custome, and of exercise,
The mans grace, howe it fordooth,
A tale, whiche was whilom sooth,
Of fooles, that so dronken were,
I shall reherce vnto thyne ere,

Hic loquitur specialiter contra vitium illorum, qui nimia potatione ex consuetudine ebriosi efficiuntur, Et narrat exemplum de Galba et Vitello qui potentes in Hispania principes fuerunt, sed ipse cotidiane ebrietatis potibus assueti, tanta vicinis intulerunt enormia, quod tandem toto conclamante populo, pena sententie capitalis in eos iudicialiter diffinita est, qui priusquam morerentur, vt penam mortis alleuiarent, spontanea vim ebrietate sopiti, quasi porci semimortui gladio interierunt.

I REDE in a cronicle thus
Of Galba, and of Vitellus,
The whiche of Spayne both were
The greattest of all other there,
And bothe of o condicion,
After the disposicion
Of glotony, and dronkship
That was a sorie felaushipp.
For this thou might wel vnderstonde,
That man maie welle not longe stonde,
Whiche is wine dronke of common vse.
For he hath lore the vertues,
Wherof reason shuld bym cloth:
And that was sen vpon hem both.
Men seyn, there is no euidence,
Wherof to knowe a difference
Betwene the dronken and the woode.
For thei be neuer nother good.
For where that wine doth wit a weye,
Wisdome hath lost the right weye,
That he no maner vice dredeth,
No more than a blynd man thredeth
His nedel by the sonne light:
No more is reason than of might,
Whan he with dronkeship is blent.
And in this point thei weren shent,
This Galba both and eke Vitelle,
Upon the cause as I shall tell,
Wherof good is to take hede.
For thei two through her dronkenhede,
Of witles excitacion
Oppressed all the nacion
Of Spayne: for all foule vsaunce,
Whiche done was of continuaunce
Of hem, whiche all daie dronke were,
There was no wife ne maiden there,
What so thei were, or faire or foule,
Whom thei ne taken to defoule:
Wherof the londe was often wo,
And eke in other thynges mo
Thei wroughten many a sondrie wronge.
But howe so that the daie be longe,
The derke night cometh at last,
God wolde nought, thei shulden last,
And shope the lawe in suche a wise,
That thei through dome to the Iuise
Be damned for to be forlore.
But thei, that had be tofore
Enclined to all dronkenesse,
Her ende than bare witnesse.
For thei in hope to asswage
The peine of dethe vpon the rage,
That thei lasse shulden feele,
Of wyne let fill full a meele,
And dronken till so was befall,
That thei her strengthes losen all,
Withouten wit of ony brayne,
And thus thei ben halfe deed slayne,
That hem ne greueth but a lite.
My sonne if thou be for to wite
In ony point, whiche I haue saide,
Wherof thy wittes bene vnteide,
I rede clepe hem home ageyne.
I shall do father as ye seyne,
Als ferforth as I maie suffise.
But well I wote, that in no wise,
The dronkeship of loue aweye
I maie remue by no weye:
It stant nought vpon my fortune,
But if you list to commune
Of the seconde glotonie,
Whiche cleped is delicacie,
Wherof ye spake here to fore,
Beseche I wolde you therfore.
My sonne as of that ilke vice,
Whiche of all other is the norice,
And stant vpon the retenue
Of Venus, so as it is due,
The propertee howe that it fareth,
The boke herafter nowe declareth.

Delitiæ cum diuitiis sunt iura potentum,
In quibus orta Venus excitat ora gulæ.
Non sunt delitiæ tales, quæ corpora pascunt,
Ex quibus impletus gaudia venter agit.
Qui completus amor maiori munere gaudet:
Cum data delitiis mens in amante fatur.

Hic tractat super illa specie gule, quæ delicatia nuncupatur, cuius mollicies voluptuose carni personis precipue potentibus queque complacentia corporaliter ministrat.

OF this chapter, in whiche we trete,
There is yet one of suche diete,
To whiche no poore may attaine.
For all is past as paindemaine,
And sondrie wyne, and sondry drinke,
Wherof that he woll eate and drinke.

His cookes ben for hym affaited,
So that his body is awaited,
That hym shall lacke no delite
Als ferforth as his appetite
Suffiseth to the meates hote,
Wherof the lustie vice is hote
Of Gule the delicacie,
Whiche all the holle progenie
Of lustie folke hath vndertake
To fede, while that he maie take
Richesse, wherof to be founde
Of abstinence he wote no bounde
To what profite it shulde serue,
And yet phisike of his conserue
Maketh many a restrauracion
Unto his recreacion:
Whiche wolde be to Venus lefe.
Thus for the point of his relefe
The cooke, whiche shal his meate araye,
But he the better his mouth assaye,
His lordes thonke shall ofte lese,
Er he be serued to the chese.
For there maie lacke not so lite,
That he ne fint anone a wite.
But his lust be fully serued,
There hath no wight his thonke deserued.
And yet for mans sustenaunce,
To kepe and holde in gouernaunce,
To hym that woll his hele geate
Is none so good, as common meate.
For who that lokcth on the bokes,
It seith, confection of cookes,
A man hym shulde well auise,
Howe he it toke, and in what wise.
For who that vseth, that he knoweth,
Full selden sikenes on hym groweth:
And who that vseth meates straunge,
Though his nature empayre and chaunge,
It is no wonder liefe sonne,
Whan that he both ayene his wonne.
For in sikenesse this I fynde,
Usage is the seconde kynde
In loue, als well as other wey.
For as these holy bokes sey,
The bodily delices all,
In euery poynt howe so thei fall,
Unto the soule doue greuance.
And for to take in remembrance
A tale accordant vnto this,
Whiche of great vnderstandyng is
To mans soule reasonable,
I thynke tell, and is no fable.

Hic ponit exemplvm contra istos delicatos, et narrat de diuite et Lazaro, quorum gesta in euangelio Lucas euidentius describit.

Of Christis worde, who woll it rede,
Howe that this vice is for to drede,
In theuangile it telleth pleyne,
Whiche mote algate be certeine.
For Christe hym selfe beareth witnesse:
And though the clerke, and the clergesse
In laten tonge it rede and synge,
Yet for the more knowlecheynge
Of trouthe, whiche is good to witte
I shall declare, as it is writte
In englishe, for thus it began.
Christe seith, there was a riche man.
A myghty lorde of great astate,
And he was eke so delicate
Of his clothyng that euery daie
Of purpre and bysse he made hym gaie,
And ete and dranke therto his fyll,
After the lustes of his wyll:
As he, whiche all stoode in delice,
And toke none hede of thilke vice.
And as it shulde so betide,
A poure lazar vpon a tide
Came to the gate, and axed meate:
But there might he nothyng geate
His deedely hungre for to staunche.
For he, whiche had his full paunche
Of all lustes at borde,
Ne deigneth to speake a worde,
Onliche a cromme for to yeue,
Wherof this poure might leue
Upon the yefte of his almesse.
Thus laie this poure in great distresse,
A colde and hongred at the gate.
For whiche he might go no gate,
So was he wofully besene.
And as these holy bokes seyn,
The houndes comen fro the halle,
Where that this sicke man was falle,
And as he laie there for to deie
The woundes of his maladie
Thei licken, for to doone hym ease.
But he was full of suche disease,
That he maie not the deth escape:
But as it was that time shape,
The soule fro the body passeth:
And he, whom nothyng ouerpasseth,
The high god vp to the heuen
Hym toke, where he hath set hym euen
In Abrahams barme on highe,
Where he the heuens ioye sighe,
And had all that he haue wolde,
And fell as it befall sholde:
This riche man the same throwe
With sodein deth was ouerthrowe,
And forth withouten any went
Unto the hell straught he went:
The fende into the fyre hym drough
Where that he had peine enough
Of flame, whiche that euer brenn
And as his eie about renneth,
Toward the heuen he cast his loke,
Where that he sigh, and hede toke,
How lazar set was in his see,
Als farre as euer he might see,
With Abraham, and than he praide
Unto the patriarche and sayde:
Sende lazar downe fro thilke sete
And do, that he his finger wete
In water, so that he maie droppe
Upon my tonge, for to stoppe
The great hete, in whiche I brenne.
But Abraham answerde then,
And sayd to hym in this wise:

Salomon. Qui obturat aures suas ad clamorem pauperum, ipse clamabit, et non exaudietur.

My sonne, thou the might auise,
And take in to thy remembrance,
Howe lazar had great penance,
While he was in that other life,
But thou in all thy lust iolife
The bodely delices soughtest.
For thy so as thou than wroughtest,

Nowe shalte thou take thy rewarde
Of deadly peyne here afterwarde
In hell, whiche shall euer last,
And this lazar nowe at last
This worldes peyne is ouerronne,
In heuen and hath his life begonne
Of ioye, whiche is endeles.
But that thou preidest netheles.
That I shall lazar to the sende,
With water on his finger ende,
Thyne hote tonge for to kele:
Thou shalt no suche graces fele.
For to that foule place of synne,
For euer in whiche thou shalt be inne,
Cometh none out of this place thider,
Ne none of you may come hider.
Thus be ye parted nowe a two.
The riche ayeneward cride tho:
O Abraham, sithe it so is
That lazar maie nought do me this,
Whiche I haue axed in this place,
I wolde praie an other grace.
For I haue yet bretherne fiue,
That with my father bene a liue,
To gether dwellende in one hous,
To whom, as thou art gracious,
I praie, that thou woldest sende
Lazar, so that he might wende
To warne hem, how the worlde is went,
That afterward thei be not shent
Of suche peines as thei drie.
Lo this I praie, and this I crie,
Howe I maie not my selfe amende.
The patriarke anone sewende,
To this praier answerde Naie,
And saide hym, howe that euery daie
His bretherne might knowe and here
Of Moyses on erthe here,
And of prophettes other mo,
What hem was best: And he saith no,
But if there might a man arise
From deth to life in suche a wise
To tellen hem, howe that it were,
He saide than of pure fere
Thei shulden well beware therby.
Quod Abraham, nay sikerly.
For if thei nowe will not obey
To suche, as teche hem the wey,
And all day teache, and all daie telle,
Howe that it stant of heuen and helle,
Thei will not than taken hede,
Though it befell so in dede,
That any deade man were arrered,
To ben of hym no better lered
Than of an other man on liue.
If thou my sonne canst descriue
This tale, as Christe hym selfe it tolde,
Thou shalt haue cause to beholde,
To se so great an euidence,
Wherof the soth experience
Hath shewed openliche at eie,
That bodely delicacie
Of hym, whiche yeueth none almesse,
Shall after fall in great distresse,
And that was sene vpon the riche.
For he ne wolde vnto his liche
A cromme yeuen of his breadde,
Than afterwarde whan he was deade,
A droppe of water hym was werned.
Thus maie a mans wit be lerned
Of hem, that so delites taken,
Whan thei with death ben ouertaken,
That erst was swete is than sowre.
But he that is a gouernour
Of worldes ioye, if he be wise,
Within his herte he set no prise
Of all the worlde, and yet he vseth
The good, that he nothyng refuseth,
As he, whiche lorde is of the thynges,
The ouches, and the riche rynges,
The cloth of golde, and the perrie
He taketh: and yet the delicacie
He leueth, though he weare all this,
The best mete, that there is
He eateth, and drinketh the best drinke:
But howe that euer he eate or drinke,
Delicacie he put aweie,
As he, whiche goth the right weie,
Nought only for to fede and clothe
His body, but his soule bothe.
But thei that taken other wise
Her lustes, bene none of the wise.
But nowe a daie a man maie see
The worlde so full of vanitee,
That no man taketh of reason hede,
Or for to clothe, or for to fede:
But all is set vnto the vice,
To newe and changen his delice.
And right so chaungeth his astate,
He that of loue is delicate.
For though he had to his honde
The best wife of all the londe,
Or the fairest loue of all:
Yet wolde his herte on other fall,
And thinke hem more delicious,
Than he hath in his owne hous.
Men seyne it is nowe ofte so,
Auise hem well, thei that so do.
And for to speke in other waie,
Full ofte tyme I haue herde saie,
That he, whiche hath no loue acheued,
Hym thinketh that he is not relieued,
Though that his ladie make hym chere,
So as she maie in good manere
Hir honour, and hir name saue,
But he the surplus might haue,
Nothyng withstandyng hir astate
Of loue more delicate,
He set hir chere at no delite,
But if he haue all his appetite.
My sonne if it with the be so,
Tell me? Myn holy father no.
For delicate in suche a wise
Of loue, as ye to me deuise,
Ne was I neuer yet gyltife.
For if I had suche a wife,
As ye speke of, what shulde I more:
For than I wolde neuer more,
For lust of any womanhede,
My herte vpon none other fede:
And if I did, it were a waste,
But all without suche repaste,
Of lust, as ye me tolde aboue,
Of wife, or yet of other loue,
I faste, and maie no fode geate.
So that for laeke of deintie meate,
Of whiche an herte maie be fedde,
I go fastynge to my bedde.
But might I getten as ye tolde,
So mochel, that my lady wolde

Me fede with hir gladde semblaunt,
Though me lacke all the remenaunt:
Yet shulde I somdele ben abeched,
And for the tyme wel refresshed.
But certes fader she ne doth,
For in good feith to tellen soth,
I trowe, though I shulde sterue,
She wolde not hir eie swerue,
My herte with one goodly looke
To fede, and thus for suche a cooke
I maie go fastinge euermo.
But if so is, that any wo
Maie fede a mans herte wele,
Therof I haue at enery mele,
Of plentie more than enough.
But that is of hym selfe so tough,
My stomake maie it not defie.
Lo suche is the delicacie
Of loue, whiche my herte fedeth.
Thus haue I lacke of that me nedeth.
But for all this yet netheles,
I say not, I am giltеles,
That I somdele am delicate.
For els were I fully mate:
But if that I some lusty stounde
Of comforte and of ease founde,
To take of loue some repast.
For though I with full taste
The lust of loue maie not fede,
Myn honger otherwise I kele,
Of smale lustes, whiche I pike,
And for a tyme yet thei like,
If that ye wisten, what I meane.
Nowe good sonne shriue the cleane
Of suche deinties as ben good,
Wherof thou takest thyn herts foode.
My father I shall you reherse,
Howe that my foodes ben diuerse,
So as thei fallen in degree.
One feedynge is of that I see:
An other is, of that I here:
The thirde, as I shall tellen here,
At groweth of myne owne thought,
And els shulde I liue nought.
For whom that faileth foode of herte,
He maie nought well the dethe asterte.

Nota qualiter visus in amore se continet delicatus.

Of sight is all my first foode,
Through whiche myne eie of all goode
Hath that to hym is accordant,
A lustie foode suffisant,
Whan that I go towarde the place,
Where I shall see my ladies face,
Myn eie, whiche is lothe to faste,
Begynneth anone to hungre so faste,
That hym thynketh of an houre three,
Till I there come, and he hir see:
And than after his appetite
He taketh a foode of suche delite,
That hym none other deintie nedeth,
Of sondrie sightes he hym feedeth.
He seeth hir face of suche coloure,
That fressher is than any floure.
He seeth hir front is large and playne,
Without frounce of any grayne.
He seeth hir eien liche an heuen,
And seeth hir nose streite and euen.
He seeth hir mudde vpon the cheke,
And seeth hir redde lippes eke.
Hir chynne accordeth to the face,
All that he seeth is full of grace.
He seeth hir necke rounde and clene,
Therin maie no bone be sene.
He seeth hir handes faire and white.
For all this thyng without wite
He maie see naked at lest.
So is it well the more feste,
And well the more delicacie
Unto the feedyng of the eie.
He seeth hir shape forth with all,
Hir body rounde, hir middell small,
So well begone with good arraie,
Whiche passeth all the lust of maie,
Whan he is moste with softe shoures
Full clothed in his lusty flowres.
With suche sightes by and by
Myn eie is fedde, but finally
Whan he the porte and the manere
Seeth of hir womanysshe chere,
Than hath he suche delite on honde,
Hym thinketh he might still stonde,
And that he hath full suffisance
Of liuelode, and of sustenance,
As to his parte for euermo.
And if it thought all other so,
Fro then woide he neuer wende,
But there vnto the worldes ende
He wolde abide, if that he might,
And feeden hym vpon the sight.
For though I might stonden aie
In to the tyme of domes daie,
And loke vpon hir euer in one:
Yet whan I shulde fro hir gone,
Myne eie wolde, as though he faste
Ben honger storuen also faste,
Till efte ayene that he hir seie:
Suche is the nature of myn eie.
There is no lust so deintefull,
Of whiche a man shulde not be full,
Of that the stomake vnderfongeth:
But euer in one myn herte longeth.
For loke howe that a goshauke tireth,
Right so dothe he, whan that he pireth
And tooteth on hir womanhede.
For he maie neuer fully fede
His lust, but euer a liche sore
Hym hongreth, so that he the more
Desireth to be fedde algate.
And thus myn eie is made the gate,
Through which the deinties of my thought
Of lust ben to myn herte brought.
Right as myn eie with his loke,
Is to myn herte a lustie cooke
Of loues foode delicate:

Qualiter auris in amore delectatur.

Right so myn eare in his state,
Where as mine eie maie not serue,
Can well my hertes thonke deserue,
And feden hym fro daie to daie
With suche deinties as he maie.
For thus it is, that euer all,
Where as I come in speciall,
I maie here of my ladie price.
I here one saie, that she is wise,
An other saith, that she is good,
And some men seyne, of worthy blood
That she is come, and is also
So fayre, that no where is none so.

And some men preise hir goodly chere.
Thus euery thynge, that I maie here,
Whiche sowneth to my lady good,
Is to myn eare a lusty foode.
And eke myn eare hath ouer this
A deintie feaste, whan so is
That I maie here hir seluen speke.
For than anone my faste I breke
On suche wordes, as she saith,
That full of trouth, and full of feyth
Thei ben, and of so great disporte,
That to myn eare great comforte
Thei done, as thei that ben delices.
For all the meates and the spices,
That any Lumbarde couth make,
Ne ben so lustie for to take,
Ne so farforth restauratife,
I sey as for myn owne lyfe,
As ben the wordes of hir mouth,
For as the wyndes of the south
Ben moste of all debonaire:
So when hir lust to speke faire,
The vertue of hir goodly speche
Is verily myn hertes leche.
And if it so befalle amonge,
That she carole vpon a songe,
Whan I it here, I am so fedde,
That I am fro my selfe so ledde,
As though I were in Paradise.
For certes as to myn auise,
Whan I here of hir voyce the steuen,
Me thynkth it is a blisse of heuen.
And eke in otherwise also,
Full oft tyme it falleth so,
Myn ere with a good pitance
Is fed, of redinge of romance,
Of Idoyne, and of Amadas,
That whilome were in my cas:
And eke of other many a score,
That loued longe, er I was bore.
For whan I of her loues rede,
Myn ere with the tale I fede,
And with the lust of her histoire
Somtime I draw into memoire,
Howe sorowe maie not euer last,
And so hope cometh in at last,
Whan I none other foode knowe:
And that endureth but a throwe,
Right as it were a cherie feste:
But for to counten at lest
As for the while yet it easeth,
And somdele of my hert appeseth.
For what thinge to my ere spredeth,
Whiche is pleasant, somdele it easeth,
With wordes suche as he maie gete,
My lust in stede of other mete.
Lo thus my fader as I you seie
Of lust, the whiche myn eie hath seie,
And eke of that myn eare hath herde,
Full ofte I haue the better ferde:
And tho two bryngen in the thridde,
The whiche hath in myn herte amydde
His place take, to araie,
The lustie thoughtes whiche assaie
I mote, and nameliche on nightes,
Whan that me lacketh all sightes
And that min heringe is awey,
Than is he redy in the wey
My rere souper for to make,
Of whiche my hertes foode I take.

Qualiter cogitatus impressiones leticie imaginatiuas cordibus inserit amantum.

THIS lustie cookes name is hote
Thought, which hath euer his pottes hote
Of loue boylend on the fire,
With fantasie, and with desire,
Of whiche er this full ofte he fedde
Myn herte, whan I was a bedde
And than he set vpon my borde
Bothe euery sight, and euery worde
Of lust, whiche I haue herde or seyne:
But yet is not my fest all pleyn,
But all of woldes, and of wisshes,
Therof haue I my full disshes,
But as of felynge, and of taste,
Yet might I neuer haue o repaste.
And as I haue sayd to forne,
I licke hony of the thorne,
And, as who seith, vpon the bridell
I chewe so that all is ydell,
As in effect the foode I haue.
But as a man, that wolde him saue,
Whan he is sicke, by medicine:
Right so of loue the famine
I fonde in all that euer I maie,
To fede and driue forthe the daie,
Till I maie haue the great fest,
Whiche all my honger might areste.
Lo suche ben my lustes three,
Of that I thynke, and here, and see.
I take of loue my fedinge,
With oute tastinge or felinge.
And as the plouer doth of the eire
I liue, and am in good espeire,
That for none suche delicacie
I trowe I do no glotenie.
And netheles to your auise
Myn holy fader, that ben wise,
I recommende myn estate
Of that I haue ben delicate.
My sonne I vnderstonde wele,
That thou hast tolde here, euery dele.
And as me thinketh by thy tale,
It ben delites wonder smale,
Wherof thou takest thy loues foode.
But sonne, if that thou vnderstoode,
What is to ben delicious,
Thou woldest not be curious,
Upon the lust of thyn astate
To ben to hote or delicate:
Wherof that thou reason excede.
For in the bokes thou might rede,
If mans wisdom shall be sewed,
It ought well to ben eschewed
As well by reason as by kynde,
Of olde ensamples as men fynde.

Hic loquitur de delicacia Neronis, qui corporalibus deliciis magis adherens, spiritualia gaudia minus obtinuit.

THAT man that wolde hym well auise,
Delicacie is to dispise,
Whan kynde accordeth not withall:
Wherof ensample speciall
Of Nero whylom maie be tolde,
Whiche ayens kynde manyfolde
His lustes toke, till at last,
That god hym wolde all ouercaste,

Of whom the cronike is so pleine,
Me lust no more of hym to seyne.
And nethelés for glotonie
Of bodely delicacie
To knowe his stomake howe it ferde,
Of that no man tofore herde,
Which he within hym selfe bethought,
A wonder subtile thyng he wrought.
Three men vpon election
Of age, and of complection
Liche to hym selfe by all waie,
He toke towardes hym to plaie,
And eate and dranke as well as hee,
Therof was no diuersitee.
For euery daie whan that thei eate,
Tofore his owne bourde thei seate,
And of suche meate as he was serued,
All though thei had it not deserued,
Thei token seruice of the same:
But afterwarde all thilke game
Was into wofull ernest tourned.
For whan thei were this soiourned,
Within a tyme at after mete
Nero, whiche had not foryete
The lustes of his freel astate,
As he whiche all was delicate,
To knowe thilke experience,
The men let come in his presence,
And to that one the same tide
A courser, that he shulde ride
Into the felde anone he badde,
Wherof this man was wonder gladde,
And goth to pricke and prounce aboute.
That other, while that he was out,
He layde vpon his bedde to slepe:
The thyrde, whiche he wolde kepe
Within his chambre faire and softe,
He gothe nowe vp nowe downe ful ofte
Walkynge a pace, that he ne slepte,
Till he whiche on the courser lepte
Was comen fro the felde ageyne.
Nero than (as bokes seyne)
These men did done take all three,
And slough hem, for he wolde see,
The whose stomacke was best defied.
And whan he hath the sothe tried,
He founde, that he, whiche goth the pas,
Defied beste of all was:
Whiche afterwarde he vsed aie.
And thus what thyng vnto his paie
Was most pleasant, he lefte none,
With ony lust he was begone,
Wherof the body might glade.
For he no abstinence made.
But most of all erthely thynges
Of women vnto the likynges,
Nero set all his hole herte.
For that lust hym shulde not asterte.
Whan that the thirst of loue him caught,
Where that hym list he toke a draught,
He spareth nother wife ne maide,
That suche a nother, as men saide,
In all this worlde was neuer yit.
He was so dronke in all his wit
Through sondrie lustes, whiche he toke,
That euer, while there is a boke,
Of Nero men shall rede and singe
Unto the worldes knowlechynge.
My good sonne as thou hast herde,
Far euer yet it hath soferde,

Delicacie in loues cas
Without reason is and was.
For where that loue is herte set,
Hym thinketh, it might be no bet;
All though it be not fully mete.
The luste of loue is euer swete.
Lo thus to gether of felaushipe
Delicacie and dronkship
(Wherof reason stant out of herre)*
Haue made many a man erre
In loues cause moste of all.
For than howe so that euer it fall,
Witte can no reason vnderstonde,
But let the gouernance stonde
To wille, whiche than wexeth so wilde,
That he can not hym selfe shilde
Fro the perille, but out of fere
The waie he seeheth here and there,
Hym retcheth not vpon what side.
For oft tyme he goth beside,
And doth such thyng without drede,
Wherof hym ought welt to drede.
But whan that loue assoteth sore,
It passeth all mens lore,
What lust it is, that he ordeineth,
There is no mans might restreineth.
And of god taketh he none hede,
But lawles withouten drede,
His purpos for he wolde acheue,
Ayenst the pointes of the beleue
He tempteth heuen, erthe, and helle,
Here afterward as I shall telle.

Dum stimulatus amor, quicquid iubet orta voluptas,
Audet, et aggreditur nulla timenda timens.
Omne quod astra queunt herbarum siue potestas,
Seu vigor inferni singula temptat amans.
Quod nequid ipse, deo mediante, parare sinistrum,
Dæmonis hoc magica credulus arte parat.
Sic sibi non curat ad opus quæ retia tendit,
Dummodo nudatam prendere posset auem.

Hic tractat, qualiter ebrietas et delicatia omnis pudicitie contrarium instigantes inter alia ad carnalis concupiscentie promotionem sortilegio magicam requirunt.

WHO dare do thing, whiche loue ne dare?
To loue is euery lawe vnware,
But to the lawes of his hest
The fisshe, the fowle, the man, the best,
Of all the worldes kynde lowteth.
For loue is he, which nothyng douteth,
In mannes herte where it sitte.
He counteth nought toward his witte,
The wo, no more than the wele,
No more the hete, than the chele,
No more the wete, than the drie,
No more to liue, than to die:
So that to fore ne behynde
He seeth no thyng, but as the blynde
Withoute insight of his courage,
He doth merualles in his rage,
To what thyng that he wol hym drawe,
There is no god, there is no lawe
Of whom that he taketh any hede.
But as baiarde the blynde stede,
Till he falle in the ditche a midde,
He gothe there no man will hym bidde,

He stant so ferforthe out of rewle,
There is no witte, that maie hym reule.
And thus to tell of hym in soothe,
Full many a wonder thyng he doothe,
Thet were better to be lafte:
Amonge the whiche is withe crafte,
That somme men clepen sorcerie,
Whiche for to wynne his drewrie,
With many a circumstance he vseth,
There is no point, whiche he refuseth.

Nota de auterum necnon et librorum tam naturalis quam execrabilis magice nominibus.

THE crafte, whiche that Saturnus fonde
To make pikes in the sonde,
That Geomance cleped is,
Ful ofte he vseth it amis:
And of the floode his Hydromance,
And of the fire the Pyromance,
With questions eche one of tho
He tempteth ofte: and eke also
Aeremance in iudgement,
To loue he bryngeth of his assent.
For these craftes (as I finde)
A man maie do by waie of kinde:
Be so, it be to good entent.
But he goth all another went.
For rather er he shulde faile
With Nicromance he wolde assaile,
To make his incantacion,
With hote subfumigacion,
Thilke arte, whiche Spatula is hote,
And vsed is of common rote
Amonge painins, whiche that crafte eke,
Of whiche is auctor Thosez the greke,
He wercheth one and one by rowe:
Razel is not to hym vnknowe
The Salomones Candarie,
His Ideac, his Eutonie,
The figure of the boke withall,
Of Balamuz, and of Ghenball,
The seale, and thervpon thimage
Of Thebith, for his auantage.
He taketh: and some what of Gibere,
Whiche helpliche is to this matere.
Babylla to hir sonnes seuen,
Whiche hath renounced to the heuen,
With Cernes bothe square and rounde,
He traceth ofte vpon the grounde,
Makynge his inuocacion,
And for full informacion
The schole, whiche Honorius
Wrote, he pursueth, and lo thus
Magike he vseth for to winne
His loue, and spareth for no sinne.
And ouer that of his sotie,
Right as he secheth sorcerie,
Of hem that bene magiciens,
Right so of the naturiens,
Upon the sterres from aboue,
His wey he secheth vnto loue,
Als ferre as he hem vnderstondeth:
In many a sondrie wise he fondeth,
He maketh ymage, he maketh seulpture,
He maketh writynge, he maketh figure,
He maketh his calculacions,
He maketh his demonstracions,
His hours of astronomie
He kepeth, as for that partie,
Whiche longeth to the inspection
Of loue, and his affection.
He wolde in to the helle seche,
The deuell hym selfe to beseche,
If that he wist for to spede,
To gete of loue his lustie mede,
Where that he hath his herte set,
He bidde neuer fare bet,
Ne witte of other heuen more.
My sonne if thou of suche a lore
Has ben er this, I rede the leue.
Myn holy father by your leue,
Of all that ye haue spoken here,
Whiche toucheth vnto this matere,
To telle sooth right as I wene,
I wote not o worde, what ye mene.
I well not saie, if that I couth,
That I nolde in my lustie youth,
Beneth in helle and eke aboue,
To wyn with my ladies loue,
Done al that euer that I might.
For therof haue I none insight,
Where afterwarde that I am become:
So that I wonne and ouercome
Hir loue, whiche I moste coueyte.
My sonne that goth wonder streyte.
For this I maie well tell soothe,
There is no man whiche so doothe,
For all the crafte that he can caste,
That he ne bieth it at laste.
For often he that will begile,
Is guiled with the same guile.
And thus the guiler is beguiled,
As I fynde in a boke compiled
To this matere an olde histoire,
The whiche comth nowe to my memoire,
And is of great ensamplarie
Ayene the vice of sorcerie,
Wherof none ende maie be good.
But howe whilome therof it stood,
A tale, whiche is good to knowe,
To the my sonne I shall beknowe.

Nota contra istos ob amoris causam sortilegos, vbi narrat in exemplum, quod cum Ulysses a subuersione Troie repatriare nauigio voluisset, ipsum in Insula Cilli, vbi illa expertissima maga nomine Cyrces regnauit, contigit applicuisse, quem vt in sui amoris concupiscentiam exardescerat, Cirees omnibus suis incantationibus vincere conabatur: Ulysses tamen Magica potentior ipsam in amore subegit, Ex qua filium nomine Telegonum genuit, qui postea patrem suum interfecit, et sic contra fidei naturam genitus, contra generationis naturam patricidium operatus est.

AMONGE hem, whiche at Troie were,
Vlysses at the siege there,
Was one by name in speciall,
Of whom yet the memoriall
Abideth, for while there is a mouthe,
For euer his name shall be couthe.
He was a worthy knight and kynge,
And clerke knowende of euery thynge,
He was a great Rhetorien,
He was a great magicien,
Of Tullius the Rhetorike,
Of kynge Zoroastes the magike,
Of Ptoleme thastronomie,
Of Plato the philosophie,

Of Daniell tho slepie dremes,
Of Neptune the water stremes,
Of Salomon and the prouerbes,
Of Macer all the strength of herbes,
And the phisike of Hippocras,
And liche vnto Pythagoras,
Of surgerie he knewe the cures:
But some what of his auentures,
Whiche shall to my matter accorde,
To the my sonne I will recorde.
This king, of which thou hast herde sein,
Fram Troie as he goth home ageine
By ship, he founde the sea diuerse,
With many a windie storme reuerse:
But he through wisdom, which he shapeth,
Full many a great perill eseapeth:
Of whiche I thynke tellen one,
Howe that maugre the nedell and stone,
Wynde driue he was all sodeynly
Upon the strondes of Cilly,
Where that he must abide a while.
Tway quenes weren in that yle,
Calypso named and Circes.
And whan thei herde, howe Vlysses
Is londed there vpon the Riue:
For hym they senden also bliue.
With hym suche as he wold he nam,
And to the courte to hem he cam.
These quenes were as two goddesses,
Of arte magike sorceresses,
That what lorde cometh to that riuage,
Thei make hym loue in suche a rage,
And vpon hem assote so,
That thei woll haue, er that he go,
All that he hath of worldes good,
Vlysses well this vnderstoode.
Thei couthe muche, he couthe more:
Thei shape and cast ayenst hym sore,
And wrought many a subtile wile.
But yet thei might hym not begyle.
But of the men of his nauie
Thei two forshope a great partie.
Maie none of hem withstonde her hestes,
Some parte thei shopen in to bestes,
Some parte thei shopen in to foules,
To beres, tygres, apes, oules,
Orels by some other wey,
Ther myght nothyng hem disobey,
Suche crafte thei had aboue kynde,
But that arte couth thei not fynde,
Of whiche Vlisses was deceiued,
That he ne hath hem all weiued,
And brought hem in to suche a rote,
That vpon hym thei bothe assote.
And through the science of his arte
He toke of hem so well his parte,
That he begat Circes with childe:
He kepte hym sobre, and made hem wilde,
He set hym selue so aboue,
That with her good, and with her loue,
Who that therof be liefe or lothe,
All quite in to his ship he gothe.
Circes to swolle bothe sides,
He lefte, and waiteth on the tides,
And straught through out the salte fome
He taketh his cours, and comth hym home,
Where as he founde Penelope,
A better wife there maie none be:
And yet there bene enowe of good.
But who that hir goodship vnderstood,
Fro fyrst that she wifehode toke,
Howe many loues she forsoke,
And howe she bare hir all aboute,
There whiles that hir lorde was oute:
He might make a great auant
Amonge all the remenant,
That she, one of all the best,
Well might he set his herte in rest.
This kynge whan he hir fonde in hele,
For as he couthe in wysedome dele,
So couthe she in womanhede,
And whan she syth withouten drede
Hir lorde vpon his owne grounde,
That he was come safe and sounde,
In all this worlde ne might be
A gladder woman than was she.
The fame, whiche maie nought be hid,
Throughout the londe is soone kid:
Her kynge is comen home ayene,
There maie no man the full seyne,
Howe that thei weren all glade,
So mochell ioye of hym thei made.
The presentes euery daie bene newed,
He was with yeftes all besnewed.
The people was of hym so glad,
That though none other man hem bad,
Tallage vpon hem selfe thei sette,
And as it were of pure dette
They yeue her goodes to the kynge:
This was a glad home welcomynge.
Thus hath Vlysses what he wolde,
His wife was suche as she be sholde,
His people was to hym subiecte,
Hym lacketh nothynge of delite

Horatius. Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendentia filio

But fortune is of suche a sleyght,
That whan a man is most on height,
She maketh hym rathest for to falle.
There wote no man what shall befalle.
The happes ouer mannes hede
Ben honged with a tender threde,
That proued was on Vlysses.
For whan he was most in his pees.
Fortune gan to make hym werre,
And set his welthe oute of herre.
Upon a day as he was mery
As though ther might him no thinge derie,
Whan night was come, he goth to bedde,
With slepe and both his eieu fedde.
And while he slepte, he met a sweuen:
Hym thought he sigh a statu euen,
Whiche brighter than the sonne shone,
A man it semed was it none:
But yet it was a figure
Most liche to mannisshe creature,
But as of beautie heuenliche
It was most to an aungell liche.
And thus betwene aungell and man,
Beholden it this kynge began,
And suche a lust toke of the sight,
That fayne he wolde, if that he might
The forme of that figure embrace,
And goth hym forth toward that place,
Where he sigh that image tho,
And takth it in his armes two,
And it embraceth hym ageyne,
And to the kynge thus gan it seyne.

Vlysses vnderstond well this,
She token of our acqueintance is,
Here afterward to mochell tene
The loue that is vs betwene.
Of that we nowe suche ioie make,
That one of vs the deth shall take,
Whan tyme cometh of destinee,
It maie none otherwise be.
Vlysses tho began to praie,
That this figure wolde hym saie,
What wight he is, that sayth hym so.
This wight vpon a speare tho
A pensell, whiche was well begone
Embroudred, sheweth hym anone.
Thre fisshes all of o coloure,
In maner as it were a toure
Upon the pensell were wrought.
Vlysses knewe this token nought,
And prayth to witte in some partie,
What thynge it might signifie.
A signe it is, the wight answerde,
Of an empire, and forth he ferde
All sodeynly, whan he that sayd.
Vlysses out of slepe abrayde,
And that was right ayene the daie,
That lenger slepen he ne maie.
Men say, a man hath knowlegeynge,
Saue of hym selfe, of all thynge.
His owne chance no man knoweth,
But as fortune it on hym throweth.
Was neuer yet so wise a clerke,
Whiche might knowe all goddes werke,
Ne the secrete, whiche god hath sette
Ayene a man, maie not be lette.
Vlysses though that he be wise,
With all his witte in his auise,
The more that he his sweuen accounteth,
The lesse he wote, what it amounteth,
For all his calculacion,
He seeth no demonstracion
As pleynly for to knowe an ende.
But nethcles howe that it wende,
He drad hym of his owne sonne,
That maketh hym well the more astone,
And shope therfore anone withall,
So that within castell walle
Thelemachus his sonne he shette,
And on hym stronge warde he sette,
The soothe farther he ne knewe,
Till that fortune him ouerthrewe.
But nethcles for sikernesse,
Where that he might wit and gesse
A place strengest in his londe,
There let he make of lime and sonde
A strength, where he wolde dwell:
Was neuer man yet herde tell
Of suche an other, as it was,
And for to strength hym in that cas
Of all his londe the sikerest
Of seruantes and the worthiest
To kepen hym within warde,
He set his body for to warde:
And made suche an ordinance
For loue, ne for aqueintance,
That were it erely, were it late,
Thei shuld let in at yate
No maner man, what so betid,
But if so were hym selfe it bid.
But all that mighte hym not auayle,
For whom fortune woll assayle,
There maie be no suche resistence,
Whiche might make a man defence,
All that shall be mote fall algate.
This Circes, whiche I spake of late,
On whom Vlysses hath begete
A childe, though he it haue foryete:
Whan tyme came, as it was wonne
She was deliuerde of a sonne,
Whiche cleped is of Telegonus.
This childe whan he was borne thus,
About his mother to full age,
That he can reason and langage,
In good estate was drawe forth.
And whan he was so mochell worth
To stonden in a mannes stede,
Circes his mother hath hym bede,
That he shall to his father go:
And tolde hym all to geder tho,
What man he was, that hym begate.
And whan Thelegonus of that
Was ware, and hath full knowlechynge,
Howe that his fader was a kynge:
He prayth his moder fayre this
To go, where that his fader is.
And she hym graunteth that he shall:
And made hym redy forth with all.
It was that tyme suche vsance,
That euery man the conysaunce
Of his contre bare in his honde,
Whan he went in to straunge londe.
And thus was euery man therfore
Well knowe where that he was bore.
For espyall and mystrowynges
Thei did than suche thynges,
That euery man might other knowe.
So it be felle in that throwe,
Telegonus as in this cas,
Of his contrei the signe was
Thre fisshes, whiche he shulde beare
Upon the pinon of a speare:
And whan that he was thus arraide,
And hath his harneis all assaide,
That he was redy eueridele,
His moder bad him, fare wele,
And saide hym, that he shulde swithe
His fader griete a thousand sith.
Telegonus his moder kist,
And toke his leue, and where he wist
His fader was, the waie name,
Tyll he vnto Nachaie came,
Whiche of that londe the chiefe citee
Was cleped, and there asketh he,
Where was the kynge, and how he ferde,
And whan that he the sooth herde,
Where that the kynge Vlysses was
Alone vpon his hors great pas
He rode hym forth, and in his honde
He bare the signall of his londe,
With fisshes thre, as I haue tolde.
And thus he went vnto that holde,
Where that his owne fader dwelleth.
The cause why he came, he telleth
Unto the kepars of the gate,
And wolde haue comen in there ate.
But shortely thei hym sayde naie.
And he als fayre as euer he maie
Besought, and tolde hem of this,
Howe that the kynge his fader is.
But thei with proude wordes great
Began to manace and threte,

But he go fro the gate fast,
Thei wolden hym take and set fast.
Fro wordes vnto strokes thus
Thei felle, and so Telegonus
Was sore hurte, and well nighe dede
But with his sharpe speares hede:
He maketh defence, howe so it falle,
And wan the yate vpon hem all,
And hath slayne of the best fiue.
And thei ascriden als bliue
Through oute the castell all aboute,
On euery side men come oute
Wherof the kynges herte afflight:
And he with all the hast he might
A speare caught, and forthe he gothe,
As he that was right woode for wrothe.
He sighe the gates full of bloode,
Telegonus and where he stoode
He sighe also, but he ne knewe,
What man it was, but to hym threwe
His speare, and he sterte oute a side:
But destine, whiche shall betide,
Befell that ilke time so:
Telegonus knewe nothynge tho,
What man it was, that to hym caste:
And while his owne speare laste,
With all the signe therupon,
He cast vnto the kynge anon,
And smote hym with a dedly wounde,
Vlysses felle anone to grounde.
Tho euery man, the kynge the kynge
Began to crie, and of this thynge
Telegonus whiche sigh the caas,
On knes he felle, and saide alas,
I haue myn owne fader slayne,
Nowe wolde I deie wonder fayne,
Nowe slea me, who that euer wille.
For certes it is right and skill.
He crieth, he wepeth, he seith therfore
Alas that euer was I bore,
That this vnhappie destinee
So wofully comth in by mee.
This kynge, whiche yet hath life enough,
His herte ayen vnto hym drough,
And to that voyce an eare he layde,
And vnderstode all that he saide,
And gan to speke, and sayde on high:
Brynge me this man: and whan he sigh
Telegonus, his thought he sette
Upon the sweuen, whiche he mette,
And asketh, that he might see
His speare, on whiche the fisshes three
He sigh vpon the pensell wrought.
Tho wist he well, it faileth nought,
And bad hym, that he telle sholde,
Fro whens he came, and what he wolde.
Telegonus in sorowe and wo,
So as he might, tolde tho
Unto Vlysses all the cas,
How that Circes his mother was:
And so forth saide hym euery dele,
Howe that his moder griete hym wele,
And in what wise she hym sent.
Tho wist Vlysses what it ment,
And toke hym in his armes softe,
And all bledend kist hym ofte,
And said: Sonne while I liue,
This infortune I the forgeue.
After his other sonne in haste
He sente, and he began hym haste,
And eam vnto his fader tite.
But whan he sigh hym in suche plite.
He wolde haue ronne vpon that other
Anone, and slayne his owne brother,
Ne had ben that Vlysses
Betwene hem made a corde and pees.
And to his heire Thelemachus
He had, that he Telegonus
With all his power shuld kepe,
Till he were of his woundes depe
All hole, and than he shulde hym yeue
Londe, where vpon he might liue.
Thelemachus whan he this herde,
Unto his fader he answerde,
And seide: he wolde doone his wille.
So dwelle thei togeder stille
These bretherne, and the fader serueth.
Lo wherof sorcerie serueth:
Through sorcerie his lust he wan,
Through sorcerie his wo began,
Through sorcerie his loue he chese,
Through sorcerie his life he lese.
The child was gete in sorcerie,
The whiche did all his felonie.
Thing which was ayen kinde wrought,
Unkyndliche it was abought,
The childe his owne fader slough,
That was vnkyndship enough.
For thy take hede howe that it is,
So for to wynne loue amis,
Whiche endeth all his ioye in wo.
For of this arte I finde so,
That hath be do for loues sake,
Wherof thou might insample take
A great cronicke Emperiall,
Whiche euer in to memoriall
Amonge the men, howe so it wende,
Shall dwelle to the worldes ende

Hic narrat exemplum super eodem, qualiter Nectanabus de Egypto in Macedoniam fugitiuus Olimpiadem Philippi regis ibidem tunc absentis vxorem arte magica decipiens, cum ipsa conubuit, magnumque ex ea Alexandrum sortelegus genuit, qui natus postea cum ad erudiendum sub custodia Nectanabi commendatus fuisset, ipsum Nectanabum patrem suum ab altitudine cuiusdam turris in fossam profundam precipiens interfecit, Et sic sortilegus pro suo sortilegio infortunii sortem sortitus est.

The high creatour of thynges,
Whiche is the kynge of all kynges,
Full many wonder worldes chance
Let slide vnder his sufferance,
There wote no man the cause whye,
But he, the whiche is almightye,
And that was proued whilom thus
Whan that the kynge Nectanabus,
Whiche had Egypte for to lede.
But for he sigh tofore the dede,
Through magike of his sorcerie,
Wherof he couth a great partie,
His enmies to hym comende,
From whom he might hym not defende:
Out of his owne londe he fledde.
And in the wise, as he hym dredde,
It felle, for all his witchecrafte:
So that Egypte hym was berafte,

And he desguised fledde awaie
By ship, and helde the right waie
To Macedoyne, where that hee
Arriueth at the chiefe citee.
Thre yomen of his chambre there
All only for to serue hym were,
The whiche he trusteth wonder wele.
Fer thei were trewe as ony stele,
And hapneth, that thei with hym ladde
Parte of the best good he hadde.
Thei take lodgynge in the towne
After the disposicion,
Where as hym thought best to dwell.
He axeth than, and herde telle,
Howe that the kynge was out go
Upon a werre he had tho.
But in that citee than was
The quene, whiche Olympias
Was hote, and with solempnitee
The feste of hir natiuitee,
As it befell, was than holde
And for hir lust to be behold
And preised of the people about,
She shope hir for to riden out
At after meate all openly.
Anone all men were redie,
And that was in the moneth of Maie.
This lusty quene in good araie
Was sette vpon a mule white,
Te sene it was a great delite,
The ioye that the citee made.
With fresshe thynges, and with glade
The noble towne was all behonged,
And euery wight was sore alonged
To see this lustie ladie ride.
There was great myrth on all side,
Where as she passeth by the streate,
There was ful many a tymbre beate,
And many a maide carolende.
And thus through out the towne plaiende
This quene vnto the pleine rode,
Where that she houed and abode,
To se diuers games plaie.
The lustie folke iust and tournaye,
And so forth euery other man,
Whiche pley couth, his play began,
To plese with this noble quene.
Nectanabus came to the grene
Amonges other, and drough hym nigh:
But whan that he this ladie sigh,
And of hir beautee hede toke,
He couth not withholde his loke
To see nought els in the felde:
But stode, and only hir beheld.
Of his clothyng, and of his gere
He was vnliche all other there,
So that it happeneth at laste,
The quene vpon hym hir eie cast,
And knewe, that he was straunge, anone.
But he beheldе hir euer in one,
Without blenchynge of his chere.
She toke good hede of his manere,
And wondreth, why he did so,
And bad men shulde for hym go.
He came, and did her reuerence.
And she hym asketh in silence,
From whens he cam, and what he wolde,
And he with sobre wordes tolde.
He saith: Madame a clerke I am,
To you and in message I cam,
The whiche I maie not tellen here:
But if it liketh you to here,
It mote be saide so priuely,
Where none shall be, but ye and I.
Thus for the tyme he toke his leue.
The daie gothe forthe till it was eue,
That euery man mote leue his werke,
And she thought euer vpon this clerke,
What thyng it is, that he wolde mene.
And in this wise abode the quene,
And ouerpasseth thilke night,
Till it was on the morowe light.
She sende for hym, and he came,
With hym his Astrolabe he name
With pointes and cercles merueilous.
Whiche was of fine golde precious.
And eke the heuenly figures
Wrought in a boke full of peintures
He toke this ladie for to shewe,
And tolde of eche of hem by rewe
The cours and the condicion.
And she with great affection
Sate still and herde what he wolde.
And thus whan he seeth tyme, he tolde,
And feigneth with his wordes wise
A tale, and seith in suche a wise.
Madame but a while a go,
Where I was in Egypte tho,
And radde in schole of this science,
It fell in to my conscience,
That I vnto the temple went,
And there with all my holle entent,
As I my sacrifiee dede,
One of the goddes hath me bede,
That I you warne priuely,
So that ye make you redy,
And that ye be nothyng agast.
For he suche loue hath to you cast,
That ye shall bene his owne dere,
And he shall be your bedfere,
Till ye conceiue and be with childe.
And with that worde she wer all milde,
And somdele redde became for shame,
And asketh hym the goddes name,
Whiche so woll doone hir companye.
And he seide Amos of Lubie.
And she saith, that maie I not leue:
But if I see a better preue.
Madame quod Nectanabus,
In token that it shall be thus,
This night for enformacion
Ye shall haue a vision,
That Amos shall to you appere,
To shewe and teche in what manere
The thynge shall afterwarde befall.
Ye oughten well abouen all
To make ioye of suche a lorde.
For whan ye be of one accorde,
He shall a sonne of you begete,
Whiche with his swerde shall win and gete
The wide worlde in lengthe and brede.
All erthely kynges shall hym drede.
And in suche wise I you behote
Tho god of erth he shall be hote.
If this be sothe, tho quod the quene,
This night (thou seyest) it shall be sene:
And if it fall in to my grace,
Of god Amos that I purchace,
To take of hym so great worship:
I woll do the suche ladiship,

Wherof thou shalt for euermo
Be riche. And he hir thanketh tho,
And toke his leue, and forthe he wente,
She wist litell, what he ment.
For it was gyle and sorcerie,
All that she toke for prophecie.
Nectanabus through out the daie,
Whan he cam home, where as he laie,
His chambre he him selfe betoke,
And ouertorneth many a boke:
And through the crafte of artemage,
Of were he forged an ymage:
He loketh his equacions,
And eke the constellacions,
He loketh the coniunctions,
He loketh the recepcions,
His signe, his houre, his ascendent,
And draweth fortune of his assent.
The name of quene Olimpias
In thilke image written was
Amiddes in the front aboue.
And thus to winne his lust of loue,
Nectanabus this werke hath dight,
And whan it came within night,
That euery wight is fall a slepe,
He thought he wolde his time kepe,
As he, whiche hath his houre appointed.
And than fyrste he hath anoynted,
With sondrie herbes that figure:
And thervpon he gan coniure,
So that through his enchantement,
This ladie, whiche was innocent,
And wiste nothynge of this guile,
Mette, as she slepte thilke while,
Howe fro the heauen came a light,
Whiche all hir chambre made light:
And as she loketh to and fro,
She sigh, hir thought, a dragon tho,
Whose scherdes shynen as the sonne,
And hath his soft pas begonne,
With all the chere that he maie,
Towarde the bedde there as she laie,
Till he came to the beddes side,
And she laie still, and nothyng cride.
For he did all his thynges faire,
And was courteis, and debonaire.
And as he stode hir fast by,
His forme he chaungeth sodeinly,
And the figure of man he nome:
To hir and in to bedde he come,
And such thing ther of loue he wrought,
Wherof, so as hir than thought,
Through likenes of this god Amos,
With childe anone hir wombe aros,
And she was wonder glad withall.
Nectanabus, whiche causeth all,
Of this metred the substance,
Whan he seeth tyme his nycromance
He stynt, and nothyng more seyde
Of his carecte, and she abreyde
Out of hir slepe, and leueth wele,
That it is soth than euery dele,
Of that this clerke hir had tolde,
And was the gladder many folde,
In hope of suche a glad metrede,
Whiche after shall befalle in dede.
She longeth sore after the daie
That she hir sweuen telle maie
To this gylour in priuitee,
Whiche knewe it also well as shee.
And netheles on morowe soone,
She lefte all other thinge to doone,
And for him sent: and all the cas
She tolde hym pleynely, as it was,
And sayde: howe than well she wist,
That she his wordes might trist.
For she fonde hir auision
Right after the condicion,
Whiche he hir had tolde to fore,
And prayde hym hertely therfore,
That he hir holde couenant
So forth of all the remenant,
That she maie through his ordinance
Towardes god do suche plesance,
That she wakende might hym kepe
In suche wise, as she met a slepe.
And he that couth of gile enough,
Whan he this herde, for ioye he lough,
And seyth: Madame it shall be do.
But this I warne you therto
This night, whan that he comth to plaie
That there be no liefe in the waie,
But I, that shall at his likynge
Ordeine so for his comynge
That ye ne shall not of hym fayle.
For this madame I you counsayle,
That ye it kepe so priuee,
That no wight els, but we three
Haue knowleechynge, howe that it is.
For els might it fare amis,
If ye did ought, that shuld him greue.
And thus he maketh hir to beleue,
And feigneth vnder guile feith.
But netheles all that he seyth,
She troweth: and ayene the night
She hath within hir chambre dight
Where as this guiler fast by,
Upon this god shall priuely
Awaite, as he makth hir to wene.
And thus this noble gentill quene,
Whan she most tristed, was deceyued.
The night cam, the chambre is weiued,
Nectanabus hath take his place,
And whan he sigh tyme and space,
Through the disceite of his magike,
He put hym out of mans like,
And of a dragon toke the forme,
As he, whiche wolde hym all conforme
To that she sawe in sweuen er this.
And thus to chambre come he is
The queene laie a bed, and sighe,
And hopeth euer, as he came nighe,
That he the god of Lubie were,
So hath she well the lesse fere.
But for he wolde hir more assure,
Yet efte he changeth his figure,
And of a wether the likenesse
He toke in signe of his noblesse,
With large hornes for the nones
Of fine golde and riche stones.
A crowne on his head he bare,
And sodeinliche, er she was ware,
As he whiche all guile can,
His forme he torneth in to man,
And came to bedde, and she laie still,
Where as she suffreth all his will,
As she, whiche wende not misdo.
But netheles it hapneth so,
All though she were in parte deceiued,
Yet for all that she hath conceiued

The worthiest of all kithe,
Whiche euer was tofore or sith,
Of conquest, and of chiualrie,
So that through gile and sorcerie
There was that noble knight begonne,
Whiche all the worlde hath after wonne,
Thus fell the thyng, whiche fall shulde
Nectanabus hath that he wolde,
With gyle he hath his loue sped,
With gyle he came in to the bed,
With gyle he goth hym out ayene,
He was a shrewed chamberleyne,
So as to begyle a worthy quene,
And that on hym was after sene.
But netheles the thynge is do,
This fals god was soone go
With his deceite, and helde hym close,
Till morow cam, that he arose:
And tho whan tyme and leiser was,
The quene tolde hym all the cas,
As she, that gyle none supposeth,
And of two pointes she hym apposeth.
One was, if that this god no more
Will come ayene: and ouermore,
How she shall stonden in accorde
With kynge Philip hir owne lorde,
When he comth home, and seeth hir grone.
Madame, he seith, let me alone,
As for the god I vndertake,
That whan it liketh you to take
His companie at any throwe,
If I a daie to fore it knowe,
He shall be with you on the night:
And he is welle of suche a might
To kepe you from al blame.
For thy comforte you madame,
There shall none other cause bee.
Thus toke he leue, and forth goth hee.
And tho began he for to muse,
Howe he the quene might excuse
Towarde the kinge, of that is falle,
And founde a crafte amonges alle,
Through whiche he hath a sea foule danted
With his magike and so enchanted,
That he flewe forth, whan it was night
Unto the kinges tent right,
Where that he laie amidde his hoste.
And whan he was a slepe moste,
With that the sea foule to him brought
An other charme, whiche he wrought
At home within his chamber stille.
The kynge he torneth at his wille,
And makth him for to dreame and see
The dragon, and the priuetee,
Whiche was betwene him and the quene.
And ouer that he made him wene
In sweuen, howe that the god Amos,
Whan he vp fro the quene aros,
Toke forth a ringe, wherin a stone
Was set, and graue therupon
A sonne, in whiche whan he came nighe,
A lion with a swerde he sigh.
And with that prente, as he so mette,
Upon the quenes wombe he sette
A seale, and goth him forth his waie,
With that the sweuen went awaie.
And tho began the kinge awake,
And sighed for his wiues sake
Where as he lay within his tent,
And hath great wonder, what it mento.

With that he hasted him to rise,
Anone and sent after the wise.
Amonge the whiche there was one
A clerke, his name is Amphion:
Whan he the kinges sweuen herde,
What it betokeneth he answerde,
And saith, as sekerly as the lyfe
A god hath layne by thy wife,
And gotte a sonne, whiche shall wynne
The worlde, and all that is within.
As the lion is kinge of beastes,
So shall the worlde obeie his hestes,
Which with his swerde shal al be wonne,
Als ferre as shineth any sonne.
The kynge was doutife of this dome,
But netheles whan that he come
Ageyne into his owne londe,
His wife with childe great he founde,
He might not him selfen stere,
That he ne made hir heuie chere.
But he whiche couth of all sorowe,
Nectanabus vpon the morowe,
Through the deceite of Nicromance,
Toke of a dragon the semblance,
And where the kynge sat in his halle,
Cam in rampende amonge hem all,
With such a noise, and suche a rore,
That they agast were all so sore,
As though they shulde die anone:
And netheles he greueth none,
But goth towarde the deise on hie:
And whan he cam the quene nie,
He stint his noyse, and in his wise,
To hir he profreth his seruice,
And laieth his head vpon hir barme.
And she with goodly chere hir arme
About his necke ayenwarde layde.
And thus the quene with him playde,
In sight of all men about:
And at last he gan to loute,
And obeysance vnto hir make,
As he that wolde his leue take.
And sodenlie his lothly forme
In to an egle he gan transforme,
And flewe, and set him on a rayle,
Wherof the kynge had great merualle.
For there he pruneth hym and piketh,
As doth an hauke, whan him well liketh:
And after that him selfe he shoke,
Wherof that all the halle quoke,
As it a terremote were.
They seyden all, god was there.
In suche a rees and forth he fligh.
The kyng, which all this wonder sigh,
Whan he cam to his chambre alone,
Unto the quene made his mone,
And of foryeues he hir praide.
For than he knewe well, as he sayde,
She was with childe with a god.
Thus was the kinge without rod
Chastised, and the quene excused,
Of that she had ben accused.
And for the greatter euidence,
Yet after that in the presence
Of kynge Philip, and other mo,
Whan they yode in the sildes tho,
A fesant came before hir eie,
The whiche anone, as they hir seie
Fleende, let an neie downe falle
And it to brake tofore hem alle.

And as they token therof kepe,
They sigh out of the shelle crepe
A litell serpent on the grounde,
Whiche rampeth all aboute rounde,
And in ayene he wolde haue wonne,
But for the brenning of the sonne
It might not, and so he deide:
And therupon the clerkes seide,
As the serpent, when it was out,
Went emiron the shelle aboute,
And might not torne in ayene.
So shall it fall in certeyne.
This childe the worlde shall enuirone,
And aboue all, the corone
Hym shall befall, in his yonge age,
He shall desire in his corage,
Whan all the worlde is in his honde.
To turne ayene vnto the londe,
Where he was bore, and in his weye
Homewarde he shall with poyson deye.
The kynge, whiche al this sigh and herde,
For that daie forth, howe so it ferde,
His ielousie hath all foryete:
But he, whiche hath the childe begete,
Nectanabus, in priuetee,
The tyme of his natiuitee,
Upon the constellacion
Awayteth, and relacion
Maketh to the quene, how he had do,
And euery houre appoynteth so,
That no minute therof was lore.
So that in due tyme is bore
This childe: and forthwith therupon
There fell wonders many one
Of terremote vniuersele.
The sonne toke colloure of stele,
And lost his light, the wyndes blewe,
And many strengthes ouerthrewe,
The sea his propre kynde changeth,
And all the worlde his ferme strangeth.
The thunder with his fyrie leuen
So eruell was vpon the heuen,
That euery erthly creature
Tho thonght his life in auenture.
The tempest at last sesseth,
The childe is kepte, his age encreceth;
And Alisander his name is hote,
To whom Calisthene, and Aristote,
To techen him philosophie
Entenden: and astronomie
(With other thinges, which he couth,
Also to teche him in his youth)
Nectanabus toke vpon honde,
But euery man maie vnderstonde
Of sorcery howe that it wende,
It wolle him selfe proue at ende
And namely for to begile
A ladie whiche withoute gyle
Supposeth trouthe all that she hereth:
But often he, that euill stereth,
His ship is dreint therin a midde:
And in this cas right so betydde.
Nectanabus vpon a night,
Whan it was faire and sterre light,
This yonge lorde lad vpon highe
Aboue a towre, where as he sighe
The sterres, suche as he accounteth,
And saieth, what eche of hem amounteth,
As though he knewe of all thynge,
Yet hath he no knowlechinge
What shall vnto him selfe befall.
Whan he hath tolde his wordes all,
This yonge lorde than him apposeth,
And asketh, if that he supposeth,
What deth he shuld him selfe deie,
He seith, or fortune is aweie,
And euery sterre hath lost his wonne,
Or els of mine owne sonne
I shall be slain, I maie not flee.
Thought Alisander in priuetee,
Herof this olde dotarde lieth.
And er that other ought aspieth,
All sodeinliche his olde bones
He shofe ouer the walle at ones,
And saith hym: Lie downe there a parte,
Wherof nowe serueth all thyn arte?
Thou knewe all other mens chance,
And of thy selfe hast ignorance,
That thou hast sayd amonges all,
Of thy persone is not befall.
Nectanabus whiche hath his death,
Yet whiles hym lasteth life and brethe,
To Alisander he spake, and seyd:
That he with wrong blame on him leid.
Fro poynt to poynt and all the cas
He tolde, howe he his sonne was.
The he, whiche sorie was enough,
Out of the diche his father drough,
And tolde his mother, howe it ferde
In counsaile. And when she it herde,
And knewe the tokens, whiche he tolde,
She nist what she saie sholde,
But stode abasshed, as for the while,
Of this magike, and all the gile,
She thought, how that she was deceiued,
That she hath of a man conceiued,
And wende a god it had bee.
But nethelesse in suche degree
So as she might hir honour saue,
She shope the body was begraue.
And thus Nectanabus abought
The sorcerie, whiche he wrought,
Though he vpon the creatures,
Through his carectes and figures
The maistrie and the power had,
His creatour to nought hym lad,
Ageyne whose lawe his crafte he vseth,
When he for lust his god refuseth,
And toke hym to the deuils crafte:
Lo what profite is hym belafte:
That thynge, through which he wend haue stonde,
First him exiled out of londe,
Which was his owne, and from a kynge
Made hym to be an vnderlynge:
And sythen to deceyue a quene,
That torneth hym to mochell tene,
Through lust of loue he gat hym hate,
That ende couth he nought abate,
His olde sleightes, whiche he cast,
Yonge Alisandre hym ouercast.
His fader, whiche hym misbegat
He sloughe, a great mishappe was that.
But for o mys, an other mis
Was yolde, and so full ofte it is.
Nectanabus his crafte miswent,
And so it misfell hym, er he went.
I hot what helpeth that clergie,
Whiche maketh a man to do folie,
And nameliche of Nicromance,
Whiche stont vpon the miscreance.

Nota qualiter rex Zoroastes statim cum ab vtero matris sue nasceretur gaudio magno risit, in quo pronosticum doloris subsequentis signum figurabatur. Nam et ipse detestabilis artis magice primus fuit inuentor, quem postea rex Surrie dira morte trucidauit, et sic opus operarium consumpit.

AND for to see more euidence
Zoroastes, whiche thexperience
Of arte magike first forth drough,
Anone as he was bore he lough,
Whiche token was of wo suynge.
For of his owne controuynge
He fond magik, and taught it forth,
But all that was him litell worth.
For of surry a worthy kynge,
Him slewe, and that was his endynge.
But yet through him this craft is vsed,
And he through all the worlde excused.
For it shall neuer well acheue,
That stont not right with the beleue,
But liche to wolle is euill sponne,
Who leseth hym selfe hath litell wonne.
And ende proueth euery thyng.
Saul, whiche was of Iewes kynge,
Up peyne of deth forbad this arte:
And yet he toke therof his parte.
The phitonisse in Samarie
Yafe hym counsaile by sorcerie,
Whiche after felle to moche sorowe.
For he was slayne vpon the morowe.
To conne mochell thynge it helpeth,
But of to moche no man yelpeth.
So for to loke on euery side,
Magike maie not well betide.
For thy my sonne I woll the rede,
That thou of these ensamples drede,
That for no lust of erthly loue
Thou seche so to come aboue,
Wherof as in the worldes wonder,
Thou shalt for euer be put vnder.
My good fader graunt mercy.
For euer I shall beware therby,
Of loue what me so befalle,
Suche sorcery abouen all,
Fro this day forth I shall eschewe,
That so ne wyll I not pursewe
My lust of loue for to seche.
But this I wolde you beseche,
Beside that me stant of loue,
As I you herd speke aboue,
Howe Alisandre was betaught
Of Aristotle, and so well taught
Of all that to a kynge belongeth,
Wherof my herte sore longeth
To witte what it wolde mene.
For by reason I wolde wene,
But if I herde of thynges strange,
Yet for a tyme it shuld change
My peyne, and lisse me somdele.
My good sonne thou sayest wele.
For wisedome howe that euer it stonde,
To hym that can it vnderstonde,
Doth great profite in soudrie wise:
But touchend of so highe a prise,
Whiche is not vnto Venus knowe,
I maie it not my selfe knowe,
Whiche of hir courte am all forth drawe
And can nothyng but of hir lawe.
But netheles to knowe more,
As well as thou, me longeth sore:
And for it helpeth to commune,
All be thei nought to me commune
The scholes of philosophie:
Yet thinke I for to specifie,
In bokes as it is comprehended,
Wherof thou mightest ben amended.
For though I be not all counninge,
Upon the forme of this writinge,
Some part therof yet I haue herde,
In this mater howe it hath ferde.

EXPLICIT LIBER SEXTUS.

Omnibus in causis sapiens doctrina salutem
Consequitur, nec habet quis nisi doctus opem.
Naturam superat doctrina viro quod et ortus,
Ingenii docilis non dedit, ipsa dabit.
Non ita discretus hominum per climata regnat,
Quin magis vt sapiat, indiget ipse scholæ.

Quia omnis doctrina bona humano regimini salutem confert, In hoc septimo libro ad instantiam amantis languidi intendit Genius illam, ex qua philosophi et Astrologi philosophie doctrinam regem Alexandrum imbuerunt, secundum aliquid declarare. Diuidit enim philosophiam in tres partes, quarum prima Theorica, secunda Rhetorica, tercia Practica nuncupata est, de quarum condicionibus subsequenter per singula tractabit.

INCIPIT LIBER SEPTIMUS,

I GENIUS the preest of loue,
My son as thou hast praid aboue,
That I the schole shall declare
Of Aristotle, and eke the fare
Of Alisander, howe he was taught,
I am somdele therof distraught.
For it is not the matere
Of loue, why we sitten here
To shriue, so as Venus badde.
But netheles for it is gladde,
So as thou saiest for thyn apprise,
To here of suche thynges wise,
Wherof thou might thy tyme lisse,
So as I can, I shall the wisse.
For wisedome is at euery throwe,
Aboue all other thyng to knowe,
In loues cause and els where.
For thy my sonne vnto thyn eare,
Though it be not in the registre
Of Venus, yet of that Calisthre
And Aristotle whilom writte
To Alisander, thou shalt witte.
But for the lores ben diuers,
I thynke first to the reherce
The matter of philosophie,
Whiche Aristotle of his clergie,
Wise and experte in the science,
Declared thilke intelligence,
As of the poyntes prineipalle.
Wherof the first in specialle
Is Theorike, whiche is grounded
On him, which al the worlde hath founded,
Whiche comprehended al the lore.
And for to loken ouermore

Next of science the seconde
Is Rhetoric, whose faconde
Aboue all other is eloquent.
To telle a tale in iudgement,
So well can no man speke as hee.
The last science of the three.
It is practike, whose office
The vertu trieth fro the vice,
And techeth vpon good thewes
To fle the companie of shrewes,
Whiche stant in disposicion
Of mannes fre election.
Practike enformeth eke the rewle,
Howe that a worthie kynge shall rule
His realme, both in werre and pees.
Lo thus dane Aristoteles
These thre sciences hath deuided,
And in nature also decided,
Wherof that eche of hem shall serue.
The first, whiche is the conserue
And keper of the remenante,
As that, whiche is most suffisante,
And chiefe of the philosophie.
If I therof shall specifie,
So as the philosopher tolde,
Nowe herke, and kepe that thou it holde.

Prima creatorem dat scire scientia summum,
2ui capit, agnoscit, sufficit illud ei.
Plura viros quandoque iuuat nescire, sed illud,
2uod vidit expediens sobrius ille sapit.

Hic tractat de prima parte philosophie, quæ Theorica dicitur, cuius natura triplici dotata est scientia, scilicet Theologia, Phisica, et Mathematica, Sed primo illam partem Theologice declarabit.

Of Theorike principalle
The philosopher in specialle
The propirtees hath determined,
As thilke whiche is enlumined
Of wisdome, and of high prudence,
Aboue all other in his science,
And stant departed vpon three.
The first of whiche in his degree
Is cleped in philosophie,
The science of Theologie.
That other named is phisike,
The thirde is seide Mathematike.
Theologie is that science,
Whiche vnto man yeueth euidence
Of thyng, whiche is not bodily,
Wherof men knowe redily
The high almighty trinitee,
Whiche is o god in vnitee,
Withouten ende and begynnynge,
And creature of all thynge,
Of heuen, of erthe, and of hell,
Wherof (as olde bokes tell)
The philosopher in his reason
Wrote vpon this conclusion:
And of his writynge in a clause
He clepeth god the firste cause,
Whiche of hym selfe is thilke good,
Withouten whom nothyng is good,
Of whiche that euery creature
Hath his beyng, and his nature.
After the beyng of the thynges
There ben thre formes of beynges,

Nota quod triplex dicitur essentia. Prima temporanea, quæ incipit et desinit: Secunda perpetua, que incipit, et non desinit, Tertia sempiterna, que nec incipit, nec desinit.

Thyng, whiche began, and ende shall,
That thyng is cleped temporall.
There is also by other weye
Thyng, whiche began and shall not dey,
As soules, that ben spirituell,
Her beynge is perpetuell.
But there is one aboue the sonne,
Whose tyme neuer was bigonne,
And endles shall euer bee:
That is the god, whose magestee
All other thynges shall gouerne,
And his beinge is sempiterne.
The god, to whom all honoure
Belongeth, he is creatoure.
And other ben his creatures,
He commaundeth the natures,
That thei to him obeien all.
Withouten hym, what so befalle
Her might is none, and he maie all:
The god was euer and euer shall
And thei begonne of his assente.
The times al ben present
To god, and to hem all vnknowe,
But what hym liketh, that thei knowe.
Thus both an angel and a man,
The whiche of all, that god began,
Ben chief, obeien goddes might:
And he stont endeles vp right.
To this science ben priuee
The clerkes of diuinitee,
The whiche vnto the people preche
The feith of holy churche and teche,
Whiche in one cas vpon beleue
Stant more than thei can preue
By wey of argument sensible,
But netheles it is credible,
And doth a man great mede haue,
To hym that thinketh hym selfe to saue,
Theology in suche a wise
Of highe science and highe aprise,
Aboue all other stant vnlike,
And is the first of theorike.

Nota de secunda parte Theorice, que Phisica dicitur.

Phisike is after the seconde,
Through which the philosophre hath fonde.
To teche sondrie knowlechynges
Upon the bodeliche thynges
Of man, of beast, of herbe, of stone,
Of fisshe, of fowle, of euerichone,
That ben of bodily substanee,
The nature and the circumstanee.
Through this science it is full sought
Which vaileth and whiche vaileth nought.

Nota de tertia parte Theorice, que Mathematica dicitur, cuius condicio quatuor in se continet intelligentias, scilicet Arithmeticam, Musicam, Geometriam, et Astronomiam, Sed primo de Arithmetice natura dicere intendit.

The third point of Theorike,
Whiche cleped is Mathematike,

Deuided is in sondrie wise,
And stant vpon diuers apprise.
The first of whiche is Arthmetike,
And the second is said Musike,
The third is eke Geometrie,
And the forth Astronomie.
Of Arthmetike the matere
Is that of whiche a man maie lere,
What Algorisme in nombre amounteth,
Whan that the wise man accounteth
After the formel propretee
Of Algorismes a,b,c.
By whiche multiplieacion
Is made, and diminucion
Of sommes by thexperience
Of this arte, and of this science.

Nota de musica, que secunda pars artis mathematice dicitur.

THE seconde of mathematike,
Whiche is the seience of musike,
That teacheth vpon harmonie
A man to maken melodie
By voice and sounc of instrument,
Through notes of accordement,
The whiche men prononnce alofte,
Nowe sharpe notes, and nowe softe,
Nowe hie notes, and nowe lowe,
As by Gam vt, a man may knowe,
Whiche techeth the prolacion
Of note, and the condicion.

Nota de tertia specie artis Mathematici, quam Geometriam vocant.

MATHEMATIKE of his science
Hath yet the thirde intelligence,
Full of wisdome and of elergie,
And cleped is Geometrie:
Through which a man hath the sleight
Of length, of brede, of depth, of height
To knowe the proporcion
By very calculacion
Of this science: and in this wise
These olde philosophres wise,
Of all this worldes erth rounde
Howe large, howe thicke was the grounde,
Contrived by the experience
The Cercle, and the circomference
Of euery thynge vnto the heuen,
Thei setten point and measure euen.
Mathematike aboue the erth
Of high science aboue the ferth,
Whiche speketh vpon Astronomie,
And techeth of the sterres hie,
Begynnyng vpwarde fro the moone.
But first, as it was for to doone,
This Aristotle in other thynge,
Unto this worthy yonge kynge
The kynde of euery element,
Whiche stant vnder the firmament,
Howe it is made, and in what wise,
Fro point to point he gan deuise.

Quatuor omnipotens elementa creauit origo:
Quatuor et venti partibus ora dabat.
Nostraque quadruplici complectio sorte creatur.
Corpore sicque suo stat variatus homo.

Hic tractat de creatione quatuor elementorum, scilicet terre, aque, aeris, et ignis, Necnon et de eorum naturis, nam et singulis proprietates singule attribuuntur.

TOFORE the creacion
Of ony worldes stacion,
Of heuen, of erthe, or eke of hell,
So as these olde bokes tell,
As sonne to fore the songe is set,
And yet thei ben to gether knet:
Right so the high purueance
Tho had vnder his ordenance
A great substance, a great mattere,
Of whiche he wolde in his manere
These other thynges make and forme.
For yet withouten any forme
Was that matere vniuersall,
Which hight Hem in speciall.
Of Hem, as I am enformed,
These elementes ben made and formed.
Of Hem elementes thei hote,
After the schole of Aristote,
Of whiche if more I shall reherse,
Foure elementes there ben diuerse.

Nota de terra, quod est primum elementum.

THE first of hem, men erthe call,
Whiche is the lowest of hem all:
And is his forme is shape rounde,
Substanciall, stronge, sad, and sounde
As that, whiche made is suffisant,
To beare yp all the remenant.
For as the point in a compas
Stant euen amiddes, right so was
This erthe set, and shall abide,
That it maie swerue to no side.
And hath his centre after the lawe
Of kinde: and to that Centre drawe
Desireth euery worldes thynge:
If there ne were no lettynge.

Nota de aqua, quod est secundum elementum.

ABOUE the erthe kepeth his bounde
The water, whiche is the seconde
Of elementes: and all without
It enuironneth therthe about.
But as it sheweth nought for thy
The subtile water mightily,
Though it be of hym selfe softe,
The strength of the erth passeth ofte.
For right as veines ben of bloud
In man, right so the water floud
Therth of his cours makth ful of veines,
Als well the hilles as the pleines:
And that a man maie seen at eie.
For wher the hilles ben most hie,
There maie men well stremes finde.
So preueth it by waie of kinde,
The water higher than the londe.
And ouer this nowe vnderstonde.

Nota de aere, quod est tertium elementum.

AYER is the thirde of elementes,
Of whose kinde his aspirementes
Taketh euery liuisshe creature,
The whiche shall vpon erth endure:

For as the fisshe, if it be drie,
Mote in defaute of water die:
Right so without aier on liue
No man, ne beast, might thriue,
The whiche is made of flesshe and bone,
There is out take of all none.

Nota quod aer in tribus periferiis diuiditur.

THIS aier in periferis three
Deuided is of suche degree:
Beneth is one, and one amidde,
To whiche aboue is the thridde.
And vpon the deuisions,
There ben diuers impressions,
Of moyst, and eke of drie also,
Whiche of the sonne both two
Ben drawe, and haled vpon hie,
And maken cloudes in the skie,
And shewed is at mans sight,
Wherof by daie, and eke by night,
After the tymes of the yere,
Amonge vs vpon erth here,
In sondrie wise thynges falle.

Nota de prima aeris periferia.

THE firste perifere of all
Engendreth mist, and ouermore
The dewes, and the frostes hore,
After thilke intersticion,
In whiche thei take impression.

Nota de secunda aeris periferia.

FRO the seconde, as bokes seyne,
The moyst droppes of the reyne
Descenden in to the middel erth,
And tempreth it to sede and erth,
And doth to springe gras and floure:
And ofte also the great shoure
Out of suche place it maie be take,
That it the forme shall forsake
Of reyne, and in to snowe be torned.
And eke it maie be so soiourned,
In sondrie places vp alofte,
That in to hayle it tourneth ofte.

Nota de tertia aeris periferia.

THE thirde of aier, after the lawe,
Through suche matere as is vp drawe
Of drie thynge, as it is ofte,
Amonge the cloudes vpon lofte,
And is so close, it maie not out:
Than is it chased sore about,
Till it to fire and leyte falle,
And than it breketh the cloudes all,
The whiche of so great noyse craken,
That thei the fearefull thonder maken.
The thonder stroke smit, er it leyte,
And yet men sene the fire and leyte,
The thonder stroke er that men here.
So maie it well be proued here
In thynge, whiche shewed is fro ferre,
A mans eie is there nerre,
Than is the sounde to mans eare.
And netheles it is great feare
Both of the stroke, and of the fire,
Of whiche is no recouerire
In place where that thei discende,
But if god wolde his grace sende.

Nota qualiter ignes, quos motantur in aere, discurrere videmus, secundum varias apparentie formas, varia gestant nomina, quorum primus Assub, Secundus Capra saliens, tertius Eges, Et quartus Daali in libris philosophorum nuncupatus est.

AND for to speaken ouer this,
In this parte of the aire it is,
That men full ofte sene by night
The fire in sondrie forme alight:
Somtyme the fire drake it semeth,
And so the lewde people it demeth,
Somtyme it semeth as it were
A sterre, whiche that glideth there.
But it is nether of the two,
The philosophre telleth so,
And seith: that of impressions,
Through diuers exaltacions
Upon the cause and the matere,
Men sene diuerse forme appere
Of fire, the whiche hath sondrie name.
Assub, he saith, is thilke same,
The whiche in sondrie place is founde,
Whan it is fall downe to grounde
So as the fire it hath anceled,
Like vnto slime, whiche is congeled.
Of exaltacion I finde
Fire kenled of the same kinde,
But it is of an other forme,
Wherof, if that I shall conforme
The figure vnto that it is,
These olde clerkes tellen this:
That it is like a goat skipende:
And for that it is suche semende,
It is hote Capra saliens.
And eke these Astronomiens
An other fire also by night,
Whiche sheweth hym to mans sight,
Thei clepen Eges, the whiche brenneth
Like to the currant fire, that renneth
Upon a corde, as thou haste sene,
When it with poudre is so besene
Of sulphur, and other thynges mo.
There is a nother fire also,
Whiche semeth to a mans eie
By nightes tyme, as though there flie
A dragon brennyng in the skie,
And that is cleped proprely
Daali, wherof men saie full ofte:
Lo where the fyrie drake a lofte
Fleeth vp in thaire: and so thei demen.
But why the fyres suche semen
Of sondry forme to beholde,
The wise philosophre tolde,
So as to fore it hath ben herde.
Lo thus my sonne it hath ferde
Of aire, the due propretee,
In sondry wise thou myght see.
And howe vnder the firmament
It is eke the thirde element
Whiche enuironeth both two,
The water and the lande also.

Nota de igne, quod est quartum elementum.

AND for to tell ouer this
Of elementes, whiche the forthe is

That is the fire in his degree
Whiche enuironeth thother three,
And is without moyste all drie.
But list nowe, what seythe the clergie.
For vpon hem, that I haue sayde
The creatour hath set and leyde
The kynde and the complexion
Of all mennes nacion.
Foure elementes sondrie there bee,
Liche vnto whiche of that degree,
Amonge the men there bene also
Complections foure, and no mo:
Wherof the philosophre treteth,
That he nothynge behynde leteth,
And seith, howe that thei bene diuerse,
So as I shall to the reherce.

Nota hic qualiter secundum naturam quatuor elementorum, quatuor in humano corpore complexiones scilicet Melancolia, Fleugma, Sanguis, et Colera naturaliter constituuntur, vnde primo de Melancolia dicendum est.

He whiche natureth euery kynde
The myghty god, so as I fynde
Of man, whiche is his creature
Hath so deuyded the nature:
That none tyll other well accordeth.
And by the cause it so discordeth,
The life, whiche feleth the sikenesse
Maie stonde vpon no sikernesse.
Of therthe, whiche is colde and drie
The kynde of man Melancolie
Is cleped, and that is the fyrste,
The most vngoodlyche, and the werste.
For vnto loues werke on night
Hym lacketh both will and might.
No wondre is in lustie place
Of loue though he lese grace.
What man hath that complexion,
Full of imaginacion,
Of dedes, and of wrathfull thoughte,
He freteth hym seluen all to noughte.

De complexione fleugmatis.

The water, whiche is moyste and colde,
Maketh sleme, whiche is manifolde
Foryetell, slowe, and wery soone,
Of euery thynge whiche is to doone.
He is of kinde suffisant
To holde loue his couenant:
But that hym lacketh appetite,
Whiche longeth vnto suche delite.

De complexione sanguinis.

What man that takth his kinde of their
He shall be light, he shall be fayre.
For his complexion is bloode,
Of all there is none so good.
For he hath both will and might
To please and paie loue his right.
Where as he hath loue vndertake,
Wronge is, if that he forsake.

De complexione colere.

The first of his condicion
Appropreth the complexion,
Whose properties ben drie and hote,
Whiche in a man is coler hote,
It maketh a man ben enginous,
And swifte of fote, and eke yrous.
Of conteke, and foole hastinesse
He hath a right great besinesse,
To thinke on loue and litell maie,
Though he be hote well a daie,
On night whan that he woll assaie,
He maie full euill his dettes paie

Nota qualiter quatuor complexiones quatuor in homine habitaciones diuisim possident.

After the kynde of thelement
Thus stant a mans kynde went,
As touchend his complexion
Upon sondrie diuision,
Of drie, of moyst, of chele, of hete,
And eche of hem his owne sete
Appropred hath within a man.
And first to telle as I began,

Splendomus melancolie.

The splen is to Melancolie
Assigned for herbirgerie.

Pulmo domus fleugmatis.

The moyst fleume, with the colde
Hath in the longes for his holde
Ordeined him a propre stede,
To dwell there as he is bede.

Epar domus sanguinis.

To the sanguine complexion
Nature of his inspection
A propre hous hath in the liuer,
For his dwellinge made deliuer.

Fel domus colere.

The drie coler, with his hete,
By weie of kynde his propre sete
Hath in the galle, where he dwelleth,
So as the philosophre telleth.

Nota de stomacho, qui vna cum aliis cordi speciali alius deseruit.

Nowe ouer this for to wite,
As it is in phisike write,
Of liuer, of longe, of galle, of splene,
Thei all vnto the herte bene
Seruantes, and eche in his office
Entenden to don him seruice,
As he whiche is chiefe lorde aboue.
The liuer makth him for to loue,
The longe giueth him wey of speche,
The gall serueth to do wreche,
The splen doth him to laughe and plaie,
Whan all vnclennes is a waie.
Lo thus hath eche of hem his dede
To susteynen hem and fede.
In tyme of recreacion
Nature hath increacion
The stomake for a comune koke
Ordeined so, as saith the boke

The stomake koke is for the hall,
And boyleth meate for hem all:
To make hem mightie for to serue
The herte, that he shall not sterue,
For as a kynge in his empire
Aboue all other is lorde and syre:
So is the herte principall,
To whom reason in speciall
Is yeue, as for the gouernance.
And thus nature his purueance
Hath made for man to liuen here.
But god, whiche hath the soule dere,
Hath formed it in other wise,
That can no man pleynely deuise.
But as the clerkes vs enforme,
That liche to god it hath a forme.
Through whiche figure, and whiche likenesse,
The soule hath many an high noblesse
Appropried to his owne kynde.
But oft hir wittes ben made blynde,
All oneliche of this ilke poynte,
That hir abydyng is conioynte
Forth with the body for to dwelle.
That one desireth towarde helle,
That other vpwarde to the heuen,
So shall thei neuer stonde in euen.
But if the flesshe be ouercome.
And that the soule hath holly nome
The gouernance: and that is selde,
While that the flesshe him maie bewelde.
All erthely thynge, whiche god began,
Was onely made to serue man.
But he the soule all onely made
Hym seluen for to serue and glade.
All other bestes that men fynde.
Thei seruen vnto their owne kynde.
But to reason the soule serueth,
Wherof the man his thonke deserueth,
And get hym with his workes goode,
The perdurable liues foode.

Hic loquitur vlterius de diuisione terre: que post diluuium tribus filiis Noe in tres partes, scilicet Asiam, Affricam, et Europam diuidebatur.

Of what matere it shall be tolde,
A tale liketh many folde
The better, if that it be spoke pleyne.
Thus thinke I for to tourne ageyne,
And telle plenerly therfore
Of the erth, wherof now tofore
I spake, and of the water eke,
So as these olde bokes speke,
And set properly the bounde
After the forme of Mappamounde,
Through which the grounde by purparties
Departed is in thre parties,
That is Asie, Affrike, Europe,
The whiche vnder the heuen cope
Begripeth all this earth rounde,
As ferre as stretcheth any grounde.
But after that the high wreche,
The water weyes let out seche
And ouergo the hilles hie,
Whiche euery kynde made die,
That vpon middell erth stoode,
Out take Noe, and his bloode,
His sonnes, and his doughters thre
They were saue, and so was he.
Her names, who that rede right,
Sem, Cam, Iaphet, the bretherne hight,
And whan thilke almighty honde
Withdrough the water fro the londe,
And all the rage was awaie,
And erth was the mans waie:
The sonnes thre, of whiche I tolde,
Right after that hem selfe wolde,
This worlde departe they begonne,
Asia, whiche laie to the sonne
Upon the marche of Orient,
Was graunted by commune assent
To Sem, whiche was the sonne eldest.
For that partie was the best,
And double as muche as other two.
And was that tyme bounded so,
Wher as the floud, which men Nile calleth,
Departed fro his cours, and falleth
In to the sea Alexandrine,
There taketh Asie first sesine
Towarde the weste, and ouer this
Of Canahim, where the flode is
In to the great sea rennende,
Fro that in to the worldes ende
Estwarde Asie it is algates,
Till that men comen to the gates
Of paradise, and there ho.
And shortely for to speake it so,
Of Orient in generall
Within his bounde Asie hath all.

De Affrica et Europa.

And than vpon that other side
Westwarde, as it fell thilke tide
The brother, whiche was hote Cam,
Unto his parte Affrike nam.
Iaphet Europe tho toke he,
Thus parten they the worlde on thre.
But yet there ben of londes sele.
In Occident, as for the chele,
In Orient as for the hete,
Whiche of the people be forlete,
As londe deserte, that is vnable.
For it maie not ben habitable.

Nota de mare, quod magnum Oceanum dicitur.

The water eke hath sondry bounde
After the londe, where it is founde,
And takth his name of thilke londes,
Where that it renneth on the strondes.
But thilke sea, whiche hath no wane,
Is cleped the greate Oceane:
Out of whiche arise and come
The hie flouddes all and some.
Is none so litell well springe,
Whiche there ne takth his beginninge,
And liche a man that lacketh brethe,
By weie of kynde, so it gethe
Out of the sea, and in ageyne
The water as the bokes seyne.

Nota hic secundum philosophum de quinto elemento, quod omnia sub celo creata infra suum ambitum continet, cui nomen orbis specialiter appropriatum est.

Of elementes the properties
How that they stonden by degrees,
As I haue tolde, nowe might thou here
My good sonne all the matere.

Of erthe, of water, ayre, and fire.
And for thou sayst, that thy desire
Is for to weten euermore
The forme of Aristotles lore,
He saith in his entendement,
That yet there is an element
Aboue the foure, and is the fifte,
Set of the highe goddes yefte,
The whiche that Orbis cleped is.
And therupon he telleth this,
That as the shelle whole and sounde
Encloseth all aboute rounde
What thynge within a neie belongeth:
Right so this Orbis vnderfongeth
These elementes euerichone,
Whiche I haue spoke of one and one.
But ouer this nowe take good hede,
My sonne: for I woll procede
To speake vpon Mathematike,
Whiche grounded is on Theorike.
The science of Astronomie
I thinke for to specifie,
Without whiche to telle playne,
All other science is in vayne
Towarde the schole of erthly thynges.
For as an egle with his wynges
Fleeth aboue all that men fynde:
So doth this science in his kynde.

Lege planetarum magis inferiora reguntur
Ista, sed interdum regula fallit opus.
Vir mediante deo, sapiens dominabitur asaris,
Fata nec immerito quod nouitatis agunt.

Hic loquitur de artis Mathematice quarta specie, que astronomia nuncupatur, cui eciam Astrologia socia connumeratur, Sed primo de septem planetis, que inter astra potenciores existunt, Incipiendo a luna seorsum tractare intendit.

BENETHE vpon this erthe here
Of all thynges the matere,
As tellen vs they, that ben lerned,
Of thynge aboue it stont gouerned,
That is to seyne of the planetes,
The cheles bothe, and eke the hetes,
The chaunges of the worlde also,
That we fortune clepen so.
Amonge the mennes nacion
All is through constellecion
Wherof that some man hath the wele:
And some men haue diseases fele
In loue as well as other thynges.
The state of realmes, and of kynges.
In tyme of pees, in tyme of werre
It is conceiued of the sterre.
And thus seyth the naturien,
Whiche is an Astronomien.
But the diuine saith otherwyse,
That if men were good and wise,
And plesant vnto the godhede,
They shulde not the sterres drede.
For one man, if hym well befalle,
Is more worthe than be they all
Towardes hym, that weldeth all.
But yet the lawe originall,
Which he hath set in the natures,
Mot worchen in the creatures,
That therof maie be none obstacle:
But if it stonde vpon miracle
Through praier of som holy man.
And for thy so as I began
To speke vpon astronomie,
As it is write in the clergie,
To telle howe the planetes fare
Some parte I thynke to declare
My sonne vnto thine audience.
Astronomie is the science
Of wisedome and of high conninge,
Which makth a man of knowleching
Of sterres in the fermament
Figure, circle, and mouement
Of eche of hem in sondrie place:
And what betweene hem is of space,
Howe so they moue or stonde fast,
All this it telleth to the last.
Assembled with astronomie
Is eke that like astrologie,
The whiche in iudgement accounteth
Theffecte, what euery sterre amounteth.
And howe they causen many a wonder
To the climates, that stond hem vnder.
And for to telle it more pleine
These olde philosophers seyne,
That Orbis, whiche I spake of er,
Is that, whiche we fro therthe a ferre,
Beholde, and firmament it calle,
In whiche the sterres stonden all.
Amonge the whiche inspeciall
Planetes seuen principalle
There ben, that mans sight demeth
By thorizont as to vs semeth.
And also there ben signes twelue,
Whiche haue her cercles by hem selue
Compassed in the Zodiake:
In whiche thei haue her places take.
And as thei stonden in degree,
Her cercles more or lesse bee
Made after the proporcion
Of the erthe, whose condicion
Is set, to be fundament
To susteine vp the firmament.
And by this skille a man maie knowe,
The more that thei stonden lowe,
The more ben the cercles lasse,
That causeth why that some passe
Her due cours tofore an other.
But nowe my lieue dere brother,
As thou desyrest for to witte
What I fynde in the bokes writte
To telle of the planetes seuen,
Howe that thei stonde vpon the heuen:
And in what point that thei ben in,
Take hede: for I woll begyn:
So as the philosopher taught,
To Alisander and it betaught,
Wherof that he was fully taught
Of wisdom, which was him betaught.

Nota hic de prima planeta, que aliis inferior luna dicitur.

BENETHE all other stont the Moone,
The whiche hath with the sea to doone
Of floodes highe, and ebbes lowe.
Upon his chaunge it shall be knowe.
And euery fisshe, whiche hath a shelle,
Mote in his gouernaunce dwelle
To wexe and wane in his degree,
As by the Moone a man maie see:

And all that stont vpon the grounde,
Of his moisture it mote be founde.
All other sterres, as men fynde,
Ben shinende of her owne kynde:
Out take onely the moone light,
Whiche is not of him selfe bright,
But as he takth it of the sonne.
And yet he hath nought all ful wonne
His light, that he nis somdell derke:
But what the lette is of that werke,
In Almagest it telleth this.
The moones cercle so lowe is.
Wherof the sonne out of his stage
Ne seeth him not with full visage.
For he is with the grounde beshaded,
So that the moone is somdele faded,
And maie not fully shine clere.
But what man vnder his powere
Is bore, he shall his place chaunge,
And seche many londes straunge.
And as of this condicion
The moones disposicion
Upon the londe of Alemayne
Is set, and eke vpon Britayne,
Whiche nowe is cleped Englonde.
For thei trauayle in euery londe.

De secunda planeta, que Mercurius dicitur.

Of the planetes the seconde
Aboue the moone hath take his bonde
Mercurie: and his nature is this,
That vnder him who that borne is,
In boke he shall be studious,
And in writinge curious,
And slowe and lustles to trauayle
In thinge, whiche els might auayle:
He loueth ease, he loueth rest,
So is he not the worthiest.
But yet with somdele besinesse
His hert is set vpon richesse.
And as in this condicion
Theffecte and disposicion
Of this planete, and of his chance
Is moste in Borgoyne, and in France.

De tercia planeta, que Venus dicitur.

Next Mercurie as wolle befalle
Stont that planet, whiche men call
Venus: whose constellacion
Gouerneth all the nacion
Of louers, where thei spede or none.
Of whiche I trowe thou be one.
But whetherward thin happes wende
Shall this planete shewe at ende,
As it hath do to many mo.
To some well, to some wo.
And netheles of this planete
The moste partie is softe and swete.
For who that therof takth his birth,
He shall desyre ioy and mirthe,
Gentill curtoys and debonaire
To speke his wordes softe and faire,
Suche shall he be by wey of kynde.
And ouer all where he maie fynde
Pleasance of loue, his herte boweth.
With all his might and there he woweth.
He is so ferforth amorous,
He not what thynge is vicious
Tochend loue, for that lawe
There maie no maner man withdrawe,
The whiche Venerien is bore
By wey of kinde, and therfore
Venus of loue the goddesse
Is cleped but of wantonnesse
The climate of hir lecherie
Is most comune in Lumbardie.

Nota de sole, qui medio planetarum residens, Astrorum principatum obtinet.

Next vnto this planete of loue
The bright sonne stont aboue,
Whiche is the hinderer of the night,
And forthērer of the daies light:
As he whiche is the worldes eie,
Through whome the lustie companie
Of foules by the morowe singe:
The fresshe floures sprede and springe,
The highe tree the grounde beshaddeth,
And euery mans hert gladdeth.
And for it is the heade planete,
Howe that he sitteth in his sete,
Of what richesse, of what nobleie,
Thise bokes telle: and thus thei seie.

Nota de curru solis, necnon de vario eiusdem apparatu.

Of golde glistrende spoke and whele
The sonne his carte hath faire and wele,
In whiche he sitte, and is croned
With bright stones enuironed:
Of whiche if that I speke shall,
There be tofore inspeciall
Set in the front of his corone
Thre stones whiche no persone
Hath vpon erth, and the first is
By name cleped Leucachatis.
That other two cleped thus
Astroites and Ceraunus
In his corone, and also behynde,
By olde bokes as I fynde,
There ben of worthie stones three
Set eche of hem in his degree,
Wherof a Christall is that one,
Whiche that corone is set vpon.
The seconde is an Adamant.
The thirde is noble and euenant,
Whiche cleped is Idriades.
And ouer this yet netheles
Upon the sides of the werke,
After the writynge of the clerke,
There sitten fiue stones mor
The Smaragdine is one of tho,
Iaspis, and Elitropius,
And Vendides, and Ianinetus.
Lo thus the corone is beset,
Wherof it shineth well the bet,
And in suche wise his light to spreade,
Sit with his Diademe on head,
The sonne shinende in his carte:
And for to lede hym swithe and smarte,
After the bright dhies lawe,
There ben ordeined for to drawe,
Four hors his chare, and him withall,
Wherof the names tell I shall.
Eritheus the first is hote,
The whiche is redde and shineth hote:

The seconde Actéos the bright:
Lampes the thirde courser hight:
And Philogens is the ferth,
That bringen light vnto this erth,
And gone so swifte vpon the heuen,
In foure and twenty houres euen
The carte with the bright sonne
Thei drawe, so that ouer ronne
Thei haue vnder the cercles hie
All midde erthe in suche an hie.
And thus the sonne is ouer all
The chiefe planete imperiall,
Aboue hym and beneth hym thre.
And thus betwene hem renneth he,
As the that hath the middel place
Amonge the seuen: and of his face
Ben glad all erthely creatures,
And taken after the natures
Her ease and recreacion.
And in his constellacion
Who that is bore in speciall,
Of good wille and of liberall
He shall be founde in all place,
And also stonde in mochel grace
Toward the lordes for to serue,
And great profite and thonke deserue.
And ouer that it causeth yit
A man to be subtil of wit,
To worch in golde, and to be wise
In euery thyng, whiche is of prise.
But for to speken in what coste
Of all this erth he regneth moste,
As for wisdom it is in Grece,
Where is appropred thilke spece.

Nota de quinta planeta, que Mars dicitur.

MARS the planete bataillous
Next to the sonne glorious
Aboue stant, and doth merualles
Upon the fortune of batailes.
The Conquerours by daies olde
Were vnto this planete holde.
But who that his natiuitee
Hath take vpon the propirtee
Of Martis disposicion,
By wey of constellacion,
He shall be fers and full hastife,
And desirous of werre and strife.
But for to tellen redily
In what climate most commonly
That this planete hath his effecte.
Saide is, that he hath his aspecte
Upon the holy londe so caste,
That there is no pees stedfaste.

Nota de sexta planeta, que Iupiter dicitur.

ABOUE Mars vpon the heuen
The sixte planete of the seuen
Stant Iupiter the delicate,
Whiche causeth pees, and no debate.
For he is cleped the planete
Whiche of his kynde softe and swete
Attempreth all that to hym longeth.
And whom this planete vnderfongeth,
To stonde vpon his regiment,
He shall be meke and pacient,
And fortunate to marchandie,
And lusty to deliacie
In euery thyng, whiche he shall do.
This Iupiter is cause also
Of the science of light werkes,
And in this wise tellen clerkes,
He is the planete of delices.
But in Aegypte of his offices
He reigneth moste in speciall.
For there ben lustes ouer all,
Of all that to this life befalleth.
For there no stormie weder falleth,
Whiche might grene man or best:
And eke the londe is so honest,
That it is plentuous and plaine,
There is no idell grounde in vaine.
And vpon suche felicitee
Stant Iupiter in his degree.

De septima planeta, quæ reliquis celsior Saturnus dictus est.

THE hiest and abouen all
Stant that planet, which men call
Saturnus, whose complection
Is colde, and his condicion
Causeth malice and crueltee
To hym, whose natiuitee
Is set vnder his gouernance.
For all his werkes ben greuance,
And ennemie to mans hele,
In what degre that he shall dele.
His climate is in Orient,
Where that he is most violent.
Of the planetes by and by,
Howe that thei stonde vpon the skie,
Fro point to point as thou might here,
Was Alisander made to lere.
But ouer this touchende his lore
Of thyng, that thei hym taughten more
Upon the scholes of clergie,
Nowe herken the philosophie.

Postquam dictum est de septem planetis, quibus singule septimane dies singulariter attitulantur, dicendum est iam de duodecim signis, per que. xii. menses anni variis temporibus effectus varios assequuntur.

HE whiche departeth daie fro night,
That one derke, and that other bright,
Of seuen daies made a weke,
A monthe of foure wekes eke
He hath ordeined in his lawe.
Of monthes twelue, and eke forthdrawe
He hath also the longe yere.
And as he sette of his powere
Accordant to the daies seuen,
Planetes seuen vpon the heuen,
As thou tofore hast herde deuise:
To speke right in suche a wise
To euery monthe by hym selue,
Upon the heuen of signes twelue
He hath after his ordinall
Assigned one in speciall,
Wherof so as I shall rehersen,
The tides of the yere diuersen.
But plainly for to make it knowe
Howe that the signes sit a rowe,
Eche after other by degree,
In substance and in propertee,

The Zodiake comprehendeth
Within his cercle, and it appendeth.

Nota hic de primo signo, quod Aries dicitur, cui mensis specialiter Marcii appropriatus est.

Quo deus in primo produxit adesse creata.

And as it seith in Almageste
Of sterres twelue vpon this beste
Ben sette, wherof in his degree
The wombe hath two, the head hath three,
The taile hath seuen, and in this wise,
As thou might here me deuise,
Stant Aries, whiche hote and drie
Is of hym selfe, and in partie
He is the recepte and the hous
Of mighty Mars the batailous.
And ouermore eke as I finde,
The creature of all kinde
Upon this signe firste began
The worlde, whan that he made man,
And of this constellacion
The very operacion
Auaileth, if a man therin
The purpose of his werke begin.
For than he hath of propertee
Good spede and great felicitee.
The twelue monethes of the yere
Attitled vnder the powere
Of these twelue signes stonde,
Wherof that thou shalt vnderstonde,
This Aries out of the twelue
Hath Marche attitled for hym selfe,
Whan euery bird shall chese his make,
And euery adder, and euery snake,
And euery reptile, whiche maie moue,
His might assaieth for to proue
To crepen out ayeine the sonne,
Whan Vere his season hath begonne.

Secundum signum dicitur Taurus, cuius mensis est Aprilis.

Quo prius occultas inuenit herba vias.

Taurus the seconde after this
Of signes, whiche figured is
Unto a boolle drie and colde,
And as it is in bokes tolde,
He is the hows appertinant
To Venus somdele discordant.
This boolle is eke with sterres set,
Through whiche he hath his hornes knet
Unto the taile of Aries:
So is he not there sterreles.
Upon his brest eke eightene
He hath, and eke as it is sene,
Upon his taile stand other two,
His month assigned eke also
Is Aueril, whiche of showres
Ministreth wey vnto the floures.

Tertium signum dicitur Gemini, cuius mensis Maius est.

Quo volucrum cantus gaudet de floribus ortis.

The thirde signe is Gemini,
Whiche is figured redily
Liche to two twinnes of man kinde,
That naked stonde: And as I finde,
Thei ben with sterres wel bego,
The head hath parte of thilke two,
That shine vpon the boolles tayle,
So ben thei both of o parayle,
But of the wombe of Gemini
Ben fiue sterres not for thy:
And eke vpon the feete ben twey,
So as these olde bokes sey
That wise Ptholomeus wrote.
His propre monthe well I wote
Assigned is the lustie Maie,
Whan euery brydde vpon his laie
Emonge the grene leues singeth,
And loue of his pointure stingeth,
After the lawes of nature,
The yongthe of euery creature.

Quartum signum Cancer dicitur, cuius mensis Iunius est.

Quo falcat pratis pabula tonsor equis.

Cancer after the rule and space
Of signes halt the fourth place.
Like to the crabbe he hath semblance,
And hath vnto his retinance
Xvi. sterres, wherof ten,
So as these olde wise men
Discriue, he bereth on him tofore,
And in the middell two before,
And. iiii. he hath vpon his ende:
Thus goeth he sterred in his kende.
And of him selfe is moyste and colde,
And he is the propre hous and holde,
Whiche appertemeth to the Moone,
And doeth what longeth hym to doone.
The month of Iune vnto this signe
Thou shalte after the rule assigne.

Quintum signum Leo dicitur, cuius mensis Iulius est.

Quo magis ad terras expandit Lucifer ignis,

The fifte signe is Leo hote,
Whose kynde is sharpe drie and hote,
In whome the sonne hath herbergage,
And the semblance of his ymage
Is a lion, whiche in bailie
Of sterres hath his purpartie
The foure, whiche as Cancer hath
Upon his ende Leo tath.
Upon his head, and than neste
He hath eke foure vpon his breste.
And one vpon his taile behynde
In olde bokes as I fynde.
His propre month is Iule by name:
In whiche men plaien many a game.

Sextum signum Virgo dicitur, cuius mensis Augustus est.

Quo vacuata prius pubes replet horrea messis.

After Leo, Virgo the nexte
Of signes cleped is the sexte:
Wherof the figure is a mayde,
And as the philosopher sayde,

She is the welth and the lisynge,
The lust, the ioy, and the likynge
Unto Mercurie: and sothe to saie
She is with sterres well besaie,
Wherof Leo hath lent hir one,
Whiche set on hie hir head vpon:
Hir wombe hath. v. hir fete also
Haue other fine: and euer mo
Touchende as of complexion,
By kyndly disposicion,
Of drie and colde this maiden is.
And for to tellen ouer this,
Hir month thou shalt vnderstonde,
Whan euery felde hath eorne in honde,
And many a man his backe hath plied
Unto this signe is August applied.

Septimum signum Libra dicitur, cuius mensis September est.

Vinea quo Bacchum pressa liquore colit.

After Virgo to reken in euen
Libra sit in the nombre of seuen,
Whiche hath figure and resemblance
Unto a man, whiche a balance
Beareth in his honde, as for to weye.
In boke and as it maie be leie,
Diuers sterres to hym longeth,
Wherof on head he vnderfongeth
First thre, and eke his wombe hath two,
And downe benethe. viii. other mo.
This signe is hote and moyst both,
The whiche thynges be not loth
Unto Venus, so that aloste
She resteth in his hous full ofte.
And eke Saturne often hyed
Is in the signe and magnified.
His propre month is sayd Septembre,
Whiche yeueth men cause to remembre,
If any sore be lefte behynde
Of thynge, whiche greue maie to kynde.

Octauum signum Scorpio dicitur, cuius mensis Octobris est.

Floribus exclusis hyems qui ianitor extat.

Amonge the signes vpon the height.
The signe, whiche is nombred eight,
Is Scorpio, whiche as season
Figured is a Scorpion.
But for all that yet nethelesse
Is Scorpio not sterlesse.
For Libra graunteth him his ende,
Of. viii. sterres, where he wende,
The whiche vpon his head assised
He beareth, and eke there ben deuised
Upon his wombe sterres thre,
And. viii. vpon his taile hath he,
Whiche of his kynde is moist and colde,
And vnbehouely many folde.
He harmeth Venus and empeyreth,
Aut Mars vnto his hous repeireth.
But ware whan thei togeder dwellen.
His propre monthe is, as men tellen,
Octobre, whiche bringeth the kalende
Of winter, that cometh next sewende.

Nonum signum Sagittarius dicitur, cuius mensis Nouembris est.

Quo mustum bibulo linquit sha nomina vino.

The. ix. signe in Nouembre also,
Whiche foloweth after Scorpio,
Is cleped Sagittarius.
The whose figure is marked thus.
A monstre with a bowe on honde,
On whom that soindry sterres stonde,
Thilke. viii. of whiche I spake tofore,
The whiche vpon the tale ben lore
Of Scorpio the hede all fayre
Be spreden of the sagittaire,
And. viii. of other stonden euen
Upon his wombe, and other seuen
There stonden vpon his taile behinde:
And he is hote and drie of kinde.
To Iupiter his house is free,
But to Mercurie in his degree
(For thei be not of one assent)
He woreheth great empeirement.
This signe hath of his propertee
A month, whiche of dewtee,
After the seson that befalleth,
The plough oxe in winter stalleth,
And fyre into the halle he bringeth,
And thilke drinke, of whiche men singeth,
He turneth must in to the wine:
Than is the larder of the swine,
That is nouembre, whiche I mene,
Whan that the leef hath lost his grene.

Decimum signum Capricornus dicitur, cuius mensis Decembris est.

Ipse diem nano noctemque giganti figurat.

The tenthe signe drie and colde,
The whiche is Capricornus tolde,
Unto a gote hath resemblance:
For whose loue, and whose aqueintance
Within his house to soiourne,
It liketh well vnto Saturne.
But to the Moone it liketh nought.
For no profit is there wrought.
This signe, as of his propretee,
Upon his head hath sterres three,
And eke vpon his wombe two,
And twey vpon his tayle also.
Decembre after the yeres formes,
So as the bokes vs enformes,
With daies shorte and nyghtes longe,
This ilke signe hath vnderfonge.

Undecimum signum Aquarius dicitur, cuius mensis Ianuarius est.

Quo Ianus vultum duplum conuertit in annum.

Of the that sitten vpon the heuen
Of signes in the nombre enleuen,
Aquarius hath take his place,
And stant well in Saturnus grace:
Whiche dwelleth in his herbergage.
But to the sonne he doth outrage.
This signe is verailly resembled
Liche to a man, whiche halte assembled
In either honde a water spout,
Wherof the stremes rennen out.
He is of kynde moyst and hote,
And he that of the sterres wote,

Saith, that he hath of sterres two
Upon his head, and bene of tho,
That Capricorne hath on his ende,
And as the bokes maken mynde,
That Ptholomeus made hym selue,
He hath eke on his wombe twelue:
And two vpon his ende stonde.
Thou shalt also this vnderstonde,
The frosty colde Ianiuere,
Whan comen is the newe yere,
That Ianus with double face.
In his chaire hath take his place,
And loketh vpon bothe sides,
Some dele towarde the winter tides,
Some dele towarde the yere suende:
That is the monthe belongende
Unto this signe, and of his dole
He yeueth the fyrste primrole.

Duodecimum signum Piscis dicitur, cuius mensis Februarius est.

Quo pluuie torrens riparum concitat amnes.

THE. xii. whiche is last of all
Of signes, Piscis men it call,
The whiche, as telleth the scripture,
Beareth of two fisshes the figure.
So is he colde and moiste of kynde.
And eke with sterres as I fynde
Be set in sondry wise, as thus:
Two of his ende Aquarius
Hath lent, vnto his head, and two
This signe hath of his owne also
Upon his wombe: and ouer this
Upon his ende also there is
A nombre of twenty sterres bright,
Whiche is to sene a wonder sight.
Towarde his signe in to his hous
Couth Iupiter the glorious,
And Venus eke with him accordeth
To dwellen, as the boke recordeth.
The monthe vnto this signe ordeigned
Is Februar, whiche is bereigned
And with londflodes in his rage
At fordes letteth the passage.
Nowe hast thou herde the propretee
Of signes, but in his degree
Albumazare yet ouer this
Saith, so as the erthe parted is
In foure: right so ben deuised
The signes twelue, and stonde assised,
That eche of hem in his partie
Hath his climate to iustifie:
Wherof the fyrst regiment
Towarde the parte of Orient,
From Antioche, and that countree
Gouerned is of signes thre:
That is Cancer, Virgo, Leo.
And towarde thoccident also,
From Armenie, as I am lerned,
Of Capricorne it stant gouerned,
Of Piscis, and Aquarius.
And after hem I fynde thus,
Southwarde fro Alisander forthe
Tho signes, whiche most ben worth
In gouernance of that Doaire
Libra thei ben, and Sagittaire,
With Scorpio, whiche is conioynt
With hem to stonde vpon that poynt
Of Constantinople the citee
(So as these bokes telleu mee)
The last of this diuision
Stant vntowarde Septentrion,
Where as by wey of purueiance
Aries hath the gouernance,
Forth with Taurus and Gemini.
Thus ben the signes propreiy
Deuided, as it is rehersed,
Wherof the londes ben diuersed.
Lo thus my son, as thou might here,
Was Alisander made to lere
Of hem, that weren for his lore.
But nowe to loken ouermore
Of other sterres how thei fare,
I thynke hereafter to declare,
So as kynge Alisander in youth,
Of hym that suche signes couth,
Enformed was tofore his eie
By night vpon the sterres sie.

Hic tractat super doctrina Nectanabi dum ipse iuuenem Alexandrum instruxit de illis precipue quindecim stellis, vna cum earum lapidibus et herbis, que ad artis Magice naturalis operacionem specialius conueniunt.

UPON sondry creacion
Stant sondry operacion,
Some worcheth this, some worcheth that,
The fire is hote in his estate,
And brenneth what he maie atteyne,
The water maie the fyre restreine,
The whiche is colde and moyst also,
Of other thynge it fareth right so
Upon the erthe amonge vs here.
And for to speake in this manere,
Upon the heuen as men maie fynde,
The sterres ben of sondrie kynde,
And worchen many sondrie thynges.
To vs, that ben her vnderlynges.
Amonge the whiche forth withall
Nectanabus in speciall,
Whiche was an Astronomien,
And eke a great magicien,
And vndertake hath thilke emprise,
To Alisaunder in his apprise,
As of magike naturele
To knowe enformeth hym somdele
Of certaine sterres what thei mene,
Of whiche he seyth there ben fiftene.
And sondrily to euerichone
A gras belongeth and a stone:
Wherof men worchen many a wonder
To set thynge both vp and vnder.

Prima stella vocatur Aldeboran, cuius lapis Carbunculus, et herba anabulla est.

To tell right as he began,
The first sterre Aldeboran,
The clerest and the moste of all
By right name men it call,
Whiche liche is of condicion
To Mars, and of complexion
To Venus, and hath therupon
Carbunculum his propre stone.
His herbe is Annabulla named,
Whiche is of great vertue proclamed.

Secunda stella vocatur Clota, seu Pliades, cuius lapis Christallum, et herba feniculus est.

THE seconde is not vertules,
Clota, or els Pliades
It hate, and of the moonees kynde
He is; and also this I fynde,
He taketh of Mars complexion
And liche to suche condicion,
His stone appropred is Christall.
And eke his herbe inspeciall
The vertuous Fenell it is.

Tercia stella vocatur Algol, cuius lapis Diamans, et herba heleborum nigrum est.

THE thirde, which comth after this,
Is hote Algos the clere rede,
Whiche of Saturne, as I maie rede,
His kynde taketh, and eke of Ioue
Complexion to his behoue.
His propre stone is diamant.
Whiche is to hym meste acordant.
His herbe, whiche is to hym betake,
Is hote Eleborum the blake.

Quarta stella vocatur Alhaiot, cuius lapis Saphirus, et herba Marrubium est.

So as it falleth vpon lotte
The fourth sterre is Alhaiotte,
Whiche in the wise as I saide er,
Of Saturne and of Iupiter
Hath take his kinde, and there vpon
The saphir is his propre stone,
Marrubium his herbe also,
The whiche accorden both two.

Quinta stella vocatur Canis maior, cuius lapis Berillus: et herba sauina est.

AND Canis maior in his like
The fifthe sterre is of magike,
The whose kynde is venerien,
As saith this astronomien.
His propre stone is saide Berille:
But for to worche and to fulfille
Thynge, whiche to this science falleth,
There is an herbe, whiche men calleth
Saueyne, and that behoueth nede
To hym, that woll his purpose spede.

Sexta stella vocatur canis minor, cuius lapis Achatis, et herba primula est.

THE sixte sewende after this
By name Canis minor is:
The whiche sterre is Mercuriall
By wey of kynde, and forth withall
As it is written in the carte,
Complexion he taketh of Marte:
His stone and herbe (as seith the schole)
Ben Achates and Primerole.

Septima stella vocatur Arial, cuius lapis gargonza, et herba celidonia est.

THE seuenth sterre in speciall
Of this science is Arialt,
Whiche sondrie nature vnderfongeth.
The stone, which propre vnto him longeth
Gorgonza proprely it hight,
His herbe also, whiche he shall right
Upon the worchynge as I mene,
Is Celidone fresshe and grene.

Octaua stella vocatur Ala corui, cuius lapis honochinus, et herba lappacia est.

STERRE Ala corui vpon height
Hath take his place in nombre of eight,
Whiche of his kinde mote performe
The will of Marte, and of Saturne:
To whom Lappacia the gret
Is herbe, but of no beyete.
His stone is Honochinus hote,
Through which men worchen great riote.

Nona stella vocatur Alaezel, cuius lapis Smaragdus, et herba salgea est.

THE nynthe sterre faire and wele
By name is hote Alaezele,
Whiche taketh his propre kinde thus,
Bothe of Mercurie and of Venus.
His stone is the grene Emeraude,
To whom is geuen many a laude.
Saulge is his herbe appertenant
Abouen all the remenant.

Decima stella vocatur Almareth, cuius lapis Iaspis, et herba plantago est.

THE tenthe sterre is Almareth,
Whiche vpon life and vpon deth,
Through kinde of Iupiter and Marte,
He doth what longeth to his parte.
His stone is Iaspe, and of plantaine
He hath his herbe soueraine.

Undecima stella vocatur venenas, cuius lapis Adamas, et herbā Cicoria est.

THE sterre enleuenth is Venenas,
The whose nature is, as it was
Take of Venus, and of the Moone
In thynge, whiche he hath for to doone
Of Adamant is that perrie,
In whiche he woreheth his maistrie.
Thilke herbe also, which hym befalleth,
Cicorea the boke hym calleth.

Duodecima stella vocatur Alpheta, cuius lapis Topasion, et herba Rosmarinum.

ALPHETA in the nombre set,
And is the twelfte sterre yet.
Of Scorpio whiche is gouerned,
And takth his kinde, as I am lerned,
And hath his vertue in the stone,
Whiche cleped is Topasione.
His herbe propre is rosemarine,
Whiche shapen is for his couine.

Tertia decima stella vocatur Cor Scorpionis, cuius lapis Serdis, et herba Astrologia est.

OF these sterres, which I mene,
Cor Scorpionis is threttene,

The whos nature Mart and Ioue
Haue youen vnto his behoue.
His herbe is Astrologie,
Which foloweth his astronomie.
The stone which that this sterre allowth,
Is Sardis, whiche vnto hym bowth.

Quarta decima stella vocatur botercadent, cuius lapis Crisolitus, et herba saturea est.

THE sterre, whiche stant next the last,
Nature of him this name cast,
And clepen him Botercadent,
Whiche of his kind obedient
Is to Mercurie and to Venus.
His stone is called Crisolitus.
His herbe is cleped Satureie,
So as these olde bokes seie.

Quinta decima stella vocatur Cauda scorpionis, cuius lapis Calcidonis, et herba maiorana est.

BUT nowe the laste sterre of all
The taile of Scorpio men call,
Whiche to Mercurie and to Saturne
By wey of kynde mote returne
After the preparacion
Of due constellacion.
The Calcidone vnto hym longeth,
Whiche for his stone he vnderfongeth,
Of Maioran his herbe is grounded.
Thus haue I said, how thei ben founded
Of euery sterre in speciall,
Whiche hath his herbe and stone withall,
As Hermes in his bokes olde
Witnesse bereth, of that I tolde.

Nota hic de auctoribus illis, qui ad Astronomie scientiam pre cæteris studiosius intendentes, libros super hoc distinctis nominibus composuerunt.

THE science of Astronomie,
Whiche principall is of clergie
To deme betwene wo and wele
In thynges that bene naturele,
Thei had a great trauaile on honde,
That made it firste ben vnderstonde,
And thei also, whiche ouermore
Her studie set vpon this lore:
Thei weren gracious and wise,
And worthy for to bere a prise.
And whom it liketh for to witte
Of hem that this science writte.
One of the first, whiche it wrote
After Noe, it was Nembrote,
To his disciple Ichoniton,
And made a boke forth thervpon,
The whiche Megastre cleped was.
An other auctor in this cas
Is Arachel, the whiche men note,
His boke is Abbateneih hote,
Dane Ptolome is not the lest,
Whiche maketh the boke of Almagest.
And Alfraganus doth the same,
Whose boke is Cathenus by name.
Gebus and Alpetragus eke,
Of palmestry, whiche men seke,
The bokes made. And ouer this,
Full many a worthy clerke there is,
That written vpon this clergie,
The bokes of Altemetrie,
Planemetrie, and eke also,
Whiche as belongeth bothe two,
So as thei bene naturiens,
Unto these astronomiens,
Men seene that Abraham was one.
But whether that he wrote or none,
That finde I not, and Moyses
Eke was an other: but Hermes
Aboue all other in this science
He had a great experience.
Through hym was many a sterre assised,
Whose bokes yet ben auctorised,
I maie not knowen all tho,
That written in the tyme tho
Of this science, but I finde
Of iudgement by waie of kinde,
That in one point thei all accorden
Of sterres, whiche thei recorden,
That men maie see vpon the heuen.
There ben a thousande sterres euen,
And two and twenty to the sight,
Whiche ben of hem selfe so bright,
That men maie deme what thei bee
The nature and the propretee.
Nowe hast thou heard in suche a wise
These noble philosophers wise
Enformeden this yonge kynge,
And made hym haue a knowelechyng
Of thyng, whiche first to the partie
Belongeth of philosophie,
Whiche Theorike cleped is,
As thou tofore hast herde er this.
But nowe to speke of the seconde,
Whiche Aristotle hath also founde,
And techeth howe to speke faire,
Whiche is a thyng full necessaire
To counterpaise the balance,
Where lacketh other suffisance.

Compositi pulcra sermones verba placere.
Principio poterunt veraque fine placent.
Herba, lapis, sermo tria sunt virtute repleta:
Vis tamen ex verbi pondere pulcra facit.

Hic tractat de secunda parte philosophie, cuius nomen Rhetorica facundos efficit. Loquitur etiam de eiusdem duabus speciebus, scilicet Grammatica et Logica, quarum doctrina Rhetor sua verba perornat.

ABOUE al erthly creatures
The high maker of natures
The worde to man hath youe alone,
So that the speche of his persone,
Or for to lese, or for to winne,
The hertes thought, whiche is withinne,
May shewe, what it wolde mene,
And that is no where els sene
Of kynde with none other best,
So shulde he be the more honest,
To whom god yafe so worthy a yifte,
And loke well that he ne shifte
His wordes to none wicked vse,
For worde, the teacher of vertuse
Is cleped in philosophie.
Wherof touchende this partie
Is Rhetoric the science
Appropred to the reuerence
Of wordes that ben reasonable.
And for this arte shall be vailable,
With goodly wordes for to like:
It hath Grammer, it hath Logike,

That seruen both vnto the speche.
Grammer, first hath for to teche
To speake vpon congruitee.
Logike hath eke in his degree
Betwene the trouth and the falshede
The pleyne wordes for to shede:
So that nothyng shall go beside,
That he the right ne shall decide:
Wherof full many a great debate
Reformed is to good astate,
And peace susteined vp alofte
With easy wordes and with softe,
Where strengthe shulde let it falle.
The philosophre amonges alle
For thy commendeth this science,
Whiche hath the reule of eloquence,
In stone and gras vertue there is:
But yet the bokes tellen this,
That worde aboue all erthly thynges
Is vertuous in his dooynges,
Where so it be to yuell or good.
For if the wordes semen good,
And bene well spoke at mans eare.
Whan that there is no trouthe there,
Thei doone full ofte full great deceite.
For whan the worde to the conceite
Discordeth in so double a wise,
Suche Rhetoric is to dispise
In euery place, and for to drede.
For of Vlysses thus I rede,
As in the boke of Troie is funde,
His eloquence, and his facunde
Of goodly wordes, whiche he tolde,
Hath made, that Anthenor him solde
The towne, whiche he with treason wan.
Worde hath begyled many a man.
With worde the wilde beast is daunted,
With worde the serpent is enchaunted.
Of wordes amonge the men of armes
Ben woundes beled with the charmes,
Where lacketh other medicine,
Worde hath vnder his discipline
Of sorcerie the carectes.
The wordes ben of sondrie sectes
Of euill, and eke of good also.
The wordes maken of frende fo,
And fo of frende, and peace of werre,
And werre of peace, and out of herre
The worde the worldes cause entriketh,
And reconcileth who on hym liketh.
The worde vnder the cope of heuen
Set euery thynge or odde or euen.
With worde the highe god is pleased.
With worde the wordes ben appeased.
The softe worde the loude stylleth,
Where lacketh good the worde fulfilleth
To make amendes for the wronge.
Whan wordes medlen with the songe,
It doth plesance well the more.
But for to loke vpon this lore,
Howe Tullius his Rhetorike
Compouneth, there a man maie pike,
How that he shall his wordes set.
How he shall lose, how he shall knet,
And in what wise he shall pronounce
His tale pleyne without frounce,
Wherof ensample if thou wilt seche,
Take hede and rede whilome the speche,

Nota de eloquentia Iulii in causa Catiline contra Syllanum et alios tunc verbis Romane continentes.

Of Iulius, and Cicero,
Whiche consull was of Rome tho:
Of Cato eke, and Sillene
Beholde the wordes hem betwene.
Whan the treason of Catiline
Discouered was and the couine
Of hem, that were of his assent
Was knowe and spoke in parliament,
And asked howe, and in what wise
Men shulde doone hym to luwyse,
Sillanus first his tale tolde
To trouth and as he was beholde
The common profite for to saue:
He saide how treason shulde haue
A cruell dethe. And thus thei speake,
The Consull both and Cato eke,
And saiden, that for suche a wronge
There maie no peyne be to stronge.
But Iulius with wordes wise
His tale tolde all other wise,
As he whiche wolde his deth respite,
And foundeth howe he might excite
The iudges through his eloquence,
Fro dethe to torne the sentence
And set her hertes to pitee.
Nowe tolden thei, nowe tolde he,
Thei speaken pleyne after the lawe,
But he the wordes of his sawe
Coloureth in an other weie
Spekende. and thus betwene the twey
To treate vpon this iudgement
Made eche of hem his argument:
Wherof the tales for to here,
There maie a man the schole lere
Of Rhetoric the eloquence,
Whiche is the seconde of science,
Touchende to philosophie:
Wherof a man shall iustifie
His wordes in disputeson,
And knitte vpon conclusion
His argument in suche a forme,
Whiche maie the pleyne trouth enforme,
And the subtile cautele abate,
Whiche euery trewe man shall debate.

Practica quæcumque statum pars tercia philosophie,
Ad regimen recte ducit in orbe viæ,
Sed quanto maior rex est, tanto magis ipsum
Ex schola concernit, quo sua regna regit.

Hic tractat de tertia parte philosophie, que practica vocatur: cuius species sunt tres, scilicet Ethica, Economia, et Politica, quarum doctrina regia magestas in suo regimine ad honoris magnificentiam per singula dirigitur.

The firste, whiche is Theorike,
And the seconde Rhetorike
Sciences of philosophie,
I haue hem tolde as in partie,
So as the philosopher tolde,
To Alisandre: and nowe I wolde
Tell of the thirde, what it is,
The whiche Praetike cleped is.
Practike stont vpon the thynges
Towarde the gouernaunce of kynges:

Wherof the fyrste Etike is named,
The whose science stant proclamed
To teche of vertue thilke rule,
Howe that a kynge hym selfe shall rule
Of his morall condicion,
With worthie disposicion.
Of good liuyng in his persone,
Whiche is the chiefe of his corone.
It maketh a kynge also to lerne
Howe he his bodie shall gouerne.
Howe he shall wake, how he shall slepe,
How that he shall his hele kepe.
In meate, in drynke, in clothyng eke,
There is no wysedome for to seke,
As for the reule of his persone,
The whiche that this science all one
Ne techeth, as by weie of kynde,
That there is nothyng lefte behynde.
That other thynge, whiche to Practike
Belongeth, is Economike,
Whiche techeth thilke honestee,
Through whiche a kynge in his degree
His wife and childe shall reule and gie,
So forth with all the companie,
Whiche in his housholde shall abide,
And his estate on euery side
In suche manere for to lede,
That he his housholde ne mislede,
Practike hath yet the thirde apprise,
Whiche techeth howe and in what wise,
Through his purueid ordinance
A kinge shall set in gouernance
His realme: and that is Policie,
Whiche longeth vnto regalie,
In tyme of werre, in time of pees
To worship and to good encrees
Of clerke, of knight, and of marchant,
And so forth all the remenant
Of all the common people aboute,
Within borgh and eke without
Of hem that ben artificers,
Whiche vsen craftes and misters,
Whose arte is cleped Mechanike:
And though they be not all like,
Yet netheles how so it fall,
O lawe mote gouerne hem all,
Or that they lese, or that they winne
After the state that they ben inne.
Lo thus this worthie yonge kynge
Was fully taught of euery thynge,
Whiche might yeue entendement
Of good rule, and good regiment
To suche a worthy prynce as he.
But of very necessitee
The philosopher hym hath betake
Fiue pointes, which he hath vndertake
To kepe and holde in obseruance,
As for the worthy gouernance,
Whiche longeth to his regalie
After the rule of policie.

Moribus ornatus regit hic, qui regna moderna
Certius expectat sceptra futura poli.
Et quia ueredica virtus supereminet omnes,
Regis ab ore boni fabula nulla sonat.

Hic secundum policiam tractare intendit precipue super quinque regularum articulis, que ad principis regimen obseruandum specialius existunt, quarum prima veritas nuncupatur, per quam veredicus sit sermo regis ad omnes.

To euery man belongeth lore.
But to no man belongeth more
Than to a kynge, whiche hath to lede
The people, for his kynghed
He maie hem both saue and spille,
And for it stont vpon his wille,
It sit hym well to be auised,
And the vertues which are assised
Unto a kynges regiment,
To take in his entendement.
Wherof to telten as they stonde,
Hereafterwarde now will I fonde.
Amonge the vertues one is chiefe,
And that is Trouth, whiche is liefe
To god, and eke to man also.
And for it hath ben euer so,
Taught Aristotle (as he well couth)
To Alisander howe in his youth
He shulde of Trouth thilke grace
With all his holl herte embrace:
So that his worde be trewe and pleyne
Towarde the worlde: and so certeyne,
That in hym be no double speche.
For if men shoulde trouthe seche,
And finde it not within a kynge,
It were an vnsittende thynge.
The worde is token of that within,
There shall a worthie kynge begin
To kepe his tonge, and to be trewe,
So shall his price ben euer newe.
Auise hym euery man to fore,
Ind be well ware, er he be swore:
For afterwarde it is to late,
If that he wolde his worde debate.
For as a kynge in speciall
Aboue all other is principall
Of his power, so shulde he bee
Moste vertuous in his degree.
And that maie well be signified.
By his corone and specified.
The golde betoketh excellence,
That men shulde doone hym reuerence,
As to her liege souerayne.
The stones, as the bokes sayne,
Commended bene in treble wise.
Firste they ben harde, and thilke assise
Betokeneth in a kynge constance,
So that there shall no variance
Be founde in his condicion.
And also by descripcion
The vertue, whiche is in the stones,
A very signe is for the nones
Of that a kynge shall be honest,
And holde trewely his behest
Of thynge, whiche longeth to kinghed.
The bright coloure, as I rede,
Whiche is in the stones shinynge,
Is in figure betokenynge.
The cronike of this worldes fame,
Whiche stante vpon his good name.
The circle, which is rounde aboute,
Is token of all the londe aboute,
Whiche stant vnder his hierarchie,
That he it shall well kepe and gie.
And for that trouthe howe so it falle
Is the vertue souerayne of alle,
That longeth vnto regiment,
A tale, whiche is etident,
Of trouthe in commendacion,
Towarde thyn enformacion

My sonne hereafter thou shalt here
Of a cronike in this matere.

Hic narrat qualiter Darius, filius Itapsis, soldanus Persie, a tribus suis cubicularibus, quorum nomina Harpages, Monachas, et Zorobabel, dicta sunt nomina, questionis sigillatim interrogauit, vtrum rex aut mulier, aut vinum maioris fortitudinis vim optineret, Ipsis vero varia opinione respondentibus, Zorobabel vltimus afferit, quod mulier sui amoris complacentia tam regis quam vini potenciam excellit. Addidit insuper finali conclusioni dicens, quod veritas super omnia vincit. Cuius responsio ceteris laudabilior acceptabatur.

As the cronike it doth reherce,
A soldan whilome was of Perse,
Whiche Dares hight, and Itapsis
His fader was: and sothe it is,
Of his lignage, as by discente,
The regne of thilke empire he hent.
And as he was him selfe wise,
The wise men he helde in prise:
And sought hem oute on euery side,
That towarde him they shulde abide.
Amonge the whiche thre there were,
That most seruice vnto him bere.
As they, whiche in his chamber lighen,
And all his counceile herde and sighen.
Her names ben of straunge note,
Harpages was the first hote,
And Monachas was the secounde,
Zorobabel, as it is founde
In the cronike was the thride,
This Soldan what so him betide,
To hem he trist most of all,
Wherof the case is so befalle.
This lorde, whiche hath conceites depe,
Upon a night whan he hath slepe,
As he whiche hath his wit disposed
Touchende a poynt hem hath opposed.
The kinges question was this,
Of thinges thre whiche strongest is
The wine, the woman, or the kynge,
And that thei shulde vpon this thinge
Of her answere auised bee,
He yeue hem fully dayes three.
And hath bihote hem by his feyth,
That who the best reason seyth,
He shalle receiue a worthy mede.
Upon this thinge thei token hede,
And stoden in disputesion:
That by diuers opinion
Of argumentes, that thei haue holde,
Harpages fyrst his tale tolde,
And saide, howe that the strength of kinges
Is mightiest of all thinges.
For kinge hath power euer man.
And man is he, which reason can,
As he whiche is of his nature
The most noble creature
Of all tho that god hath wrought,
And by that skille it semeth nought
(He saith) that any erthly thinge
Maie be so mightie as a kynge.
A kynge maie spille, a kynge maie saue,
A kynge maie make a lorde a knaue,
And of a knaue a lorde also,
The power of a kynge stont so,
That he the lawes ouerpasseth.
What he will make lesse, he lasseth.
What he will make more, he moreth.
And as a gentill faucone soreth,
He fleeth, that no man hym reclaimeth.
But he alone all other tameth.
And stante hym selfe of lawe free.
Lo thus a kynges might, saith he,
(So as his reason can argue)
Is strongest, and of most value.
But Monachas saith other wise,
That wine is of the more imprise,
And that he sheweth by this waie.
The wyne full ofte taketh awaie
The reason fro the mans herte.
The wine can make a creple sterte,
And a deliuer man vnwelde.
It maketh a blynde man to behelde,
And a bright eied seme derke.
It maketh a leude man a clerke,
And fro the clerke the clergie
It taketh awaie, and cowardie
It tourneth in to hardinesse,
Of auarice it maketh largesse.
The wine maketh eke the good blood,
In whiche the soule, whiche is good,
Hath chosen hir a restyng place,
While that the lyfe hir woll enbrace.
And by this skille Monachas
Answerd hath vpon this cas,
And seith, that wine by wey of kinde
Is thinge, whiche maie the hertes binde
Wele more than the regalie.
Zorobabell for his partie
Seid, as him thought for the best,
That women ben the mightiest.
The kynge and the vinour also
Of women comen both two.
And eke he saide: howe that manhede,
Through strengthe vnto the womandede
Of loue, where he wyll or none,
Obeie shall, and therupon
To shew of women the maistrie,
A tale, whiche he sighe with eie,
As for ensample he tolde this.

Nota hic de vigore amoris, qui inter Cirum regem Persarum et Apemen Besazis filiam ipsius regis concubinam spectante tota curia experiebatur.

Howe Apemen of Besasis
Whiche doughter was, in the paleis
Sittende vpon his high deis
Whan he was hotest in his ire
Towarde the great of his empyre,
Cirus the kinge tyran she toke,
And only with hir goodly loke
She made him debonaire and meke,
And by the chin, and by the cheke
She luggeth him, right as hir list,
That now she iapeth, and nowe she kist,
And doth with him what euer hir liketh,
Whan that she loureth, than he siketh,
And whan she gladeth, he is glad,
And thus this kinge was ouerlad
With hir, which his lemman was.
Amonge the men is no solas,
If that there be no woman there.
For but if that the woman were,

This worldes ioye were awey.
This is trouthe, that I you seye.
To knighthode, and to worldes fame,
Thei make a man to drede shame,
And honour for to be desired.
Through the beautee of hem is fired
The darte, the whiche Cupide throweth,
Wherof the iolife peyne groweth,
Whiche all the worlde hath vnderfote.
A woman is the mans bote
His lyfe, his deth, his wo, his wele.
And this thynge maie be shewed wele,
Howe that women ben good and kynde,
For in ensample this I fynde.

Nota de fidelitate coniugis, qualiter Alcesta vxor Admeti vt maritum suum viuificaret seipsam morti spontanee subegit.

WHAN that the duke Admetus laie
Sicke in his bedde, that euery daie
Men waiten, whan he shulde dey,
Alcest his wife goth for to prey,
As she whiche wolde thonke deserue,
With sacrifice vnto Minerue,
To witte answere of the goddesse,
Howe that hir lorde of his sickenesse,
Wherof he was so wo beseyne,
Recouer might his hele ayene.
Lo thus she cride, and thus she praide,
Till at last a voyce hir saide,
That if she wolde for his sake
The maladie suffre and take,
And die hir selfe, he shulde liue.
Of this answere Alcest hath yeue
Unto Minerue great thonkynge,
So that hir dethe, and his liuynge
She chese with all hir hole entent,
And thus accorded home she went.
In to the chambre whan she came,
Air housbande anone she name
In bothe hir armes, and hym kist,
And spake vnto hym, what hir list.
And therupon within a throwe,
The good wife was ouerthrowe,
And died, and he was holle in hast.
So maie a man by reason taste,
Howe nexte after the god aboue
The trouth of women and the loue,
In whome that all grace is founde,
Is mightiest vpon this grounde,
And most behouely manyfolde.
Lo thus Zorobabell hath tolde
The tale of his opinion:
But for finall conclusion,
What strengest is of erthly thynges,
The wine, the women, or the kynges,
He saith, that trouthe aboue hem all
Is mightiest, howe euer it fall.
The trouthe howe so it euer come,
Maie for nothynge ben ouercome.
It maie well suffre for a throwe,
But at last it shall be knowe.
The prouerbe is, who that is trewe,
Hym shall his while neuer rewe.
For how so that the cause wende,
The trouth is shameles at ende,
But what thynge that is trouthles,
It maie not well be shameles.
And shame hyndereth euery wight.
So proueth it, there is no might
Without trouthe in no degree
And thus for trouthe of his decree
Zorobabell was most commended.
Wherof the question was ended,
And he receiued hath his mede.
For trouthe, (whiche to mannes nede)
Is most behoueliche ouer all.
For thy was trouthe in speciall
The fyrste poynt in obseruance
Betake vnto the gouernance
Of Alisandre, as it is sayde,
For thervpon the grounde is layde
Of euery kynges regiment,
As thynge, whiche moste conuenient
Is for to set a kynge in euen,
Bothe in this worlde, and eke in heuen.

Absit auaricia, ne tangat regia corda,
Cuius enim spoliis excoriatur humus.
Fama colit largum volutans per sæcula regem,
Dona tamen licitis sunt moderanda modis.

Hic tractat de regie maiestatis secunda policia: quam Aristoteles largitatem vocat, cuius virtute non solum propulsata auaricia, regis nomen magnificum extollatur, sed et sui subdicionum diuiciarum habundancia iocundiores efficiantur.

NEXT after Trouth the seconde,
In policie, as it is founde,
Whiche serueth to the worldes fame,
In worship of a kynges name,
Largesse it is, whose priuilege
There maie no auarice abrege.
The worldes good was first commune
But afterwarde vpon fortune
Was thilke common profit cessed,
For whan the people stode encressed,
And the lignages woxen great,
Anone for singuler beyete
Drough euery man to his partie,
Wherof come in the fyrste enuie,
With great debate and werres stronge,
And last amonge the men so longe,
Till no man wist, who was who,
Ne whiche was frende, ne whiche fo,
Till at laste in euery londe
Within hem selfe the people fonde,
That it was good to make a kynge,
Whiche might appesen all this thynge,
And yeue right to the lignages,
In partyng of her heretages.
And eke of all her other good.
And thus aboue hem all stode
The kynge vpon his regalie,
As he whiche hath to iustifie
The worldes good fro couetise.
So sit it well in all wise,
A kynge betwene the more and lesse
To sette his herte vpon largesse
Towarde hym selfe, and eke also
Towarde his people: and if not so:
That is to sayne: if that he bee
Towarde hym selfe large and free,
And of his people take and pille:
Largesse by no wey of skylle
It maie be saide, but auarice,
Whiche in a kynge is a great vice,

Nota super hoc quod Aristotelis ad Alexandrum exemplificauit de exactionibus regis Chaldeorum.

A KYNGE behoueth eke to flee
The vice of prodigalitee,
That he measure in his expence
So kepe, that of indigence
He maie be saufe: for who that nedeth,
In all his werke the wers he spedeth.
As Aristotle vpon Caldee
Ensample of great auctoritee
Unto kynge Alisaunder taught
Of thilke folke, that were vnsaught
Towarde her kynge for his pillage.
Wherof he had in his courage,
That he vnto thre poyntes entende,
Where that he wolde his good dispende.
First shulde he loke howe that it stood,
That all were of his owne good
The yeftes, whiche he wolde yeue,
So might he well the better liue.
And eke he must taken hede,
If there be cause of any nede,
Whiche ought for to be defended,
Er that his goodes ben dispended.
He mote eke as it is befall
Amonges other thynges all,
Se the decertes of his men,
And after that thei bene of ken,
And of astate, and of merite
He shall hem largelich acquite,
Or for the warre, or for the pease,
That none honour fall in discrease,
Whiche might torne in to diffame,
But that he kepe his good name,
So that he be not holde vnkynde.
For in cronike a tale I fynde,
Whiche speaketh somdele of this matere,
Herafterwarde as thou shalte here.

Hic secundum gesta Iulii exemplum ponit, qualiter rex suorum militum, quos probos agnouerit, indigentiam largitatis sue beneficiis releuare tenetur.

IN Rome to pursue his right
There was a worthie poore knight,
Whiche came alone for to seyne
His cause, whan the courte was pleyne,
Where Iulius was in presence:
And for him lacketh of dispense,
There was with hym none aduocate
To make plee for his astate.
But though hym lacke for to plede,
Hym lacketh nothinge of manhede.
He wist well his purse was pouer,
But yet he thought his right recouer,
And openly pouerte alayed
To the emperour, and thus he sayed.
O Iulius lorde of the lawe,
Beholde my counceyll is withdrawe
For lacke af golde, to thine office,
After the lawe of Iustice,
Helpe, that I had counseyle here
Upon the trouthe of my matere.
And Iulius with that anone
Assigned him a worthy one.
But he him selfe no worde ne spake.
This knight was wroth, and fonde a lake
In the Emperour: and saide thus.
O thou vnkynde Iulius,
Whan thou in thy batayle were
Up in Aufrike, and I was there,
My might for thy rescous I dyd,
And put no man in my stede.
Thou wost what woundes there I had:
But here I fynde the so bad,
That the ne list to speake o worde
Thyne owne mouthe, or of thyn horde
To yeue a floreyn me to helpe,
Howe shulde I than me be yelpe
Fro this day forth of thy largesse,
Whan suche a great vnkyndenesse
Is founde in sucire a lorde as thou?
This Iulius knewe well enowe,
That all was soth, whiche he hym tolde:
And for he wolde not ben holde
Unkynde, he toke his cause on honde,
And as it were of goddes sonde
He yaue hym good enough to spende
For euer vnto his liues ende.
And thus shulde euery worthie kynge
Take of his knightes knowlegynge,
When that he sigh they hadden nede.
For euery seruice axeth mede.
But other, whiche haue not deserued
Through vertue, but of iapes serued,
A kynge shall not deserue grace,
Though he be large in suche a place.

Hic ponit exemplum de rege Antigono, qualiter dona regia secundum maius et minus, equo discrecione moderanda sunt.

IT sitte well euery kynge to haue
Discrecion, whan men hym craue,
So that he maie his gyfte wite,
Wherof I fynde a tale write,
Howe Cinichus a powre knight,
A somme, whiche was ouer might
Praied of his kinge Antigonus.
The kinge answerd to him thus,
And saide, howe suche a yefte passeth
His poore estate: and than he lasseth,
And asketh but a litell peny,
If that the kynge wolde yeue hym ony.
The kinge answerd, it waes to smalle
For him, which was a lorde rialle,
To yeue a man so litell thinge.
It were vnworship in a kynge.
By this ensample a kynge maie lere,
That for to yeue is in manere.
For if a kinge his tresour lasseth
With out honour, and thankelesse passeth,
Whan he him selfe will so begile,
I not who shall compleine his while,
Ne who by right him shall releue.
But netheles this I beleue,
To helpe with his owne londe
Belongeth euery man his honde
To set vpon necessitee.
And eke his kinges rialtee
Mote euery liege man comforte
With good and bodie to supporte,
Whan thei see cause resonable.
For who that is not entendable
To holde vp right his kinges name,
Him ought for to be to blame.

Nota hic secundum Aristotelem qualiter principum prodigalitas, paupertatem inducit communem.

Of policie and ouer more
To speke in this mater more,
So as the philosophre tolde,
A kinge after the reule is holde
To modifie, and to adresse
His yeftes vpon suche largesse,
That he measure nought excede.

Sal. Sic aliis benefacito, vt tibi non nocias.

For if a kinge falle in to nede,
It causeth ofte sondry thinges
Whiche are vngoodly to the kinges.
What man wille not him selfe mesure,
Men seen full ofte, that measure
Him hath forsake: and so doth hee,
That vseth prodigalitee,
Whiche is the mother of pouerte,
Wherof the londes ben deserte,
And namely whan thilke vice
A boue a kinge stant in office,
And hath with holde of his partie:
The couetous flaterie:
Whiche many a worthy kynge deceiueth,
Er he the fallace perceiueth
Of hem, that seruen to the glose.
For thei that conne please and glose,
Ben as men tellen, the norices
Unto the fostringe of the vices,
Wherof full ofte netheles
A kynge is blamed gylteles.

Qualiter in principum curiis adulatores trisplici grauitate offendunt.

A PHILOSOPHER, as thou shalt here,
Spake to a kynge of this matere,
And seyd hym well how that flatours
Coulpable were of thre errours.
One was towarde the goddes hie,
That weren wroth of that they sie
The mischiefe, whiche befall shulde
Of that the fals flatour tolde
Towarde the kynge. An other was:
Whan thei by sleight and by fallas
Of feigned wordes, make hym wene,
That blacke is white, and blew is grene,
Touchende of his condicion.
For whan he doth extorcion,
With many an other vice mo,
Men shall not fynde one of tho
To grutche or speake there ageine,
But holden vp his oyle, and seyne:
That all is well, what euer he doth.
And thus of fals thei maken soth,
So that her kynges eie is blent,
And wote not howe the worlde is went.
The thirde errour is harme commune,
With whiche the people mote commune
Of wronges, that thei bringen inne.
And thus they werchen treble sinne,
That ben flatours about a kynge.
There might be no werse thynge
About a kynges regalie,
Than is the vice of flaterie.
And netheles it hath ben vsed.
That it was neuer yet refused,
As for to speke in courte riall.
For there it is most speciall,
And maie not longe be forbore.
But when this viee of hem is bore,
That shulde the vertues forth brynge,
And trouthe is torned to lesynge:
It is, as who seith against kynde,
Wherof an olde ensample I fynde.

Hic loquitur super eodem, et narrat, quod cum Diogenes et Aristippus philosophi a scolis Athen. ad Cartaginem, vnde orti fuerunt reuertissent, Aristippus Curie principis sui familiaris adhesit: Diogenes vero in quodam manciunculo suo studio vacans permansit: et contigit, qui cum ipse quodam die ad finem orti sui super ripam herbas quas elegerat, ad olera lauasset, Superuenit ex casu Aristippus, dixitque ei: O Diogenes, certe si principi tuo placere scires tu ad olera tua lauanda non indigeres. Cui ille respondit: O Aristippe, Certe si tu olera tua lauare scires, te in blandiciis et adulationibus principi tuo seruire non oporteret.

AMONGE these other tales wise
Of philosophers in this wise
I rede howe whilome two there were,
And to the schole for to lere
Unto Athenes fro Cartage
Her frendes whan they were of age,
Hem sende: and there they studen longe,
Till thei suche lore haue vnderfonge,
That in her tyme they surmounte
All other men: that to accounte
Of hem was tho the great fame.
The firste of hem his right name
Was Diogenes than hote,
In whom was founde no riote.
His felawe Aristippus hight,
Which mochel coutbe, and mochel might.
But at last soothe to seyne
They both turnen home ayene
Unto Carthage, and schole lete.
This Diogenes no beyete
Of worldes good, or lasse or more
Ne sought for his longe lore,
But toke hym only for to dwelle
At home: and as the bokes telle,
His house was nigh to a riuere
Beside a brigge as thou shalte here.
There dwelleth he, and takth his rest,
So as it thought hym for the best
To studie in his philosophie,
As he, which wolde so defie
The worldes pompe on euery side.
But Aristippe his boke a side
Hath leyde: and to the courte he wente
Where many a wyle, and many a wente
With flaterie and wordes softe
He caste, and hath compassed ofte
Howe he his prince might please.
And in this wise he gate hym ease,
Of vayne honour and worldes good,
The londes rule vpon hym stoode.
The kynge of hym was wondre glad,
And all was do, what thynge he bad,
Bothe in the courte, and eke without.
With flaterie be brought about
His purpos of the worldes werke,
Whiche was ayene the state of cierke:

So that philosophie he lefte,
And to riches hym selfe vp lefte.
Lo thus had Aristippe his will.
But Diogenes dwelte still
At home, and loked on his boke,
He sought not the worldes croke
For vayne honour, ne for richesse,
But all his hertes besinesse
He sette to be vertuous.
And thus within his owne hous
He liueth to the suffisance
Of his hauinge, and fell perchance
This Diogene vpon a daie,
And that was in the month of maie,
Whan that these herbes ben holsome,
He walketh for to gether some
In his gardeine, of whiche his ioutes
He thought to haue, and thus aboutes
Whan he hath gadred what him liketh,
He set him than downe and piketh,
And wishe his herbes in the floode,
Upon the whiche his garden stoode
Nigh to the brigge, as I tolde ere,
And hapneth while he sitteth there,
Cam Aristippus by the streate
With many hors and routes greate,
And straught vnto the bregge he rode,
Where that he houed and abode.
For as he cast his eie nigh,
His felawe Diogene he sigh,
And what he dede he sigh also,
Wherof he saide to him tho.
O Diogene god the spede.
It were certes litel nede
To sitte here and wortes pike,
If thou thy prince coudest like,
So as I can in my degree.
O Aristippe (agaeyne quod he)
If that thou coudest so as I
Thy wortes picke truely,
It were as litell nede or lasse,
That thou so worldly woll compasse
With flaterie for to serue:
Wherof thou thynkest for to deserue
Thy princes thonke, and to purchace
How thou might stonde in his grace,
For gettynge of a littell good.
If thou wolt take in to thy mode
Reason: thou might by reason deme,
That so thy prince for to queme,
Is not to reason accordant.
But it is greatly discordant.
Unto the scholes of Athene.
Lo thus answerde Diogene
Ageyne the clerkes flaterie.
But yet men seyne thessamplarie
Of Aristippe is well receiued.
And thilke of Diogene is weyued.
Office in courte, and golde in coffer
Is nowe, men seyn, the philosopher,
Whiche hath the worship in the hall.
But flaterie passeth all
In chambré, whom the court auanceth.
For vpon thilke lotte it chanceth
To be beloued nowe a daie.

Nota exemplum cuiusdam poete de Italia, qui Dantes vocabatur.

I NOT if it be ye or naie,
Howe Dante the poete answerde
To a flatour, the tale I herde.
Upon a strife betwene hem two,
He said hym, there ben many mo
Of thy seruantes than of myne.
For the poete of his couine
Hath none, that wil hym cloth and fede:
But a flatour maie rule and lede
A kynge with all his londe about.
So stant the wise man in dout
Of hem, that to foly drawe.
For suche is nowe the common lawe
And as the commune voyce it telleth,
Where nowe that flaterie dwelleth
In euery londe vnder the sonne,
There is full many a thinge begonne,
Whiche were better to be lefte,
That hath be shewed nowe and efte.
But if a prince him wolde rule
Of the Romayns after the reule,
In thilke tyme as it was vsed,
This vice shulde be refused,
Wherof the princis ben assoted.
But where the playne trouth is noted,
There maie a prince wel conceyue,
That he shall nought him selfe deceyue
Of that he hereth wordes playne.
For him ther nought by reason playne,
That warned is, er hym be wo,
And that was fully proued so,
Whan Rome was the worldes chiefe,
The sooth sayer tho was leefe,
Whiche wolde not the trouth spare,
But with his worde, playne and bare,
To themperour his sothes tolde,
As in cronicke it is witholde,
Here afterwarde as thou shalt here,
Acordend vnto this matere.

Hic etiam contra vicium adulationis ponit exemplum: et narrat, quod cum nuper Romanorum imperator contra suos hostes victoriam obtinuisset, et cum palma triumphi in vrbem redire debuisset, ne ipsum inanis glorie altitudo super extolleret, licitum fuit pro illo die, quod vnus quisque peiora, que sue condicionis agnosceret, in aures suas apcius exclamaret: vt sic gaudium cum dolore compesceret, et adqlantum voces, si que fuerant, pro minimo computaret.

To see this olde ensamplarie,
That whilom was no flaterie
Towarde the princis, wel I finde,
Wherof so as it comthe to mynde
My sonne a tale vnto thin ere
(While that the worthy princes were
At Rome) I thinke for to telle.
For whan the chances so befelle,
That any emperour as tho
Victorie had vpon his fo,
And so forth came to Rome agayne,
Of treble honour he was certayne.
Wherof that he was magnified.
The firste, as it is specified,
Was, whan he cam at thilke tide,
The chare, in whiche he shuld ride,
Foure white stedes shulde it drawe.
Of Iupiter by thilke lawe
The cote he shulde were also.
His prisoners eke shulden go

Endlonge the chare on eyther honde.
And all the noblesse of the londe
Tofore and after with him come
Ridend, and broughten him to Rome,
In token of his chiualrie:
And for none other flaterie.
And that was shewed forth with all,
Where he satte in his chare riall,
Beside him was a ribaud set,
Whiche had his worde so beset
To themperour in all his glorie
He saide: take in to momorie,
For all this pompe, and all this pride
Let no iustice gon a side,
But knowe thy selfe, what so befalle.
For men seen often tyme falle
Thinge, whiche men wende siker stonde.
Though thou victorie haue on honde,
Fortune maie not stonde alway:
The whele perchaunce another daye
Maie turne, and thou ouer throwe,
There lasteth no thinge but a throwe.
With these wordes and with mo,
This ribaulde, whiche sate with him tho,
To themperour his tale tolde.
And ouermore what euer he wolde,
Or were it euyll, or were it good,
So playnly as the trouth stood,
He spareth not, but speketh it oute.
And so might euery man aboute
The daie of that solemnitee
His tale tell as wele as hee,
To themperour all openly.
And all was this the cause why,
That while he stode in his noblesse,
He shulde his vanitee expresse
With suche wordes as he herde.

Hic ponit exemplvm super eodem, et narrat, quod eodem die, quo imperator intronisatus in palacio suo regio ab conuiuium in maiori leticia sedisset, ministri sui sculptores procederant alta voce dicentes: O imperator dic nobis, cuius forme, et vbi tumbam sculpture tue faciemus: vt sic morte remorsus huius vite blandicias obtemperaret.

Lo nowe howe thilke tyme ferde
Towarde so highe a worthy lorde.
For this I finde eke of recorde,
Whiche the cronike hath auctorized,
What emperour was entronized,
The fyrst day of his corone,
Where he was in his royall throne,
And held his fest in the paleis,
Sittend vpon his hie deis,
Withall the luste that maie be gete,
Whan he was gladest at his mete,
And euery minstrell had plaide,
And euery dissour had saide
What most was plesant to his ere:
Than at last came in there
His masons, for thei shulde craue,
Where that he wolde be begraue,
And of what stone his sepulture
Thei shulden make, and what sculpture
He wolde ordeigne therupon.
Tho was there flatterie none,
The worthy prince to beiape,
The kynge was otherwise shape
With good counsaile: and otherwise
Thei were hem selfe than wise,
And vnderstoden well and knewen,
Whan suche softe wyndes blewen
Of flatterie in to her eare,
Thei setten nought her hertes there.
But whan thei herde wordes feigned,
The playne trouth it hath disdeigned
Of hem that weren so discrete.
Tho toke the flaterer no beyete
Of hym, that was his prince tho.
And for to prouen it is so
A tale, whiche befell in dede,
In a cronike of Rome I rede.

Hic inter alia gesta Cesaris narrat vnum exemplum precipue contra illos, qui cum in aspectu principis aliis sapienciores apparere vellent, quandoque tamen simulate sapiencie talia committunt, perquam ceteris stultiores in fine comprobantur.

CESAR vpon his royall trone,
Where that he sat in his persone,
And was hiest in all his pris,
A man, whiche wolde make hym wise,
Felt downe knelende in his presence,
And did him suche a reuerence,
As though the highe god it were.
Men hadden great meruaile there
Of the worship, whiche he dede.
This man aros fro thilke stede,
And forth with all the same tide
He goth him vp, and by his side
He set hym downe, as pere and pere,
And saide: If thou that sittest here
Arte god, whiche all thynges might,
Than haue I worshipped a right,
As to the god: and other wise
If thou be not of thilke assise,
But art a man, suche as am I,
Than maie I sit the fast by,
For we be bothe of o kynde.
Cesar answerde, and saide: O blynde
Thou art a fole, it is well sene
Upon thy selfe. For if thou wene
I be a god, thou doste amis
To sit, where thou seest god is.
And if I be a man also,
Thou hast a great foly do,
Whan thou to suche one as shall deie,
The worship of thy god alweie
Hast yeuen so vnworthily.
Thus may I proue redily,
Thou art not wise. And thei that hered,
Howe wisely that the kynge answerde,
It was to hem a newe lore,
Wherof thei dreden hym the more,
And brought nothynge to his ere,
But if it trouthe and reason were.
So ben there many in suche a wise,
That feignen wordes to be wise
And all is veraie flatterie
To hym, whiche can it well aspie.

Nota qualiter isti circa principem adulatores potius a curia expelli quam ad regie maiestatis munera acceptari policia suadente, deberent.

THE kynde flatterour can not lone,
But for to bryng hym selfe aboue.

For howe that euer his maister fare,
So that hym selfe stonde out of care,
Him retcheth nought. And thus full ofte
Deceiued bene with wordes softe
The kynges, that ben innocent.
Wherof as for chastement
The wise philosophre saide:
What kynge that so his treasure laide
Upon suche folke, he hath the lesse.
And yet ne doth he no largesse,
But harmeth with his owne honde
Hym selfe, and eke his owne londe:
And that many a sondry weye,
Wherof if that a man shall seye,
As for to speake in generall,
Where suche thynge falleth ouer all,
That any kinge him selfe misrule,
The philosophre vpon his reule
In speciall a cause set,
Whiche is and euer hath be lette
In gouernance, aboute a kinge
Upon the mischiefe of the thinge,
And that, he seith, is flaterie:
Wherof tofore as in partie,
What vice it is, I haue declared.
For who that hath his wit bewared
Upon a flatour to beleue,
Whan that he weneth best achieue
His good worlde, it is moste fro,
And for to prouen it is so,
Ensamples there be many one,
Of whiche if thou wolt knowe one,
It is behouely for to here,
What whilom fell in this matere.

Hic loquitur vlterius de consilio adulantum, quotum fabulis principis aures organizate veritatis auditum capere nequeunt, Et narrat exemplum de rege Achab, pro eo, quod ipse prophecias fidelis Michee recusauit, blandiciis, que adulantis Zedechie adhesit, rex Syrie Benedab in campo bellator ipsum diuino iudicio deuictum interfecit.

AMONGE the kynges in the bible
I fynde a tale, and is credible,
Of hym that whilom Achab hight
Whiche had all Israel to right.
But who that coude glose softe,
And flatter, suche he sette alofte
In great estate, and made hem riche:
But they that speken wordes liche
To trouthe, and wolde it not forbeare,
For hem was none estate to beare.
The courte of suche toke none hede,
Till at last vpon a nede
That Benedad kinge of Surrie
Of Israel a greate partie,
Whiche Ramoth Galaad was hote,
Hath seised: and of that riote
He toke counceyle in sondry wise,
But not of hem, that weren wise.
And netheles vpon this cas
To stenghthen him, for Iosephas
Whiche than was kynge of Iudee,
He sende for to come, asshee,
Whiche through frendship and aliance
Was nexte to hym of acqueintance.
For Ioram sonne of Iosaphath,
Acabs doughter wedded hath,
Whiche hight faire Goodelie.
And thus cam into Samarie
Kynge Iosaphat, and he founde there
The kynge Achab: and when thei were
Together spekende of this thyng,
This Iosaphat saieth to the kynge,
Howe that he wolde gladly here
Some true prophet in this matere,
That he his counsaile might yeue,
To what poynt it shall be dreue.
And in that tyme so befelle
There was suche one in Israel,
Whiche sette hym all to flaterie,
And he was cleped Sedechie:
And after hym Achab hath sent.
And he at his commandement
Tofore hym cam: and by a sleight
He hath vpon his head on height
Two large hornes set of bras.
As he whiche all a flattrour was,
And goth rampende as a lion,
And cast his horne vp and downe:
And bad men ben of good espeire.
For as the hornes persen the eire,
He saith, withouten resistence,
So wist he well of his science,
That Benedad is discomlite.
When Sedechie vpon this plite
Hath tolde this tale vnto his lorde
Anone thei were of his acorde
Prophetes false many mo,
To beare vp oyle, and al tho
Affermen that, whiche he hath tolde:
Wherof the kynge Achab was bolde,
And yaue hem yeftes all aboute.
But Iosaphat was in great doubte,
And helde fantosme all that he herde.
Praiende Achab howe so ferde,
If there were ony other man,
The whiche of prophecie can,
To here him speke er that thei gone.
Quod Achab than, there is one,
A brothel, whiche Micheas hight:
But he ne comth nought in my sight.
For he hath longe in prisone leyn,
Him liked neuer yet to seyn,
A goodly worde to my pleasance.
And netheles at thine instance
He shall come out: and than he maie
Saie, as he sajde many a daie.
For yet he saide neuer wele.
Tho Iosaphat began some dele
To gladen hym in hope of trouthe,
And bade withouten any slouthe,
That men hym shulde fette anone.
And thei that were for hym gone,
Whan that thei comen where he was,
Thei tolden vnto Micheas
The maner howe that Sedechie
Declared hath his prophecie.
And therupon thei praien hym faire,
That he will saie no contraire.
Wherof the kynge maie be displeased.
For so shall euery man be eased.
And he maie helpe hym selfe also.
Micheas vpon trouthe tho
His herte set, and to hem saithe:
All that belonged to his faithe
(And of none other feigned thinge)
That woll he telle vnto the kynge,

As ferre as god hath yeue hym grace.
Thus came this prophete in to place,
Where he the kynges will herde.
And he therto anone answerde,
And saide vnto hym in this wise:
My liege lorde for my seruice,
Which trewe hath stonde euer yit,
Thou haste with prisone me acquite.
But for al that I shall not glose
Of trouthe as far as I suppose,
And as touchende of thy batayle.
Thou shalte not of the sothe fayle.
For if it like the to here,
As I am taught in that matere,
Thou myght it vnderstonde soone.
But what is afterwarde to doone
Anise the, for this I sie,
I was tofore the trone on hie,
Where all the worlde me thought stode,
And there I herde and vnderstode
The voyce of god with wordes clere,
Axende, and sayde in this manere:
In what thinge maie I best begyle
The kynge Achab, and for a whyle
Upon this poynt they speken fast.
Tho sayd a spirite at last,
I vndertake this emprise.
And god hym axeth in what wise.
I shall (quod he) deceiue and lie
With flaterende prophecie,
In suche mouthes, as he leueth.
And he, whiche all thinge acheueth,
Bad hym go forth, and do right so.
And ouer this I sigh also
The noble people of Israel
Dispers, as shepe vpon an hille
Without a keper vnaraied:
And as they weuten about astraied
I herde a voyce vnto hem seyne:
Goth home in to your houe ayene,
Til I for you haue better ordeined,
Quod Sedechi thou hast feigned
This tale, in angringe of the kynge,
And in a wrathe vpon this thinge
He smote Miche vpon the cheke.
The kinge him hath rebuked eke,
And euery man vpon him cride.
Thus was he shente on euery side,
Ayene and in to prisone ladde.
For so the kinge him selfe badde.
The trouth might nought ben herde,
Bot afterward as it hath ferde
The dede proueth his entent.
Achab to the batayle went.
Where Benedad for all his shelde
Him slough, so that vpon the felde
His people goth aboute a straie.
But god, whiche all thinges maie,
So doth, that they no mischiefe haue.
Her kynge was dead, and they be saue,
And home ageyn in goddes pees
They wente, and all was founde sees,
That Sedechie hath saide tofore:
So sit it well a kynge therefore
To loue them, that trouth mene.
For at last it wille be sene,
That flaterie is nothinge worthe.
But nowe to my matter forthe,
As for to speken ouer more,
After the philosophers lore,

The thirde poynte of policie
I thinke for to specifie.

Propter transgressos leges statuuntur in orbe,
Vt viuant iusti regis honore viri.
Lex sine iusticia, populum sub principis vmbra
Deuiat, vt rectum nemo videbit iter.

Hic tractat de tercia principum legis policia que iusticia nominata est, cuius condicio legibus in corrupta vnicuique quod suum est equo pondere distribuit.

WHAT is a londe, where men be none?
What ben the men, whiche are allone,
Without a kinges gouernance?
What is a kynge in his ligeance,
Where that there is no lawe in londe?
What is to take lawe on honde,
But if the Iuges ben trewe?
These olde worldes with the newe
Who that will take in euidence
There maie he se experience,
What thinge it is to kepe lawe,
Through which wronges be withdrawe,
And rightwisenes stante commended,
Whereof the reignes ben amended.
For where the lawe maie commune
The lordes forth with the commune,
Eche hath his propre deutee,
And eke the kinges rialtee
Of bothe his worship vnderfongeth,
To his estate as it belongeth:
Whiche of his high worthinesse
Hath to gouerne rightwisnesse,
As he whiche shall the lawe guide.
And netheles vpon some side
His power stant aboue the lawe,
To yeue both and to withdrawe
The forfet of a mannes life.
But thinges, whiche are excessife
Ayen the lawe, he shall not do
For loue, ne for hate also.

Imperatoriam maiestatem non solum armis sed etiam legibus oportet esse armatam.

THE mightes of a kinge be gret:
But yet a worthie kinge shall let
Of wronge to done, all that he might.
For he whiche shall the people right,
It sit well to his regalie
That he him selfe first iustifie
Towardes god in his degree.
For his estate is elles free
Towarde all other in his persone,
Saue onely to the god alone,
Whiche will hym selfe a kynge chastise,
Where that none other maie suffise.
So were it good to taken hede,
That fyrst a kynge his owne dede,
Betwene the virtue and the vice,
Redresse, and than of his justice
To set in euen the balance
Towardes other in gouernance,
That to the poore, and to the riche
His lawes mighten stonden liche,
He shall excepte no persone.
But for he maie not all hym one

In sondry places do iustice,
He shall of his riall office
With wise consideracion
Ordeine his deputacion
Of suche iudges, as ben lerned,
So that his people be gouerned
By hem, that true ben and wise.
For if the lawe of couetise
Be set vpon a iudges honde:
Wo is the people of thilke londe.
For wronge maie not hym seluen hide.
But els on that other side,
If lawe stonde with the right,
The people is glad, and stont vpright.
Where as the lawe is reasonable
The common people stant meuable.
And if the lawe torne a mis,
The people also mistorned is.

Nota hic de iusticia Maximini imperatoris, qui cum alicuius prouincie custodem sibi constituere volebat, primo de sui nominis fama proclamacione facta ipsius condicionem diligencius inuestigabat.

And in ensample of this matere
Of Maximin a man maie here,
Of Rome whiche was emperour:
That whan he made a gouernour
By weie of substitucion,
Of prouince or of region,
He wolde first enquire his name,
And lete it openly proclame
What man he were, or euill or good.
And vpon that his name stoode
Enclined to vertue or to vice,
So wolde he set him in office:
Or elles put hym all aweye.
Thus helde the lawe his right weye,
Which fonde no let of couetise.
The worlde stode than vpon the wise,
As by ensample thou might rede,
And holde it in the minde I rede.

Hic ponit exemplum de iudicibus incorruptis: et narrat qualiter Caius Fabricius nuper Rome consul aurum a Sampnitibus sibi oblatum renuit dicens, quod nobilius est aurum possidentes dominio subiugare, quam ex auri cupiditate dominii libertatem amittere.

In a cronike I fynde thus,
Howe that Caius Fabricius,
Whiche whilome was consul of Rome,
By whome the lawes yede and come.
Whan the Samnites to hym brought
A somme of golde, and him besought
To don hem fauour in the lawe.
Toward the golde he gan him drawe,
Wherof in all mennes loke
Parte vp in his honde he toke,
Whiche to his mouth in all haste
He put it for to smelle and taste,
And to his eie, and to his ere:
But he ne founde no comforte there.
And than he gan it to despise,
And tolde vnto hem in this wise:
I not what is with golde to thriue
Whan none of all my wittes fiue
Finde sauour ne delite therin.
So is it but a nice sinne
Of golde to ben to couetouse.
But he is riche and gloriouse,
Whiche hath in his subieccion
Tho men, whiche in possession
Ben riche of golde, and by this skill,
For he maie all daie whan he will,
Or be hem left or be hem lothe
Iustice done vpon hem both.
Lo thus he sayd, and with that worde
He threwe tofore hem on the borde
The golde out of his honde anone:
And sayd hem, that he wolde none.
So that he kepte his libertee
To do Iustice and equitee,
Without lucre of suche richesse.
There ben nowe fewe of suche I gesse.
For it was thilke tymes vsed,
That euery Iudge was refused,
Whiche was not frende to common right,
But thei that wolden stonde vp right,
For trouthe only to do Iustice
Preferred were in thilke office,
To deme and iudge common lawe,
Which nowe men sayn is all withdrawe.
To sette a lawe and kepe it nought,
There is no commune profite sought.
But aboue all netheles
The lawe, whiche is made for pees,
Is good to kepe for the beste.
For that setteth all men in reste.

Hic narrat de iusticia nuper Conradi imperatoris, cuius tempore alicuius reuerencia persone aliqua seu precum interuencione quacunque vel auri redempcione legum statuta commutari seu redimi nullatenus potuerunt.

The rightful emperor Conrade
To kepe peas suche lawe made,
That none within the citee
In disturbance of vnitee
Durst ones meuen a matere.
For in his tyme, as thou myght here,
What poynte that was for lawe sette,
It shulde for no good be lette,
To what persone that it were:
And this brought in the common fere,
Why euery man the lawe drad.
For there was none, whiche fauour had.

Nota exemplum de constantia iudicis, vbi narrat de Carmidotiro Rome nuper consule, qui cum sui statuti legem nescius offendisset, Romanique super hoc penam sibi remittere voluissent, ipse propria manu, vbi nullus alius in ipsum vindex fuit, sui criminis vindictam executus est.

So as these olde bokes sayne
I fynde writte, howe a romayne
Whiche consul was of the pretoire
Whose name was Carmidotoire
He sette a lawe for the pees,
That none but he be wepenles
Shall come into the counseyle hous.
And elles as malicious
He shall ben of the lawe dede.
To that statute, and to that rede
Accorden all, it shall be so,
For certeyne cause whiche was tho.

Nowe list what fill therafter soone.
This Consul had for to doone,
And was in to the feldes ridde.
And thei hym had longe abidde,
That lordes of the counseyle were,
And for hym sende, and he cam there
With swerde begirde, and hath foryete,
Till he was in the counseyle sete.
Was none of hem that made speche,
Till he hym selfe it wolde seche.
And fonde out the defaut hym selfe.
And than he sayde vnto the twelfe,
Whiche of the senate weren wise.
I haue deserued the iuise
In haste that it were do.
And thei hym sayden all no.
For well thei wist it was no vice:
Whan he ne thought no malice
But oueliche of a litell slouth.
And thus thei leften as for routh
To do iustice vpon his gylte,
For that he shulde not be spylte.
And whan he sigh the maners howe
Thei wolde him saue, he made auowe
With manfull herte, and thus he sayde.
That Rome shulde neuer abrayde
His heires, whan he were of dawe,
That her auncestre brake the lawe.
For thy er that thei weren ware
Forthwith the same swerde he bare
The statute of his lawe kepte,
So that all Rome his dethe bewepte.

Nota quod falsi iudices mortis pena puniendi sunt. Narrat enim qualiter Cambyses rex Persarum quendam iudicem coruptum excoriari viuum fecit, eiusque pelle cathedram iudicialem operiri constituit. Ita quod filius suus super patris pellem postea pro tribunali sessurus, iudicii equitatem euidencius memoraretur.

In another place also I rede,
Where that a Iudge his owne dede
He woll nought venge of lawe broke,
The kynge hath him selfe wroke.
The greate kynge, it whiche Cambyses
Was hote, a Iudge lawles
He founde, and in to remembrance,
He did vpon him suche vengeance.
Out of his skin he was beflaine
All quicke: and in that wise slaine,
So that his skin was shape all mete,
And nailed on the same sete,
Where that his sonne shulde sitte,
Anise him if he wolde flitte
The lawe for the couetise,
There sawe he redie his Iuise.
Thus in defalte of other Iudge
The kynge mote otherwhile iudge,
To holden vp the right lawe.
And for to speke of the olde dawe,
To take ensaunple of that was tho,
I finde a tale written also,
Howe that a worthie prince is holde
The lawes of his londe to holde.
Fyrst for the high goddes sake,
And eke for that him is betake
The people for to guide and lede.
Whiche is the charge of his kinge hede.

Hic ponit exemplum de principibus illis, non solum legem statuentes illam conseruant, sed vt commune bonum adaugeent, propriam facultatem diminuunt. Et narat, quod cum Athen. princeps subditos suos in omni prosperitatis habundantia diuites et vnanimes congruis legibus stare fecisse volens, ad vtilitatem reipublice leges illas firmius obseruari peregre profecisse finxit, sed prius iuramentum solempne a legiis suis sub hac forma exegit, quod ipsi vsque in reditum suum leges suas nullatenus infringerent, quibus iuratis peregrinationem suam in exilium absque reditu perpetuo delegauit.

In a cronike I rede thus
Of the rightfull Lycurgus,
Whiche of Athenes prince was,
How he the lawe in euery cas,
Wherof he shulde his people rule,
Hath set vpon so good a rule,
In all this worlde that citee none
Of lawe was so well begone,
Forthwith the trouthe of gouernance,
There was amonge hem no distance,
But euery man hath his encrees,
There was without werre pees,
Without enuie loue stoode,
Richesse vpon the commune good,
And not vpon the singuler,
Ordeined was, and the power
Of hem, that weren in estate,
Was saufe, wherof vpon debate
There stode nothinge, so that in reste
Might euery man his herte reste.
And whan this noble rightfull kynge
Sigh how it ferde all this thinge,
Wherof the people stode in ease,
He whiche for euer wolde please
The high god, whose thonke he sought,
A wonder thinge than he bethought,
And shope, if that it might be,
Howe that his lawe in the citee
Might afterwarde for euer laste.
And therupon his witte he caste,
What thinge hym were best to seyne,
That he his purpose might atteine.
A parlement and thus he sette.
His wisdome where that he be set
In audience of great and smale,
And in this wise he tolde his tale:
God wote, and so ye woten all,
Here afterwarde howe so it fall,
Yet in to nowe my will hath bee
To do Iustice and equitee,
In fordringe of commune proffite,
Suche hath ben euer my delite,
But of one thinge I am be knowe,
The whiche my will is that ye knowe.
The lawe, whiche I toke on honde,
Was all togeder of goddes sonde,
And nothinge of myne owne wit,
So mote it nede endure yit,
And shall do lenger, if ye wil.
For I wol tell you the skil.
The god Mercurius, and no man,
He hath me taught, all that I can
Of suche lawes as I made,
Wherof that ye ben all glade:
It was the god, and nothinge I,
Which did all this: And nowe for thy

He hath commanded of his grace,
That I shall come in to a place,
Which is foreine out in an yle,
Where I mote tarie for a while
With him to speke, and he hath bede,
For as he saieth, in thilke stede
He shall me suche thinges telle,
That euer while the worlde shall dwell,
Athenes shall the better fare.
But first er that I thider fare,
For that I wolde that my lawe
Amonges you ne be withdrawe,
There whiles that I shall be oute,
For thy to setten oute of doubte
Both you and me, thus woll I praie,
That ye me wolde assure and saie
With suche an othe, as ye will take,
That eche of you shall vndertake
My lawes for to kepe and holde.
They sayden all, that they wolde.
And there vpon thei swore there othe,
That fro that tyme, that he gothe,
Till he to hem come ageyne,
They shuld his lawes well and pleyne
In euery poynt kepe and fulfill.
Thus hath Lycurgus his wille:
And toke his leue, and forth he went.
But list nowe well to what entent
Of rightwisnesse he did so.
For after that he was ago,
He shope him neuer to be founde,
So that Athenes, which was bounde,
Neuer after shuld be seiced,
Ne thilke good lawe seced,
Whiche was for commune profit sette,
And in this wise he hath it knette.
He whiche the commune profite sought
The kynge his owne estate ne rought.
To do profite to the commune
He toke of exile the fortune,
And lefte of prince thilke office
Onely for loue and for iustice,
Through which he thought, if that he might
For euer after his deth, to right
The citee, whiche was him betake,
Wherof men ought ensample take,
The good lawes to auance,
With hem whiche vnder gouernance
The lawes haue for to kepe.
For who that wolde take kepe
Of hem that first lawes founde,
Als ferre as lasteth any bounde
Of londe, her names yet ben knowe.
And if it like the to knowe
Some of her names, howe they stonde,
Nowe herken, and thou shalte vnderstonde.

Hic ad eorum laudem, qui iusticie causa leges statuerunt aliquorum nomina specialius commemorat.

Of euery benefite the merite
The god hym selfe it wol acquite.
And eke full ofte it falleth so,
The worlde it woll acquite also.
But that maie not ben euen liche,
The god he yeueth the heuen riche,
The worlde yeuth onely but a name,
Whiche stont vpon the good fame
Of hem, that done the good dede.
And in this wise double mede
Receiuen thei, that done well here,
Wherof if that the lyst to here,
After the fame as it is blowe,
There might thou well the soth knowe,
Howe thilke honest besynesse
Of hem, that first for rightwisenesse
Amonge the men the lawes made,
Maie neuer vpon this earthe fade.
For euer while there is a tonge,
Her name shall be redde and songe,
And holde in the cronike write:
So that the men it shulden wite
To speaken good, as thei well oughten
Of hem, that firste the lawes soughten,
In fordrynge of the worldes pees.
Unto the Hebrewes was Moyses
The fyrste: and to the Aegypciens
Mercurius: and to Troiens
Fyrst was Numa Pompilius:
To Athenes Lycurgus
Yaue fyrst the lawe, vnto gregoys
Foroneus hath thilke voyce,
And Romulus of romayns:
For suche men that ben vilayns
The lawe in suche a wise ordeineth,
That what man to the lawe pleyneth,
Be so the iudge stande vpright,
He shall be serued of his right.
And so ferforth it is befall,
That lawe is come amonge vs all.
God leue it mote well bene holde,
As euery kynge therto is holde.
For thynge, whiche is of kynges sette,
With kynges ought it not be lette.
What kynge of lawe taketh no kepe,
By lawe he maie no royalme kepe.
Do lawe awaie, what is a kynge?
Where is the right of any thynge
If that there be no lawe in londe?
This ought a kynge well vnderstonde,
As he whiche is to lawe swore,
That if the lawe be forlore
Withouten execucion,
It makth a londe turne vp so doun,
Whiche is vnto the kynge a sclaundre.
For thy vnto kynge Alisandre
The wise philosophre badde,
That he hym selfe fyrste be ladde,
Of lawe, and forth than ouer all
To do iustice in generall:
That all the wyde londe aboute:
The iustice of his lawe doubte:
And than shall he stonde in rest.
For therto lawe is one the best
Aboue all other erthly thynge
To make a liege drede his kynge.
But howe a kynge shall gete hym loue
Towarde the highe god aboue,
And eke amonge the men in erthe,
This nexte poynt, whiche is the ferthe
Of Aristotles lore, it techeth,
Wherof who that the schole secheth
What policie that it is,
The boke reherseth after this.

Nil rationis habens, vbi velle tyrannica regna
Stringit amor populi, transiet exul ibi:
Sed pietas, regnum quæ conseruabit in æuum
Non tantum populo, sed placet illa deo.

Hic tractat de quarta principum regiminis policia, que pietas dicta est, per quam principes erga populum misericordes effecti, misericordiam altissimi gracius consequuntur.

It nedeth not, that I delate
The price, whiche preised is algate,
And hath bene euer, and euer shall,
Wherof to speake in speciall,
It is the vertue of Pitee,
Throughe whiche the hie maiestee
Was stered, whan his sonne alight,
And in pitee the worlde to right,
Toke of the mayde flesshe and blood:
Pitee was cause of thilke good,
Wherof that we ben all saue.
Well ought a man pitee to haue,
And the vertue to set in price
Whan he hym selfe, whiche is all wise
Hath shewed, why it shall be preised.
Pitee maie not be counterpeised
Of tyrannie with no peise.
For pitee makth a kynge curteise
Both in his worde and in his dede.
It sit well euery liege drede
His kinge, and to his hest obeye,
And right so by the same weie
It sit a kynge to be pitous
Towarde his people and gracious
Upon the reule of gouernance.
So that he worche no vengeance,
Whiche maie be cleped crueltee.
Iustice whiche doth equitee,
Is dredfull, for he no man spareth.
But in the londe where pitee fareth,
The kynge maie neuer fayle of loue.
For pitee through the grace aboue,
So as the holy boke affermed,
His reigne in good estate confermeth.
Thapostell Iames in this wise
Seyth, what man shulde do luise,
And hath no pitee forth with all,
The dome of hym, whiche demeth all,
He maie him selfe full sore drede,
That him shall lacke vpon the nede
To fynde pitee, whan he wolde.
For who that pitee woll beholde,
It is a poynte of Christes lore.
And for to loken ouermore
It is behouely, as we fynde,
To reason and to lawe of kinde.
Cassodore in his apprise telleth,
The reigne is saufe, where pitee dwelleth.
And Tullius his tale auoweth,
And sayth, what kinge to pitee boweth,
And with pitee stont ouercome,
He hath that shelde of grace nome,
Whiche the kynges yeueth victoyre.
Of Alisandre in his histoyre
I rede, howe he a worthy knight,
Of sodeyn wrath, and not of right,
Foriudged hath: and he appeleth.
And with that worde the kynge quarcleth,
And saith, None is aboue me.
That wote I well my lorde (quod he)
Fro thy lordship appele I nought,
But fro thy wrath in all my thought
To thy pitee stant myn appele.
The kynge, which vnderstode him wele,
Of pure pitee yaue him grace.
And eke I rede in other place,
Thus saide whilome Constantine:
What emperour that is encline
To pitee for to be seruant,
Of all the worldes remenant
He is worthy to ben a lorde.
In olde bokes of recorde
Thus finde I write of ensamplaire,
Traian the worthy debonaire.
By whome that Rome stode gouerned:
Upon a tyme, as he was lerned
Of that he was to familier,
He sayde vnto that counceller,
That for to be an emperour
His will was not for vaine honoure,
Ne yet for reddour of iustice,
But if he might in his office
His lordes and his people please,
Him thought it were a greatter ease
With loue her hartes to him drawe,
Than with the drede of any lawe.
For whan a thynge is done for doubte.
Full ofte it comth the wers aboute.
But where a kynge is pitous,
He is the more gracious:
That mochell thrifte him shall betide,
Whiche els shulde torne a side.

Qualiter Iudeus pedester cum pagano equitante itinerauit per desertum, et ipsum de fide sua interrogauit.

To do pitee, supporte, and grace
The philosophre vpon a place
In his writynge of daies olde,
A tale of great ensample tolde
Unto the kynge of Macedoyne,
Howe betwene Cair and Babyloyne:
Whan comen is the somer hete,
It hapneth two men for to mete,
As thei shulde entre in a paas,
Where that the wildernesse was,
And as thei went forth spekende
Under the large wodes ende,
That o man asketh of that other,
What man arte thou my liefe brother?
Thiche is thy creance and thy feyth?
I am painim, that other sayth:
And by the lawe, whiche I vse,
I shall not in my feyth refuse
To louen all men yliche,
The poore bothe and eke the riche.
Whan thei be glad I shall be glad,
And sorie whan thei ben bestad.
So shall I liue in vnitee
With euery man in his degree.
For right as to my selfe I wolde,
Right so towarde all other sholde
Be gracious and debonaire.
Thus haue I tolde the softe and faire
My faith, my lawe, and my creance.
And if the list for acqueintance
Nowe telle what maner man thou art.
And he answerde vpon his parte,
I am a iewe, and by my lawe
I shall to no man be felawe
To kepe hym trouth in worde ne dede:
But if he be without drede

A very iewe right as am I
For els I may trewly
Bereue hym both life and good.
The painym herde, and vnderstoode,
And thought it was a wonder lawe.
And thus vpon their sondrie sawe
Talkende both forth thei went.
The daie was hote, the sonne brent,
The paynim rode vpon an asse,
And of his catell more and lasse
With hym a riche trusse he lad.
The iewe, whiche all vntrouth had,
And went vpon his fete beside,
Bethought hym howe he might ride,
And with his wordes slie and wise
Unto the paynim in this wise
He sayde: O howe it shall be sene
What thynge it is, thou woldest mene.
For if thy lawe be certeyne,
As thou hast tolde, I dare well seyne,
Thou wolt beholde my distresse,
Whiche am so full of werinesse,
That I ne maie vneth go,
And let me ride a myle or two.
So that I maie my body ease.
The paynim wold hym not displease
Of that he spake, but in pitee
It list him for to knowe and see
The pleynt, whiche that other made:
And for he wolde his herte glade
He light, and made hym nothyng straunge.
Thus was there made a newe chaunge.
The paynim goth, the iewe alofte
Was sette, vpon his asse softe.
So gone thei forth carpende faste,
On this, on that, till at laste
The paynim might go no more,
And prayed vnto the iewe therfore
To suffre hym ride a litell while.
The iewe, whiche thought him to begyle,
Anone rode forthe a great pase,
And to the paynim in this case
He sayde: Thou hast do thy right
Of that thou hadst me behight
To do succour vpon my nede,
And that accordeth to the dede,
As thou art to the lawe holde.
And in suche wise, as I the tolde,
I thynke also for my partie
Upon the lawe of Iewrie
To worche and do my duetee.
Thin asse shall go forth with mee,
With all thy good, whiche I haue sesed,
And that I wote thou art disesed,
I am right glad, and not mispaide.
And whan he hath these wordes saide,
In all haste he rode awaie.
This paynim wote none other waie,
But on the groūnde he kneleth euen,
His handes vp to the heuen,
And saide: O highe sothfastnes,
That louest all rightwisenesse,
Unto thy dome lorde I appele,
Beholde and deme my quarele,
With vmble herte I the beseche,
The mercy bothe and eke the wreche
I set all in thy iudgement.
And thus vpon his marrement
This paynim hath made his preiere.
And than he rose with drery chere,
And goth hym forth, and in his gate,
He caste his eie aboute algate,
The iewe if that he might see.
But for a tyme it might not bee,
Till at last ayene the night,
So as god wolde he went aright,
As he, whiche helde the highe weye.
And than he sighe in a valeye,
Where that the iewe liggende was
All bloody dead vpon the gras,
Whiche strangled was of a lion,
And as he loked vp and down.
He fonde his asse fast by,
Forthe with his harneis redily
All hole and sounde as he it leste,
Whan that the iewe it hym bereste.
Wherof he thanked god knelende.
Lo thus a man maie knowe at ende,
Howe the pitous, pitee deserueth.
For what man that to pitee serueth,
As Aristotle it bereth witnesse,
God shall his fomen so redresse,
That thei shall aie stonde vnder fote.
Pitee men seyne is thilke roote,
Wherof the vertues springen all.
What infortune that befall
In any londe, lacke of pitee
Is cause of thilke aduersitee.
And that aldaie maie shewe at eie,
Who that the worlde discretely sie.
Good is that euery man therfore
Take hede of that is saide tofore.
For of this tale, and other enowe
These noble princes whylom drowe
Her euidence and her apprise,
As men maie fynde in many wise,
Who that these olde bokes rede.
And though thei ben in erthe dead,
Her good name maie not deie,
For pitee, whiche thei wold obeie
To do the deles of mercy.
And who this tale redily
Remembreth, as Aristotle it tolde,
He maie the wilie of god beholde
Upon the poynt as it was ended,
Wherof that pitee stode commended,
Whiche is to charitee felawe,
As thei that kepen bothe o lawe.

Nota hic de principis pietate erga populum, vbi narrat, quod cum Codrus rex Athenis contra Dorences bellum gerere deberet, consulto prius Apoline responsum accepit, quod vnum de duobus, videlicet aut seipsum in prelio interfici, et populum suum saluare, aut seipsum saluum fieri, et populum interfici eligere oporteret, Super quo rex pietate motus plebisque sue magis quam proprii corporis salutem affectans, mortem sibi preelegit, Et sic bellum aggrediens pro vita multorum solus interiit.

Of pitee for to speake pleyne,
Whiche is with mercie wel beseyne,
Full ofte he woll hym selfe peyne
To kepe an other fro the peyne.
For Charitee the mother is
Of pitee, whiche nothynge amis
Can suffre, if she it maie amende.
It sit to euery man liuende
To be pitous, but none so wele
As to a kynge, whiche on the whele

Fortune hath set abonen all.
For in a kynge, if so befalle
That his pitee be ferme and stable,
To all the londe it is vailable
Onely through grace of his persone.
For the pitee of hym alone
Maie all the large royalme saue.
So sit it well a kynge to haue
Pitee. For this Valerie tolde,
And sayd: howe that by daies olde
Codrus, whiche was in all his degree
Kynge of Athenes the citee,
A werre he had ayenst Dorence,
And for to take his euidence,
What shall befalle of the bataile,
He thought he wolde him first counsaile
With Apollo, in whom he triste,
Through whose answere thus he wiste,
Of two poyntes, that he might chese,
Or that he wolde his body lese,
And in bataile him selfe deye:
Or els the seconde weie
To seen his people discomfite.
But he, whiche pitee hath perfite.
Upon the poynte of his beleue,
The people thought to releue,
And chese hym selfe to be dead.
Where is nowe suche an other head
Whiche wolde for the lymmes die?
And netheles in some partie
It ought a kynges herte stere,
That he his liege men forbere.
And eke towarde his enemies
Full ofte he maie deserue prise
To take of pitee remembrance,
Where that he might do vengeance.
For whan a kinge hath the victoire,
And than he drawe in to memoire
To do pitee in stede of wreche,
He maie not faile of thilke speche,
Wherof ariste the worldes fame
To yeue a prince a worthie name.

Hic ponit exemplvm de victoriosi principis pietate erga aduersarios suos, Et narrat, quod cum Pompeius Romanorum Imperator regem Armenie aduersarium suum in bello victum cepisset, captum que vinculis alligatum Rome tenuisset, tyrannidis iracundie stimulo postponens, pietatis mansuetudinem operatus est: dixit enim, quod nobilius est regem facere quam deponere. super quo dictum regem absque vlla redemptione non solum a vinculis absoluit, sed ad sui regni culmen gratuita voluntate coronatum restituit.

I REDE howe whilome that Pompeie
To whom that Rome must obeie,
A warre had in Iupartie
Ayenst the kynge of Armenie,
Whiche of longe tyme had hym greued,
But at last it was acheued:
That he this kynge discomfite hadde,
And forthe with hym to Rome ladde
As prisoner, where many a daie
In sorie plite and poore he laie.
The corone on his head deposed,
Within walles fast enclosed.
And with full great humilitee
He suffreth his aduersitee.
Pompeie sigh his pacience,
And toke pitee with conscience,
To that vpon his high deys
So fore all Rome in his paleys,
As he that wolde vpon hym rewe,
Lette yeue hym his corone newe,
And his astate all full and playne,
Restoreth of his reigne againe.
And saide: it was more goodly thynge
To make than vndone a kynge
To hym, whiche power had of bothe.
Thus thei that weren bothe wrothe,
Accorden hem to finall pees.
And yet iustice netheles
Was kepte, and in nothinge offended.
Wherof Pompeie is yet commended.
There maie no kynge hym selfe excuse,
But if iustice he kepe and vse,
Whiche for to eschewe crueltee
He mote attempre with pitee.
Of crueltee the felonie
Engendred is of tyran ie,
Ayene the whose condicion
God is hym selfe the champion.
Whose strength no man maie withstonde.
For euer yet it hath so stonde,
That god a tyranne ouer ladde.
But where pitee the raigne ladde,
There might no fortune last,
Which was greuous, but at last
The god hym selfe it hath redressed.
Pitee is thilke vertue blessed,
Whiche neuer let his maister fall.
But crueltee thoughe it so fall,
That it maie reigne for a throwe,
God woll it shall be ouerthrowe
Wherof ensamples ben enowe
Of hem, that thilke merell drowe.

Hic loquitur contra illos, qui tyrannica potestate principatum optinentes, iniquitatis sue malicia gloriantur; Et narrat in exemplum qualiter Leontius tyrannus pium Iustinianum non solum a solio imperatorie maiestatis fraudulenter expulsit, sed vt ipse inhabilis ad regnum in aspectu plebis efficeretur naso et labris abscisis, ipsum tyrannice mutilauit: deus tamen, qui super omnia pius est, Tyberio superueniente vna cum adiutorio Therbellis Bulgarie regis Iustinianum interfecto Leoncio, ad imperium restitui misericorditer procurauit.

OF crueltee I rede thus,
Whan the tyranne Leoncius
Was to thempire of Rome arriued,
Fro whiche he hath with strength priued
The pietous Iustinian,
As he whiche was a cruell man,
His nose of and his lyppes both
He cutte, for he wolde him lothe
Unto the people, and make vnable.
But he whiche all is merciable,
The high god ordeineth so,
That he within a tyme also,
Whan he was strengest in his yre,
Was shouen oute of his empyre.
Tiberius the power hadde,
And Rome after his will he ladde.
And for Leonce in suche a wise
Ordeineth that he toke Iuise
Of nose and lippes both two:
For that he did another so,

Which more worthy was than hee
Le whiche a falle hath cruelte,
And pitee was sette vp ageyne.
For after that the bokes seyne,
Therbellis kynge of Bulgarie,
With helpe of his chiualrie,
Iustinian hath vnprisonned,
And to thempire ageyne coroned.

Hic loquitur vlterius de crudelitate Siculi tyranni, necnon et de Berillo eiusdem consiliario: qui ad tormentum populi quendam taurum eneum tyrannica coniectura fabricari constituit, in quo tamen ipse prior proprio crimine illud exigente vsque ad sui interitus expirationem iudicialiter torquebatur.

In a cronike I finde also
Of Siculus, whiche was eke so
A cruell kynge like the tempest,
The whom no pitee might arest.
He was the firste, as bokes seie,
Upon the sea whiche founde galeie,
And let hem make for the werre,
As he, whiche all was out of herre
Fro pitee and misericorde.
For therto couthe he not accorde,
But whom he might sleyne, he slough,
And therof was he glad enough.
He had of councell many one,
Amonge the whiche there was one,
By name whiche Berillus hight,
And he bethought hym, how he might
Unto this tyranne do likynge.
And of his owne imaginynge
Lete forge and make a bulle of bras,
And on the syde cast there was
A dore, where a man maie in,
Whan he his payne shall begin
Through fire, which that men put vnder.
And all this did he for a wonder.
That whan a man for peyne cride,
The bull of bras, whiche gapeth wyde,
It shulde seme, as though it were
A belowinge in a mans ere,
And not the crienge of a man.
But he, whiche all sleightes can,
The diuell, that lieth in hell fast,
Hym that it cast hathe ouercast,
That for a trespas, whiche he dede,
He was put in the same stede.
And was hym selfe the first of all,
Whiche was in to that peyne fall,
That he for other men ordeyneth.
There was no man that hym compleineth.
Of tyrannie and cruelte
By this ensample a kynge maie see
Hym selfe, and eke his councell bothe,
Howe they ben to mankynde lothe,
And to the god abhominable.
Ensamples that ben concordable
Fynde of other princes mo,
As thou shalte here of tyme ago.

Nota hic de Dionysio tyranno, qui mire crudilitatis scueritate etiam hospites suos ad deuorandum equis suis tribuit, cui Hercules tandem superueniens victum impium impietate sua pari morte conclusit.

The greate tyranne Dionyse,
Whiche mans life set of no prise,
Unto his horse full ofte he yafe
The men, in stede of corne and chafe.
So that the hors of thilke stode
Deuoureden the mannes bloode,
Till fortune at laste came,
That Hercules hym ouercame.
And he right in the same wise,
Of this tyranne tooke the luise,
As he tyll other men hath do,
The same deth he died also.
That no pitee hym hath socourde,
Tyll he was of his hors deuourde.

Nota hic de consimili Lychaontis tyrannia qui carnes hominum hominibus in suo hospicio ad vescendum dedit, cuius formam condicioni similem coequans ipsum in lupum transformauit.

Of Lychaon also I fynde,
How he ayene the lawe of kynde
His hoste slough, and in to meate
He made hir bodies to ben eate
With other men within his hows.
But Iupiter the glorious,
Whiche was commeued of this thynge.
Vengeance vpon this cruel kynge
So toke, that he fro mannes forme
In to a wolfe he let transforme.
And thus the crueltee was kid,
Whiche of longe tyme he had hid.
A wolfe he was then openly,
The whose nature priuely
He had in his condicion.
And vnto this conclusion
That tyrannie is to despise
I fynde ensample in sondrie wise,
And nameliche of hem full ofte,
The whom fortune hath set alofte
Upon the werres for to wynne.
But howe so that the wronge begynne
Of tyrannie it maie not laste,
But suche as thei done at laste
To other men, suche on hem falleth.
For ayene suche, pitee calleth
Vengeance to the god aboue.
For who that hath no tender loue
In sauynge of a mans life,
He shall be founde so giltife,
That whan he wolde mercie craue
In tyme of nede he shall none haue.

Nota qualiter leo hominibus stratis percit.

Of the nature this I fynde
The fiers lion in his kynde,
Whiche goth rampende after his praie,
If he a man fynde in his waie,
He will hym sleyen, if he withstonde.
But if the man couthe vnderstonde
To fall anone tofore his face,
In signe of mercie and of grace,
The lion shall of his nature
Restreigne his Ire in suche measure,
As though it were a beste tamed,
And torne aweie halfyng ashamed,
That he the man shall nothyng greue.
Howe sholde than a prince acheue

The worldes grace, yf that he wolde
Destroie a man, whan he is yolde,
And stante vpon his mercy alle?
But for to speake in specialle,
There haue he suche, and suche there bee
Tyrannes, whose hertes no pitee
Maie to no poynt of mercie plie,
That thei vpon her tyrannie
Ne gladen hem the men to slea.
And as the rages of the sea
Ben vnpitous in the tempeste:
Right so maie no pitee areste
Of crueltee the great vitrage,
Whiche the tyranne in his corage
Engendred hath, wherof Ffynde
A tale whiche cometh now to mynde.

Hic loquitur precipue contra tyrannos illos, qui cum in bello vincere possunt, humani sanguinis effusionem saturari nequeunt: et narrat in exemplum de quodam Persarum rege, cuius nomen Spartachus erat, qui pre ceteris tunc in oriente bellicosus et victoriosus, quoscumque gladio vincere poterat, absque pietate interfici constituit. Sed tandem sub manu Tomiris Masagetarum regine in bello captus, quam diu quesiuit seueritatem pro seueritate finaliter inuenit. Nam et ipsa quoddam vas de sanguine Persarum plenum ante se afferre decreuit, in quo caput tyranni vsque ad mortem mergens dixit: O tyrannorum crudelissime semper esuriens sanguinem sitisti, ecce iam ad saturitatem sanguinem bibe.

I REDE in olde bokes thus,
There was a duke, whiche Spartacus
Men clepe, and was a warriour,
A cruell man a conquerour
With strouge power, the whiche he lad,
For this condicion he had,
That where hym hapneth the victoire,
His fust and all his most gloire
Was for to slee, and not to saue.
Of raunsome wolde he no good haue
For sauynge of a mans life,
But all gothe to the swerde and knife,
So leefe hym was the mans bloode.
And netheles yet thus it stoode,
So as fortune aboute went,
He fell right heire, as by discent
To Pers, and was coroned kynge.
And whan the worship of this thynge
Was fall: and he was kynge of Pers,
If that thei weren fyrst diuers
The tyrannies, whiche he wrought,
A thousand folde well more he sought
Than afterwarde to do malice,
Till god vengeance ayene the vice
Hath shape: For vpon a tide,
Whan he was hieste in his pride,
In his rancour, and in his hete,
Ayene the quene of Masagete,
Whiche Tomiris that tyme hight
He made warre all that he might,
And she whiche wolde hir londe defende,
Hir owne sonne ayene him sende,
Whiche the defence hath vndertake:
But he discomfite was and take.
And whan this kinge hym had in honde,
He woll no mercy vnderstonde,
But dyd hym slea in his presence.
The tidynge of this violence
Whan it cam to the mothers eare,
She sende anone aie wide where
To suche frendes as she had,
A great power till that she lad.
In sondrie wise and tho she cast,
Howe she this kynge maie ouercast.
And at last accorded was,
That in the daunger of a pas,
Through whiche this tyranne shuld pas,
She shope his power to compas
With strength of men, by suche a wey,
That he shall not escape awey.
And when she had thus ordeined,
She hath hir owne body feigned
For feare as though she wolde flee
Out of hir londe: And whan that hee
Hath herde, howe that this ladie fledde,
So fast after the chase he spedde,
That he was founde out of araye.
For it betid vpon a daie,
In to the paas whan he was fall,
The embusshementes to breaken all,
And hym beclipte on euery side,
That flee ne might he not aside.
So that there weren dead and take
Two hundred thousande for his sake,
That weren with hym of his hoste.
And thus was leyed the great boste
Of hym, and of his tyrannie.
It halpe no mercy for to crie
To hym, whiche whilome did none.
For he vnto the quene anone
Was broughte: and whan that she hym si
This worde she spake, and said on hie:
O man, whiche out of mans kynde,
Reason of man hast lefte behynde,
And liued worse than a beste,
Whom pitee might none areste
The mannes blode to shede and spille:
Thou hadst neuer yet thy fille.
But nowe the laste tyme is come
That thy malice is ouercome,
As thou till othet men hast do,
Nowe shall be do to the right so.
Tho bad this lady that men shulde
A vessell bryuge, in whiche she wolde
Se the vengeance of his luise,
Whiche she began anone deuise,
And toke the princis, whiche he ladde,
By whom his chiefe councell he hadde,
And while hem lasteth any breth
She made hem blede to the deth
Into the vessell where it stoode.
And whan it was fulfild of bloode,
She cast this tyranne therin,
And sayde him: Lo thus might thou winne
The lustes of thine appetite,
In bloode was whilom thy delite,
Nowe shalte thou drinken all thy fille
And thus oneliche of goddes wille
He whiche that wolde hym selfe straunge
To pitee, fonde mercy so straunge,
That he without grace is lore.
So maie it well shewe the more,
That crueltee hath no good ende,
But pitee howe so that it wende,
Makth that god is merciable,
If there be cause reasonable,

Why that a kynge shall be pitous,
But els if he be doubtous
To sleen in cause of rightwisenesse,
It maie be saide no pitousnesse,
But it is pusillanimitee,
Whiche euery prince shulde flee.
For if pitee measure excede,
Knighthode maie not alwey procede
To do iustice vpon the right.
For it belongeth to a knight,
As gladly for to fight as reste,
To set his liege people in reste,
Whan that the warre vpon hem falleth.
For hem he mote, as it befalleth,
Of his knighthode, as a lion
Be to the people a champion
Without any pitee feigned.
For if manhode he restreigned,
Or be it pees, or be it warre,
Iustice goth all out of herre,
So that knighthode is set behynde.
Of Aristotles lore I fynde,
A kynge shall make good visage,
That no man knowe of his courage
But all honour and worthinesse.
For if a kynge shall vpon gesse,
Without veray cause drede,
He maie be liche to that I rede.
And though that he like a fable,
Thensample is good and reasonable.

Hic loquitur secundum philosophum dicens, quod sicut non decet principes tyrannica impetuositate esse crudeles, ita nec decet timorosa pusillanimitate esse vecordes.

As it by olde daies fille
I rede whilome that an hille
Up in the londes of Archade
A wonder dredfull noyse it made.
For so it fil that ylke daie
This hille on his childinge laie.
And whan the throwes on him come,
His noyse liche the daie of dome
Was ferefull in a mannes thought
Of thinges, which that thei se nought:
But well thei herden all aboute
The noise, of whiche thei were in doubte,
As thei that wenden to be lore
Of thinge, whiche than was vnbore.
The nere this hil was vpon chance
To take his deliuerance,
The more vnboxomly he cride:
And euery man was fledde aside
For drede, and lefte his owne hows,
And at last it was a mows,
The whiche was bore, and to norice
Betake: and tho thei helde hem nice.
For they withouten cause dradde.
Thus if a kynge his herte ladde
With euery thinge that he shall here,
Full ofte he shulde change his chere,
And vpon fantasie drede,
Whan that there is no cause of drede.

Nota hic secundum Horacium de magnanimo Iacide, et pusillanimo Thersite.

Horace to his prince tolde,
That hi fi were leuer, that he wolde
Upon knighthode Achilles sewe
In tyme of warre, than eschewe
So as Thersites did at Troie.
Achilles all his hole ioye
Set vpon armes for to fight.
Thersites sought all that he might
Unarmed for to stonde in reste.
But of the two it was the beste,
That Achilles vpon the nede
Hath do, wherof his knightlyhede
Is yet commended oueralle.
Kynge Salomon in speciall
Saith, As there is a tyme of pees,
So is a tyme netheles
Of warre, in whiche a prince algate
Shall for the common right debate,
And for his owne worship eke.
But it behoueth not to seke
Onely the warre for worship:
But to the right of his lordship,
Whiche he is bolde to defende:
Mote euery worthye prince entende
Betwene the simplesse of pitee,
And the foole hast of crueltee.
Where stonte the very hardinesse,
There mote a kynge his herte adresse.
Whan it is tyme, to forsake,
And whan tyme is, also to take
The deadly warres vpon honde,
That he shall for no drede wonde,
If rightwisenes be withall.
For god is mighty ouer all
To forther euery mans trouthe,
But it be through his owne slouthe,
And namely the kinges nede
It maie not fayle for to spede.
For he stante one for hem all,
So mote it well the better fall.
And well the more god fauoureth,
Whan he the commune righte socoureth.
And for to see the soth in dede
Beholde the bible, and thou might rede
Of great ensamples many one,
Wherof that I will tellen one.

Hic dicit, quod princeps iusticie causa bellum nullo modo timere debet. Et narrat qualiter dux Gedeon cum solis trecentis viris quinque reges scilicet Madianitarum, Amalechitarum, Amoitanorum, Amoreorum et Iebuseorum, cum eorum excercitu, qui ad nonaginta milia numeratus est, gracia cooperante diuina, victoriose in fugam conuertit.

Upon a tyme as it befelle
Ayenst Iude and Israell,
Whan sondry kynges come were
In purpos to dostroie there
The people, whiche god kepte tho,
And stoode in thilke daies so,
That Gedeon, whiche shulde lede
The goddes folke, toke him to rede,
And sende in all the londe aboute,
Tyl he assembled hath a route
With xxx. thousande of defence
To fight and make resistence,
Ageyne the whiche hem wolde assayle.
And netheles that one batalle
Of thre, that weren enemis,
Was double more than was all his,

Wherof that Gedeon him drad,
That he so litell people had.
But he whiche all thinge maie helpe,
Where that there lacketh mannes helpe,
To Gedeon his angell sente,
And bad, or that he forther wente,
All openly that he do crie
That euery man in his partie,
Whiche wolde after his owne wille
In his defite abide stille
At home in any maner wise,
For purchace, or for couetise,
For luste of loue, or lacke of herte,
He shuld nought aboute sterte,
But holde him stille at home in pees.
Wherof vpon the morowe he lees
Well xx. thousande men and mo,
The whiche after the crie ben go.
Thus was with him but onely lefte
The thride parte, and yet god eefte
His angel sende and saide this
To Gedeon: If it so is,
That I thyn helpe shall vndertake,
Thou shalt yet lesse people take,
By whom my wil is that thou spede.
For thy to morowe take good hede,
Unto the flood whan ye be come,
What man that hath the water nome
Up in his hande, and lappeth so,
To thy parte chese oute all tho
And him whiche wery is to swinke,
Upon his woombe and lieth to drynke.
Forsake and put hem al aweye.
For I am mightie all weye,
Where as me list my helpe to shewe
In good men, though thei be fewe.
This Gedeon awaiteth wele
Upon the morowe, and euery dele,
As god him bad, right so he dede.
And thus there lefte in that stede
With him thre hondred, and no mo,
The remenant was all ago.
Wherof that Gedeon merueileth,
And theron with god counceileth
Pleinynge, as ferforth as he dare.
And god, whiche wolde he were ware
That he shulde spede vpon his right,
Hath bede hem go the same night,
And take a man with him to here
What shall be spoke in this matere
Amonge the hethen enemis,
So may he be the more wise,
What afterwarde him shall befalle.
This Gedeon amonges alle
Phara, to whom he trist moste,
By night toke towarde thilke hoste,
Whiche lodged was in a valeie,
To here what thei wolden seie.
Upon his foote and as he ferde,
Two sarasines spekende he herde:
Quodone, arede my sweuen aright,
Whiche I met in my slepe to night.
Me thought I sigh a barly cake,
Whiche fro the hille his wey hath take,
And com rollende downe at ones,
And as it were for the nones,
Forth in his cours so as it ran,
The kynges tente of Madian,
Of Amaleche, of Amorie
Of Amon, and of Iebusie
And many another tente mo,
With great ioye as me thought tho,
It threwe to grounde and ouer cast,
And all his host so sore agaste,
That I awoke for pure drede.
This sweuen can I well arede,
Quod the other sarasine anone,
The barly cake is Gedeon,
Whiche fro the hille downe sodenlie
Shall come, and set suche a skrie
Upon the kinges, and vs both,
That it shall to vs all lothe.
For in suche drede he shall vs brynge,
That if we haden flight of wynge,
The weye one foote in dispaire
We shull leue, and slee in the ayre.
For there shal nothing him withstonde.
Whan Gedeon hath vnderstonde
This tale, he thonketh god of all,
And prieuelich ageyne he stalle,
So that no life him hath perceiued.
And than he hath fully conceiued.
That he shall spede: and thervpon
The night sewend he shope to gone
This multitude to assaile.
Nowe shalt thou here a great meruaile,
With what wisdome that he wrought.
The litell people, whiche he brought,
Was none of hem that he ne hath
A potte of erthe, in whiche he tath
A light brennyng in a cresset,
And eche of hem eke a trompet
Bare in his other honde beside.
And thus vpon the nightes tide
Duke Gedeon whan it was derke,
Ordeineth hym vnto his werke,
And parted than his folke in thre,
And chargeth hem, that thei ne flee.
And taught hem how thei shulde askrie
All in o voice par companie.
And what worde thei shulde eke speke,
And howe thei shulde her pottes breke
Echeone with other, whan thei herde
That he hym selfe fyrst so ferde.
For whan thei cam into the stede,
He bad hem do right as he dede.
And thus stalkende forth a paas
This noble duke whan tyme was
His potte to brake, and loude ascride,
And tho thei breke on euery side.
The trompe was nought for to seke,
He blewe, and so thei blewen eke
With suche a noyse amonge hem all,
As though the heuen shulde fall.
The hill vnto her voyce answerde.
This hoste in the valey it herde,
And sighe how that the hill a light,
So what of herynge and of sight,
Thei caught suche a sodeine fere,
That none of hem be lefte there.
The tentes holly thei forsoke,
That thei none other good ne toke,
But onely with her body bare
Thei fledde, as doth the wilde hare.
And euer vpon the hille thei blewe,
Till that thei sigh tyme and knewe,
That thei be fled vpon the rage.
And whan thei wiste their auantage.
Thei fill anone vpon the chace.
Thus might thou se, how gods grace

Unto the good men anaileth
But els oft tyme it faileth
To suche as be not well disposed.
This tale nedeth not to be glosed.
For it is openly shewed,
That god to hem that ben well thewed,
Hath yeue and graunted the victoire,
So that thensampie of this histoire
Is good for euery kynge to holde.
First in hym selfe that he beholde,
Yf he be good of his liuynge:
And that the folke, whiche he shall brynge,
Be good also, for than he maie
Be glad of many a mery daie,
In what that euer he hath to doone.
For he whiche sitte aboue the moone,
And all thynge maie spille and spede,
In euery cas, and euery nede,
His good kynge so well adresseth,
That all his fo men he represseth:
So that there maie no man hym dere.
And also well he can forbere,
And suffre a wicked kynge to falle
In handes of his fomen all.

Hic dicit, quod vbi et quando causa et tempus requirunt, princeps illos sub potestate sua, quos iusticie aduersarios agnouerit occidere de iure tenetur. Et narrat in exemplum, qualiter pro eo, quod Saul regem Agag in bello deuictum iuxta Samuelis consilium occidere noluit, ipse diuino iudicio non solum a regno Israel priuatus, sed et heredes sui pro perpetuo exheredati sunt.

Nowe ferthermore if I shall seyn
Of my matere, and tourne ageyn
To speke of Iustice and Pitee,
After the rule of rialtee.
This maie a kynge well vnderstonde,
Knighthode mote be take on honde
Whan that it stont vpon the nede,
He shall no rightfull cause drede,
No more of warre than of pees,
If he wyll stonde blameles.
For suche a cause a kynge maie haue,
Better it is to slee than saue.
Wherof thou might ensample fynde,
The high maker of mankynde
By Samuel to Saul badde,
That he shall nothynge ben adrad
Agayne kynge Agag for to fight.
For this the godhede hym behight,
That Agag shall be ouercome.
And whan it is so ferforth come,
That Saul hath hym discomfite,
The god bad make no respite,
That he ne shulde hym slea anone.
But Saul let it ouergone,
And did not the gods heste.
For Agag made a great beheste
Of raunsome, whiche he wold giue,
Kynge Saul suffreth hym to liue,
And feigneth pitee forth withall.
But he, whiche seeth and knoweth all,
The hie god, of that he feigneth,
To Samuel vpon hym pleyneth,
And sende hym worde: for that he lefte
Of Agag that he ne bereste
The lyfe, he shall not onely die
Hym selfe, but fro his regalie
He shall be put for euermo,
Nought he, but eke his heyre also,
That it shall neuer come ageyn.

Hic narrat vlterius super eodem, qualiter Dauid in extremis iusticie causa vt Ioab occideretur, absque vlla remissione filio suo Salomoni iniunxit.

Thus might thou see the soth pleyne,
That of to muche, and of to lite,
Upon the princes stant the wite.
But euer it was a kynges right
To do the dedes of a knight.
For in the hondes of a kynge
The dethe and life is all o thynge,
After the lawes of iustice.
To sleen it is a deedly vice,
But if a man the dethe deserue.
And if a kynge the life preserue
Of hym, whiche ought for to die,
He seweth not the ensamplarie,
Whiche in the bible is euident,
Howe Dauid in his testament,
Whan he no lenger might leue,
Unto his sonne in charge hath geue,
That he Ioab shall slea algate.
And whan Dauid was gone his gate,
The yonge wise Salomone
His fathers heste did anone,
And slewe Ioab in suche a wise,
That thei that herden the iuise,
Euer after dredde hym the more,
And god was eke well payd therfore,
That he so wolde his herte plie,
The lawes for to iustifie.
And yet he kepte forth withall
Pitee, so as a prince shall,
That he no tyrannie wrought.
He fonde the wisdom, whiche he sought,
And was so rightfull netheles,
That all his life he stode in pees,
That he no deadly warres had.
For euery man his wisdom drad.
And as he was hym selfe wise,
Ryght so the worthy men of prise
He hath of his counseyle withholde.
For that is euery prince holde
To make of suche his retinue,
Whiche wise ben: and remue
The fooles. for there is nothynge,
Whiche maie be better about a kynge
Than counseyle, which is the substance
Of all a kynges gouernance.

Hic dicit, quod populum sibi commissum bene regere super omnia principi laudabilius est. Et narrat in exemplum, qualiter pro eo quod Salomon, vt populum bene regeret, ab altissimo sapientiam specialius postulauit, omnia bona pariter cum illa sibi habundancius aduenerunt.

In Salomon a man maie see,
What thynge of most necessitee
Unto a worthy kynge belongeth.
Whan he his kyngdome vnderfongeth,
God bad hym chese what he wolde,
And sayde hym, that he haue sholde,
What he wolde aske, as of o thynge.
And he whiche was a newe kynge

Forth thervpon his boone prayde
To god, and in this wise sayde:
O kynge, by whom that I shall reigne,
Yeue me wisdome, that I my reigne,
Forth with the people, whiche I haue
To thyn honour maie kepe and saue.
Whan Salomon his boone hath taxed,
The god of that whiche he hath axed,
Was right well payde, and granteth soone,
Not all onely, that he his boone
Shall haue of that, but of richesse,
Of hele, of pees, of hie noblesse,
For with wysdome at his askynges,
Whiche stant aboue all other thynges.

Hic dicit secundum Salomonem, quod regie magestatis imperium ante omnia sano consilio dirigendum est.

But what kyng will his reigne saue,
First hym behoueth for to haue,
After the god and his beleue,
Suche counceile, whiche is to beleue,
Fulfilde of trouth, and rightwisenes:
But aboue all in his noblesse,
Betwene the reddour and Pitee,
A kynge shall do suche equitee,
And set the balance in euen,
So that the high god of heuen,
And all the people of his nobleie,
Lowenge vnto his name seie.
For most aboue all erthly good,
Where that a kynge hym selfe is good
It helpeth, for in other weye
If so be that a kynge forsweye,

Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achiui.

Full ofte er this it hath be seine
The comen people is ouerleyne,
And hath the kynges synne abought,
All though the people agilte nought.
Of that the kynge his god misserueth,
The people takth that he deserueth
Here in this worlde, but elles where
I not howe it shall stonde there.
For thy good is a kynge to triste,
Fyrst to hym selfe, as he ne wist
None other helpe but god allone,
So shall the rule of his persone,
Within him selfe through prouidence,
Ben of the better conscience.
And for to finde ensample of this,
A tale I rede, and soth it is.

Hic de Lucio imperatore exemplum ponit, qualiter princeps sui nominis famam a secretis consiliariis sapienter inuestigare debet, et si quid in ea sinistrum inuenerit, prouisa discretione ad dexteram conuertat.

In a cronike it telleth thus,
The kynge of Rome Lucius
Within his chambre vpon a night
The stewarde of his hous a knight,
Forth with his chamberleine also
The counceile had both two,
And stoden by thy chymnee
To gether spekende all thre.

And hapneth that the kynges foole
Sat by the fire vpon a stole,
As he that with his bable plaide,
But yet he herde all that thei saide,
And therof toke thei no hede.
The kynge hem axeth what to rede,
Of suche matere as cam to mouth.
And thei him tolde, as thei couth.
Whan all was spoke, of that thei ment:
The kynge with all his hole entent
Then at lasteth hem axeth this,
What kynge men tellen that he is:
Emonge the folke touchinge his name,
Or it be price or it be blame,
Right after that thei herden sayne,
He bad hem for to telle it playne,
That they no poynt of soth forbeare
By thilke feyth, that they hym beare.
The stewarde first vpon this thing
Gafe his answere vnto the kynge:
And thought glose in this matere,
And saide, als ferre as he can here,
His name is good, and honorable.
Thus was the stewarde fauourable,
That he the trouth playne ne tolde.
The kynge than axeth, as he sholde,
The chamberleine of his auise.
And he that was subtile and wise,
And somdele thought vpon his feyth,
Hym tolde, howe all the people seyth,
That if his counseyle were trewe,
Thei wist than well and knewe,
That of hym selfe he shulde bee
A worthy kynge in his degree.
And thus the counseyle he accuseth
In party and the kynge excuseth.
The foole, whiche herde of all this cas,
What tyme as gods will was
Sigh, that thei sayden not enough,
And hem to scorne both lough.
And to the kynge he sayd tho:
Syr kynge if that it were so,
Of wisdome in thyn owne mode
That thou thy selfe were good,
Thy counceil shuld not be bad.
The kynge therof meruayle had,
Whan that a foole so wisely spake,
And of hym selfe fonde oute the lacke
Within his owne conscience.
And thus the fooles euidence,
Which was of gods grace enspired
Makth good counceile was desired.
He put awaie the vicious,
And toke to hym the vertuous.
The wrongfull lawes ben amended,
The londes good is well dispended,
The people was no more oppressed:
And thus stoode euery thinge redressed.
For where a kynge is propre wise,
And hath suche as him selfe is,
Of his counceil, it maie not faile,
That euery thinge ne shall auaile.
The vices than gon awey,
And euery vertue holte his wey:
Wherof the hie god is pleased,
And all the londes folke eased.
For if the common people crie,
And than a kynge list not to plie
To here, what the clamore wolde.
And otherwise than he sholde,

Disdeigneth for to done hem grace,
It hath be seene in many place,
There hath be fall great contraire,
And that I finde of ensamplaire.

Hic dicit, quod seniores magis experti ad principis consilium admittendi potius existunt, Et narrat, qualiter pro eo quod Roboas Salomonis filius et heres, senium sermonibus renuncians, dicta iuuenum preelegit, de duodecim tribibus Israel a domino suo decem penitus amisit, et sic cum duabus tantummodo illusus postea regnauit.

After the deth of Salomone,
Whan thilke wise kynge was gone,
And Roboas in his persone
Receiue shulde the corone,
The people vpon a parlement,
Auised were of one assent,
And all vnto the kynge thei preide
With commune voys and thus thei sayde:
Our liege lorde we the beseche,
That thou receiue our humble speche,
And graunt vs, whiche that reason wil,
Or of thy grace, or of thy skil,
Thy fader while he was aliue,
And might both graunte and priue
Upon the werkes whiche he had,
The common people streicte lad,
Whan he the temple made newe.
Thinge whiche men neuer afore knewe,
He brought vp than of his tallage,
And all was vnder the visage
Of werkes, whiche he made tho.
But nowe it is befall so,
That all is made right as he seide,
And he was riche whan he deid.
So that it is no maner nede,
If thou therof wilt taken hede,
To pillen of the people more,
Whiche longe tyme hath be greued sore.
And in this wise as we the seie,
With tender herte we the preie,
That thou relesse thilke dette,
Whiche vpon vs thy father sette.
And if the like to doone so,
We ben thy men for euermo
To gone and comen at thy heste.
The kinge, whiche herde this requeste,
Saith, that he will ben auised,
And hath therof a tyme assised,
And in the while, as he him thought,
Upon this thinge counseil he sought.
And firste the wise knightes olde,
To whome that he his tale tolde,
Counseillen him in this manere,
That he with loue, and with glad chere
Foryeue and graunte all that is asked,
Of that his fader had tasked.
For so he maie his reigne acheue
With thing which shall hem litell greue.
The kynge hem herd, and ouer passeth,
And with this other his wit compasseth,
That yonge were, and nothinge wise,
And thei these olde men despise,
And sayden: Sir it shall be shame
For euer vnto thy worthie name,
If thou ne kepe not thy ryght
(While thou arte in thy yonge might)
Whiche that thyne olde father gate:
But saie vnto the people plate,
That while thou liuest in thy londe,
The leste finger of thine honde
It shall be strenger ouer all,
Than was thy fathers body all.
And thus also shall be thy tale,
If he hem smote with roddes smale,
With scorpions thou shalt hem smite.
And where thy father toke a lite,
Thou thynkest take michell more:
Thus shalte thou make hem drede sore
The great herte of thy corage,
So for to holde hem in seruage.
This yonge kynge hym hath conformed
To done as he was last enformed,
Whiche was to him his vndoynge.
For whan it came to the spekynge,
He hath the yonge counceile holde,
That he the same wordes tolde
Of all the people in audience.
And whan they herden the sentence
Of his malice, and the manace,
Anone tofore his owne face
Thei haue him vtterly refused,
And with full great reproue accused:
So they began for to raue,
That he hym selfe was fayne to saue.
For as the wylde wode rage,
Of wyndes maketh the sea sauage,
And that was caulme bryngeth to wawe,
So for defaut and grace of lawe
The people is stered all at ones,
And forth they gone out of his wones,
So that of the lignages twelfe,
Two tribes onely by hem selfe
With hym abiden, and no mo.
So were thei for euermo
Of no returne without espeire
Departed fro the rightfull heire
Of Israell, with common voyce,
A kynge vpon her owne choyce
Amonge hem selfe anone thei make,
And haue her yonge lorde forsake.
A powre knight Ieroboas
They toke and lefte Roboas
Whiche rightfull heire was by discent,
Lo thus the yonge cause went.
For that the counceile was not good,
The reigne fro the rightfull blood
Euer afterwarde deuided was.
So maie it prouen by this cas,
That yonge counceile, which is to warme,
Er men beware doth ofte harme.
Olde age for the counceile serueth,
And lusty youth his thonke deserueth
Upon the traueile, whiche he dooth,
And both for to sey a soothe,
By sondrie cause for to haue,
If that he will his reigne saue,
A kynge behoueth euery daie:
That one can, and that other maie,
Be so the kynge hem bothe rule,
Or elles all goth out of rule.

Nota questionem cuiusdam philosophi, vtrum regno conuenientius foret principem *cum* malo consilio optare sapientem, quam cum sano consilio ipsum eligere insipientem.

And vpon this matere also
A question betwene the two
Thus writtén in boke I fonde.
Where it be better for the londe
A kynge hym selfe to be wise,
And so to beare his owne prise,
And that his counceile be not good:
Or otherwise if it so stoode,
A kynge if he be vicious,
And his counceile be vertuous.
It is answerde in suche a wise,
That better it is, that thei be wise;
By whom that the counceile shall be gone.
For thei ben many, and he is one,
And rather shall an one man
With fals counseile, for ought he can,
From his wisedome be made to fall,
Than he alone shulde hem all
Fro vices vnto vertue change.
For that is well the more strange:
For thy the londe maie well be glad,
Whose kynge with good counseile is lad
Whiche sette hym vnto rightwisnes:
So that his high worthinesse
Betwene the reddour and pitee,
Doth mercie forth with equitee.
A kinge is holden ouer all
To pitee, but in speciall
To hem, where he is moste beholde,
They shulde his pitee most beholde,
That ben the lieges of the londe.
For thei ben euer vnder his honde,
After the gods ordenance,
To stonde vpon his gouernance.

Nota adhuc precipue de principum erga suos subditos debita pietate, legitur enim qualiter Anthonius a Scipione exemplificatus, dixit, quod mallet vnum de populo sibi commisso virum saluare, quam centum ex hostibus alienigenis in bello perdere.

Of themperour Anthonius
I finde, howe that he saide thus:
Howe him were leuer for to saue
One of his liges, than to haue
Of enemies an hundred dede.
And thus he lerned as I rede
Of Scipio, whiche had bee
Consull of Rome, and thus to see
Diuers ensamples howe thei stonde,
A kinge whiche hath the charge on honde
The common people to gouerne,
If that he wil, he maie well lerne.
Is none so good to the plesance
Of god, as is good gouernance.
And euery gouernance is due
To pitee, thus I maie argue,
That pitee is the foundemente
Of euery kynges regimente.
If it be medled with Iustice,
Thei two remeuen all vice,
And ben of vertue most vailable.
To make a kinges roylme stable.
Lo thus the foure poyntes tofore
In gouernance, as thei be bore
Of trouth first and of largesse,
Of pitee, forth with rightwisnesse,
I haue hem tolde, and ouer this
The first poynte, so as it is
Set of the rule of policie,
Wherof a kynge shall modifie
The fleshly lustes of nature,
Nowe thinke I telle of suche measure,
That both kinde shall be serued,
And eke the lawe of god obserued.

Corporis et mentis regem decet omnis honestas,
Nominis vt famam nulla libido ruat.
Omne quod est hominis efféminat illa voluptas,
Sit nisi magnanimi cordis vt obstat ei.

Hic tractat secundum Aristotelem de quinta principum policia, que castitatem concernit, cuius honestas impudicitie motus obtemperans tam corporis quam anime mundiciam specialius preseruat.

The male is made for the femele,
But where as one desireth fele,
That nedeth nought by wey of kynde.
For whan a man maie redy finde
His owne wife, what shulde he seche
In strange places to beseche,
To borowe another mans plough,
Whan he hath geare at home enough
Affayted at his owne heste,
And is to hym wel more honeste,
Than other thinge, whiche is vnknowe.
For thy shulde euery good man knowe
And thynke, howe that in mariage
His trouth plite, lieth in morgage,
Whiche if he breke, it is falsehode,
And that discordeth to manhode,
And namely towarde the great,
Wherof the bokes all trete.
So as the philosophre techeth
To Alisander, and him betecheth
The lore, howe that he shall measure
His bodie, so that no measure
Of fleshly lust he shulde excede.
And thus forth if I shall procede
The fyfte poynte, as I sayd ere,
Is Chastitee, whiche selde where
Comth nowe a daies in to place.
And nethelesse but it be grace
Aboue all other in speciall
Is none that chaste maie ben all.
But yet a kynges high estate,
Whiche of his order as a prelate,
Shall be anoynte and sanctified:
He mote be more magnified
For dignitee of his corone,
Than shulde another lowe persone,
Whiche is not of highe emprise.
Therfore a prince hym shulde aduise,
Er that he fell in suche riote,
And namely that he ne assote
To change for the womanhed
The worthinesse of his manhed.

Nota de doctrina Aristotelis, qualiter princeps vt animi sui iocunditatem prouocet, mulieres formosas crebro aspicere debet: caueat tamen ne mens voluptuosa torpescens ex carnis fragilitate in vitium dilabatur.

Of Aristotle I haue well radde,
Howe he to Alisander badde.
That for to gladden his corage
He shulde beholden the visage

Of women, whan that thei ben faire:
But yet he set an examplaire,
His body so to guide and rule,
That he ne passe not the rule,
Wherof that he him selfe begyte.
For in the woman is no gyle.
Of that a man him selfe by wapeth,
Whan he is owne witte beiapeth,
I can the woman well excuse.
But what man will vpon hem muse
After the folisshe impression
Of his imaginación,
Within him selfe the fire he bloweth,
Wherof the woman nothyng knoweth,
So may she nothinge be to wite,
For if a man him selfe excite
To drenche, and will nought forbeare.
The water shall no blame beare,
What maie the gelde though men coueit?
If that a man will loue streit,
The woman hath hym nothynge bounde,
If he his owne hert wounde,
She maie not let the folie,
And though so full of companie,
That he might any thynge purchace,
Yet maketh a man the first chace.
The woman fleeth, and he purseweth,
So that by wey of skill it seweth,
The man is cause howe so befalle,
That he full ofte sith is falle,
Where that he maie not well arise.
And netheles full many wise
Befooled haue hem selfe er this:
As nowe a daies yet it is
Amonge the men and euer was,
The stronge is febleste in this taas.
It sit a man by wey of kynde
To loue, but it is not kinde,
A man for loue his wit to lese,
For if the month of Iule shall frese,
And that December shall be hote,
The yere mistorneth well I wote.
To seen a man from his estate
Through his sotie effeminate,
And leue that a man shall dooe,
It is as hose aboue the shooe
To man, whiche oughte not to be vsed.
But yet the worlde hath ofte accused
Full great princes of this dede,
Howe thei for loue hem selfe mislede,
Wherof manhode stoode behinde,
Of olde ensamples as men fynde.

Hic ponit exemplum, qualiter pro eo quod Sardanapallus Assiriorum princeps, muliebri oblectamento effeminatus sue concupiscentie torporem, quasi ex consuetudine adhibebat, ab Arbacto rege Medorum super hoc insidiante in sui feruoris maiori voluptate subitis mutationibus extinctus est.

THESE olde gestes tellen thus
That whilome Sardanapalus,
Whiche helde all hole in his empire
The great kyngdome of Assire,
Was through the slouth of his corage
Fall into the ilke firie rage
Of loue, whiche the men assoteth,
Wherof hym selfe he so vioteth,
And wexeth so ferforth womannisshe,
That ageyn kynde, as if a fisshe
Abide wolde vpon the londe;
In women suche a luste he fonde,
That he dwelte euer in chambre stille,
And only wrought after the wille
Of women, so as he was bede,
That seldome whan in other stede,
If that he wolde wenden oute,
To seen howe that it stode aboute.
But there he kiste, and there he plaied,
Thei taughten hym a lace to braied,
And weue a purs, and to enfile
A perle: And fell thilke while
One Arbactus, the prince of Mede,
Seeth the kynge in womanhede,
Was falle fro chiualrie,
And gate hym helpe, and companie,
And wrought so, that at laste
This kynge out of his reigne he caste,
Whiche was vndone for euer mo.
And yet men speaken of hym so,
That it is shame for to here,
For thy to loue is in manere.

Nota qualiter Dauid amans mulieres propter hoc probitatem armorum non minus exercuit.

KYNGE Dauid had many a loue:
But netheles alwaie aboue
Knighthode he kepte in suche a wise,
That for no flesshely couetise
Of lust to ligge in ladies armes,
He lefte not the luste of armes.
For where a prince his lustes sueth,
That he the warre not pursueth,
Whan it is tyme to bene armed:
His countre stant full ofte harmed,
Whan the enemies be ware bolde,
That thei defence none beholde,
Full many a londe hath so be lore,
As men maie rede ofte tyme afore,
Of hem that so her eases soughten,
Whiche after thei full dere abouten.

Hic loquitur qualiter regnum lasciuie voluptatibus deditum, de facili vincitur: Et ponit exemplum de Cyro rege Persarum, qui cum Lidos mira probitatis strenuissimos, sibique in bello aduersantes nullo modo vincere potuit, cum ipsis tandem pacis tractatum dissimilans, concordiam finalem stabilire finxit, super quo Lydi postea per aliquod tempus armis insoluti sub pacis tempore voluptatibus intendebant. Quod Cyrus percipiens in eos armatus subito irruit, ipsosque inde sensibiles vincens suo imperio tributarios subiugauit.

To mochell ease is nothynge worthe.
For that setteth euery vice forthe,
And euery vertue put a backe,
Wherof price turneth in to lacke.
As in cronike I maie reherse,
Whiche telleth, howe the kynge of Perse
That Cyrus hight, a warre hadde
Ageinst the people, whiche he dradde,
Of a countrey, whiche Lydos hight.
But yet for ought that he do might,
As in bataile vpon the warre,
He had of them alwaie the warre.
And whan he sighe, and wist it wele,
That he by strength wan no dele:

Than at laste he caste a wile
This worthy people to begyle,
And toke with hem a feigned pees,
Whiche shulde lasten endelees,
So as he sayde in wordes wise,
But he thought all in other wise.
For it betid vpon the caas,
Whan that this people in rest was,
Thei token eases many folde,
And worldes ease (as it is tolde)
By waie of kynde is the norice
Of euery luste, whiche toucheth vice.
Thus whan thei were in lustes fall,
The warres bene forgeten all.
Was none, whiche wolde the worship
Of armes, but in idelship,
Thei putten businesse awaie,
And toke hem to daunce and plaie.
But moste aboue all other thynges
Thei token hem to the likynges
Of flesshely lustes, that chastitee
Receiued was in no degree:
But euery man doth what him liste.
And whan the kynge of Perse it wiste,
That thei vnto folie entenden,
With his power, whan thei lest wenden,
More sodeinly than doth the thunder
He came, for euer and put hem vnder.
And thus hath lecherie lore
The londe, whiche had be tofore
The beste of hem, that were tho.

Nota qualiter facta bellica luxus infortunat. Et narrat, quod cum rex Amolech hebreis sibi insultantibus resistere nequit, consilio Balaam mulieres regni sui pulcherrimas in castro hebreorum misit, qui ab ipsis contaminati sunt.

AND in the bible I finde also
A tale, like vnto this thinge,
Howe Ameleche the painym kynge,
Whan that he might by no weye
Defende his londe, and put aweie
The worthie people of Israell.
This sarasin, as it befelle
Through the counceile of Balaam,
A rout of faire women nam,
That lustie were, and of yonge age,
And bad hem go to the linage
Of these hebrewes: and forth thei went,
With eyen grey, and browes bent,
And well araied euerichone.
And whan thei comen were anone
Amonge thebrews, was none in sight,
But catche who that catche might,
And eche of hem his lustes sought,
Whiche after they full dere abought.
For grace anone began to faile,
That whan thei comen to bataile,
Than afterwarde in sory plite
Thei were take and discomfite.
So that within a litell throwe
The might of hem was ouerthrowe,
That whilome were wont to stonde,
Till Phinees the cause on honde
Hath take, this vengeance last:
But than it ceased at laste.
For god was paide, of that he dede.
For where he fonde vpon a stede
A couple, whiche misferred so,
Throughout he smote hem both two,
And let hem ligge in mens eie,
Wherof all other, whiche hem sie,
Ensampled hem vpon the dede,
And prayden vnto the godhede,
Her olde sinnes to amende.
And he whiche wolde his mercy sende,
Restored hem to newe grace.
Thus maie it shewe in sondry place
Of chastitee howe the clennesse
Accordeth to the worthinesse
Of men of armes ouer all.
But meste of all in speciall
This vertue to a kynge belongeth.
For vpon his fortune it hongeth,
Of that his londe shall spede or spille.
For thy but if a kynge his will
Fro lustes of his fleshe restreyne,
Ageyne hym selfe he maketh a treyne,
Into the whiche if that he slide,
Hym were better go beside.
For euery man maie vnderstonde,
Howe for a tyme that it stonde,
It is a sorie lust to like,
Whose ende maketh a man to sike,
And tourneth ioyes in to sorowe.
The bright sonne by the morowe
Bethinketh not the derke night,
The lusty yongth of mans aught
In age but it stonde wele,
Mistorneth all the last whele.

Hic loquitur qualiter principum irregulata voluptas eos a senita recta multotiens deuiare compellit, Et narrat exemplum de Salomone, qui ex sue carnis concupiscentia victus, mulierum blandimentis in sui scandalum deos alienos colere presumebat.

THAT euery worthy prince is holde
Within hym selfe to beholde,
To see the state of his persone,
And thynke, howe there be ioyes none
Upon this erthe made to laste:
And how the fleshe shall at last
The lustes of his life forsake:
Hym ought a great ensample take
Of Salomon, whose apetite
Was holly sette vpon delite
To take of women the plesance,
So that vpon his ignorance
The wyde worlde merualeth yit,
That he, whiche all mens wit
In thilke tyme hath ouerpassed,
With fleshly lustes was so tassed,
That he whiche ledde vnder the lawe
The people of god, hym selfe withdrawe
He hath fro god in suche a wise,
That he worship and sacrifice
For sondrie loue in sondrie stede
Unto the fals gods dede.
This was the wise Ecclesiaste,
The fame of whom shall euer laste,
That he the mightie god forsoke
Ageyn the lawe whan hee toke
His wyues and the concubines
Of hem thai were sarasines,
For whiche he did idolatrie.
For this I rede of his sotie,
She of Zidonie so him ladde,
That he knelende his armes spradde

To Asthoreth with great humblesse,
Whiche of her londe was the goddesse.
And she that was of Moabite
So ferforth made hym to delite
Through lust, which all his wit deuoureth,
That he Chamos hir god honoreth.
An other Amonite also
With loue him hath assoted so,
Hir god Moloche that with encence
He sacreth, and doth reuerence
In suche a wise as she hym bad.
Thus was the wyseste ouerlad
With blynde lustes, whiche he sought.
But he it afterwarde abought.

Nota hic qualiter Achias propheta in signum, quod regnum post mortem Salomonis ob eius peccatum a suo herede dimineretur, pallium suum in duodecim partes scidit, vnde decem partes Ieroboe filio Nabat, qui regnaturus postea successit, precepto dei tribuit.

For Achias Silonites,
Whiche was prophet er his deces,
While he was in his lustes all,
Betokeneth what shall after falle.
For on a daie, whan that he mette
Ieroboam the knight he grette,
And bad hym, that he shulde abide
To here what hym shall betide.
And forth withalt Achias cast
His mantell of, and also fast
He cut it in to peces twelfe,
Wherof two partes vnto hym selfe
He kepte, and all the remenant,
As god hath set his couenant,
He toke vnto Ieroboas,
Of Nabat whiche the sonne was,
And of the kynges courte a knight,
And saide hym, suche is gods might.
As thou haste sene departed here
My mantell, right in suche manere
After the dethe of Salomon
God hath ordeined therupon,
This reigne than he shall deuide,
Whiche tyme eke thou shalt abide,
And vpon that diuision
The reigne as in proporcion,
As thou hast of my mantell take,
Thou shalt receiue I vndertake.
And thus the sonne shall abie
The lustes and the lecherie
Of hym, whiche nowe his father is.
So for to taken hede of this
It sit a kynge well to be chaste:
For els he maie lightly waste
Hym selfe, and eke his reigne bothe,
And that ought euery kynge to lothe,
O whiche a sinne violent,
Wherof so wise a kynge was shent,
That he vengeance of his persone
Was not enough to take alone,
But afterwarde, whan he was passed,
It hath his heritage lassed,
As I more openly tofore
The tale tolde: And thus therfore
The philosopher vpon this thinge
Writte, and counseiled to a kynge,
That he the forfete of luxure
Shall tempre, and rule of suche measure,
Whiche be to kynde suffisant,
And eke to reason accordant.
So that the lustes ignorance
Be cause of no misgouernance,
Through whiche that he be ouerthrowe
As he that will no reason knowe.
For but a mans wit be swerued,
Whan kynde is duliche serued,
It ought of reason to suffise.
For if it fall hym otherwise,
He maie the lustes sore drede.
For of Anthonie thus I rede,
Whiche of Seuerus was the sonne,
That he his life of commune wonne
Yaue holly vnto thilke vice,
And ofte tyme he was so nice,
Wherof nature hir hath compleined
Unto the god, whiche hath disdeigned
The warkes whiche Anthonie wrought
Of luste, whiche he fulle sore abought.
For god his forfete hath so wroke,
That in cronike it is yet spoke.
But for to take remembrance
Of speciall misgouernance,
Through couetise and iniustice,
Forth with the remenant of vice,
And nameliche of lecherie,
I synde write a great partie
Within a tale, as thou shalt here,
Whiche is thensample of this matere.

Hic loquitur de Tarquinio Rome nuper imperatore, necnon et de eiusdem filio nomine Arrous, qui omnium viciorum varietate repleti tam in homines quam in mulieres innumera scelera perpetrarunt.

So as these olde gestes seyne
The proude tyrannisshe Romeyne
Tarquinius, whiche was than kynge,
And wrought many a wrongfull thynge.
Of sonnes he had many one,
Amonge the whiche Arrous was one,
Liche to his father in maneres,
So that within a fewe yeres,
With treason and with tyrannie,
Thei wonne of londe a great partie,
And token hede of no iustice,
Whiche dewe was to her office
Upon the rule of gouernance,
But all that euer was plesance,
Unto the flesshes lust, thei toke.
And fill so, that thei vndertoke
A werre, whiche was nought acheued,
But often tyme it had hem greued,
Ageyne a folke, whiche than hight
The Gabiens, and all by night
Thus Arrous whan he was at home
In Rome, a preuy place he nome
Within a chamber, and bete hym selfe,
And made hym woundes. x. or twelfe
Upon the backe, as it was sene.
And so forth with his hurtes grene
In all the haste that he maie
He rode, and cam that other daie
Unto Gabie the citee,
And in he went: and whan that he
Was knowe, anone the yates were shet,
The lordes all vpon hym set
With drawe swerdes vpon houde.
And Arrous wolde hem not wistonde,

And saide, I am here at your wille,
As lefe it is that ye me spille
As if myn owne father dede.
And forth within that same stede
He praide hem that thei wolde see,
And tolde hem in what degree
His father, and his bretherne bothe,
Whiche as he sayd weren wrothe,
Hym had beaten and reuiled,
And out of Rome for euer exiled.
And thus he made hem to beleue,
And saide: if that he might acheue
His purpos, it shall well be yolde,
Be so that thei hym helpe woled.
Whan that the lordes had sene,
Howe wofully he was besene,
Thei toke pitee of his greue.
But yet it was hem wonder leue,
That Rome hym had exiled so.
The Gabiens by counseyle tho
Upon the goddes made hym sweare,
That he to hem shall trouth beare,
And strength hem with all his might.
And thei also hym hath behight
To helpen hym in his quarele.
Thei shope than for his hele,
That he was bathed and anoynt
Till that he was in lusty poynt,
And what he wolde than he had,
That he all holle the citee lad
Right as he wolde hym selfe deuise:
And than he thought hym in what wise
He might his tyrannie shewe,
And toke to his counseile a shrewe,
Whom to his father forth he sent.
And in his message he tho went,
And praied his father for to saie
By his auise and fynde a waie,
How thei the citee might wynne,
While he stoode so well therin.
And whan the messanger was come
To Rome, and hath in counseile nome
The kynge: it fell purchance so,
That thei were in a gardeine tho
This messager forth with the kynge.
And whan he had tolde the thynge,
In what maner that it stoode:
And that Tarquinius vnderstoode:
By the message, how that it ferde,
Anone he toke in honde a yerde,
And in the gardeyne as thei gone,
The lilly croppes one and one,
Where that thei weren sprongen out,
He smote of, as thei stoode about:
And saide vnto the messengere,
Lo this thyng, whiche I do nowe here,
Shall be in stede of thyn answere.
And in this wise as I me bere,
Thou shalte vnto my sonne telle.
And he no lenger wolde dwelle,
But toke his leue, and goth withall
Unto his lorde, and tolde hym all,
Howe that his father had do.
Whan Arrous herde hym tell so,
Anone he wist what it ment,
And therto set all his entent
Till he through fraude and trecherie
The princes heades of Gabie
Hath smiten of, and all was wonne,
His father cam tofore the sonne
In to the towne with the Romeyns,
And toke and slewe the citezeyns
Without reason or pitee,
That he ne spareth no degree.
And for the spede of his conqueste
He let do make a riche feste,
With a solempne sacrifice
In Phebus temple, And in this wise
Whan the Romaynes assembled were
In presence of hem all there,
Upon the auter when all was dight,
And that the fyres were a light,
From vnder the auter sodeinly
An hidous serpent openly
Cam out, and hath deuoured all
The sacrifice, and eke withall
The fyres queynt: and forth anone,
So as he came, so is he gone
In to the depe grounde ayene,
And euery man began to seyne:
A lorde, what maie this signifie?
And thervpon thei praie and crie
To Phebus, that thei mighten knowe
The cause: and he the same throwe
With gastli voyce, that all it herde,
The Romains in this wise answerde,
And sayd, how for the wickednes
Of pride, and of vnrightwisenes,
That Tarquine and his sonne hath do,
The sacrifice is wasted so
Whiche might not ben acceptable
Upon suche sinne abhominable.
And ouer that yet he hem wisseth,
And saith, whiche of hem first kysseth
His mother, he shall take wreche
Upon the wronge: and of that speche
Thei ben within her hertes glade,
Though thei outward no semblance made,
Ther was a knight, which Brutus hight,
And he with all the haste he might
To grounde fill, and there he kiste:
But none of hem the cause wiste,
But wende that he had spourned
Perchance, and so was ouertourned.
But Brutus all an other ment.
For he knewe well in his entent,
Howe therthe of euery mans kynde
Is mother: but they weren blynde,
And sighe not so ferre as hee.
But when thei lefte the citee,
And comen home to Rome ageyn:
Than euery man, whiche was Romeine,
And moder hath, to hir he bende,
And kist, and eche of hem thus wende
To be the fyrste vpon the chance,
Of Terquine for to do vengeance,
So as thei herden Phebus seyne.
But euery time hath his certeyne,
So must it nedes than abide,
Till afterwarde vpon a tide:

Hic narrat, quod cum Tarquinius in obsidione ciuitatis Ardee, vt eam destrueret, intentus fuit, Arrous filius eius Romam secreto adiens in domo Collatini hospitatus est, vbi de nocte illam castissimam dominam Lucreciam imaginata fraude vi oppressit, vnde illa pre dolore mortua, ipse cum Tarquinio patre suo, tota clamante Roma, imperpetuum exilium delegati sunt.

TARQUINIUS made vnskilfully
A werre, whiche was fast by,
Ageyn a towne with walles stronge,
Whiche Ardea was cleped longe,
And cast a sege there aboute,
That there maie no man passen oute.
So it befelle vpon a night
Arrous, whiche had his souper dight,
A parte of the chiualrie.
With hym to suppe in companie
Hath bede: and whan thei comen were,
And sette at supper there,
Amonge her other wordes glade
Arrous a great spekynge made,
Who had tho the best wife
Of Rome, and thus began a strife.
For Arrous saith, he hath the best.
So ianglen thei withouten rest,
Till at laste one Collatine
A worthy knight, and was cosine
To Arrous, saide him in this wise,
It is (quod he) of none emprise
To speke a worde, but of the dede,
Wherof it is to taken hede,
Anone for thy this same tyde
Lepe on thy hors, and let vs ride,
So maie we knowe both two
Unwarely what our wiues do,
And that shall be a trewe assaie.
This Arrous saith not ones naie,
On horsebacke anone thei lepte,
In suche manere and nothinge slepte
Ridende forth till that thei come
All priuelie within Rome,
In strange place and downe thei light,
And take a chambre oute of sight.
Thei be disguised for a throwe,
So that no life shulde hem knowe.
And to the paleis first thei sought,
To se what thynge these ladies wrought,
Of whiche Arrous made a vaunt,
And thei hir sigh of glad semblaunt
All full of myrthes and of bordes.
But amonge all other wordes
She spake not of hir husbonde,
And whan thei had all vnderstonde
Of thilke place what hem liste,
Thei gone hem forth that none it wist.
Beside thilke yate of bras,
Collacea whiche cleped was,
Where Collatine hath his dwellynge,
There founden thei at home sittynge
Lucrece his wife all enuironed
With women, whiche were abandoned
To werche, and she wrought eke withall,
And bad hem haste, and said it shall
Be for myn husbondes weare:
Whiche with his shelde and with his speare
Lieth at siege in great disease,
And if it shulde hym not displease,
Nowe wolde god, I had hym here.
For certes tyll that I maie here
Some good tidynge of his estate,
My herte is euer vpon debate.
For so as all men witnesse,
He is of suche an hardinesse,
That he can not hym selfe spare,
And that is all my moste care,
Whan thei the walles shulde assaile.
But if my wishes might auaile,
I wolde it were a groundles pit,
Be so the siege were vnknit,
And I my husbonde sie.
With that the water in hir eie
Arose, that she ne might it stoppe,
And as men sene the dew bedroppe
The leues and the floures eke:
Right so vpon hir white cheke:
The wofull salte terres felle.
Whan Collatine hath herde hir telle
The meanynge of hir trewe herte,
Anone with that to hir he sterte,
And sayd: Lo my good dere,
Nowe is he come to you here,
That ye moste louen as ye seyne.
And she with goodly chere ageyne
Beclipt him in hir armes smale.
And the colour, whiche erste was pale
To beautee than was restored,
So that it might not be mored.
The kynges sonne, which was nigh,
And of this lady herde and sigh
The thynges, as thei ben befall,
The reason of his wittes all
Hath loste: for loue vpon his parte
Cam than, and of his firie darte
With such a wounde him hath through smite,
That he must nedes fele and wite
Of thilke blinde maladie,
To whiche no cure of surgerie
Can helpe, but yet netheles
At thilke tyme he helde his pes,
That he no countenance made,
But openly with wordes glade,
So as he coude in his manere,
He spake, and made frendly chere,
Tyl it was tyme for to goe.
And Collatine with him also
His leue toke, so that by night,
With all the haste that thei might,
Thei riden to the siege ageyn.
But Arrous was so wo besein
With thoughtes, which vpon him ronne,
That he all by the brode sonne
To bedde goth, not for to reste,
But for to thinke vpon the beste,
And the fairest forth with alle,
That euer he sigh, or euer shalle,
So as him thought in his corage,
Where he portreied hir image,
Fyrst the fetures of hir face,
In whiche nature had all grace
Of womanlie beutee besette,
So that it might not be bette.
And howe hir yelowe heare was tressed,
And hir atyre so well adressed.
And howe she wepte, al this he thought,
And howe she spake, and how she wrought,
That he foryeten hath no dele,
But all it liketh him so wele,
That in the worde nor in the dede
Hir lacked nought of womanhede.
And thus this tyrannishe knight
Was soupled, but not halfe aright.
For he none other hede toke,
But that he might by somme croke,
All though it were ageyne hir wille,
The lustes of his flesh fulfille,
Whiche loue was not reasonable.
For where honour is remeuable,

It ought well to ben aduised:
But he whiche hath his lust assised
With medlid loue and tyrannie,
Hath founde vpon his trecherie
A weye, whiche he thinketh to holde,
And sayth: fortune vnto the bolde
Is fauorable for to helpe.
And thus within him selfe to yelpe,
As he whiche was a wilde man
Upon his treason he began.
And vp he sterte, and forth he wente
On horsbacke, but his entente
There knewe no wight, and he name
The nexte waie, till he came
Unto Collacen the gate
Of Rome, and it was somedele late,
Right euen vpon the sonne sette.
And he whiche had shape his nette
Hir innocence to betrappe,
And as it shulde tho mishappe,
As priuely as euer he might
He rode, and of his hors alight
Tofore Collatines Inne,
And all frendeliche goth him in,
As he that was cosin of house.
And she, whiche is the good spouse
Lucrece, whan that she hym sighe,
With goodly chere drewe hym nighe,
As she, whiche all honour supposeth,
And hym, so as she dare, opposeth
Howe it stode of hir husbonde.
And he tho did hir vnderstonde
With tales feigned in this wise,
Right as he wolde him selfe deuise.
Wherof he might hir herte gladde,
That she the better chere made,
Whan she the gladde wordes herde,
Howe that hir husbande ferde.
And thus the trouthe was deceiued
With slie treason, whiche was receiued
To hir, whiche mente all good.
For as the festes than stoode
His souper was right wel arraied:
But yet he hath no worde assaied
To speke of loue in no degree,
But with couert subtilitee
His frendly speches he affaiteth,
And as the tigre his tyme awaiteth,
In hope for to catche his praie.
Whan that the bordes were awaie,
And thei haue souped in the halle,
He saith, that slepe is on him falle,
And praith, he mote go to bedde.
And she with all haste spedde,
So as hir thought it was to doone,
That euery thinge was redie soone.
She brought him to his chamber tho,
And toke hir leue, and forth is go
In to hir owne chambre by:
And she that wende certeynly
Haue had a frende, and had a fo,
Wherof fill after mochell wo.
This tyranne though he lie softe,
Oute of his bedde arose full ofte,
And goeth aboute, and leied his ere
To herken, till that all were
To bedde gone, and slepten faste.
And than vpon hym selfe he caste
A mantel, and his swerde all naked
He toke in honde, and she vnwaked
A bedde laie: but what she mette
God wote, for he the dore vnshette
So priuely, that none it herde,
The softe paas and forth he ferde
Into the bedde, where that she slepte,
All sodeinly and in he crepte,
And hir in bothe his armes toke,
With that this worthy wyfe awoke,
Whiche through tendresse of womanhed,
Hir voyce hath loste for pure drede,
That one worde speke she ne dare.
And eke he bade hir to beware.
For if she made noyse or crie,
He sayd, his swerde laie faste bie
To slee hir, and hir folke aboute.
And thus he brought hir herte in doute,
That like a lambe, whan it is cesed
In wolues mouth, so was diseased
Lucrece whiche he naked fonde,
Wherof she swouned in his honde,
And, as who saith, laie dede oppressed.
And he whiche all him had adressed
To luste, toke than what him liste,
And goth his weye, that none it wist,
In to his owne chambre ageyn,
And cleped vp his chamberleyn,
And made hym redie for to ride.
And thus this lecherous pride
To hors lepte, and forth he rode.
And she whiche in hir bed abode,
Whan that she wist he was agone,
She cleped after light anone,
And vp arose longe er the daie,
And cast aweie hir fresshe araie,
As she whiche hath the worlde forsake,
And toke vpon the clothes blake.
And euer vpon continuinge
Right as men see a welle springe,
With eien full of wofull teares
Hir heare hangynge aboute her eares
She wepte, and no man wist whie.
But yet amonge full pitouslie
She praied, that thei nolden dretche
Hir husbonde for to fetche,
Forthwith hir fader eke also.
Thus be thei comen bothe two,
And Brutus came with Collatine,
Whiche to Lucrece was cosine,
And in thei wenten all three
To chambre, where thei might see
The wofullest vpon this molde,
Whiche wepte, as she to water sholde.
The chambre dore anone was stoke
Er thei haue ought vnto hir spoke.
Thei see hir clothes all disgised,
And howe she hath hir selfe despised,
Hir heare hangynge vnkemte aboute.
But netheles she gan to lowte,
And knele vnto hir husbonde.
And he wolde fayne haue vnderstonde
The cause, why she fared so.
With softe wordes asked tho:
What maie you be my god swete?
And she, whiche thought hir selfe vnmete,
And the lest worthe of women alle,
Hir wofull chere lete downe falle
For shame, and coude vnnethes loke,
And thei therof good hede toke,
And praiden hir in all waie,
That she ne spare for to saie

Unto hir frendes, what hir aileth,
Why she so sore hir selfe bewaileth,
And what the soothe wolde mene,
And she whiche hath hir sorowe grene,
Hir wo to tell then assaied,
But tender shame hir worde delaied,
That sondry tymes as she mente
To speke, vpon the poynte she stente
And thei hir beden euer in one
To telle forth, and there vpon,
Whan that she sighe she must nede,
Hir tale betwene shame and drede
She tolde, not without peyne.
And he whiche wolde hir wo restreyne,
Hir husbond, a sory man,
Comforteth hir all that he can,
And swore, and eke hir fader bothe,
That thei with hir be not wroth,
Of that is do ageinst hir wille,
And praiden hir to be stille.
For thei to hir haue all foryeue
But she whiche thought not to leue,
Of hem will no foryeuenesse,
And said: of thilke wickednesse,
Whiche was to hir body wrought,
All were it so she might it nought,
Neuer afterwarde the worlde ne shall
Reprouen hir: and forthwithall,
Or any man therof be ware,
A naked swerde the whiche she bare
Within hir mantell priuely,
Betwene hir hondes sodeinly
She toke, and through hir herte it thronge,
And fill to grounde, and euer amonge,
Whan that she fill, so as she might,
Hir clothes with hir honde she right,
That no man downewarde fro the knee
Shuld any thynge of hir see,
Thus laie this wife honestely,
All though she died wofully.
Tho was no sorowe for to seke,
Hir husbande and hir father eke
A swoune vpon the body felle,
There maie no mans tonge telle,
In whiche anguisshe that thei were.
But Brutus, which was with hem there,
Towarde hym selfe his hert kepte,
And to Lucrece anone he lepte,
The bloudy swerde and pulleth out,
And swore the gods all aboute,
That he therof shall do vengeance:
And she tho made a countenance,
Hir dedly eie and at laste
In thonkynge as it were vp cast,
And so behelde hym in the wise,
While she to loke maie suffise.
And Brutus with a manly herte
Hir husbonde hath made vp sterte,
Forth with hir father eke also,
In all haste and saide hem tho,
That thei anone without lette
A bere for the body fette:
Lucrece and therupon bledend
He laide, and so forth out criend
He goth vnto the market place
Of Rome: and in a litell space
Through crie the citee was assembled,
And euery mans hert trembled,
Whan thei the soth herde of the cas,
And there vpon the counseyle was
Take, of the great and of the smale:
And Brutus tolde hem all the tale.
And thus cam in to remembrance
Of synne the continuance,
Whiche Arrous had do tofore.
And eke longe tyme er he was bore
Of that his father had do
The wronge came in to place tho,
So that the common clamour tolde
The newe shame of synnes olde.
And all the towne began to crie:
Awey awey the tyrannie
Of lecherie and couetise.
And at laste in suche a wise
The father in the same while
Forth with the sonne thei exile,
And taken better gouernance.
But yet an other remembrance,
That rightwisenes and lecherie
Accorden not in companie,
With hym that hath the lawe on honde,
That may a man well vnderstonde,
As by a tale thou shalte witte
Of olde ensample as it is writte

Hic ponit *exemplum super eodem, qualiter Lucius* Virginius dux exercitus Romanorum vnicam filiam pulcherrimam habens, cum quodam nobili viro nomine Ilicio, vt ipsam in vxorem duceret finaliter concordauit. Sed interim Appius Claudius Imperator virginis formositatem, vt eam violaret concupiscens, occasiones, quibus matrimonii impedire, ipsam quod ad sui vsum apprehendere posset, subdola conspiracione fieri coniectauit, et cum propositum sui desiderii productis falsis testibus in Iudicio, Imperator habere debuisset: pater tunc ibidem presens extracto gladio filie sue pectus mortali vulnere per medium transfodit, dicens, malo mihi de filia mea virginem habere mortuam, quam in sui scandalum meretricem seruare viuentem.

AT Rome whan Appius,
Whose other name was Claudius,
Was gouernour of the citee,
There fyll a wonder thynge to see,
Touchend a gentill mayde, as thus:
Whome Lucius Virginius
Begeten had vpon his wife,
Men saiden, that so faire a life
As she, was not in all the towne.
This fame, whiche goth vp and downe,
To Claudius came in his ere,
Wherof his thought anone was there,
Whiche all his herte hath sette a fyre,
That he began the floure desyre,
Whiche longeth vnto maidenhede,
And sende, if that he might spede
The blynde lustes of his wille.
But that thyng he might not fulfille.
For she stoode vpon mariage,
A worthy knight of great lignage
(Ilicius whiche than hight)
Accorded in hir faders sight
Was, that he shuld his doughter wed.
But er the cause were fully spedde
Hir fader, whiche in Romanie
The ledyng of the chiualrie
In gouernance hath vndertake
Spon a werre, whiche was take,

Gothe out with all the strength he had
Of men of armes whiche he lad.
So was the mariage lefte,
And stode vpon accorde till efte.
The kynge, whiche herde tell of this,
Howe that this maide ordeined is
To mariage, thought a nother,
And had thilke time a brother,
Whiche Marcus Claudius was hote,
And was a man of suche riote,
Right as the kynge hym selfe was,
Thei two togider vpon this caas
In counceyle founden out the weye,
That Marcus Claudius shall seye,
Howe she by weye of couenante
To his seruice apurtenante
Was holle, and to none other man.
And there vpon he saith he can
In euery poynt witnesse take,
So that she shall it not forsake.
Whan that thei had shape so
After the lawe whiche was tho,
While that hir fader was absente,
She was somoned and assente
To come in presence of the kynge,
And stoode in answere of this thynge.
Hir frendes wisten all wele,
That was falshede euery dele,
And comen to the kynge, and saiden
Upon the comune lawe and praiden,
So as this noble worthy knight
Hir fader for the common right
In thilke tyme, as was befall,
Laie for the profite of them all
Upon the wilde feldes armed,
That he ne shulde not ben harmed
Ne shamed, while that he were oute.
And thus thei preiden all aboute,
For all the clamour that he herde,
The kinge vpon his luste answerde,
And yaue hem onely daies two
Of respite: for he wende tho,
That in so shorte a tyme appere
Hir fader might in no manere.
But as therof he was deceiued.
For Liuius had all conceiued
The purpos of the kynge tofore,
So that to Rome ayene therfore
In all haste he came ridende,
And lefte vpon the felde liggende
His host, till that he came ageyne.
And thus this worthy capiteyne
Appered redy at his daie.
Where all that euer reasone maie
By lawe in audience he dooth,
So that his doughter vpon sooth,
Of that Marcus hir had accused,
He hath tofore the courte excused.
The kynge, which saw his purpose faile,
And that no sleight might auayle,
Incombred of his lustes blynde
The lawe tourneth out of kynde,
And halfe in wrathe as though it were,
In presence of hem all there,
Deceiued of concupiscence,
Yaue for his broder the sentence:
And bad hym, that he shulde cease
This mayde, and make hym well at ease.
But all within his owne entent,
He wist how that the cause went,
Of that his brother hath the wite,
He was hym selfe for to wite.
But thus this maiden had wronge,
Whiche was upon the kynge alonge,
But ageyne hym was none apele,
And that the father wist wele.
Wherof vpon the tyrannie,
That for the luste of lecherie
His doughter shuld be disceiued,
And that Bicius was weiued
Untruly from the mariage:
Right as a lyon in his rage,
Whiche of no drede set account,
And not what pitee shulde amount,
A naked swerde he pulled out,
The whiche amonges all the rout
He threst through his doughters side,
And all aloude thus he cride:
Lo take hir there thou wrongfull kynge.
For me is leuer vpon this thynge
To be the father of a maide,
Though she be dead, than if men saide,
That in hir life she were shamed,
And I therof were euill named.
The bad the kynge men shulde areste
His body, but of thilke heste
Like to the chased wilde bore
The houndes whan he feleth sore
To throwe, and goth forth his wey:
In suche a wise for to sey
This worthy knight with swerde in honde,
His wey made, and thei hym wonde,
That none of hem his strokes kepte,
And thus vpon his hors he lepte,
And with his swerde droppyng all bloode,
Whiche within his doughter stoode,
He came there as the power was
Of Rome, and tolde hem all the cas:
And sayd hem: that thei might lere
Upon the wronge of this matere,
That better it were to redresse
At home the great vnrightwisnesse,
Than for to warre in strange place,
And lese at home her owne grace.
For thus stant euery mans life
In ieopardie for his wife,
And for his doughter, if thei bee
Passyng an other of beautee.
Of this meruaile, whiche thei sie
So apparant afore her eie
Of that the kynge hath hym misbore,
Her othes thei haue all swore,
That thei will stonde by the right.
And thus of one accorde vpright
To Rome at ones home ageyne
Thei torne, and shortly for to seyne,
This tyrannie cam to mouth,
And euery man saith, what he couth,
So that the preuie trecherie,
Whiche set was vpon lecherie,
Cam openly to mannes eare,
And that brought in the common feare,
That euery man the perill dradde
Of hym, that so hem ouerlad.
For thei or that were worse falle,
Through common counseile of hem all
Thei haue her wrongfull kyng deposed,
And hem, in whom it was supposed
The counceyle stoode of his leuynge,
By lawe vnto the dome thei brynge.

Where thei receiuen the penance,
That longeth to suche gouernance.
And thus the vnchaste was chastised,
Wherof thei might ben aduised,
That shulde afterwarde gouerne,
And by this euidence lerne,
Howe it is good a kynge eschewe
The luste of vice, and vertue sewe.

Hic inter alia castitatis regimen concernentia loquitur, quomodo matrimonium, cuius status sacramentum quasi continentiam equiparans etiam honeste delectationis regimine moderari decet, Et narrat in exemplum qualiter pre eo quod illi septem viri, qui Sare Raguelis filie magis propter concupiscentiam quam propter matrimonium voluptuose nupserunt, vnus post alium omnes prima nocte a demone Asmodeo sigillatim iugulati interierunt.

To make an ende in this partie,
Whiche toucheth to the policie
Of chastitee in speciall.
As for conclusion finall,
That euery lust is to eschewe,
By great ensample I maie argewe,
Howe in Rages a towne of Mede
There was a maide, and as I rede
Sara she hight, and Raguelle
Hir father was: and so befelle
Of bodie bothe and of visage
Was none so faire of the ligiage,
To seche amonge hem all, as shee,
Wherof the riche of the citee
Of lustie folke, that couden loue,
Assoted were vpon hir loue,
And axen hir for to wedde.
One was, whiche at last spedde,
But that was more for likinge
To haue his lust, than for weddynge,
As he within his herte caste,
Whiche hym repenteth at laste.
For so it felle the first night,
When he was to the bedde dight,
As he, whiche nothinge god besecheth,
But all onely his lustes secheth.
A bedde er he was fully warme,
And wolde haue take hir in his arme,
Asmode, whiche was a fende of helle,
And serueth as the bokes telle
To tempte a man in suche a wise,
Was redy there, and thilke emprise,
Whiche he hath set vpon delite,
He vengeth than in such a plite,
That he his necke hath writh a two.
This yonge wife was sorie tho,
Whiche wist nothinge what it ment.
And nethelesse yet thus it went,
Not onely for this fyrst man,
But after right as he began,
Sixe other of hir husbondes
Asmode hath take in to his hondes.
So that thei all a bedde deide,
Whan thei hir hande towarde hir leyde,
Nought for the lawe of mariage,
But for that ilke firie rage,
In whiche that thei the lawe excede.
For who that wolde take hede,
What after fill in this matere,
There might he well the sooth here.
Whan she was wedded to Thobie,
And Raphael in companie
Hath taught hym, howe to be honest.
Asmode was nought at thilke feste:
And yet Thobie his wille had,
For he his lust so goddely ladde,
That both lawe and kynde is serued,
Wherof he hath hym selfe preserued,
That he fill not in the sentence,
Of whiche an open euidence
Of this ensample a man maie see,
That whan likynge in the degree
Of mariage maie forsweie,
Well ought hym than in other weie
Of lust to be the better aduised.
For god the lawe hath assised
As well to reason as to kynde,
But he the beastes wolde bynde
Onely to lawes of nature,
But to the mannes creature
God gaue hym reason forth withall,
Wherof that he nature shall
Upon the causes modifie,
That he shall do no lecherie.
And yet he shall his lustes haue,
So ben the lawes both saue,
And euery thinge put out of sclander,
As whilom to kynge Alisander
The wise philosopher taught,
Whan he his first lore caught,
Not only vpon chastitee,
But vpon all honestee.
Wherof a kynge hym selfe maie taste,
How trewe, how large, how iust, how chast
Hym ought of reason for to bee,
Forth with the vertue of pitee,
Through which he mai great thonke deserue
Toward his god, that he preserue
Hym, and his people in all welthe,
Of peas, richesse, honour, and helthe
Here in this worlde, and elles eke.
My sonne as we tofore speke
In shrifte, so as thou me seidest,
And for thin ease as thou me preidest,
Thy loue throwes for to lisse,
That I the wolde telle and wisse
The forme of Aristoteles lore:
I haue it seide, and somdele more
Of other ensamples, to assaie
If I thy peines might alaie
Through any thynge, whiche I can saie.
Do waie my father, I you praie,
Of that ye haue vnto me tolde,
I thanke you a thousande folde.
The tales sounden in mine ere,
But yet my herte is elles where,
I maie my selfe not restreygne,
That I name euer in loues peyne.
Suche lore coude I neuer gete,
Whiche might make me foryete
O poynte, but if so were I slepte,
That I my tides aie ne kepte
To thinke on loue, and on his lawe,
That hert can I not withdrawe.
For thy my good fader dere
Leue, and speke of my matere,
Touchend of loue as we begonne,
If that there be ought ouer ronne,
Or ought foryete, or lefte behynde,
Whiche falleth vnto loues kynde

Wherof it nedeth to be shriue,
Nowe asketh, so that while I liue
I might amende, that is amis.
My good dere sonne yis,
Thy shrifte for to make playne
There is yet more for to sayne
Of loue, whiche is vnquised.
But for thou shalt ben well aduised
Unto my shrifte, as it belongeth,
A poynte, whiche vpon loue hongeth,
And is the laste of all tho,
A wyl the telle, and than ho.

EXPLICIT LIBER SEPTIMUS.

Quæ fauet ad vicium vetus hæc modo regula con-
Nec noue econtra qui docet ordo placat. [fert
Cæcus amor dudum non dum sua lumina cæpit,
Quo Venus impositum deuia fallat iter.

Post quam ad instantiam amantis confessi confessor Genius super his que Aristoteles regem Alexandrum edocuit, vna cum aliarum cronicarum exemplis seriose tractauit, iam vltimo in isto octauo volumine ad confessionem in amoris causa regrediens tractare proponit, super hoc quod non nulli primordia nature ad libitum voluptuose consequentes, nullo humano rationis arbitrio, seu ecclesie legum impositione a suis excessibus debite refrenantur, vnde quatenus amorem concernit amantis conscientiam pro finali sue confessionis materia Genius rimari conatur.

INCIPIT LIBER OCTAVVS,

THE mightie god, whiche vnbegonne
Stonte of hym selfe, and hath begonne
Al other thinges at his will,
The heuen him liste to fulfill
Of all ioye, where as hee
Sit entronised in his see,
And hath his angels hym to serue,
Suche as him liketh to preserue,
So that thei mowe nought forsweie,
But Lucifer he put aweie,
With al the route apostasied
Of hem that ben to him alied,
Whiche out of heauen in to helle,
From angels in to fendes felle,
Where that there nis no ioye of light,
But more derke than any night,
The peyne shall ben endelesse,
And yet of fires netheles
There is plentee, but thei ben blake,
Wherof no sight maie be take.
Thus whan the thinges ben befall,
That Lucifers courte was fall,
Where deadly pride hem hath conueied,
Anone forthwith it was purueied
Through hym whiche all thinges maie.
He made Adam the sixte daie
In paradise and to his make
Him liketh Eue also to make,
And bad hem crece and multiplie,
For of the mans progenie,
Whiche of the woman shall be bore,
The nombre of angels, whiche was lore,
Whan thei oute of the blisse felle,
He thought to restore and fille
In heuen thilke holy place,
Whiche stoode tho voyde vpon his grace,
But as it is well wist and knowe,
Adam and Eue but a throwe,
So as it shuld of hem betide,
In Paradise at thilke tide
Ne dwelten, and the cause whie
Writte in the boke of Genesie,
As who saith, all men haue herde,
Howe Rhaphael the fyrie swerde
In honde toke and droue hem out,
To gete her liues foode aboute
Upon this wofull erthe here.
Metodre saith to this matere,
As he by reuelacion
It had vpon a vision,
Howe that Adam and Eue also
Virgines comen bothe two
In to the worlde and were ashamed,
Till that nature hath hem reclaimed
To loue, and taught hem thilke lore,
That firste thei kiste, and ouer more
Thei done, that is to kynde due,
Wherof thei hadden faire issue.
A sonne was the firste of all,
And Caim by name thei him call.
Abel was after the seconde,
And in the geste as it is founde,
Nature so the cause ladde,
Two doughters eke dame Eue hadde,
The firste cleped Calmana
Was, and that other Delbora.
Thus was mankynde to begynne:
For thy that tyme it was no synne
The suster to take the brother,
Whan that there was of choise none other.
To Caim was Calmana betake,
And Delbora hath Abel take,
In whom was gete natheles
Of worldes folke the first encres,
Men sein that nede hath no lawe.
And so it was by thilke dawe,
And laste vnto the seconde age,
Till that the great water rage
Of Noe, whiche was saide the flood,
The worlde, whiche than in synne stood,
Hath dreinte, out take liues eight.
Tho was mankynde of litell weight.
Sem, Cam, Iaphet, of these thre,
That ben the sonnes of Noe,
The worlde of mans nacion
In to multiplicacion
Was restored newe ageyne,
So ferforth as these bokes seyne,
That of hem thre, and her issue
There was so large a retinue
Of nacions seuentie and two,
In sondrie place eche one of tho
The wide worlde haue enhabited.
But as nature hem hath excited
Thei toke than litell hede
The brother of the susterhede,
To wedde wiues, till it came
In to the tyme of Abraham,
Whan the thirde age was bygonne,
The nede tho was oueronne.
For there was people enough in londe.
Than at firste it came to honde,

That sisterhode of mariage
Was torned in to cosinage:
So that after the right line
The cosyn weddeth the cosine.
For Abraham er that he deied
This charge vpon his seruant leied,
To hym and in this wyse spake,
That he his sonne Isaac
Do wedde for no worldes good,
But onely to his owne blood.
Wherof the seruant as he hadde,
Whan he was deade, his sonne hath ladde
To Bethuel, where he Rebecke
Hath wedded with the white necke.
For she, he wist well and sighe,
Was to the childe cosine nighe.
And thus as Abraham hath taught,
Whan Isaac was god betaught,
His sonue Iacob did also,
And of Laban the doughters two,
Whiche was his eme, he toke to wife,
And gate vpon hem in his life,
Of hir fyrst whiche highte Lie,
Syr sonnes of his progenie:
And of Rachel two sonnes eke,
The remenant was for to seke,
That is to sein of foure mo,
Wherof he gate on Bila two,
And of Zilpha he had eke twey.
And these twelue, as I the sey
Through prouidence of god hym selfe,
Ben saide the Patriarkes twelfe.
Of whom as afterwarde befel
The tribus twelfe of Israel
Engendred were, and ben the same,
That of hebrewes tho hadden name,
Whiche of Libred in aliance
For euer kepten thilke vsance
Most comonly till Christe was bore,
But afterwarde it was forlore
Amonge vs that ben baptised.
For of the lawe canonised
The pope hath bode to the men,
That none shall wedden of his kyn,
Ne the seconde, ne the third.
But though that holy churche bid
So to restreyne mariage,
There ben yet vpon loues rage
Full many of suche nowe a daie,
That taken where thei take maie.
For loue, whiche is vnbesein
Of all reason, as men sein,
Through sotie, and through nicetee
Of his voluptuositee,
He spareth no condicion
Of kynne, ne yet religion,
But as a cocke amonge the hennes,
Or as a stalon in the fennes,
Whiche goth amonge all the stoode:
Right so can he no more good,
But taketh what thyng comth next to honde.
My sonne thou shalt vnderstonde,
That suche delite is for to blame.
For thy if thou hast ben the same
To loue in any suche manere.
Tell forth therof, and shriue the here?
My fader naie, god wote the soothe,
My feyre is not in suche a boothe,
So wilde a man yet was I neuer,
That of my kynne or leue or leuer
Me lust loue in suche a wise,
And eke I not for what emprise
I shulde assote vpon a nonne,
For though I had hir loue wonne,
It might into no price amounte,
So therof set I none acounte.
Ye maie well aske of this and that,
But sothely for to tell plat,
In all this worlde there is but one,
The whiche my herte hath ouergone.
I am toward all other free.
Full well my sonne nowe I see,
Thy worde stonte euer vpon o place,
But yet therof thou hast a grace,
That thou the might so well excuse
Of loue, suche as some men vse,
So as I spake of nowe tofore.
For all suche tyme of loue is lore,
And like vnto the bitter swete.
For though it thinke a man fyrst swete,
He shall well felen at laste,
That it is sower, and maie not laste.
For as a morcell enuenomed:
So hath suche loue his luste mistimed
And great ensamples many one
A man maie fynde thervpon.

Hic loquitur contra illos, quos Venus sui desiderii feruore inflammans, ita incestuosos effecit, vt neque propriis sororibus parcunt. Et narrat exemplum, qualiter pro eo quod Caius Caligula tres sorores suas virgines coitu illicito opressit, deus tanti sceleris peccatum non ferens, ipsum non solum ab imperio, sed a vita iusticia vindice priuauit. Narrat eciam aliud exemplum super eodem, qualiter Amon filius Dauid fatui amoris concupiscencia preuentus, sororem suam Thamar a sue virginitatis pudicicia inuitam deflorauit, propter quod et ipse a fratre suo Absolon postea interfectus, peccatum sue mortis precio inuitus redemit.

AT Rome fyrste if we begyn.
There shall I fynde howe of this syn
An emperour was for to blame,
Gaius Caligula by name,
Whiche of his owne sisters three
Berefte the virginitee.
And whan he had hem so forleyn,
As he, whiche was all vileyn,
He did hem oute of londe exile.
But afterwarde within a while
God hath berefte him in his ire
His life, and eke his large empire.
And thus for likinge of a throwe,
For euer his lust was ouerthrowe.
Of this soty also I fynde,
Amon his suster ageyn kynde,
Whiche highte Thamar, he forlaye,
But he that lust another daie
Abought, whan that Absolon
His owne broder there vpon,
Of that he had his suster shente,
Toke of that synne vengemente,
And slough him with his owne honde,
And thus vnkynde, vnkynde fonde.

Hic narrat qualiter Loth duas filias suas ipsis consencientibus carnali copula cognouit duosque ex eis filios scilicit Moab et Amos progenuit:

quorum postea generatio prava ot exasperans contra populum dei in terra saltim promissionis vario grauamine quam sepius insultabat.

And for to se more of this thinge,
The bible maketh a knowlegeinge,
Wherof thou might take euidence
Upon the sothe experience,
Whan Lothes wife was ouergone,
And shape vnto the salte stone,
As it is spoke vnto this daie,
By both his doughters than he laie.
With childe he made hem both great,
Till that nature hem wolde lette,
And so the cause about ladde,
That eche of hem a sonne had.
Moab the fyrst, and the seconde
Amon, of whiche, as it is founde,
Cam afterwarde to great encres
Two nacions: and netheles
For that the stockes were not good,
The branches mighten not ben good.
For of the false *Moabites*,
Forth with the strength of Amonites
Of that thei were first misget,
The people of god was ofte vpset
In Israell and in Iudee.
As in the bible a man maie see.
Lo thus my sonne as I the saie
Thou might thy selfe be besaie
Of that thou hast of other herde.
For euer yet it hath so ferde
Of loues lust, if so befall,
That it in other place falle,
Than it is of the lawe sette.
He whiche his loue hathe so besette,
Mote afterwarde repent hym sore.
And euery man is others lore,
Of that befill in tyme er this,
The present tyme, whiche nowe is,
Maie ben enformed, how it stoode,
And take that hym thynketh good,
And leue that, whiche is nought so:
But for to loke of tyme ago,
Howe lust of loue excedeth lawe,
It ought for to be withdrawe.
For euery man it shulde drede,
And nameliche in his sibrede,
Whiche tourneth oft to vengeance,
Wherof a tale in remembrance,
Whiche is a longe processe to here,
I thinke for to tellen here.

*

Omnibus est communis amor, sed imoderatos
Que facit excessus, non reputatur amans.
Sors tamen vnde Venus attractat corda videre
Que rationis erunt, non ratione finit.

Hic loquitur adhuc contra incestuosos amantum coitus, Et narrat mirabile exemplum de magno rege Antiocho, qui vxore mortua propriam filiam violauit, et quia filie matrimonium penes alios impedire voluit, tale ab eo exiit edictum, quod si quis eam in vxorem peterit, nisi quoddam problema questionis, quam ipse rex proposuerat, veraciter solueret, capitali sentencia puniretur, super quo veniens tandem discretus iuuenis princeps Tyri Appolinus questionem soluit, Nec tamen filiam habere potuit, sed rex indignatus ipsum propter hoc in mortis odium recollegit, Vnde Appolinus a facie regis fugiens, quam plura, prout inferius intitulantur, propter amorem pericula passus est.

Of a cronike in daies gone,
The which is cleped Panteone,
In loues cause I rede thus,
Howe that the great Antiochus,
Of whom that Antioche toke
His firste name, as saith the boke,
Was coupled to a noble quene,
And had adoughter hem betwene.
But such fortune eam to honde,
That deth, which no kyng maie withstond,
But euery life it mote obey,
This worthy quene toke awey.
The kynge, whiche made mochel mone,
Tho stoode, as who saith, all hym one
Without wyfe: but netheles
His doughter, whiche was pereles
Of bewtee, dwelt about hym stille.
But whan a man hath welth at wille
The flesh is freel, and falleth ofte,
And that this maide tendre and softe,
Whiche in hir fathers chamber dwelte,
Within a tyme wist and felte:
For likynge of concupicence,
Without insight of conscience,
The fader so with lustes blente,
That he cast all his hole entente
His owne doughter for to spille.
The kynge hath leiser at his wille,
With strengthe and whan he tyme seye
The yonge maiden he forleie.
And she was tender, and full of drede,
She couth not hir maydenhede
Defende: and thus she hath forlore
The floure, whiche she hath longe bore.
It helpeth not all though she wepe,
For thei that shulde hir bodie kepe
Of women, were absent as than.
And thus this mayden goeth to man.
The wilde fader thus deuoureth
His owne flesh, whiche none socoureth,
And that was cause of mochel care.
But after this vnkinde fare
Out of the chamber goeth the kinge.
And she laie still, and of this thinge
Within her selfe suche sorowe made,
There was no wight, that might hir glade
For fere of thilke horrible vice.
With that came in the norice,
Whiche fro childhode hir had kepte,
And asketh, if she had slepte,
And why hir chere was vnglad.
But she, whiche hath ben ouerlad,
Of that she might not be wreke,
For shame couth vnnethes speke.
And nethelesse mercy the praied
With wepynge eie, and thus she saied:
Alas my suster wele awaie
That euer I sigh this ilke daie.
Thinge whiche my bodie firste begate
In to this worlde, onelich that
My worldes worship hath bereste.
With that she swouneth nowe and efte,
And euer wisheth after deth,
So that welnie hir lacketh breth.
That other, whiche hir wordes herde,
In comfortynge of hir answerde,

To lete hir faders foule desyre
She wist no recouerire,
Whan thinge is do, there is no bote,
So suffren thei that suffren mote:
There was none other, whiche it wist.
Thus hath this kynge all that hym liste
Of his likinge and his plesance,
And last in suche a continuance,
And suche delite he toke therin,
Him thought that it was no sin.
And she durst him no thinge withseye.
But fame, whiche goeth euery weye
To sondry reignes all aboute,
The great beautee telleth oute
Of suche a mayde of hie parage.
So that for loue of mariage
The worthie princes come and sende,
As they, whiche all honour wende,
And knewe no thinge, howe that it stoode.
The fader whan he vnderstood,
That thei his doughter thus besought,
With all his wit he cast and sought,
Howe that he mighte fynde a lette,
And suche a statute then he sette,
And in this wise his lawe taxeth,
That what man his doughter axeth,
But if he couth his question
Assoyle vpon suggestion
Of certeyn thinges, that befell,
The whiche he wolde vnto him tell,
He shulde in certeyn lese his hede.
And thus there were many dede,
Her heades stondinge on the gate,
Till at last longe and late,
For lacke of answere in this wise
The remenante, that weren wyse,
Eschewden to make assaie.

De aduentu Appolini in Antiochiam, vbi ipse filiam regis Antiochi in vxorem postulauit.

Til it befil vpon a daie
Appolinus the prince of Tyre,
Whiche hath to loue a great desire.
As he whiche in his high moode,
Was likinge of his hote bloode
A yonge, a freshe, a lustie knyght,
As he laie musynge on a nyght
Of the tidinges, whiche he herde,
He thought assaie howe that it ferde.
He was with worthie companie
Araied, and with good nauie
To ship he goeth, the winde him driueth,
And saileth, till that he ariueth
Saufe in the porte of Antioche.
He londeth, and goeth to approche
The kynges courte, and his presence.
Of euery naturall science,
Whiche any clerke him couth teche,
Him couthe enough: and in his speche
Of wordes he was eloquente.
And whan he sigh the kynge present,
He praieth, he mote his doughter haue.
The kinge againe began to craue,
And tolde hym the condicion,
Howe fyrst vnto his question
He mote answere, and faile nought,
Or with his heed it shall be bought.
And he him asketh, what it was.

Questio regis Antiochi: scelere vehor, materna carne vescor, quero patrem meum matris mee virum, vxoris mee filium.

The kinge declareth him the caas
With sterne worde and stordie chere,
To him and saide in this manere.
With felonie I am vp bore,
I ete, and haue it not forlore
My moders flesshe whose husbonde
My fader for to seche I fonde,
Whiche is the sonne eke of my wife
Herof I am inquisitife.
And who that can my tale saue,
All quite he shall my doughter haue.
Of his answere and if he faile,
He shall be dead withouten faile.
For thy my sonne, quod the kinge,
Be well aduised of this thynge,
Whiche hath thy life in ieopardie.
Appolinus for his partie,
Whan he that question had herde,
Unto the kinge he hath answerde.
And hath reherced one and one
The poyntes, and saide thervpon.
The question, whiche thou hast spoke,
If thou wilte, that it be vnloke,
It toucheth all the priuitee
Betwene thyn owne childe and thee,
And stonte all holle vpon you two.
The kinge was wondre sorie tho,
And thought, if that he said it oute,
Then were he shamed all aboute.
With slie wordes and with felle,
He sayth: My sonne I shall the telle,
Though that thou be of litell witte,
It is no great meruaile as yit,
Thin age maie it not suffise.
But loke well thou nought despise
Thyn owne life: for of my grace
Of thirtie daies full a space
I graunte the to ben aduised.
And thus with leue and tyme assised
This yonge prince forth he wente,
And vnderstode well what it mente.
Within his herte as he was lered,
That for to make hym afered,
The kinge his time hath so delaied.
Wherof he drad and was amaied
Of treson, that he deie shulde.
For he the kynge his southe tolde.
And sodeinly the nightes tide,
That more wolde he nought abide,
All priuely his barge he hente,
And home ageyne to Tyre he wente.
And in his owne witte he saied,
For drede if he the kynge bewrayed,
He knewe so well the kinges herte,
That deth ne shulde he nought asterte,
The kynge him wolde so pursewe.
But he that wolde his deth eschewe,
And knewe all this tofore the honde,
Forsake he thought his owne londe,
That there wolde he not abide.
For well he knewe that on some side
This tyranne of his felonie,
By some manere of trecherie,

To greue his bodie will not leue.

De fuga Appollini per mare a regno suo.

FOR thy withouten takinge leue
As priuiliche as thei might,
He goeth him to the sea by night,
Her shippes that ben with whete laden,
Her takill redie tho thei maden,
And haleth fayle, and forth thei fare.
But for to tellen of the care,
That thei of Tyre began tho,
Whan that thei wist he was ago,
It is a pitee for to here.
Thei losten lust, thei losten chere,
Thei toke vpon hem suche penance,
There was no songe, there was no daunce,
But euery myrthe and melodie
To hem was then a maladie.
For vnlust of that auenture
There was no man whiche toke tonsure.
In deadly clothes thei hem clothe,
The bathes and the stewes bothe
Thei shit in by euery wey:
There was no life whiche lust pley,
Ne take of any ioye kepe.
But for hir liege lorde to wepe,
And euery wight saith as he couth,
Alas the lustie floure of youth,
Our prince, our head, our gouernour,
Through whom we stonden in honour,
Without the commune assent,
That sodeinly is fro vs went.
Suche was the clamour of hem all.

Qualiter Thaliartus miles, vt Appolinum veneno intoxicaret, ab Antiocho in Tyrum missus, ipso ibidem non inuento Antiochiam rediit.

BUT see we nowe what is befalle
Upon the fyrst tale playne,
And tourne we therto agayne.
Antiochus the great syre,
Whiche full of rancour and of yre
His herte bereth so as ye herde,
Of that this prynce of Tyre answerde.
He had a felowe bacheler,
Whiche was his preuie counceyler,
And Thaliart by name he hight,
The kynge a stronge poyson hym dight
Within a boxe, and golde therto,
In all haste and bad hym go
Streight vnto Tyre, and for no coste
Ne spare, till he had lost
The prynce, whiche he wolde spille.
And whan the kynge hath said his will,
This Taliart in a galeye
With all the haste he toke his wey.
The wynde is good, thei seilen bliue,
Tyll he toke londe vpon the riue
Of Tyre, and forth with all anone
Into the borough he gan to gone,
And toke his inne, and bode a throwe.
But for he wold nought be knowe,
Disguised than he goth hym out.
He sigh the wepynge all about,
And axeth, what the cause was.
And thei hym tolde all the cas,
Howe sodeynly the prynce is go.
And whan he sigh, that it was so,
And that his labour was in vayne,
Anone he tourneth home agayne.
And to the kynge whan he cam nigh,
He tolde of that he herde and sigh,
Howe that the prynce of Tyre is fled.
So was he come ageyne vnsped.
The kynge was sorie for a while.
But whan he sighe, that with no wile
He might acheue his crueltee,
He stynt his wrath, and let hym bee.

Qualiter Appolinus in portu Tharsis applicuit, vbi in hospicio cuiusdam magni viri nomine Stranguilionis hospitatus est.

BUT ouer this nowe for to telle
Of aduentures that befelle
Unto this prince, of whiche I tolde.
He hath his right cours forth holde
By stone and nedell, till he cam
To Tharse, and ther his londe he nam.
A bourgeis riche of golde and fee
Was thilke tyme in that citee,
Whiche cleped was Stranguilio,
His wyfe was Dionyse also.
This yonge prince, as saith the boke,
With him his herbergage toke.
And it befill that citee so
Before tyme, and than also,
Through stronge famyn, which hem lad,
Was none, that any wheate had.
Appolinus, whan that he herde
The mischefe howe the citee ferde,
All freliche of his owne gifte
His wheate amonge hem for to shifte,
The whiche by ship he had brought,
He yaue, and toke of hem right nought.
But sithen fyrst this worlde began,
Was neuer yet to suche a man
More ioye made, than thei hym made.
For thei were all of hym so glade,
That thei for euer in remembrance
Made a figure in resemblance
Of hym, and in a commen place
Thei set it vp: so that his face
Might euery maner man beholde,
So as the citee was beholde,
It was of laton ouergylte.
Thus hath he nought his yefte spilte.

Qualiter Hellicanus ciuis Tyri Tharsim veniens Appolinum de insidiis Anthiochi prenunciauit.

UPON a tyme with a route,
This lorde to pley goeth hym oute:
And in his waie of Tyre he mette
A man, whiche on his knees him grette,
And Hellican by name he hight,
Whiche praide his lorde to haue insight
Upon hym selfe: and saide hym thus,
Howe that the great Antiochus
Awaiteth, if that he might hym spille
That other thought, and helde hym stille,
And thanked hym of his warnynge,
And bad hym telle no tidynge,
Whan he to Tyre cam home ageyne,
That he in Tharse hym had seyne.

Qualiter Appolinus portum Tharsis relinquens cum ipse per mare nauigio securiorem quesiuit,

superueniente tempestate nauis cum omnibus preter ipsum solum in eadem contentis iuxta Pentapolim periclitabatur.

FORTUNE hath euer be muable,
And maie no while stonde stable.
For nowe it hieth, nowe it loweth,
Nowe stant vpright, nowe ouerthroweth,
Nowe full of blisse, and nowe of bale,
As in the tellynge of my tale
Here afterwarde a man maie lere
Wiche is great routh for to here.
This lorde, whiche wold done his best,
Within hym selfe hath liteil rest,
And thought he wolde his place chaunge,
And seke a countrei more straunge.
Of Thursiens his leue anone
He teke, and is to shippe ygone.
His cours he name with saile vp drawe,
Where as fortune doth the lawe
And sheweth, as I shall reherse,
Howe she was to this lorde diuerse,
The whiche vpon the sea she ferketh,
The wynde arose, the wether derketh,
It blewe, and made suche tempeste,
None anker maie the ship arest,
Whiche hath to broken all his gere.
The shipmen stoode in suche a fere,
Was none that might him selfe bestere,
But euer awaite vpon the lere,
Whan that thei shulden drenche at ones,
There was enough within the wones,
Of wepynge, and of sorowe tho.
The yonge kynge maketh mochel wo,
So for to see the ship trauaile.
But all that might him nought auaile.
The mast to brake, the sayle to roofe,
The ship vpon the wawes droofe,
Till that thei see the londes coste.
Tho made a vowe the leste and moste,
Be so thei mighten come a londe.
But he whiche hath the sea on honde,
Neptunus wolde nought accorde,
But all to brake cable and corde
Er thei to londe might approche,
The ship to claue vpon a roche,
And all goth downe in to the depe.
But he that all thinge maie kepe,
Unto this lorde was merciable,
And brought him saue vpon a table,
Whiche to the lande him hath vpbore,
The remenant was all forlore.
Therof he made mochel mone.

Qualiter Appolinus nudus super litus iactabatur, vbi quidam piscator ipsum suo collobio vestiens, ad vrbem Pentapolim direxit.

THUS was this yonge lorde alone
All naked in a poure plite.
His colour, which was whilom white
Was than of water fade and pale,
And eke he was so sore a cale,
That he wist of him selfe no bote,
It helpe him no thynge for to mote,
To gete ageyn that he hath lore,
But she which hath his deth forlore
Fortune, though she will not yelpe,
All sodeynly hath sente him helpe,
Whan him thought all grace aweie.
There came a fisher in the weye,
And sigh a man there naked stonde.
And whan that he hath vnderstonde
The cause, he hath of hym great routh,
And onely of his poure trouth,
Of suche clothes as he hadde,
With great pitee this lorde he cladde.
And he hym thonketh as he sholde,
And saith hym, that it shall be yolde,
If euer he gete his state ageyne,
And praith, that he wolde hym seyne,
If nigh were any towne for hym.
He sayde ye, Pentapolim,
Where both kynge and quene dwellen,
Whan he this tale herde tellen,
He gladdeth hym, and gan beseche,
That he the wey hym wolde teche.
And he hym taught: and forth he went,
And praid god with good entent,
To sende hym ioye after his sorowe,
It was nought passed yet midmorowe.

Qualiter Appolino Pentapolim adueniente, ludus gimnasii per vrbem publice proclamatus est.

THAN afterwarde his wey he nam,
Where soone vpon the noone he cam.
He ete suche as he might gete,
And forth anone whan he had ete,
He goth to see the towne aboute,
And cam there as he fonde a route
Of yonge lustie men withall.
And as it shulde tho befalle,
That daie was set of suche asise
That thei shulde in the londe gyse,
As was herde of the people seie,
Her commune game than pleye.
And cried was, that thei shulde come
Unto the game all and some
Of hem that ben deliuer and wight,
To do suche maistrie as thei might.
Thei made hem naked as thei sholde.
For so that ilke game wolde,
And it was the custome, and vse,
Amonge hem was no refuse.
The floure of all the towne was there,
And of the courte also there were,
And that was in a large place,
Right euen before the kynges face,
Whiche Arthescates than hight.
The pley was pleyed right in his sight.
And who moste worthie was of dede,
Receiue he shulde a certaine mede,
And in the citee beare a price.
Appolinus, whiche ware and wise
Of euery game couth an ende,
He thought assaie, howe so it wende:

Qualiter Appolinus ludum gimnasii vincens, in aula regis ad cenam honorefice ceptus est.

AND fill amonge hem into game,
And there he wanne hym suche a name,
So as the kynge hym selfe accounteth,
That he all other men surmounteth,
And bare the price aboue hem all.
The kynge bad, that in to his halle
At souper tyme he shuld be brought.
And he cam than, and lefte it nought,

Without companie alone.
Was none so semely of persone,
Of visage, and of limmes bothe,
If that he had what to clothe.
At souper tyme netheles
The kynge amiddes all the pres
Let clepe hym vp amonge hem all,
And bad his marshall of his hall,
To setten hym in suche degree
That he vpon hym might see.
The kynge was soone sette and serued,
And he whiche had his prise deserued
After the kynges owne worde,
Was made begyn a middel borde,
That both kynge and quene hym sie.
He sette, and cast about his eie,
And sawe the lordes in estate,
And with hym selfe were in debate,
Thynkende what he had lore,
And suche a sorowe he toke therfore,
That he sat euer stille, and thought,
As he whiche of no meate rought.

Qualiter Appolinus in cena recumbens, nihil comedit, sed doloroso vultu, submisso capite, maxime ingemescebat, qui tandem a filia regis confortatus Citheram pjectens cunctis audientibus, citherando vltra modum complacuit.

THE kynge behelde his heuinesse,
And of his great gentilnesse
His doughter, which was fayre and good,
And at the borde before him stoode,
As it was thilke tyme vsage,
He bad to go on his message,
And fonde for to make him glade.
And she did as hir fader bade.
And goth to him the softe paas,
And asketh whens, and what he was,
And praithe he shulde his thoughts leue.
He saith, madame by your leue,
My name is hote Appolinus,
And of my riches it is thus,
Upon the sea I haue it lore,
The contrei, where as I was bore,
Where that my londe is, and my rente
I lefte at Tyre, whan that I wente,
The worship there, of whiche I ought,
Unto the god I there betought.
And thus togider as thei two speke,
The tearis ranne downe by his cheke.
The king, whiche therof toke good kepe,
Had great pitee to see him wepe.
And for his doughter sende ageyn,
And praid hir fayre, and gan to sayn,
That she no lenger wolde dretche,
But that she wolde anone forth fetche
Hir harpe, and done al that she can
To glad with that sory man.
And she to doone hir faders hest,
Hir harpe fet, and in the feste
Upon a chaire, whiche thei fette,
Hir selfe next to this man she sette.
With harpe both and eke with mouth
To him she did, all that she couth,
To make him chere, and euer he sigheth,
And she him asketh, howe him liketh.
Madame certes wel, he saied.
But if ye the measure plaied,
Whiche, if you list, I shall you lere,
It were a gladde thinge for to here.
A leue syr, tho quod she,
Nowe take the harpe, and lete me see,
Of what measure that ye mene.
Tho praith the kinge, tho praith the quene,
Forth with the lordes all arewe,
That he somme myrthe wolde shewe.
He takth the harpe, and in his wise
He tempreth, and of suche assise
Synginge he harpeth forth with all,
That as a royce celestiall
Hem thought it sowned in her ere,
As though that it an angell were,
They gladen of his melodie
But moste of all the companie,
The kygnes doughter, whiche it herde
And thought eke of that he answerde.
Whan that it was of hir apposed,
Within hir herte hath well supposed,
That he is of great gentilnesse.
His dedes ben therof witnesse,
Forthwith the wisdome of his lore,
It nedeth not to seche more.
He might not haue suche manere,
Of gentill blood but if he were,
Whan he hath harped all his fille,
The kinges hest to fulfille,
A weie goth dishe, a waie goth cup,
Doun goth the borde, the cloth was vp,
Thei risen, and gone oute of the halle.

Qualiter Appolinus cum rege pro filia sua erudienda retentus est.

THE kynge his chamberleyn let calle,
And bad, that he by all weye
A chamber for this man purueie,
Whiche nighe his owne chambre bee.
It shall be do me lorde quod hee.
Appolinus, of whom I mene,
Tho toke his leue of kynge and quene,
And of the worthie maide also,
Whiche praied vnto hir fader tho,
That she might of the yonge man
Of tho sciences, whiche he can,
His lore haue. And in this wise
The kynge hir graunteth hir apprise
So that hym selfe therto assent.
Thus was accorded er thei wente,
That he with all that euer he maie
This yonge fayre freshe maie
Of that he couth shulde enforme.
And full assented in this forme,
Thei token leue as for that night,

Qualiter filia regis Appolinum ornato apparatu vestiri fecit, Et ipse ad puelle doctrinum in quam pluribus familiariter intendebat, vnde placata puella in amorem Appollini exardescens, infirmabatur.

AND whan it was on morowe right
Unto this yonge man of Tyre,
Of clothes, and of good attyre,
With golde and siluer to dispende
This worthie yonge ladie sende.
And thus she made hym well at ease,
And he with all that he can please
Hir serueth well and faire ageine.
He taught hir, till she was certeyne

Of harpe, citole, and of riote,
With many a tewne, and many a note,
Upon musike, vpon measure.
And of hir harpe the temprure
He taught hir eke, as he well couth.
But as men seyne, that frele is youth,
With leiser and continuance
This mayde fill vpon a chance,
That loue hath made hym a quarele
Ageyne hir youth freshe and frele.
That maugre where she wolde or nought,
She mote with all hir hertes thought,
To loue and to his lawe obey.
And that she shall full sore obeie.
For she wote neuer what it is,
But euer amonge she feleth this
Touchinge vpon this man of Tyre,
Hir herte is hote as any fyre.
And otherwhile it is a cale.
Nowe is she redde, nowe is she pale,
Right after the condicion
Of hir imaginacion.
But euer amonge hir thoughtes all
She thought, whan so maie befall,
Or that she laugh or that she wepe,
She wolde hir good name kepe
For fere of womannyshe shame.
But what in ernest what in game
She stant for loue in suche a plite,
That she hath lost all appetite
Of mete and drynke, of nightes rest,
As she that note what is the best.
But for to thynke all hir fille
She helde hir ofte tymes stille
Within hir chamber, and goth not out.
The kynge was of hir lyfe in doute,
Whiche wist nothynge what it ment.

Qualiter tres filii principum filiam regis sigillatim. in vxorem suis supplicationibus postularent.

But fill a tyme, as he out wente
To walke, of princes sonnes three
There came, and fill to his knee,
And eche of hem in sondrie wyse
Besought, and profereth his seruice,
So that he might his doughter haue.
The kynge, which wold hir honour saue,
Saieth, she is sicke, and of that speche
Tho was no time to beseche,
But eche of hem to make a bille
He bad, and write his owne wille,
His name, his fader, and his good.
And whan she wist howe that it stood,
And had her billes ouerseyne,
Thei shulden haue answere ageyne.
Of this counseyle thei weren glad,
And written, as the kynge hem bad,
And euery man his owne boke
Into the kynges hondo betoke.
And he it to his doughter seude,
And praide hir for to make an ende
And write ageyne hir owne honde,
Right as she in hir hert fonde.

Qualiter filia regis omnibus aliis relictis Appolinum in maritum preelegit.

The billes weren well receiued,
But she hath all her loues weiued:
And thought tho was tyme and space
To put hir in hir faders grace,
And wrote ageyne, and thus she sayde.
The shame, which is in a mayde,
With speche dare not be vnloke,
But in writynge it maie be spoke.
So write I to you fader thus,
But if I haue Appolinus
Of all this worlde what so betide,
I wil none other man abide.
And certes if I of him faile,
I wot right welle withoute faile,
Ye shall for me be doughteries.
This letter came, and there was prese
Tofore the kinge, there as he stode.
And whan that he it vnderstode,
He yaue hem answere by and by.
But that was doone so priuely,
That none of others counceile wiste.
Thei toke her leue, and where hem list
Thei wente forth vpon their wey.

Qualiter rex et regina in maritagium filie sue cum Appolino consencierunt.

The kynge ne wold nought bewrey
The counceil for no maner hie,
But suffreth till he time sie
And whan that he to chambre is come,
He hath vnto counceill nome
This man of Tyre, and lete hym see
The letter, and all the priuitee,
The whiche his doughter to him sente.
And he his knee to grounde bente,
And thongeth him and hir also.
And er thei wente then a two,
With good herte, and with good corage,
Of full loue and full mariage
The kinge and he be hole accorded,
And after, whan it was recorded
Unto the doughter, howe it stoode,
The yefte of all this worldes good
Ne shuld haue made hir halfe so blithe,
And forth with all the kinge als swith,
For he woll haue hir good assent,
Hath for the quene hir moder sente.
The quene is come: and whan she herde
Of this mater, howe that it ferde,
She sigh debate, she sighe disease,
But if she wolde hir doughter please.
And is therto assented full,
Whiche is a dede wonderfull.
For no man knewe the soth cas,
But he hym selfe, what man he was,
And nethelesse so as hem thought,
His dedes to the soth wrought,
That he was come of gentill blood,
Him lacketh nought but worldes good.
And as therof is no dispeire,
For she shall be hir faders heyre,
And he was able to gouerne.
Thus wyll thei not the loue werne
Of him and hir in no wise,
But all accorded thei deuise
The daie and time of mariage,
Where loue is lorde of the corage
Him thinketh longe, er that he spede,
But at laste vnto the dede.

Qualiter Appolinus filie regis nupsit, et prima nocte cum ea concubiens ipsam impregnauit.

THE time is come, and in hir wise,
With great offrynge and sacrifice
Thei wedde, and make a great feste,
And euery thynge was right honeste
Within hous, and eke withoute
It was so doone, that all aboute,
Of great worship, and great noblesse,
There cried many a man largesse
Unto the lordes high and loude.
The knightes, that be yonge and proude,
Thei iuste firste, and after daunce:
The daie is go, the nightes chaunce
Hath derked all the bright sonne,
This lorde, whiche hath his loue wonne,
Is go to bed with his wife,
Where as thei lede a lustie life,
And that was after somdele sene,
For as thei pleiden hem betwene,
Thei gete a childe betwene hem two,
To whom fill after mochell wo.

Qualiter ambassiatores a Tyro in quadam naui Pentapolim venientes, mortem regis Antiochi *Appolino* nunciauerunt.

Now haue I tolde of the spousailes,
But for to speake of the meruailes,
Whiche afterwarde to hem befelle,
It is a wonder for to telle.
It fell a daie thei riden oute,
The kinge, and quene, and all the route,
To pleien hem vpon the stronde,
Where as thei seen towarde the londe
A ship sailyng of great arraie.
To knowe what it mene maie
Till it be come thei abide,
Than see thei stonde on euery side
Endlonge the shippes borde to shewe,
Of penounceals a ryche rewe.
Thei asken, whens the ship is come.
Fro Tyre anone answerde some.
And ouer this thei saiden more
The cause why thei comen fore
Was for to seche, and for to fynde
Appollinus, whiche is of kynde
Her liege lorde: and he appereth,
And of the tale whiche he hereth,
He was right glad: for they hym tolde,
That for vengeance, as god it wolde,
Antiochus as men maie witte,
With thonder and lightnyng is forsmitte.
His doughter hath the same chance:
So ben thei both in o balance.
For thy our liege lorde we seie,
In name of all the londe, and preie,
That lefte all other thynge to doone,
It like you to come soone,
And see your owne liege men,
With other that ben of your ken,
That liuen in longynge and desyre,
Till ye be come ageyne to Tyre.
This tale after the kynge it had
Pentapolin all ouersprad.
There was no ioye for to seche.
For euery man it had in speche,
And saiden all of one accorde:
A worthy kynge shall ben our lorde.
That thought vs first an heuines,
Is shape vs nowe to great gladnes.

Thus goth the tydynge ouer all.

Qualiter Appolino est vxore sua impregnata a Pentapoli versus Tyrum nauigantibus contigit vxorem mortis articulo angustiatam, in naui filiam, que postea Thaisis vocabatur, parere.

BUT nede he mote, that nede shall,
Appolinus his leue toke,
To god and all the londe betoke,
With all the peopie longe and brode,
That he no lenger there abode.
The kynge and quene sorowe made,
But yet somdele thei were glade
Of suche thynge, as thei herde tho.
And thus betwene the wele and wo
To ship he goth, his wife with childe,
The whiche was euer meke and milde,
And wolde not departe hym fro,
Suche loue was betwene hem two.
Lichorida for hir office
Was take, whiche was a norice,
To wende with this yonge wife,
To whom was shape a wofull life.
Within a tyme, as it betid,
Whan thei were in the sea amid,
Out of the north thei see a cloude,
The storme arose, the wyndes loude
Shei blewen many a dredefull blaste,
The welken was all ouercaste:
The derke night the sonne hath vnder,
There was a great tempest of thunder.
The moone, and eke the sterres bothe
In blacke cloudes thei hem clothe,
Wherof their bright loke thei hide.
This yonge ladie wepte and cride,
To whom no comforte might auaile,
Of childe she began trauaile
Where she laie in a caban close,
Hir wofull lorde fro hir arose,
And that was longe or any morowe,
So that in anguisshe and in sorowe
She was deliuered all by night
And deide in euery mannes sight.
But nethelesse for all this wo
A maide chylde was bore tho.

Qualiter Appolinus mortem vxoris sue planxit.

APPOLINUS when he this knewe,
For sorowe a swoune he ouerthrewe,
That no man wist in hym no life.
And whan he woke, he said: a wife,
My ioye, my lust, and my desyre,
My welth, and my recouerire,
Why shall I liue, and thou shalt die?
Ha thou fortune I the defie,
Now hast thou do to me thy werst.
A herte, why ne wilt thou berst,
That forth with hir I might passe?
My peynes were well the lasse.
In suche wepynge, and suche crie
His dead wife, whiche laie hym bie,
A thousande sithes he hir kiste,
Was neuer man that sawe ne wiste
A sorowe, to his sorowe liche,
Was euer amonge vpon the liche,
He fill swounynge, as he that thought
His owne deth, whiche he sought

Unto the goddes all aboue,
With many a pitoûs worde of loue:
But suche wordes as tho were
Herde neuer no mannes eare
But onely thilke, whiche he saide.
The maister shipman came and praide
With other suche, as ben therin,
And saine, that he maie nothinge win
Ageyne the deth, but thei hym rede
He be well ware, and take hede:
The sea by weie of his nature
Receiue maie no creature,
Within hym selfe as for to holde,
The whiche is dead. For thy thei wolde,
As thei counceilen all about
The dead bodie casten out.
For better it is, thei saiden all,
That it of his so befalle,
Than if thei shulden all spille.

Qualiter suadentibus nautis corpus vxoris sue mortue in quadam cista plumbo et ferro obtusa, que circumligata Appolinus cum magno thesauro vna cum quadam littera sub eius capite scripta recludi, in mari projicere fecit.

THE kynge, which vnderstode her will,
And knewe her counsaile that was trewe,
Began ageyn his sorowe newe,
With pitous herte, and thus to seie,
It is all reason that ye preye.
I am (quod he) but one alone,
So wolde I not for my persone,
There fell suche aduersitee,
But whan it maie no better bee,
Doth than this vpon my worde,
Let make a coffre stronge of borde,
That it be firme with lead and pitche.
Anone was made a coffer siche
All redie brought vnto his honde.
And whan he sawe, and redie fonde
This coffre made, and well englued,
The dead bodie was besewed
In cloth of golde, and leide therin.
And for he wolde vnto hir win
Upon some coste a sepulture
Under hir head in aduenture
Of golde he leyde sommes great,
And of iewels stronge beyete,
Forth with a letter, and sayd thus.

Copia littere capiti vxoris sue supposite.

I KYNGE of Tyre Appolinus
Doth all men for to witte,
That here and see this letter writte,
That helpeles without rede
Here lieth a kynges doughter dede,
And who that happeth hir to finde,
For charitee take in his mynde,
And do so, that she be begraue:
With this treasour, whiche he shall haue.
Thus whan the letter was full spoke,
Thei haue anone the coffre stoke,
And bounden it with yron faste,
That it maie with the wawes last,
And stoppen it by suche a weie
That it shall be within dreie,
So that no water might it greue.
And thus in hope, and good beleue
Of that the corps shall well ariue,
Thei cast it ouer borde as bliue.

Qualiter Appolinus, vxoris sue corpore in mare projecto, Tyrum relinquens, cursum suum versus Tharsim nauigio dolens arripuit.

THE ship forthe on the wawes went.
The prince hath changed his entent,
And saith, he will not come at Tyre
As than, but all his desire.
Is firste to saileu vnto Tharse.
The wyndie storme began to scarse,
The sonne arist, the weder clereth,
The shipman, which behinde stereth,
Whan that he saw the wyndes saught,
Towards Tharse his cours he straught.

Qualiter corpus predicte defuncte super litus apud Ephesum quidam medicus nomine Cerimone, cum aliquibus suis discipulis inuenit, quod in hospicium portans, et extra cistam ponens spiraculo vite in ea adhuc inuento, ipsam plene sanitati restituit.

BUT nowe to my matere ageyn,
To telle as olde bokes seyne,
This dead corps, of whiche ye knowe,
With wynde and was forth throwe,
Nowe here, nowe there, till at last
At Ephesus the sea vpcast
The coffre, and all that was therin.
Of great meruaile nowe begyn
Maie here, who that sitteth still.
That god will saue maie not spill.
Right as the corps was throwe a londe,
There cam walkynge vpon the stronde,
A worthie clerke, and surgien,
And eke a great physicien,
Of all the londe the wisest one,
Whiche hight maister Cerimone.
There were of his disciples some.
This maister is to the coffer come,
He peyseth there was somwhat in,
And bad hem beare it to his inne,
And goeth him selfe forthe with alle.
All that shall falle, falle shall.
Thei comen home, and tarie nought.
This coffer in to his chamber is brought,
Whiche that thei finde faste stoke,
But thei with crafte it haue vnloke.
Thei loken in, where as thei founde
A body deade, whiche was wounde
In cloth of golde, as I saide ere.
The tresour eke thei founden there,
Forthwith the letter whiche thei rede,
And tho thei token better hede.
Unsowed was the body soone,
As he that knewe, what was to doone,
This noble clerke with all haste
Began the veynes for to taste,
And sawe hir age was of youthe.
And with the craftes, whiche he couth,
He sought and founde a signe of life.
With that this worthie kinges wife
Hõnestlie thei token oute,
And mayden fyres all aboute.

Thei leied hir on a couche softe,
And with a shete warmed ofte
Hir colde breste began to heate,
Hir herte also to flacke and beate,
This maister hath hir euery ioynte
With certein oyle and balsam anoynte,
And put a licour in hir mouthe,
Whiche is to fewe clerkes couthe.
So that she couereth at laste.
And first hir eien vp she caste,
And whan she more of strength caught,
Hir armes both forth she straught,
Helde vp hir honde, and pitouslie
She spake, and said, where am I?
Where is my lorde, what worlde is this?
As she that wote not howe it is.
But Cerimone the worthie liche
Answerde anone vpon his speche,
And saide: madame ye ben here,
Where ye be saue, as ye shall here
Here afterwarde, for thy as nowe
My counceil is comforteth you.
For tristeth wel withoute faile,
There is no thinge, which shall you faile,
That ought of reason to be do.
Thus passen thei a daie or two.

Qualiter vxor Appolini sanata, domum religionis petiit, vbi sacro velamine munita, castam omni tempore vouit.

THEI speke of nought as for an ende,
Til she began somdele amende,
And wist hir selfe, what she mente.
Tho for to knowe hir hole entente.
This maister asketh all the cans,
Howe she cam there, and what she was.
Howe I came here, wote I nought,
Quod she, but well I am bethought
Of other thinges all about,
Fro poynte to poynte and tolde him oute,
As ferforthly as she it wist.
And he hir tolde howe in a chiste
The sea hir threwe vpon the londe,
And what tresour with hir he fonde,
Whiche was all redy at hir wille,
As he that shope him to fulfille
With al his might, what thinge he sholde.
She thonketh him, that he so wolde,
And all hir herte she discloseth,
And saith him wel, that she supposeth,
Hir lorde be dreint, hir childe also.
So sawe she nought but all wo.
Wherof as to the worlde no more
Ne wil she torne, and praieth therfore,
That in some temple of the citee,
To kepe and holde hir chastitee,
She might amonge the women dwell.
Whan he this tale herde tell,
He was right glad, and made hir knowen,
That he a doughter of his owen
Hath, whiche he wil vnto hir yeue
To serue, while thei both liue,
In stede of that, whiche she hath loste.
Al onely at his owne coste,
She shall be rendred forth with hir.
She saith, graunte mercy leue sir,
God quite it you, there I ne maie.
And thus thei driue forth the daie
Till time cam, that she was hole.
And tho thei toke her counseyle hole
To shape vpon good gouernance,
And made a worthie purueiance
Ageyne daie, whan thei be veiled.
And thus when that thei were counseiled,
In blacke clothes thei them cloth,
The doughter and the lady both,
And yolde hem to religion.
The feste, and the profession,
After the rule of that degree,
Was made with great solemnitee
Where as Diane is sanctified.
Thus stant this lady iustified.
In ordre, where she thynketh to dwelle.

Qualiter Appolinus Tharsim nauigans, filiam suam Thaisim Strangulioni et Dionysie vxori sue educandum commendauit, et deinde Tyrum adiit, vbi cum inestimabili gaudio a suis receptus est.

BUT nowe ageinwarde for to telle
In what plite that hir lorde stode in.
He saileth, tyll that he maie wynne
The hauen of Tharse, as I saide ere.
And whan he was arriued there,
Tho was it through the citee knowe,
Men might see within a throwe,
As who saith all the towne at ones
Thei come ageyne hym for the nones
To yeuen hym the reuerence,
So glad thei were of his presence.
And though he were in his corage
Diseased, yet with glad visage
He made hem chere, and to his inne,
Where he whylom soiourned in,
He goth hym straught, and was receiued.
And whan the prees of people is weiued,
He taketh his hoste vnto hym tho
And saith: My frende Strangulio,
Lo thus, and thus it is befalle:
And thou thy selfe arte one of all,
Forthwith thy wife, whiche I most trist.
For thy if it you both list,
My doughter Thaise by your leue
I thynke shall with you bileue
As for a tyme: and thus I praie,
That she be kepte by all waie.
And whan she hath of age more,
That she be set to bokes lore.
And this auowe to god I make,
That I shall neuer for hir sake
My berde for no likynge shaue,
Till it befalle, that I haue
In couenable tyme of age
Besette hir vnto mariage.
Thus thei accorde, and all is welle:
And for to resten hym somdele,
As for a while he ther soiourneth,
And than he taketh his leue, and tourneth
To ship, and goth hym home to Tyre,
Where euery man with great desyre
Awaiteth vpon his comynge,
But whan the ship cam in sailynge,
And perceiuen that it is he,
Was neuer yet in no citee
Suche ioye made, as thei tho made.
His herte also began to glade
Of that he seeth his people gladde.
Lo thus fortune his happe hath ladde,

In sondry wise he was trauailed,
But how so euer he be assailed,
His later ende shall be good.

Qualiter Thaisis vna cum Philotenna Srangulionis et. Dionysie filia, omnis sciencie et honestatis doctrina imbuta est, sed et Thaisis Philotennam precellens in odium mortale per inuidiam a Dionysia recollecta est.

AND for to speke howe that it stoode
Of Thaise his doughter, where she dwelleth,
In Tharse as the cronike telleth
She was well kepte, she was well loked,
She was well taught, she was well boked:
So well she sped hir in hir youth,
That she of euery wysedome couth,
That for to seche in euery londe
So wise an other no man fonde,
Ne so well taught at mannes eie.
But wo worth euer false enuie.
For it befill that tyme so,
A doughter hath Srangulio,
Whiche was cleped Philotenne,
But fame, whiche will euer renne
Came all daie to hir mothers eare,
And saith, where euer hir doughter were
With Thaise set in any place,
The common voyce, the comon grace
Was all vpon that other mayde,
And of hir daughter no man sayde.
Who was wroth but Dionyse than?
Hir thought a thousande yere till whan
She might be of Thaise wreke,
Of that she herde folke so speke.
And fill that ilke same tide,
That dead was trewe Licheride,
Whiche had be seruant to Thaise,
So that she was the wors at ease,
For she hath than no seruise,
But onely through this Dionyse,
Whiche was her deadly enneimie:
Through pure treason and enuie,
She that of all sorowe can,
Tho spake vnto hir bondeman,
Whiche cleped was Theophilus,
And made hym swere in counceill thus,
That he suche tyme as she hym set,
Shall come Thaise for to fette,
And lede hir out of all sight,
Where that no man hir helpe might,
Upon the stronde nighe the sea,
And there he shall this maiden slea.
This chorles herte is in a trance,
As he whiche drad hym of vengeance,
Whan tyme cometh an other daie:
But yet durst he not saie naie,
But swore, and said he shulde fulfill
Hir hestes at hir owne will.

Qualiter Dionysia Thaisim vt occideret, Theophilo seruo suo tradidit, qui cum noctanter longius ab vrbe ipsam prope litus maris interficere proposuerat, pirate ibidem latitantes Thaisim de manu carnificis eripuerunt, ipsam que vsque ciuitatem Mitelenam ducentes, cuidem Leonino scortorum ibidem magistro vendiderunt. c

THE treason and eke tyme is shape,
So felt that this churlisshe knape
Hath lad this maiden where he wolde
Upon the stronde, and what she sholde
She was adrad, and he out brayde
A rusty swerde, and to hir saide,
Thou shalt be dead: alas quod she,
Why shall I so? Lo thus quod he
My ladie Dionyse hath bede,
Thou shalt be murdred in this stede.
This maiden tho for feare shright,
And for the loue of god all might
She preith that for a litell stounde,
She might knele vpon the grounde
Towarde the heuen for to craue
Hir wofull soule that she maie saue.
And with this noyse, and with this crie,
Out of a barge faste by,
Whiche hid was there on scomer fare,
Men sterten out and weren ware
Of this felon. and he to go.
And she began to crie tho,
A mercy helpe for goddes sake.
In to the barge thei hir take,
As theues shulde, and forth thei wente.
Upon the sea the wynde hem bent,
And maulgre where thei wolde or none,
Tofore the weder forth thei gone.
There helpe no saife, there helpe none ore,
Forstormed, and forblowen sore
In great perill so forth thei driue,
Till at laste thei arriue
At Mitelene the citee.
In hauen saufe and whan thei bee,
The maister shipman made him boune,
And goth hym out in to the towne,
And profereth Thaise for to selle.
One Leonin it herde telle,
Whiche maister of the bordel was,
And bad hym go a redie pas
To fetchen hir: and forth he went,
And Thaise out of his barge he hent,
And to the bordeler hir solde.
And that he by hir body wolde
Take auantage, let do crie,
That what man wolde his leecherie
Attempte vpon hir maidenhede,
Laie downe the golde, and he shulde spede.
And thus whan he hath cried it out,
I sight of all the people about.

Qualiter Leoninus Thaisim ad lupanar destinauit, vbi dei gracia preuenta, ipsius virginitatem nullus violare potuit.

HE ladde hir to the bordell tho,
No wonder though she were wo,
Close in a chambre by hir selfe,
Eche after other ten or twelfe
Of yonge men in to hir went.
But suche a grace god hir sent,
That for the sorowe, whiche she made,
Was none of hem, which power hade
To done hir any vilanie.
This Leonin let euer aspie,
And wayteth after great beyete.
But all for nought she was forlete,
That no man wolde there come.
Whan he therof hath hede nome,
And knewe, that she was yet a mayde,
Unto his owne man he sayde,

That he with strength ageyne hir leue,
Tho shulde hir maydenhode bereue.
This man goth in, but so it ferde,
Whan he hir wofull pleintes herde,
And he therof hath take kepe,
Hym list better for to wepe,
Than do ought elles to the game.
And thus she kepte hir selfe fro shame,
And kneled downe to therthe and prayde
Unto this man, and thus she sayde:
If so be, that thy maister wolde,
That I his good encrees sholde,
It maie not falle by this weie,
But suffre me to go my weye
Out of this hous, where I am in,
And I shall make hym for to wyn
In some place els of the towne,
Be so it be of religiowne,
Where that honest women dwelle.
And thus thou might thy maister telle,
That whan I haue a chambre there,
Let hym do crie aie wide where,
What lorde, that hath his doughter dere,
And is in will that she shall lere
Of suche a schole that is trewe,
I shall hir teche of thynges newe,
Whiche that none other woman can
In all this londe. And tho this man
Hir tale hath herde, he goth ageyn,
And tolde vnto his maister pleyn,
That she hath seyde: and therupon,
Whan that he sawe beyete none
At the bordell because of hir,
He bad his man go and spir
A place, where she might abide,
That he maie wynne vpon some side
By that she can: but at lest
Thus was she saufe of this tempest.

Qualiter Thaisis a lupanari virgo liberata, inter sacras mulieres hospicium habens, scientias, quibus edocta fuit, nobiles regni puellas ibidem edocebat.

He hath hir fro the bordell take,
But that was not for goddes sake,
But for the lucre, as she hym tolde,
Nowe comen tho, that comen wolde
Of women in her lustie youth
To here and see, what thinge she couth.
She can the wisedome of a clerke,
She can of any lustie werke,
Whiche to a gentill woman longeth,
And some of hem she vnderfongeth
To the citole, and to the harpe,
And whome it liketh for to carpe
Prouerbes and demaundes slie,
An other suche thei neuer sie,
Whiche that science so well taught,
Wherof she great giftes caught,
That she to Leonin hath wonne.
And thus hir name is so begonne
Of sondrie thynges, that she techeth,
That all the londe to hir secheth
Of yonge women, for to lere.

Qualiter Theophilus ad Dionysiam mane rediens affirmauit se Thaisim occidisse, super quo Dionysia vna cum Strangulione marito suo dolorem in publico confingentes, exequias et sepulturam honorifice, quantum ad extra subdola coniectatione fieri constituerunt.

Nowe lette we this mayden here,
And speke of Dionyse agayne,
And of Theophile the vilayne,
Of whiche I spake of nowe tofore,
Whan Thaise shulde haue be forlore.
This false cherle to his ladie
Whan he cam home all priuely,
He saith: Madame slayne I haue
This mayde Thaise, and is begraue
In priuy place, as ye me bede.
For thy madame taketh hede,
And kepe counceyle, howe so it stonde.
This fende, whiche hath this vnderstond,
Was glad, and weneth it be sooth.
Now se hereafter how she dooth,
She wepeth, she crieth, she compleyneth,
And of sickenes, whiche she feyneth
She saith, that Thaise sodeynly
By night is dead, as she and I
To gether lien nigh my lorde.
She was a woman of recorde,
And all is leued, that she seyth:
And for to yeue a more feith
Hir husbonde, and eke she both
In blacke clothes thei hem cloth,
And make a great enterement.
And for the people shall be blent,
Of Thaise as for the remembrance,
After the riall olde vsance,
A tombe of laton noble and riche,
With an ymage vnto hir liche
Liggynge, aboue thervpon,
The made, and set it vp anon.
Hir epitaphe of good assise
Was writte about: and in this wise
It spake, O ye that this beholde,
Lo here lieth she, the whiche was holde
The fairest, and the floure of all,
Whose name Thaisis men call.
The kynge of Tyre Appolinus
Hir father was, nowe lieth she thus,
Fourtene yere she was of age,
Whan deth hir toke to his viage.

Qualiter Appolinus in regno suo apud Tyrum existens, parliamentum fieri constituit.

Thus was this false treason hid,
Whiche afterward was wyde kid,
As by the tale a man shall here,
But to declare my matere
To Tyre I thynke tourne ageyne.
And telle, as the cronikes seyne.
Whan that the kynge was comen home,
And hath lefte in the salte fome
His wife, whiche he maie not foryete,
For he some comforte wolde gete,
He lette sommone a parlement,
To whiche the lordes weren assent,
And of the tyme he hath ben out,
He seeth the thynges all about,
And tolde hem eke howe he hath fare
While he was out of londe fare,
And praide hem all to abide:
For he wolde at some tide
Do shape for his wiues mynde,
As he that wolde not be vnkinde.

Solempne was that ilke office,
And riche was the sacrifice,
The feast rially was holde,
And therto was he well beholde.
For suche a wife as he had one,
In thilke daies was there none.

Qualiter Appolinus post parliamentum Tharsim pro Thaise filia sua querenda adiit, qua ibidem non inuenta abinde nauigio recessit.

WHAN this was done, then he him thought
Upon his doughter, and besought
Suche of his lordes, as he wolde,
That thei with him to Tharse sholde
To fette his doughter Thaise there,
And thei anone all redie were.
To ship thei gone, and forth thei went,
Till thei the hauen of Tharse hente.
Thei londe, and faile of that thei seche
By couerture and sleight of speche.
This false man Strangulio,
And Dionyse his wife also,
That he the better trowe might,
Thei ladde hym to haue a sight,
Where that hir tombe was arraied,
The lasse yet he was mispayde.
And netheles so as he durst,
He curseth, and sayth all the wurst
Unto fortune, as to the blinde,
Whiche can no siker wey finde.
For hym she neweth euer amonge,
And medleth sorowe with his songe,
But sithe it maie no better be,
He thonketh god, and forth goth he
Sailynge towarde Tyre ageyne.
But sodeynly the wynde and reyne
Began vpon the sea debate,
So that he suffre mote algate.

Qualiter nauis Appolini ventis agitata portum vrbis Mitelene in die quo festa Neptuni celebrari consueuerunt, applicuit, sed ipse pre dolore Thaisis filie sue, quam mortuam reputabat, in fundo nauis obscuro iacens lumen videre noluit.

THE lawe, which Neptune ordeineth,
Wherof full ofte tyme he pleyneth,
And held him wel the more esmaied
Of that he hath tofore assaied.
So that for pure sorowe and care,
Of that he seeth this worlde so fare,
The rest he leueth of his caban,
That for the counseil of no man,
Ageyne therin he nolde come,
But hath beneth his place nome,
Where he wepynge alone laie,
There as he sawe no light of daie.
And thus tofore the wynde thei driue,
Till longe and late thei arriue
With great distresse, as it was sene
Upon this towne of Mitelene,
Whiche was a noble citee tho.
And happeneth thilke tyme so,
The lordes both, and the commune
The high festes of Neptune
Upon the stronde at riuage,
As it was custome and vsage
Solempneliche thei be sigh.
Whan thei this strange vessell sigh
Com in, and hath his saile aualed,
The towne therof hath spoke and taled.

Qualiter Atenagoras vrbis Mitelene princeps nauim Appolini inuestigans, ipsum sic contristatum nihil que respondentem consolari satagebat.

THE lorde, whiche of that citee was,
Whose name is Atenagoras,
Was there, and saide, he wolde see,
What ship it is, and who they bee,
That ben therin: and after soone,
Whan that he sigh it was to doone,
His barge was for him araied,
And he goeth foorth, and hath assaied,
He fonde the ship of great araie:
But what thynge it amounte maie,
He sigh thei maden heuy chere,
But well him thinketh by the manere,
That thei ben worthie men of blood,
And asketh of hem howe it stoode:
And thei him tellen all the caas,
Howe that her lorde fordriue was,
And whiche a sorowe that he made,
Of whiche there maie no man him glade.
He praieth that he her lorde maie see.
But thei him tolde it maie not bee.
For he lieth in so derke a place,
That there maie no wight see his face.
But for all that though hem be lothe,
He fonde the ladder, and downe he goeth,
And to him spake but none answere
Ageine of him ne might he here,
For ought that he can do or seyne,
And thus he goeth him vp ageyn.

Qualiter precepto principis, vt Appolinum consolaretur, Thaisis cum cithera sua ad ipsum in obscuro nauis, vbi iacebat, producta est.

THO was there spoke in many wise
Amonges hem, that weren wise,
Nowe this, nowe that, but at last
The wisdome of the towne thus east,
That yonge Thaise was assent.
For if there be amendement
To glad with this wofull kynge,
She can so muche of euery thynge,
That she shall glad him anone.
A messager for hir is gone,
And she came with hir harpe in honde,
And saide hem, that she wolde fonde
By all the weies, that she can,
To glad with this sory man.
But what he was, she wist nought
But all the ship hir hath besought,
That she hir witte on him dispende,
In aunter if he might amende,
And sayn: it shall be well aquit.
Whan she hath vnderstonden it,
She goeth hir doune, there as he laie,
Where that she harpeth many a laie.
And like an angell songe with alle.
But he no more than the walle
Toke hede of any thynge he herde.
And whan she sawe that he so ferde,
She falleth with hym vnto wordes,
And telleth him of sondrie bordes,

And asketh him demandes strange,
Whereof she made his herte change,
And to hir speche his eare he leyde
And hath merualle, of that she sayde.
For in prouerbe, and in probleme
She spake, and bad he shulde deme,
In many a subtile question.
But he for no suggestion
Whiche towarde hym she coude stere,
He wolde not one worde answere.
But as a mad man at laste,
His head wepynge awey he caste,
And halfe in wrath he bad hir go.
But yet she wolde not do so,
And in the derke forth she gothe,
Till she hym toucheth, and he wroth,
And after hir with his honde
He smote: and thus whan she him fonde
Diseased, courteisly she sayde,
Auoy my lorde, I am a mayde,
And if ye wyst, what I am,
And out of what linage I cam,
Ye wolde not be so saluage.
With that he sobreth his courage,

Qualiter sicut deus destinauit patri filiam inuentam recognouit.

AND put awey his heuie chere.
But of hem two a man maie lere,
What is to be so sibbe of bloode,
None wist of other howe it stoode,
And yet the father at laste
His herte vpon this mayde caste.
That he hir loueth kyndely.
And yet he wist neuer why,
But all was knowe er that thei went.
For god wote her hole entent,
Her hertes both anone discloseth.
This kynge, vnto this maide opposeth,
And asketh first, what is hir name,
And where she lerned all this game,
And of what kyn she was come.
And she that hath his wordes nome,
Answereth, and saith: my name is Thaise,
That was sometyme well at aise.
In Tharse I was forthdrawe and fedde,
There I lerned, till I was spedde
Of that I can: my father eke
I not where that I shulde hym seke,
He was a kynge men tolde me.
My mother dreint in the see.
Fro poynt to poynt all she hym tolde,
That she hath longe in herte holde,
And neuer durst make hir mone,
But onely to this lorde allone,
To whom hir herte can not hele,
Tourne it to wo, tourne it to wele,
Tourne it to good, tourne it to harme.
And he tho toke hir in his arme,
But suche a ioye as he tho made,
Was neuer sene, thus ben thei glade,
That sory hadden be toforne,
Fro this daie fortune hath sworne
To set hym vpwarde on the whele.
So goth the worlde, now wo, now wele.

Qualiter Athenagoras Appolinum de naui in hospicium honorifice recollegit, et Thaisim, patre consensciente, in vxorem duxit.

THIS kynge hath founde newe grace,
So that out of his derke place,
He goth hym vp in to the light,
And with hym cam that swete wight
His doughter Thaise, and forth anone
Thei bothe into the caban gone,
Whiche was ordeined for the kynge,
And there he dit of all his thynge,
And was arayed rially,
And out he cam all openly,
Where Athenagoras he fonde,
Whiche was lorde of all the londe.
He praieth the kynge to come and see
His castell bothe, and his citee.
And thus thei gone forth all in fere
This kyng, this lorde, this maiden dere.
This lorde tho made hem riche feste,
With enery thynge, whiche was honeste
To plese with this worthy kynge:
Ther lacketh hem no maner thynge.
But yet for all his noble araie
Wiueles he was vnto that daie.
As he that yet was of yonge age.
So fill ther in to his corage
The lustie wo, the glad payne
Of loue, whiche no man restrayne
Yet neuer might as now tofore.
This lorde thynketh all this world lore,
But if the kynge will doone hym grace,
He waiteth tyme, he waiteth place,
Hym thought his herte wold to breke,
Till he maie to this maide speke,
And to hir fader eke also.
For mariage, and it fyll so,
That all was doone, right as he thought,
His purpos to an ende he brought,
She wedded hym as for hir lorde,
Thus ben thei all of one accorde.

Qualiter Appolinus, vna cum filia et eius marito nauim ingredientes, a Mitilena vsque Tharsim cursum proposuerunt, sed Appolinus in somnis admonitus versus Ephesum, vt ibidem in templo Diane sactificaret, vela per mare diuertit.

WHAN all was done right as thei wolde,
The kynge vnto his sonne tolde
Of Tharse thilke traiterie,
And saide, howe in his companie
His doughter and him seluen eke,
Shall go vengeance for to seke.
The shippes were redie soone.
And whan thei sawe it was to doone,
Without let of any went,
With saile vp drawe forth thei wente
Towarde Tharse vpon the tide:
But he that wote what shall betide,
The hie god, whiche wolde hym kepe,
Whan that this kynge was fast a slepe
By nightes tyme he hath hym bede
To sayle vnto another stede.
To Ephesum he bad hym drawe,
And as it was that tyme lawe
He shall do there his sacrifice.
And eke he bad in all wise,
That in the temple amongest all
His fortune, as it is befalle,
Touchyng his doughter, and his wife,
He shall be knowe vpon his life.

The kinge of this auision
Hath great imaginacion,
What thinge it signifie maie.
And nethelesse whan it was daie,
He bad cast anker, and abode.
And while that he on anker rode,
The wynde, that was tofore strange,
Upon the poynte began to change,
And torneth thider, as it sholde.
Tho knewe he well, that god it wolde,
And bad the maister make hym yare,
Tofore the wynde for he wolde fare
To Ephesum, and so he dede.
And whan he came into the stede,
Where as he shulde londe, he londeth,
With all the haste he maie and fondeth
To shapen him in suche a wise,
That he maie by the morowe arise,
And doone after the mandement
Of hym, whiche hath hym thider sent.
And in the wise that he thought,
Upon the morowe so he wrought.
His doughter, and his sonne he nome,
And forth to the temple he come,
With a great route in companie,
His yeftes for to sacrifie.
The citezens tho herden saie
Of suche a kynge that came to praie
Unto Diane the goddesse,
And lefte all other besinesse,
Thei comen thider for to see
The kinge and the solempnitee.

Qualiter Appolinus Ephesum in templo Diane sacrificans, vxorem suam ibidem velatam in uenit, qua secum assumpta nauim versus Tyrum regressus est.

With worthie knightes enuironed
The kynge hym selfe hath abandoned
To the temple in good entente.
The dore is vp, and in he wente,
Where as with great deuocion,
Of holy contemplacion,
Within his herte he made his shrifte:
And after that a riche yifte
He offreth with great reuerence,
And there in open audience,
Of hem that stoden all aboute,
He tolde hem, and declareth out
His happe, such as him is befalle,
There was no thynge foryete of alle.
His wyfe, as it was goddes grace,
Whiche was professed in the place,
As she that was abbesse there,
Unto his tale hath leied hir ere.
She knewe the voyce, and the visage;
For pure ioye as in a rage
She straught to hym all at ones,
And fill a swoune vpon the stones,
Wherof the temple flore was paued.
She was anone with water laued
Till she came to hir selfe ageyne,
And than she began to seyne:
A blessed be the high sonde
That I may se my husbonde,
Whiche whilom he, and I were one.
The kynge with that knewe hir anone,
And toke hir in his arme, and kist,
And all the towne this soone it wist.
Tho was there ioye many folde.
For euery man this tale hath tolde,
As for miracle, and weren glade.
But neuer man suche ioye made,
As doth the kyng, which hath his wife.
And whan men herde how that hir life
Was saued, and by whom it was,
Thei wondred all of suche a cas.
Through all the londe arose the speche
Of maister Cerimon the leche,
And of the cure whiche he dede.
The kynge hym selfe tho hath bede,
And eke the quene forth with hym,
That he the towne of Ephesym
Will leue, and go where as thei bee.
For neuer man of his degree
Hath do to hem so mychell good.
And he his profite vnderstoode,
And granteth with hem for to wende.
And thus thei maden there an ende,
And token leue, and gone to ship
With all the hole felaushipp.

Qualiter Appolinus vna cum vxore et filia sua Tyrum applicuit.

This kyng, whiche now hath his desire,
Saith, he woll holde his cours to Tyre.
Thei hadden wynde at will tho,
With topsayle coole, and forth thei go.
And stryken neuer till thei come
To Tyre, where as thei haue nome
And londen hem with mochell blisse,
There was many a mouth to kisse,
Eche one welcometh other home.
But whan the quene to londe come,
And Thaise hir doughter by hir side,
The whiche ioye was thilke tide
There maie no mans tunge telle.
Thei sayden all, here cometh the welle
Of all womannisshe grace.
The kynge hath take his roiall place,
The quene is in to chambre go.
There was great fest araied tho.
Whan tyme was thei gone to mete,
All olde sorowes ben foryete,
And gladem hem with ioyes newe,
The discoloured pale hewe
Is nowe become a ruddy cheke,
There was no mirth for to seke.

Qualiter Appolinus Athenagoram cum Thaise vxore super Tyrum coronari fecit.

But euery man hath what he wolde,
The kynge as he well coude and sholde
Makth to his people right good chere.
And after soone, as thou shalt here,
A parlement he had sommoned,
Where he his doughter hath coroned,
Forth with the lorde of Mitelene,
That on his kynge, that other quene.
And thus the fathers ordinance,
This londe hath set in gouernance,
And sayde that he wolde wende
To Tharse, for to make an ende
Of that his doughter was betraied,
Wherof were all men well paied,
And said, how it was for to done.
The shippes weren redy soone.

Qualiter Appolinus a Tyro per mare versus Tharsim iter arripiens, vindictam contra Strangulionem Dionysiam vxorem suam pro iniuria, quam ipsi Taisi filie sue intulerunt iudicialiter assecutus est.

A STRONGE power with him he toke,
Upon the skie he cast his loke,
And sigh the wynde was couenable,
Thei hale vp ancre with the cable,
Thei saile on hie, the stere on honde,
Thei sailen, till thei come a londe
At Tharse nygh to the citee.
And whan thei wisten it was hee,
The towne hath done hym reuerence.
He telleth hem the violence,
Whiche the traitour Strangulio
And Dionyse hym had do
Touchynge his doughter, as ye herde,
And whan thei wist, how it ferde,
As he whiche pees and loue sought,
Unto the towne this he besought.
To done him right in iugement.
Anone thei weren both assente,
With strengthe of men and comen soone,
And as hem thought it was to doone,
Atteynt thei weren by the lawe,
And demed so honged and drawe,
And brent, and with wynde to blowe,
That all the worlde it might knowe.
And vpon this condicion,
The dome in execucion
Was put anone withoute faile.
And euery man hath great merualle,
Whiche herde tellen of this chance,
And thonked goddes purueance,
Whiche doth mercy forth with iustice.
Slain is the mordrer, and the mordrice
Through very trouth of rightwisnesse,
And through mercy saue is simplesse
Of hir, whom mercy preserueth.
Thus hath he wel, that wel deserueth.

Qualiter Artestrate Pentapali rege mortuo, ipsi de regno epistolas super hoc Appolino direxerunt, Vnde Appolinus vna cum vxore sua in idem aduenientes, ad decus imperii cum magno gaudio coronati sunt.

WHAN al this thinge is doone and ended,
This kinge, which loued was and frended
A letter hath, which came to hym
By ship fro Pentapolim,
In whiche the londe hath to him writte,
That he wolde vnderstonde and witte,
Howe in good mynde and in good pees
Dead is the kinge Artestrates,
Wherof thei all of one accorde
Him praiden, as her liege lorde,
That he the letter wol receyue,
And come, his reigne to receiue:
Whiche god hath yeue him, and fortune.
And thus besought the commune,
Forthwith the great lordes all.
This kinge sighe howe it is befalle.
Fro Tharse and in prosperitee
He toke his leue of that citee,
And goeth him in to ship ayene.
The wynde was good, the sea was pleyne,
Hem nedeth not a riffe to slake,
Til thei Pentapolim haue take.
The londe whiche herde of that tydinge
Was wonder glad of his cominge,
He resteth him a daie or two,
And toke his counceil to him tho,
And set a tyme of parlement,
Where al the londe of one assente,
Forthwith his wife haue him croned,
Where all good him was forsoned.
Lo what it is to be well grounded.
For he hath first his loue founded
Honestly as for to wedde,
Honestly his loue he spedde,
And had chyldren with his wife,
And as him liste he led his life.
And in ensample his life was writte,
That all louers mighten witte
Howe at laste it shal be sene
Of loue what thei wolden mene.
For see nowe on that other side,
Antiochus with all his pride,
Whiche sette his loue vnkyndely,
His ende had sodeynly,
Set ageyn kynde vpon vengeance,
And for his lust hath his penance.
Lo thus my sonne might thou lere,
What is to loue in good manere,
And what to loue in other wise,
The mede ariseth of the seruice,
Fortune though she be not stable,
Yet at somtime is fauourable
To hem, that ben of loue trewe.
But certes it is for to rewe,
To see loue agein kynde falle.
For that makth sore a man to falle,
As thou might of tofore rede.
For thy my sonne I wolde the rede
To let all other loue aweie,
But if it be through suche aweie,
As loue and reason wold accorde.
For elles if that thou discorde,
And take luste as doeth a beste,
Thy loue maie nought ben honeste.
For by no skil that I finde
Suche luste is nought of loues kynde

Confessio amantis, vnde pro finali conclusione consilium confessoris impetrat.

MY fader howe so that it stonde,
Your tale is herde, and vnderstonde,
As thinge, whiche worthie is to here
Of great ensample and great matere,
Wherof my fader god you quite.
But in this poynte my selfe aequite
I maie right wel, that euer yit
I was assoted in my wit,
But onely in that worthy place,
Where all lust and all grace
Is set, if that Danger ne were:
But that is all my moste fere.
I not what ye fortune acoumpte,
But what thinge Danger maie amounte
I wot wel: for I haue assaied.
For whan myn hert is beste araied,
And I haue all my wit through sought
Of loue to beseche hir ought,
For all that euer I sike maie,
I am concluded with a naie.
That o syllable hath ouer throwe
A thousand wordes on a rowe

Of such as I best speke can,
Thus am I but a leude man.
But fader, for ye ben a clerke
Of loue, and this matere is derke,
And I can euer lenger the lasse,
(But yet I maie not lete it passe)
Your hole counseil I beseche,
That ye me by some weye teche,
What is my best, as for an ende.
My sonne vnto the trouth wende
Nowe woll I for the loue of thee,
And lete al other tryfles be.

Hic super amoris causa finita confessione, Confessor Genius ea, que sibi salubrius expediunt sano consilio finaliter iniungit.

THE more that the nede is hie,
The more it nedeth to be slie
To him whiche hath the nede on honde,
I haue well herde and vnderstonde,
My sonne, all that thou hast me saied:
And eke of that thou hast me praied
Nowe at this tyme, that I shall,
As for conclusion final,
Counseyl vpon thy nede set,
So thinke I finally to knette
Thy cause, there it is to broke,
And make an ende of that is spoke.
For I behight the that gifte
First whan thou come vnder my shrifte,
That though I towarde Venus were,
Yet spake I suche wordes there,
That for the presthode, whiche I haue,
Myn order, and my state to saue,
I sayde, I wolde of myn office
To vertue more than to vice
Encline, and teche the my lore.
For thy to speken ouermore
Of loue, whiche the maie auaile.
Take loue, where it maie auaile.
For as of this, whiche thou arte in
By that thou seest it is a sinne,
And sinne maie no price deserue,
Withoute price and who shall serue,
I note what proffit might auaile.
This foloweth it, if thou trauaile
Where thou no proffit hast ne price,
Thou arte towarde thy selfe vnwise:
And sith thou mightest lust atteine.
Of euery lust the ende is peine.
Of euery peyne is good to flee,
So is it wonder thinge to see,
Why suche a thynge shall be desyred,
The more that a stocke is fired
The rather in to ashe it torneth.
The foote, which in the weye sporneth,
Full ofte his heade hath ouerthrowe.
Thus loue is blynde, and can not knowe,
Where that he goeth, till he be fadde,
For thy but if it so befalle
With good counceyle that he be ladde,
Hym ought for to ben a dradde.
For counceyl passeth all thinge
To him, whiche thinketh to ben a kinge,
And euery man for his partie
A kyngdome hath to iustifie,
That is to sein his owne dome.
If he misrule that kyngdome,
He leseth him selfe, that is more,
Than if he loste ship and ore,
And all the worldes good with alle.
For what man that in speciall
Hath not him selfe, he hath not els,
No more the perles than the shels,
All is to him of o value,
Though he had all his retinewe
The wide worlde right as he wolde,
Whan he his herte hath not with holde
Towarde hym selfe, all is in vaine.
And thus my sonne I wolde sayne,
As I said er, that thou arise
Er that thou fall in suche a wise,
That thou ne might thy selfe recouer.
For loue whiche that blynde was euer,
Makth all his seruantes blynde also.
My sonne and if thou haue ben so,
Yet is it tyme to withdrawe,
And set thyn herte vnder that lawe,
The whiche of reason is gouerned,
And not of wille: and to be lerned
Ensample thou hast many one
Of nowe and eke of tyme a gone,
That euery lust is but a while,
And who that will him selfe begyle
He maie the rather be disceiued.
My sonne nowe thou hast conceiued
Somwhat of that I wolde mene,
Here afterwarde it shall be sene,
If that thou leue vpon my lore.
For I can do to the no more,
But teche the, the right weie,
Nowe chese, if thou wilt liue or deie.

Hic loquitur de controuersia, que inter confessorem et amantem in fine confessionis versabatur.

MY fader so as I haue herde
Your tale, but it were answerde,
I were mochell for to blame.
My wo to you is but a game,
That feleth not of that I fele.
The felynge of a mans hele
Maie not be likened to the herte,
I nought though I wolde a sterte,
And ye be fre from all the peyne
Of loue, wherof I me pleyne,
It is right easy to commaunde
The herte, whiche fre goeth on the launde,
Not of an ore what him eileth,
It falleth ofte a man mercileth,
Of that he seeth another fare.
But if he knewe him selfe the fare,
And felte it, as it is in soth,
He shulde do right as he doth,
Or elles wors in his degree.
For well I wote, and so do yee,
Thas loue hath euer yet ben vsed,
So mote I nede ben excused.
But fader if ye wolde thus
Unto Cupide and to Venus
Be frendly toward my quarele,
So that my herte were in hele
Of loue, whiche is in my breste,
I wote well than a better preste
Was neuer made to my behoue,
But all the while that I houe
In none certeyn betwene the two,
I not where I to wele or wo
Shall torne: that is all my drede.
So that I not what is to rede.

But for finall conclusion,
I thynke a supplicacion,
With plaine wordes and expresse,
Writte vnto Venus the goddesse,
The whiche I praie you to bere,
And brynge ageyne a good answere.
Tho was betwene my preste and mee
Debate, and great perplexitee.
My reason vnderstoode hym wele,
And knewe it was soth euery dele,
That he hath said, but not for thy
My will hath nothyng set ther by.
For towchinge of so wise a porte
It is vnto loue no disporte.
Yet might neuer man beholde
Reason, where loue was witholde.
Thei be not of o gouernance.
And thus we fellen in distance
My preste and I, but I spake fayre,
And through my wordes debonayre,
Than at last we accorden,
So that he saith, he will accorden
To speke, and stonde on my side
To Venus both and to Cupide,
And bad me write, that I wolde,
And said me truly that he sholde
My letter bere vnto the quene.
And I sat downe vpon the grene,
Fulfylled of loues fantasie,
And with the teres of mine eie,
In stede of yuke, I gan to write
The wordes, whiche I woll endite.
Unto Cupide and to Venus,
And in my letter I sayde thus.

Hic tractat formam euiusdam supplicationis, quam ex parte amantis per manus Genii sacerdotis sui, Venus sibi porrectam acceptabat.

THE wofull peyne of loues maladie,
Ageine the whiche maie no phisike auaile,
My herte hath so be wapped with sotie,
That where so that I reste or trauaile,
I fynde it euer redy to assaile
My reason, whiche can not hym defende,
Thus seche I help, wherof I might amende.

Fyrst to nature if that I me complayne,
There finde I howe that euery creature
Somtime a yere hath loue in his demayne,
So that the litell wrenne in his measure
Hath of kynde loue vnder his cure,
And I but one desyre, whiche I mis,
So but I, hath euery kynde his blis.

The reason of my witte it ouerpasseth,
Of that nature techeth me the weie
To loue, and yet no certeyn she compasseth,
How shal I spede and thus betwene the tweie
I stonde, and not if I shall liue or deie.
For though reason ageyn my will debate,
I may not flee, that I ne loue algate.

Upon my selfe this ilke tale come,
Howe whilom Pan, whiche is the god of kinde,
With loue wrestled, and is ouercome.
For euer I wrastle, and euer I am behynde,
That I no strengthe in all my herte finde,
Wherof that I maie stonden any throwe,
So fer my wit with loue is ouerthrowe.

Whom nedeth help, he mot his helpe eraue,
Or helples he shall his nede spille,
Plainly throughout my wittes all I haue,
But none of hem can helpe after my will,
And also well I might sit stille,
As praie vnto my lady of any helpe:
Thus wote I not wherof my selfe to yelpe.

Unto the great loue and if I bid
To do me grace of thilke swete tonne,
Whiche vnder keie, in his cellere amidde
Lieth couched, that fortune is ouercome:
But of the bitter cuppe I haue begonne,
I not howe ofte, and thus I finde no game,
For euer I aske and euer it is the same.

I see the worlde stonde euer vpon chaunge,
Now windes lowde, now the weder softe,
I maie see eke the great moone change,
And thing whiche now is low is efte alofte,
The dredfull werres in to pes full ofte
Thei torne, and euer is Daunger in o place,
Whiche nill chaunge his will to do me grace.

But vpon this the great clerke Ouide
Of loue whan he makth his remembraunce,
He sayth: there is the blynde god Cupide,
The which hath loue vnder his gouernance,
And in honde with many a firie launce
He woundeth ofte, where he woll not hele,
And that soondele is cause of my quarele.

Ouide eke sayth, that loue to performe
Stant in the hond of Venus the goddesse,
But whan she takth counseill with Saturne,
Ther is no grace, and in that tyme I gesse
Began my loue, of which myn heuinesse
Is now and euer shall, but if I spede,
So wot I not my selfe what is to rede.

For thy to you Cupide and Venus both,
With all my hertes obeisance I praie,
If ye were at fyrst tyme wrothe,
Whan I began to loue, I you saye
Nowe stynte, and do this fortune awaye,
So that Daunger, which stont of retinewe
With my lady, his place may renewe.

O thou Cupide god of loues lawe,
That with thy darte brennyng hast set a fire
My herte, do that wounde be withdraw,
Or yeue me salue, suche as I desyre.
For seruice in thy courte withouten hyre
To me, whiche euer hath kept thin heste
Maie neuer be to loues lawe honeste.

O thou gentell Venus loues quene,
Without gilte thou dost on me thy wrech,
Thou wotest my pein is euer alich grene,
For loue, and yet I maie it not areche:
Thus wolde I for my last worde beseche,
That thou my loue acquite, as I deserue:
Or elles do me playnly for to sterue.

Hic loquitur, qualiter Venus accepta amantis supplicatione, indilate ad singula respondit.

WHAN I this supplicacion,
With good deliberacion,
In suche a wise as ye nowe witte,
Had after myn entente writte

Unto Cupide and to Venus,
This preest; whiche hight Genius,
It toke on honde to presente,
On my message and forth he wente
To Venus, for to wit hir wille:
And I bode in the place stille,
And was there but a litell while,
Not full the mountnance of a mile,
Whan I beheelde, and sodeinly
I sigh where Venus stoode me by.
So as I might vnder a tree
To grounde I felle vpon my knee,
And preied hir for to do me grace,
She cast hir chere vpon my face,
And as it were haluynge a game,
She asketh me, what was my name.
Madame I saide, Iohan Gower.
Now Iohan, quod she, in my power
Thou must as of thy loue stonde.
For I thy bille haue vnderstonde,
In whiche to Cupide and to mee
Somdele thou hast complayned thee,
And somedele to nature also,
But that shall stonde amonge you two.
For therof haue I not to doone,
For nature is vnder the moone
Maistresse of euery liues kynde.
But if so be, that she maie fynde
Some holy man, that wyl withdrawe
Hir kyndely lust ageine hir lawe,
But selde whan it falleth so.
For fewe men there ben of tho.
But of these other enough there bee,
Whiche of her owne nicitee,
Agein nature and hir office,
Deliten hem in sondrie vice:
Wherof that she full ofte hath pleined,
And eke my courte it hath disdeigned,
And euer shall: for it receyueth
None suche, that kynde so disceiueth.
For all oneliche of gentill loue
My courte stont, all courtes aboue,
And taketh none into retinewe,
But thynge, whiche is to kynde dewe.
For els it shall be refused:
Wherof I holde the excused.
For it is many daies gone,
That thou amonge hem were one,
Whiche of my courte hast be witholde,
So that the more I am beholde
Of thy disease to commune,
And to remewe that fortune,
Whiche many daies hath the greued.
But if my counsaile maie be leued,
Thou shalt be eased er thou go
Of thilke vnsely ioly wo,
Wherof thou saist thyn hert is fired,
But as of that thou hast desyred,
After the sentence of thy bille,
Thou must therof doone at my will,
And I therof me woll aduise:
For be thou hole, it shall suffice,
My medicine is not to seke,
The whiche is holsome to the seke,
Not all perchance as ye it wolde,
But so as ye by reason sholde,
Accordant vnto loues kynde.
For in the plite, whiche I the fynde,
So as my courte it hath awarded,
Thou shalt be duely rewarded.
And if thou woldest more craue,
It is no right that thou it haue.

Qui cupit id, quod habere nequit, sua tempora perdit
Est vbi non posse velle, salute caret.
Non æstatis opus gelidis hirsuta capillos
Cum calor abscessit æquiparabit hyems.
Sicut habet Maius non dat natura decembri,
Nec poterit compar floribus esse lutum.
Sic neque decrepita senum iuuenile voluptas
Floret in obsequium, quod Venus ipsa petit.
Conueniens igitur foret, vt quod cana senectus
Attigit, vlterius corpora casta colant.

Hic contra quoscunque viros inueteratos amoris concupiscentiam affectantes loquitur Venus, huiusque amantis confessi supplicationem quasi deridens, ipsum pro eo quod senescit, debilis est, multis exhortationibus insufficientem redarguit.

VENUS which stant without lawe,
In none certeine, but as men drawe
Of Ragman vpon the chance,
She leith no peise in the balance,
But as hir liketh for to weie,
The trewe man full ofte aweie
She put, whiche hath hir grace bede,
And sette an vntrue in his stede.
Lo thus blindly the world she demeth
In loues cause, as to me semeth,
I not what other men wolde seyn,
But I algate am so beseyne,
And stonde as one amongest all,
Whiche am oute of hir grace fall:
It nedeth take no witnesse.
For she, whiche saide is the goddesse,
To whether parte of loue it wende,
Hath sette me for a finall ende
The poynt wherto that I shall holde.
For whan she hath me well beholde,
Haluynge of scorne she sayd thus:
Thou wost well that I am Venus,
Whiche all onely my lustes seche.
And well I wote though thou beseche
My loue, lustes ben there none;
Whiche I maie take in thy persone.
For loues luste and lockes bore
In chamber accorden neuermore.
And though thou feigne a yonge corage,
It sheweth welt by thy visage,
That olde grisell is no fole,
There ben full many yeres stole
With the, and suche other mo,
That outwarde feignen youth so,
And ben within of poore assaie.
My herte wolde, and I ne maie,
Is nought beloued nowe a daies,
Er thou make any suche assaies
To loue, and faile vpon thy fete,
Better is to make beaw retreate
For though thou mightest loue atteyne,
Yet were it but an idell peine,
Whan thou arte not suffisant,
To holde loue his couenante,
For thy take home thy herte againe,
That thou trauaile not in vayne,
Wherof my courte maie be disceiued.
I wote, and haue it wel conceiued,

Howe that thy wille is good enough.
But more behoueth to the plough,
Wherof the lacketh as I trowe.
So sit it wel, that thou beknowe
Thy feble estate er thou beginne
Thing, wher thou might none ende winne,
What bargein shulde a man assaie,
Whan that him lacketh for to paie?
My sonne if that thou well bethought,
This toucheth the, foryete it nought,
The thinge is torned in to was,
The whiche was whilome grene gras,
Is withered heie, as time nowe:
For thy my counseil is that thou
Remembre well, howe thou arte olde.

Qualiter super derisoriam Veneris exhortacionem contristatus amans, quasi mortuus in terram corruit, vbi vt sibi videbatur, Cupidinem cum innumera multitudine nuper amantum variis turmis assistenciam conspicebat.

WHAN Venus hath hir tale tolde,
Than I bethought was all aboute,
And wist wel withouten doubte,
That there was no recouerire,
And as a man the blase of fyre
With water quencheth, so ferde I,
A colde me caught sodeynly,
For sorowe that my herte made,
My dedely face pale and fade
Becam, and swoune I fil to grounde.
And as I laie the same stounde,
Ne fully quicke, ne fully deade,
Me thought I sawe tofore myn head
Cupide with his bowe bente,
And like vnto a parlement,
Whiche were ordeined for the nones,
With him cam all the worlde attones
Of gentill folke, that whilome were
Louers, I sawe hem all there.
Forth with Cupide in sondry rowtes.
Myn eie I caste all aboutes,
To knowe amonge hem who was who:
I sigh where lustie yougth tho,
As he whiche was a capitayne,
Before all other vpon the playne
Stode with his rout well begon,
Her heades kempt, and thervpon
Garlondes, not of one colour
Some of the lefe, some of the floure,
And some of great perles were.
The newe guise of Beme was there,
With sondry thynges well deuised
I see, wherof thei be queintised:
It was all lust, that thei with ferde,
There was no songe that I ne herde,
Whiche vnto loue was touchynge.
Of Pan, and all that was likynge,
As in pipynge of melodie
Was herde in thilke companie.
So loude that on euery side
It thought that all the heuen cride
In suche accorde, and suche a sowne
Of bumbarde, and of clariowne,
With cornemuse, and shalmele,
That it was halfe a mannes hele
So glad a noyse for to here
And as me thought in this manere
All fresshe I sigh hem sprynge and daunce,
And do to loue her entendaunce.
After the lust of youthes heste,
There was enough of ioy and fest.
For euer amonge thei laugh and pley,
And put Care out of the weie,
That he with hem ne sat ne stode.
And ouer this I vnderstode,
So as myn eare might areche,
The most matere of her speche

De nominibus illorum nuper amantum, qui tunc amanti spasmato aliqui iuuenes, aliqui senes apparuerunt. Senes autem precipue tam erga deum quam deam amoris pro sanitate amantis recuparanda multiplicatis precibus misericorditer instabant.

IT was of knighthode and of armes:
And what it is to ligge in armes
With loue, whan it is acheued.
Ther was Tristram, which was beloued
With bele Isolde: and Lancelot
Stode with Gonnor: and Galahot
With his lady: and as me thought,
I sawe where Iasyn with hym brought
His loue whiche Creusa hight.
And Hercules, whiche mochell might,
Was there, bearyng his great mace.
And most of all in thilke place
He peyneth hym to make chere
With Iolen, which was hym dere.
Theseus though he were vntreue
To loue, as all women knewe,
Yet was he there netheles
With Phedra, whiche to loue he ches.
Of Grece eke there was Thelamon,
Whiche fro the kynge Laomedon
At Troie his doughter refte away
Eseonen as for his praie,
Whiche take was, whan Iason cam
Fro Colchos, and the citee nam,
In vengeance of the fyrste hate,
That made hem after to debate,
Whan Priamus the newe towne
Hath made. And in a visiowne
Me thought that I sigh also
Hector, forth with his bretherne two,
Hym selfe stoode with Penthasilee,
And nexte to hym I might see,
Where Paris stode with fayre Helaine,
Whiche was his ioye soueraine.
And Troilus stode with Creseide:
But euer amonge though he pleide
By semblant, he was heuy chered.
For Diomede, as hym was lered,
Claimeth to be his partinere.
And thus full many a bachelere,
A thousande mo than I can seyne,
With yougth I sigh there well beseyne,
Forth with her loues glad and blith,
And some I sigh, whiche ofte sithe
Compleynen hem in otherwise.
Amonge the whiche I sawe Narcise,
And Piramus, that sory were.
The worthy greke also was there
Achilles, whiche for loue deied.
Agamemnon eke as men seied,
And Menelaie the kynge also
I sigh, with many an other mo,

Whiche hadden be fortuned sore
In loues cause: And ouermore,
Of women in the same caas
With hem I sigh where Dido was
Forsake, whiche was with Aenee.
And Phillis eke I might see,
Whom Demophon desceiued had,
And Ariadne hir sorowe lad,
For Theseus hir sister toke,
And hir vnkindly forsoke.
I sigh there eke amonge the prees
Complaynyng vpon Hercules,
His fyrst loue Deianire,
Whiche set him afterwarde a fyre.
Medea was there eke, and pleyneth
Upon Iason, for that he feigneth,
Without cause and toke a newe,
She saide, fie on all vntrewe.
I sigh there Deidamie,
Whiche had loste the companie
Of Achilles, whan Diomede
To Troie him fet vpon the nede.
Amonge these other vpon the grene
I sigh also the wofull quene
Cleopatras, whiche in a graue
With serpentes hath hir selfe begraue
All quicke, and so she was to tore,
For sorowe of that she had lore
Antonie, whiche hir loue hath be.
And forth with hir I sigh Thisbe,
Whiche on the sharpe swerdes poynte,
For loue deied in sory poynte.
And as myn eare it might knowe,
She sayde, wo worth all slowe.
The plaint of Proigne and Philomene
There herde I what it wolde mene,
How Thereus of his vntrouthe
Undid hem both, and that was routhe.
And next to hem I sawe Canace,
Whiche for Machayr hir faders grace
Hath lost, and deied in wofull plite.
And as I sigh in my spirite,
Me thought amonge other thus
The doughter of kynge Priamus
Polixena, whom Pyrrus slough
Was there, and made sorowe enough:
As she whiche deied giltles
For loue, and yet was loueles.
And for to take the disporte
I sawe there some of other porte,
And that was Circes, and Calypse,
That couthen do the moone clypse,
Of men and chaunge the liknesse,
Of artmagike sorceresse,
Thei helde in honde many one
To loue, whether thei wolde or none.
But abone all that there were
Of women I sawe foure there,
Whose name I herde most commended.
By hem the courte stode all amended.
For where thei comen in presence,
Men deden hem the reuerence,
As though thei had ben goddesses
Of all the worlde, or empresses.
And as me thought, an ere I leide,
And herde, how that these other seid:
Lo these ben the foure wiues,
Whose feith was proued in her liues
For in ensaumple of all good,
With mariage so thei stoode,
That fame, whiche no great thing hideth,
Yet if cronicke of hem abideth.
Penolope that one was hote,
Whome many a knight hath loued hote,
While that hir lorde Vlysses laie
Full many a yere and many a daie
Upon the great siege of Troie:
But she, whiche hath no worldes ioye,
But onely of hir husbonde,
While that hir lorde was out of londe,
So well she kept hir womanhede,
That all the worlde therof toke hede,
And namliche of hem in Grece.
That other woman was Lucrece,
Wife to the Romayn Collatine.
And she constreigned of Tarquine
To thinge, which was ayenst hir will,
She wolde not hir seluen still,
But deied onely for drede of shame,
In kepyng of hir good name,
As she whiche was one of the beste.
The thirde wife was hote Alceste
Whiche whan Admetus shulde die
Upon his great maladie,
She praied vnto the goddes so,
That she resceiueth all the wo,
And deied hir selfe, to gyue him life:
Se where this were a noble wife.
The fourth wife, whiche I there sigh,
I herde of hem that were nighe,
Howe she was cleped Alceone,
Whiche Ceix hir lorde allone,
And to no mo hir bodie kepte:
And whan she sigh him drenche, she lepte
Into the wawes, where he swam,
And there a sea foule she becam:
And with hir winges she him besprad
For loue that she to him had.
Lo these foure weren tho,
Whiche I sigh as me bethought tho
Amonge the great companie,
Whiche loue had for to gie.
But yougthe, whiche in speciall
Of loues courte was marshall,
So besie was vpon his laie,
That he none hede, where he laie
Hath take, And than as I behelde,
Me thought I sigh vpon the felde,
Where Elde came a softe paas
Towarde Venus, there as she was
With him great companie he ladde,
But not so fele as youth had.
The moste parte were of great age,
And that was sene in her visage,
And not for thy so as they might,
Thei made hem yongely to the sight.
But yet I herde no pipes there
To make mirth in mannes ere,
But the musike I might knowe:
For olde men, which sowned lowe
With harpe, and lute, and with citole,
The houe daunce, and the carole,
In suche a wise as loue hath bede,
A softe paas thei daunce and trede,
And with the women otherwhile
With sobre chere awonge thei smile.
For laughter was there none on hie.
And netheles full well I sie,
That thei the more queinte it made
For loue in whom thei weren glade.

And there me thought I might see
The kinge Dauid with Bersabee,
And Salomon was not withoute
Passinge an hondreth in a route
Of wyues and of concubines,
Iewes eke and sarazines
To him I sighe all intendant,
I not where he were suffisante.
But netheles for all his witte
He was attached with that writte,
Whiche loue with his honde enseleth,
From whom noue erthly man appeleth.
And ouer this, as for no wonder
With his lion, whiche he put vnder,
With Dalida Sampson I knewe,
Whos loue his strength all ouerthrewe.
I sawe there Aristotle also,
Whome that the quene of Grece also
Hath brideled, that in thilke tyme
She made him suche a silogesime,
That he foryate all his logike,
There was none arte of his practike,
Through whiche it might ben excluded,
That he ne was fully concluded
To loue, and did his obeisance.
And eke Virgile of acqueintance
I sigh, where he the maiden praid,
Whiche was the doughter, as men sayd,
Of themperour whilome of Rome.
Sortes and Plato with him come,
So did Ouide the poete,
I thought than howe loue is swete,
Whiche hath so wise men reclamed,
And was my selfe the lasse ashamed,
Or for to lese or for to wynne
In the mischief that I was in.
And thus I laie in hope of grace:
And whan thei comen to the place,
Where Venus stode, and I was falle,
This olde men with one voyce alle
To Venus praiden for my sake.
And she that mighte not forsake
So great a clamour, as was there,
Lete pitee come in to hir ere:
And forth with all vnto Cupide.
She praieth, that he vpon his side
Me wolde through his grace sende
Some comforte, that I might amende
Upon the caas, which is befall.
And thus for me thei praiden all
Of hem that weren olde aboute,
And eke some of the yonge route,
And of gentilnes and pure trouth
I herde hem tel, it was great routhe
That I withouten helpe so ferde.
And thus me thought I laie and herde.

Hic tractat, qualiter Cupido amantis senectute confracti viscera perscrutans, ignita sue concupiscentie tela ab eo penitus extraxit, quem Venus postea absque calore percipiens, vacuum reliquit, Et sic tandem prouisa senectus rationem inuocans, hominem interiorem perprius amore infatuatum mentis sanitati plenius restaurauit.

CUPIDE, whiche maie hurte and hele
In loues cause, as for my hele,
Upon the poynte which hym was preyd
Cam with Venus, where I was leyde
Swounend vpon the grene gras,
And as me thought anone there was
On euery side so great prees,
That euery life began to prees,
I wote not wel howe many score,
Suche as I spake of nowe tofore
Louers, that comen to beholde
But most of hem that were olde,
Thei stoden there at thilke tide
To see what ende shall betide
Upon the cure of my sotie.
Tho might I here great partie
Spekende, and eke his owne aduis,
Hath tolde, one that, another this.
But amonge all this I herde,
Thei weren wo, that I so ferde,
And saiden that for no riote,
An olde man shulde not assote.
For as thei tolden redily,
There is in him no cause why,
But if he wolde him selfe be nice,
So were he well the more nice.
And thus desputen some of tho:
And some saiden no thinge so,
But that the wilde loues rage
In mannes life forbereth none age,
While there is eyle for to fire
The lampe is lightly set a fire,
And is full herde er it be queinte,
But onely if he be some seinte,
Whiche ged preserueth of his grace.
And thus me thought in sondrie place,
Of hem that walken vp and doune,
There was diuers opinion.
And so for a while it last,
Til that Cupide to the laste,
Forthwith his moder ful aduised,
Hath determined and deuised,
Unto what pointe he woll descende,
And all this tyme I was liggende
Upon the grounde tofore his eien,
And thei that my disease sien,
Supposen nought I shulde liue:
But he, whiche wolde than yeue
His grace, so as it maie bee,
This blynde god, whiche maie not see,
Hath groped, til that he me fonde:
And as he put forth his honde
Upon my body, where I laie,
Me thought a firie launcegaie,
Which whilom through my hert he cast,
He pulleth oute, and also fast
As this was do, Cupide nam
His wey, I not where he becam:
And so did all the remenant,
Whiche vnto him was entendant,
Of hem that in a vision
I had a reuelacion,
So as I tolde nowe tofore.
But Venus went nought therfore,
Ne Genius, whiche thilke tyme
Aboden both fast byme,
And she whiche maie the hertes binde
In loues cause, and eke vnbynde,
Er I out of my traunce arose,
Venus whiche helde a boxe close,
And wolde not I shulde deie,
Toke out, more colde then ony keye,
An ointement: and in suche pointe
She hath my wounded herte anointe,

My temples, and my reynes also:
And forth with al she toke me tho
A wonder myrrour for to holde,
In whiche she bad me to beholde,
And take hede, of that I seie.
Wherin anone my hertes eie
I cast, and sawe my colour fade,
Myn eien dim, and all vnglade,
My chekes thinne, and all my face
With elde I might see deface.
So riueled, and so wo besein,
That there was no thinge full ne pleyn.
I sawe also myn heares hore,
My will was tho to see no more
On whiche for there was no pleasance.
And then into my remembrance
I drewe myn olde daies passed,
And as reason it hath compassed.

Quod status hominis mensibus anni equiperatur.

I MADE a likenes of my selue
Unto the sondry monthes twelue,
Wherof the yere in his estate
Is made, and stant vpon debate,
That like to other none accordeth.
For who the tymes wel recordeth,
And than at Marche if he begin,
Whan that the lustie yere comth in,
Till Auguste be paste and Septembre
The mighty yongth he maie remembre,
In whiche the yere hath his deduite
Of grasse, of lefe, of floure, of fruite,
Of corne, and eke the winy grape,
And afterwarde the tyme is shape
To frost, to snowe, to wynde to rayne,
Till efte that Marche be come agayne.
The winter woll no sommer knowe,
The grene lefe is ouerthrowe,
The clothed erth is than bare,
Dispoiled is the sommer fare,
That erst was hete, is than chele,
And thus thinkende thoughtes fele,
I was out of my swowne affraide,
Wherof I sigh my wittes straide,
And gan to clepe hem home ageyne.
And whan reason it herde seyne,
That loues rage was aweye,
He cam to me the right weye:
And hath remeued the sotie
Of thilke vnwise fantasie,
Wherof that I was wont to plain,
So that of thilke firy paine
I was made sobre, and hole enough.
Venus beheelde me than, and lough,
And asketh, as it were in game,
What loue was? and I for shame.
Ne wist, what I shulde answere:
And netheles I gan to swere,
That by my trouth, I knewe him nought,
So ferre it was out of my thought,
Right as it had neuer be.
My god sonne, tho quod she,
Nowe at this tyme I leue it wele,
So goth the fortune of my whele.
For thy my counceile is thou leue.
Madame, I said, by your leue,
Ye weten well, and so wote I,
That I am vnbehouely
Your courte, fro this day, for to serue.
And for I maie no thonke deserue,
And also for I am refused,
I praie you to ben excused.
And netheles as for to laste,
While that my wittes with me laste,
Touchende my confession,
I axe an absolusion
Of Genius, er that I go.
The preest anone was redy tho,
And sayde: Sonne as of thy shrifte,
Thou hast full pardon, and forgifte,
Forgete it thou, and so will I.
My holy father graunt mercy
Quod I to hym, and to the queue
I fill on knees vpon the grene,
And toke my leue for to wende.
But she that wolde make an ende,
As therto, whiche I was most able,
A paire of bedes blacke as sable
She toke, and hynge my necke about.
Upon the gaudees all without
Was writte of golde pur reposer.
Lo thus she sayd, Iohan Gower,
Nowe thou art at last caste,
Thus haue I for thin ease caste,
That thou of loue no more seche.
But my will is, that thou beseche,
And pray hereafter for the pees,
And that thou make a pleyne relees
To loue, whiche taketh litell hede
Of olde men vpon the nede,
Whan that the lustes ben awey,
For thy to the nis but o wey,
In whiche let reason be thy guyde.
For he maie soone hym selfe misgyde,
That seeth not the perill tefore.
My sonne be well ware therfore,
And kepe the sentence of my lore,
And tarie thou in my courte no more:
But go there vertue morall dwelleth:
There ben thy bokes, as men telleth,
Whiche of longe tyme thou haste writte.
For this I do the welle to witte,
If thou thyn hele wilt purchace,
Thou might not make sute and chace,
Where that the game is not prouable,
It were a thynge vnreasonable,
A man to be so ouersaie.
For thy take hede of that I saie.
For in the lawe of my commune
We be nought shape to commune
Thy selfe and I neuer after this.
Nowe haue I seyde all that there is
Of loue, as for thy finall ende,
Adeu, for I mote fro the wende.
And grete well Chaucer, whan ye mete,
As my disciple and my poete.
For in the floures of his youth,
In sondrie wise, as he well couth
Of ditees, and of songes glade,
The whiche he for my sake made,
The londe fulfilled is ouer all,
Wherof to hym in speciall
Aboue all other I am most holde.
For thy nowe in his daies olde
Thou shalt hym tell this message,
That he vpon his later age,
To sette an ende of all his werke,
As he whiche is myn owne clerke,

Do make his testament of loue,
As thou hast done thy shrifte aboue,
So that my courte it maie recorde.
Madame, I can me well accorde,
(Quod I) to telle as ye me bid.
And with that worde it so betid
Out of sight all sodeynly,
Enclosed in a sterred skie,
Venus, whiche is the quene of loue,
Was take in to hir place aboue,
More wist I not where she becam.
And thus my leue of hir I nam.
And forth with al that same tide
Her preest, whiche wolde not abide,
Or me be lefe, or me be lothe,
Out of my sight forth he goth.
And I was lefte withouten helpe,
So wist I not wherof to yelpe,
But that onely I had lore
My tyme, and was sorie therfore,
And thus bewhaped in my thought,
Whan all was tourned in to nought,
I stood amased for a while,
And in my selfe I gan to smile,
Thynkende vpon the bedes blake,
And howe thei were me betake,
For that I shulde bid and praie:
And whan I sawe none other waie,
But onelie that I was refused,
Unto the life, whiche I had vsed
I thought neuer torne ageyne.
And in this wise soth to seyne
Homwarde a softe pas I went,
Where that with all myn hole entent,
Upon the point that I am shriue,
I thinke bide, while I liue.

Parce precor Christe, populus quo gaudeat iste
Anglia ne triste subeat, rex summe resiste
Corrige quosque status fragiles, absolue reatus:
Vnde deo gratus vigeat locus iste beatus.

He whiche within daies seuen,
This large worlde, forth with the heuen,
Of his eternall prouidence,
Hath made, and thilke intelligence
In mans soule reasonable
Hath shape to be perdurable:
Wherof the man of his feture
Aboue all erthly creature
After the soule is immortall,
To thilke lorde in speciall,
As he whiche is of all thynges,
The creatour, and of the kynges
Hath the fortunes vpon honde,
His grace and mercy for to fonde,
Upon my bare knees I praie,
That he this londe in siker waie:
Will sette vpon good gouernance.
For if men take in remembrance,
What is to liue in vnitee,
There is no state in his degree,
That ne ought to desire pes,
Withoute whiche it is no les
To seche and loke in to the laste,
There maie no worldes ioye last.
Fyrst for to loke the clergie,
Hem ought well to iustifie
Thyng, whiche belongeth to their cure,
As for to praie, and to procure
Our pees, towarde the heuen aboue,
And eke to set rest and loue
Amonge vs on this erthe here,
For if thei wrought in this manere
After the rule of charitee,
I hope that men shulden see
This londe amende: and ouer this
To seche and loke howe that it is
Touchende of the chiualrie,
Whiche for to loke in some partie
Is worthie for to be commended,
And in some parte to be amended,
That of her large retenue
The londe is full of mayntenue,
Whiche causeth that the commune right,
In fewe countreis stont vpright.
Extorcion, contecke, rauine
With holde ben of that couine.
All daie men here great compleint,
Of the disease, of the constreint,
Wherof the people is sore oppressed,
God graunt it mote be redressed.
For of knighthode thordre wolde,
That thei defende and kepe sholde
The common right, and the franchise
Of holy churche in all wise:
So that no wicked man it dere,
And therof serueth shelde and spere.
But for it goth nowe otherwaie,
Our grace goth the more aweie.
And for to loken ouermore
Wherof the people plainen sore
Towarde the lawes of our londe,
Men sein that trouth hath broke his bonde,
And with brocage is gone aweie,
So that no man see the weie,
Where for to fynde rightwisenesse.
And if men seke sikernesse,
Upon the lucre of marchandie,
Compassement and trecherie
Of singuler profite to winne,
Men sayne is cause of mochell sinne,
And namely of diuision,
Whiche many a noble worthie towne
Fro welth, and fro prosperitee
Hath brought to great aduersitee.
So were it good to be all one.
For mochell grace thervpon,
Unto the citees shulde fall,
Whiche might auaile to vs all,
If these estates amended were,
So that the vertues stoden there,
And that the vices were aweie,
Me thynketh I durste than seie,
This londes grace shulde arise,
But yet to loke in otherwise,
There is astate, as ye shall here
Aboue all other on erthe here,
Whiche hath the londe in his balance,
To hym belongeth the ligeance
Of clerke, of knight, of man of lawe,
Under his honde is all forthdrawe
The marchant and the laborer,
So stant it all in his power
Or for to spille, or for to saue,
But though that he suche power haue,
And that his mightes ben so large,
He hath hem nought withouten charge,
To whiche that euery kynge is swore.
So were it good, that he therfore

First vnto rightwisenes entende,
Wherof that he hym selfe amende
Towarde his god, and leue viee,
Whiche is the chiefe of his office.
And after all the remenant
He shall vpon his couenant
Gouerne, and lede in suche a wise,
So that there be no tyrannise,
Wherof that he his people greue:
Or elles maie he nought acheue.
That longeth to his regalie.
For if a kynge will iustifie
His londe, and hem that ben within,
First at hym selfe he mot begin
To kepe and rule his owne estate,
That in hym selfe be no debate
Towarde his god: for otherwise
Ther maie none erthly kynge suffise
Of his kyngdome the folke to lede,
But he the kynge of heuen drede.
For what kynge sette hym vpon pride,
And takth his lust on euery side,
And will not go the right weie,
Though god his grace cast aweie
No wonder is, for at last
He shall well witte, it maie not last
The pompe whiche he secheth here.
But what kynge that with humble chere
After the lawe of god escheweth
The vices and the vertues seweth:
His grace shall not be suffisant
To gouerne all the remenant,
Whiche longeth vnto his duetee:
So that in his prosperitee
The people shall not be oppressed,
Wherof his name shall be blessed
For euer: and be memorialle.

Hic in fine recapitulat super hoc, quod in principio libri promisit se in amoris causa specialius tractaturum, concludit enim, quod omnis amoris delectacio extra charitatem nihil est, qui manet in charitate, in deo manet.

And nowe to speke as in finalle,
Touchende that I vndertoke,
In englysshe for to make a boke,
Whiche stant betwene ernest and game,
I haue it made, as thilke same,
Whiche aske for to be excused,
And that my boke be not refused
Of lered men, whan thei it see
For lacke of curiositee
For thilke schole of eloquence
Belongeth not to my science,
Upon the forme of Rhetorike
My wordes for to peinte and pike,
As Tullius somtyme wrote,
But this I knowe, and this I wote,
That I haue done my trewe peyne,
With rude wordes, and with pleyne
In all that euer I couthe and might,
This boke to write, as I behight.
So as sikenes it suffer wolde,
And also for my daies olde
That I am feble and impotente,
I wote not howe the worlde is wente:
So pray I to my lordes all,
Now in min age, howe so befalle,
That I mot stonden in their grace.
For though me lacke to purchace
Her worthie thonke, as by deserte,
Yet the simplesse of my powerte
Desyreth for to do plesance
To hem, vnder whose gouernance
I hope siker to abide.
But nowe vpon my last tide
That I this boke haue made and writte,
My muse dothe me for to witte,
And sayth, it shall be for my beste,
Fro this daie forth to take reste,
That I no more of loue make,
Whiche many a herte hath ouertake,
And ouertorned as the blynde
Fro reason in to lawe of kynde.
Where as the wisdome goeth aweie,
And can not see the right weie,
Howe to gouerne his owne estate:
But euery daie stant in debate
Within him selfe, and can not leue.
And thus for thy my finall leue
I take nowe for euermore
Without makynge any more
Of loue, and of his deadly hele,
Whiche no phisicien can hele.
For his nature is so diuers,
That it hath euer some trauers,
Or of to muche, or of to lite,
That plainly maie no man delite:
But if him faile or that or this,
But thilke loue, whiche that is
Within a mannes herte affirmed,
And stante of charitee confirmed:
Suche loue is goodly for to haue,
Suche loue maie the body saue,
Suche loue maie the sowle amende,
The highe god suche loue vs sende
Forthwith the remenaunt of grace,
So that aboue in thilke place,
Where resteth loue, and all pees,
Our ioye maie be endelees.

AMEN.

THUS ENDETH DE CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN SKELTON.

Salve plus decies quot sunt momenta dierum,
Quot generum species, quot res quot nomina rerum,
Quot prati flores, quot sunt in orbe colores,
Quot pisces, quot aves, quot sunt in equore naues,
Quot volucrum pennæ, quot sunt tormenta Gehennæ,
Quot Cœli stellæ, quot sunt in orbe puellæ,
Quot sancti Romæ, quot sunt miracula Thomæ,
Quot sunt virtutes, tot vobis mitto salutes.

THE

LIFE OF JOHN SKELTON.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS eccentric satyrist, descended from an ancient family in Cumberland, was born towards the latter part of the fifteenth century, and appears to have studied in both universities. Wood claims him for Oxford, although without conceiving that he was a very honourable addition to his list of worthies. The late Mr. Cole, in his collections for the Athenæ Cantabrigienses, is of opinion that he belongs to Cambridge, partly because he alludes to his being curate of Trompington in 1507, and mentions Swaffam and Soham, two towns in Cambridgeshire, and partly because there occurs the name of one *Schelton*, M. A. of Cambridge in the year 1484[1]. On the other hand, Wood reckons him of Oxford, from the authority of Bale in a MS. in the Bodleian library: and in the preface of Caxton's Translation of the Æneids he is said to have been "lately created poet laureate in the unyversite of Oxenforde," and to have been the translator of some of the Latin classics.

This laureatship, however, it must be observed, was not the office now known as pertaining to the court, but was a degree conferred at the university. Churchyard, in the poem prefaced to Skelton's works, says

> Skelton wore the lawrell wreath,
> And past in schools ye knoe.

This honour appears to have been conferred on him about the year 1489, and if our author was the Schelton discovered by Mr. Cole, he had now left Cambridge for Oxford; but Mr. Malone says that, a few years after this, he was permitted to wear the laurel publicly at Cambridge, and had been previously honoured by Henry VII. with a grant to wear either some peculiar dress, or some additional ornament in his ordinary apparel. In addition to this, it may be inferred from the titles of some of his works that he was poet laureate to king Henry VIII.; but Mr. Malone has not been able to

[1] See the editor's preface to the edition of 1736. C.

discover whether he received any salary in consequence of this office[a]. The origin of the royal laureat is somewhat obscure. According to Mr. Warton he was only a graduated rhetorician employed in the service of the king, and all his productions were in Latin, until the time of the Reformation, which, among other advantages, opened the way to the cultivation of the English tongue.

In the page where Skelton mentions his being curate of Trompington, he informs us that he was at the same time (1507) rector of Diss in Norfolk, and probably had held this living long before. Tradition informs us that his frequent buffooneries in the pulpit excited general censure. Of what nature those buffooneries were we cannot now determine, but it is certain that at a much later period the pulpit was frequently debased by irreverent allusions and personal scurrilities. There appear to have been three subjects at which Skelton delighted to aim his satire; these were the mendicant friars, Lilly the grammarian, and cardinal Wolsey. From what we find in his works, his treatment of these subjects was coarse enough in style, and perhaps illiberal in sentiment, and there is some reason to think that he did not preserve a due reverence for the forms and pomp of the established religion, which above all other faults would naturally tend to bring him into disgrace and danger. Those who felt his satire would be glad to excite a clamour against his impiety; and it must be allowed that the vices of his age are frequently represented in such indelicate language, as to furnish his enemies with the very plausible reproach, that he was not one of those reformers who begin with themselves.

But although we can now have very little sympathy with the injured feelings of the begging friars, it is not improbable that some of his poems or ballads might very justly rouse the vigilance of his diocesan, the bishop of Norwich, who, Mr. Warton thinks, suspended him from his functions. Anthony Wood asserts that he was punished by the bishop for "having been guilty of *certain crimes* as *most poets* are." According to Fuller, the "crime of *most poets*" in Skelton's case was his keeping of a concubine, which yet was at that time a less crime in a clergyman than marriage. Skelton, on his death-bed, declared that he conscientiously considered his concubine as his wife, but was afraid to own her in that light; and from this confession and the occasional liberties he has taken with his pen in lashing the vices of the clergy, it is not improbable that he had imbibed some of the principles of the Reformation, but had not the courage to avow them unless under the mask of such satire as might pass without judicial censure.

With respect, however, to Wolsey, his prudence appears to have deserted him, as he felt bold enough to stigmatize the personal character of that statesman, then in the plenitude of his power. Whether such attacks were made in any small poems or ballads, or only in his poem of Why come ye not to Court? is not certain; but the latter does not appear to have been printed until 1555, and was too long to have been easily circulated in manuscript. Wolsey, however, by some means or other, discovered the abuse and the author, and ordered him to be apprehended. Skelton took refuge in the sanctuary of Westminster abbey, where the abbot Islip afforded him protection until his death, which took place June 21, 1529, not long before the downfall of his illustrious prosecutor. He was interred in St. Margaret's church-yard, with the inscription

I. Sceltonus Vates Pierius hic situs est.

[a] Malone's Life of Dryden, vol. i. p. 83. where the reader will find a very useful appendix to Mr. Warton's discoveries on the nature of the office of laureat. C.

Skelton appears to have been a more considerable personage, at one time at least, than his contemporaries would have us to believe. It is certain that he was esteemed a scholar, and that his classical learning recommended him to the office of tutor to prince Henry, afterwards king Henry VIII. who, at his accession, made him royal orator, an office so called by himself, the nature of which is doubtful, unless it was blended with that of laureat. As to his general reputation, Erasmus in a letter to Henry VIII. styles him Britannicarum literarum decus et lumen, a character which must have either been inferred from common opinion, or derived from personal knowledge. Whatever provocation he gave to the clergy, he was not without patrons who overlooked his errours and extravagancies for the sake of his genius; and during the reign of Henry VII. he had the enviable distinction of being almost the only professed poet of the age. Henry Algernon Percy, fifth earl of Northumberland, one of the very few patrons of learned men and artists at that time, appears to have entertained a high regard for our author. In a collection of poems magnificently engrossed on vellum for the use of this nobleman, is an elegy on the death of the earl's father written by Skelton. This volume is now in the British Museum; but the elegy may be seen in Skelton's works, and in Dr. Percy's Relics.

When a favourite author betrays grossness and indecency, it is usual to inquire how much of this is his own, and how much may be referred to the licentiousness of his age? Warton observes that it is in vain to apologize for the coarseness, obscenity, and scurrility of Skelton, by saying that his poetry is tinctured with the manners of his age, and adds that Skelton would have been a writer without decorum at any period. This decision, however, is not more justly passed on Skelton than it ought to be on others in this collection whom it has been the fashion to vindicate by an appeal to the manners of their age. The manners of no age can apologize for the licentiousness of the writer who descends to copy them. There are always enough in an age that has a court, a clergy, and a people, to support the dignity of virtue and to assert the respect due to public decency. If we knew more minutely of the manners of our country in those remote periods, it would probably be found that licentiousness has upon the whole been more discouraged than patronised by the public voice.

Although it is impossible to lessen the censure which Skelton incurred among his contemporaries, and immediate successors, it is but fair to say that his indelicacies are of no very seductive kind; that they are obscured by cant words and phrases no longer intelligible, or intelligible but to few; and that the removal of them is a matter of less trouble and less injury to the collection than his biographers, who have copied one another, would insinuate. As to his poetry, Mr. Warton's character may in general be followed with safety, and ought to be preserved with the respect due to so excellent a critic.

"Skelton's characteristic vein of humour is capricious and grotesque. If his whimsical extravagancies ever move our laughter, at the same time they shock our sensibility. His festive levities are not only vulgar and indelicate, but frequently want truth and propriety. His subjects are often as ridiculous as his metre: but he sometimes debases his matter by his versification. On the whole, his genius seems better suited to low burlesque, than to liberal and manly satire. It is supposed by Caxton, that he improved our language; but he sometimes affects obscurity, and sometimes adopts the most familiar phraseology of the common people[4]." After quoting some lines from

[4] Warton's Hist. of Poetry, vol. ii. p. 342. C.

the Boke of Colin Cloute, Mr. Warton remarks that these are in the best manner of his petty measure, which is made still more disgusting by the repetition of the rhymes; but allows that in the poem called The Bouge of Court, or the Rewards of a Court, the author, by "adopting the more grave and stately movement of the seven-lined stanza, has shown himself not always incapable of exhibiting allegorical imagery with spirit and dignity."

Skelton, however, is very unequal, although his natural bias, and what he seems most anxious to revert to, is comic buffoonery. That the author of the Prayers to the Trinity, and the lines on the death of lord Percie, could have written the Tunning of Elinour Rumming, is almost incredible. His multiplied repetition of rhymes, arbitrary abbreviations of the verse, cant expressions, hard and sounding words newly coined, and patches of Latin and French, Warton supposes to be peculiar, though not exclusively to our author; but his new-coined words and Latin and French phrases occur so often, that other critics appear to have been too hasty in asserting that he wrote only for the mob. There is occasionally much sound sense, and, it is to be feared, much just satire on the conduct of the clergy, which we know was such as to justify the plunder of the church by Henry VIII. in the eyes of the people at large. As a poet, however, Skelton contributed very little to the improvement of the poetical style, and seems often more disposed to render versification ridiculous. His vein of humour is copious and original, and had it been directed to subjects of legitimate satire, and regulated by some degree of taste, he might have been thought more worthy of a place in a collection of English poets, and more credit would have been given to what he insinuates, that he was disliked and reviled for having honestly, though bluntly, exposed the reigning follies of his day. Mrs. Cooper calls him, with some degree of truth, "the restorer of invention in English poetry;" and by Bradshaw, a very indifferent poet of the fifteenth century, he is complimented as the *inventive* Skelton.

His works have hitherto been ushered into the world without much care. It yet remains to explains his obscurities, translate his vulgarisms, and point his verses. The task would require much time and labour, with perhaps no very inviting prospect of recompense. Besides the works now before the reader, Mr. Ritson[5] has given a list of pieces, the most of which are easily accessible, and might have been added to the present collection had they appeared to throw any important light on the character of the author, or of his age. But Mr. Ritson thinks it utterly incredible that "the Nigramansir," described by Warton, as printed by Wynken de Worde, in 1504, ever existed.

5 In his Bibliographia Poetica, p. 102. C.

THE

EDITOR'S PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF 1736.

THE following poems having been lately recovered from the obscurity in which they had the fate to be concealed for many years, the editor, instead of introducing them to the public, with a panegyric on their author, thinks it a more modest proceeding, to leave the judgment of his merit, as a poet, to those who have this opportunity of reading his productions; but as some account of his life may possibly be expected on this occasion, it was thought proper to collect the following particulars, on that subject, from the Athenæ Oxonienses of Mr. Wood, who relates them in this manner.

John Skelton, the eminent poet of his time, was originally, if not nearly, descended from the Skeltons of Cumberland; and having been educated at the university of Oxford, became highly renowned among men, for his poetry and philosophy. Afterwards, taking holy orders, he was made rector of Dysse in Norfolk, where, and in the diocess, he was esteemed more fit for the stage, than the pew or pulpit. The reader is now to know, that one John Skelton was made vicar of Dultyng in the diocess of Bath and Wells, anno 1512, upon the promotion of Hugh Ynge to the see of Meath in Ireland; where having continued some years without a degree (as some chancellors, archdeacons, nay priors, abbats, and deans, have so done in their respective times and places) did retire to Oxon, study there with leave from his diocesan, and in July 1518, (10. Hen. VIII.) was admitted to the extraordinary reading of any book of the decretals, that is to the degree of bachelor of decrees, which some call the canon law. The next year I find him to be made rector of Westquamtoked, in the said diocess, by the name and title of John Skelton bachelor of decrees, and, in 1525, rector of Clotwortley there. But this John Skelton I cannot take to be the same with him that was the poet, and rector of Dysse; who having been guilty of certain crimes (as most poets are) at least not agreeable to the coat, fell under the heavy censure of Richard Nykke, bishop of Norwich, his diocesan; especially for his scoffs and ill language against the monks and dominicans, in his writings. In which also, reflecting on the actions of cardinal Wolsey, he was so closely pursued by his officers, that he was obliged to take sanctuary at Westminster, where he was kindly entertained by John Islip the abbat, and continued there to the time of his death. Erasmus, in an epistle to king Henry VIII. stiles this poet, Britannicarum Literarum Lumen et Decus, and of the like opinion were many of his time. Yet the generality saw, that his witty discourses were biting, his laughter opprobrious and scornful, and his jokes commonly sharp and reflecting.

At length, our poet dying in his sanctuary, was buried in the chancel of the church of St. Margaret, within the city of Westminster in 1529, 21 Henry VIII. Over his grave was this inscription soon after put. Johannes Skeltonus Vates pierius hic situs est. Animam egit (ejicit) 21 Junii An. Dom.

MDXXIX. Near to his body was afterwards buried an old court poet, called Thomas Churchyard, and not in the church porch, as certain old rhymes tell you, beginning thus:

Come Alecto, and lend me thy torch,
To find a Churchyard in a church-porch.

I find another John Skelton, who lived in the time of king Henry IV. but he was a doctor of divinity and a dominican, and therefore I conceive it the reason why Baleus stileth this poet doctor of divinity, which no other author, beside himself, doth. Another John Skelton I find, who was confirmed abbat of Whitby in Yorkshire, (upon the death of Thomas Rolton) by the archbishop of York, 6 Nov. 1413.

INTRODUCTORY VERSES.

If slouth and tract of time,
(That wears eche thing away)
Should rust and canker worthy artes,
Good works would soen decay,
If suche as present are,
For goeth the people past:
Our selus should soen in silence slepe,
And loes renom at last.
No soyll nor land so rude,
But som odd men can shoe:
Than should the learned pas unknowne,
Whoes pen and skill did floe.
God sheeld our slouth wear sutch,
Or world so simple nowe:
That knowledge scaept without reward,
Who sercheth vertue throwe
And paints forth vyce aright,
And blames abues of men:
And shoes what lief desarues rebuke,
And who the prayes of pen.
You see howe forrayn realms,
Aduance their poets all:
And ours are drowned in the dust,
Or flong against the wall.
In Fraunce did Marrot raigne,
And neighbour thear vnto
Was Petrark, marching full with Dantte:
Who erst did wonders do
Among the noble Grekes,
Was Homere full of skill:
And where that Ouid norisht was,
The soyll did florish still
With letters hie of style:
But Virgill wan the fraes,
And past them all for deep engyen,
And made them all to gaes
Upon the bookes he made:
Thus eche of them you see
Wan prayse and fame and honor had,
Eche one in their degree.
I pray you then my friendes,
Disdaine not for to vewe
The workes and sugred verses fine,
Of our raer poetes newe
Whoes barborus language rued,
Perhaps ye may mislike,
But blame them not that ruedly playes
If they the ball do strike.
Nor skorne not mother tunge,
O babes of Englishe breed,
I haue of other language seen,
And you at full may reed,
Fine verses trimly wrought,
And coutcht in comly sort,
But neuer I nor you I troe,
In sentence plaine and short,
Did yet beholde with eye,
In any forraine tonge,
A higher verse a staetly style,
That may be read or song,
Than is this daye in deede
Our Englishe verse and ryme:
The grace wherof doth touch the gods,
And reatch the cloudes somtime.
Thorow earth and waters deepe,
The pen by skill doth passe:
And featly nyps the worldes abuse,
And shoes vs in a glasse,
The vertu and the vice,
Of evry wyght alyue:
The hony combe that bee doth make,
Is not so sweete in hyue,
As are the golden leues,
That drops from poets head:
Which doth surmount our common talke
As farre as dros doth lead.
The flowre is sifted cleane,
The bran is cast aside.
And so good corne is knowen from chaffe,
And each fine graine is spide.
Peers plowman was full plaine.
And Chausers spreet was great:
Earle Surry had a goodly vayne,
Lord Vaus the marke did beat.
And Phaer did hit the pricke,
In thinges he did translate:
And Edwards had a special gift,
And diuers men of late,
Hath helpt our Englishe toung,
The first was baes and brute
Ohe shall I leaue out Skeltons name,
The blossome of my frute,
The tree wheron in deed,
My branchis all might groe,
Nay Skelton wore the lawrell wreath,
And past in schoels ye knoe,
A poet for his arte,
Whoes iudgment suer was hie,
And had great practies of the pen,
His works they will not lie.
His terms to taunts did lean,
His talke was as he wraet:
Full quick of witte, right sharp of words,
And skilful of the staet.
Of reason riep and good,
And to the haetfull mynd,
That did disdain his doings still,
A skornar of his kynd.
Most pleasant euery way,
As poets ought to be:
And seldom out of princis grace,
And great with eche degre.
Thus haue you heard at full,
What Skelton was in deed:
A further knowledge shall you haue,
If you his bookes do reed.
I haue of meer good will,
Theas verses written heer:
To honour vertue as I ought,
And make his fame apeer,
That whan the garland gay,
Of lawrel leaues but laet,
Small is my pain, great is his prayes,
That thus sutch honour gaet.

Finisque Churchyarde.

POEMS

OF

JOHN SKELTON.

SKELTON LAUREATE

ORATORIS REGIS TERTIUS.

AGAINST VENEMOUS TONGUES EMPOYSONED WITH *SCLAUNDER AND FALSE DETRACTIONS, &c.*

Quid detur tibi aut quid apponatur tibi ad linguam dolosam? Psalm C. xlij.

Deus destruet te, in finem evellet te, & emigrabit te de tabernaculo tuo. & radicem tuam de terra viventium. Psal. lxvii.

AL maters wel pondred, and wel to be regarded
How shuld a fals lying tung then be rewarded
Such tunges shuld be torne out by the harde rootes
Hoyning like hogges that groynis and wrotes.

Dilexisti omnia verba precipitationis lingua dolosa. vbi. s. &c.

For as I haue rede in volumes olde
A fals lying tunge is hardè to withholde.
A sclaunderous tungé, a tunge of a skolde
Worketh moré mischiefe than can be tolde.
That if I wist not to be controlde
Yet somwhat to say I dáre well be bolde
How some delite for to lye, thycke and threfolde.

Ad sannam hominem redegit comite et graphicé.

For ye said, that he said, that I said, wote ye what
I made (he said) a windmill of an olde mat.
If there be none other mater but that,
Than ye may commaundé me to gentil Cok wat.

Hic notat (purpurariá arte) intextas literas Romanas in amictibus post ambulonum ante et retro.

For before on your brest, and behind on your back,
In Romaine letters I neuer founde lack.
In your crosse rowé, nor Chfist crosse you spede,
Your Pater noster, your Aue, nor your Crede.
Who soeuer that tale vnto you tolde,
He saith vntruly, to say, that I would
Controlle the cognisaunce of noble men:
Either by language, or with my pen.

Pedagogium meum dé sublimiori Minerua constat esse. ergo. &c.

My scole is more solem, and somwhat more haute
Than to be founde in any such faute.

Pedagogium meum male sanos maledicos (sibulis conplosisque mantibus) explodit. &c.

My scoles are not for vnthriftes vntaught,
For frantick faitours half mad, and half straught
But my learning is of an other degree,
To taunt theim like liddrous, lewde as thei bee.

Laxent ergo antemnam elationis sue inflatam vento vanitatis. li. ille. &c.

For though some be lidder, and list for to rayle,
Yet to lie vpon me they can not preuayle.
Then let them vale a bonet of their proud sayle.
And of their taunting toies rest with il hayle.

Nobilitati ignobilis cedat vilitas. &c.

There is no noble man wil iudge in me,
Any such foly to rest or to be.
I caré muche the lesse what euer they say,
For tunges vntayde be renning a stray.
But yet I may say safely, so many wel lettred
Embraudred, enlasid together, and fettred.
And so little learning, so lewdly alowed:
What fault find ye herein but may be auowed?
But ye are so full of vertibilite,
And of frenetyke folabilite.
And of melancoly mutabilite.

That ye would coarte, and enforce me.
Nothing to write, but hay the gy of thre.
And I to suffre you lewdly to ly,
Of me, with your language full of vilany.

Sicut nouocla acuta fecisti dolum, vbi. s.

Malicious tunges, though they haue no bones,
Are sharper then swordes, sturdier then stones.

Lege philostratum de vita tyanei Apollonij.

Sharper then raysors. that shaue and cut throtes.
More stinging then scorpions that stang Pharaotis

Venenum aspidum sub labiis eorum. Ps.

More venemous and much more virulent,
Then any poysoned tode, or any serpent.

Quid peregrinis egemus exemplis, ad domestica recurramus. &c. li. ille.

Such tunges unhappy hath made great diuision.
In realmes, in cities, by suche fals abusion.
Of fals fickil tunges, suche cloked collusion.
Hath brought nobil princes to extreme confusion.

Quicquid loquantur vt effeminantur ita effantur. &c.

Somtime women were put in great blame,
Men said they could not their tunges atame.
But men take upon theim nowe all the shame.
With skolding and sklaundering make their tungs lame.

Novarum rerum cupidissimi. captatores. delatores. adulatores. inuigilatores, deliratores, &c. id genus li. ille.

For men be now tratlers and tellers of tales,
What tidings at Totman, what newis in Wales?
What shippis are sailing to Scalis malis
And all is not worth a couple of nut shalis
But lering and lurking here and there like spies.
The devil tere their tunges and pike out their ies.
Then ren they with lesinges, and blow them about.
With he wrate such a bil withouten dout.
With, I can tel you what such a man said,
And you knew all, ye would be ill apayd.

De more vulpino gannientes ad aurem, fictas fabellas fabricant. li. ille.

In auspicatum. male ominatum. infortunatum se fateatur habuisse horoscopum quicunque maledixerit vati Pierio. S. L. &c.

But if that I knewe what his name hight,
For clatering of me, I would him sone quight.
For his false lying, of that I spake neuer,
I could make him shortly repent him for euer.
Although he made it neuer so tough,
He might be sure to haue shame ynough.

Cerberus horrendo baratri latrando, sub antro. Te rodatque voret lingua dolosa (precor.)

A fals double tunge is more fiers and fell,
Then Cerberus that cur couching in the kenel of hel
Wherof hereafter, I thinke for to write,
Of fals double tunges in the dispite.

Recipit se scripturum opus sancte, laudabile, acceptabile, memorabileque, & nimis honorificandum.

Disperdat dominus vniuersa labia dolosa & linguam magniloquam.

Why were ye Calliope,
embrawdred with letters of golde?

SKELTON LAUREATE ORATO. REG. MARETH THIS AUNSWERE. &c.

CALLIOPE
As ye may se
Regent is she
Of poetes al
Whiche gaue to me
The high degre
Laureat to be.
Of fame royall
Whose name enrolde
With silk and golde
I dare be bolde
Thus for to were
Of her I holde
And her housholde
Though I waxe olde
And somdele sere
Yet is she fayne
Voyde of disdayn
Me to retayne
Her seruiture.
With her certayne
I wyll remayne
As my souerayne
Most of pleasure.

Maulgre touz malheureux.

LATINUM CARMEN SEQUITUR.

Cur tibi contexta est aurea Calliope?

RESPONSIO EJUSDEM VATIS.

CANDIDA Calliope vatum regina, coronans
Pierios lauro, radiante intexta sub auro,
Hanc ego Pierius, tanto dignabor honore
Dum mihi vita manet, dum spiritus hos regit artus
Quamquam conficior senio marcescoque sensim
Ipse tamen gestare sua hæc pia pignora certo,
Assensuque suo placidis parebo camenis
Inclita Calliope & semper mea maxima cura est.

Hæc Pierius omni Spartane liberior.

CALLIOPE.

Musarum excellentissima,
speciosissima, formosissima,
Heroicis preest versibus.

FINIS.

ARRECTYNGE my syght towarde the zodiake
The signes xij. for to beholde a farre
Whan Mars retrograunt reuersed his backe
Lorde of the yere in his orbicular
Put up his sworde, for he coude make no warre
And whan Lucina plenary dyd shyne
Scorpion ascendynge degrees twyse nyne.

In place alone, than musynge in my thought
How all thing passeth, as doth the somer flowre
On euery halfe my reasons forthe I sought
Howe often fortune varyeth in an howre
Now clere wether, forth with a stormy showre

All thyng compassed, no perpetuyte,
But nowe in welthe, nowe in aduersyte.

So depely drowned I was in this dumpe
Encraumpyshed so sore was my conceyte
That me to rest, I lent me to a stumpe
Of an oke, that somtyme grewe full streyghte
A myghty tre and of a noble heyght
Whose beaute blasted was with the boysturs winde
His leaues loste, the sappe was from the rynde.

Thus stode I in the frytthy forest of Galtres
Ensowked with sylt of the myry mose
Where hartes belluyng embosed with distres
Ran on the raunge so longe, that I suppose
Fewe men can tell where the hynde calfe gose.
Faire fal the forster that so wel can bate his hounde
But of my purpose now turne we to the grounde.

Whylis I stode musynge. in this meditacion
In slumbrynge I fell, and halfe in a slepe
And whether it were of ymaginacion
Or of humors superflue, that often will crepe
In to the brayne by drynkyng ouer depe
Or it proceded of fatall perswasion
I can nat tell you what was the occasion.

But sodaynly at ones as I me aduysed
(As one in a trans or in an extasy)
I sawe a pauylion wondersly disguised
Garnysshed freshe after my fantasy
Enhachyde with perle and stones preciously
The grounde engrosed and bet with bourne gold
That passynge goodly it was to be holde

Within that a princes excellente of porte
But to recounte her riche abilyment
And what estates to her dyd resorte
Therto am I full insuffycient
A goddesse immortall she dyd represent
As I harde saye dame Pallas was her name
To whom supplyed the royall quene of fame.

THE QUENE OF FAME TO DAME PALLAS.

PRINCES most pusant of hygh preeminence
Renowned lady aboue the sterry benyn
All other transcendynge of very congruence
Madame regent of the sciences seuyn
To whose astate all noblenesse most lenen
My suppitcacion to you I arrecte
Wherof I beseche you to tendre the effecte.

Nat unremembred it is unto your grace
Howe ye gaue me a ryall commaundement
That in my courte Skelton shulde have a place
Bycause that he his tyme studiously hath spent
In your seruice: and to the accomplysshement
Of your request, regestred is his name
With laureate triumphe in the courte of Fame

But good madame the accustome and vsage
Of auncient poetes ye wote full wele hath bene
Them selfs to embusy with all their whole corage
So that theyr workes myght famously be sene
In figure wherof they were the laurell grene
But howe it is, Skelton is wunder slacke
And as we dare we fynde in him a lacke.

For ne were onely he hath your promocion
Out of my bokes full soone I shulde hym rase
But sithe he hath tasted of the sugred pocion
Of Heliconis well: refreshed with your grace
And wyll nat endeuour hymselfe to purchace
The fauour of ladys with wordes electe
It is syttynge that ye must hym correcte.

DAME PALLAS TO THE QUENE OF FAME.

THE sum of your purpose as we are aduysed
Is that our seruaunt is somewhat to dull
Wherein this answere for hym we haue comprised
Howe ryuers ren nat till the sprynge be full
Better a dumme mouthe than a brayneles scull
For if he gloriously publysshe his matter
Than men will saye howe he doth but flatter.

And if so him fortune to write true and plaine
As somtyme he must vices remorde
Than some wyll say he hath but lytell brayne
And how his wordes with reasou will nat accorde
Beware, for wrytying remayneth of recorde
Displease nat an hundred for one mannes pleasure
Who wryteth wysely hath a great treasure.

Also to furnysshe better his excuse
Ouide was banysshed for such a skyll,
And many mo, whom I coude enduce.
Juuenal was thret parde for to kyll
For certayne inuectiues: Yet wrote he none yll
Sauynge he rubbed some vpon the gall,
It was not for hym to abyde the triall.

In general wordes I say nat greatly nay
A poet somtyme may for his pleasure taunt
Spekyng in parables. howe the fox, the grey,
The gander, the goose, and the huge oliphant
Went with the pecocke agaynst the f saunt
The lesarde came leaping and sayd that he must
With helpe of the ram lay all in the dust.

Yet dynerse there be industriouse of reason
Som what wolde gadder in their coniecture
Of suche an endarked chaptre some season
Howe be it, it were harde to construe this lecture
Sophisticated craftely is many a confecture
An other mannes mynde diffuse is to expounde
Yet harde is to make but some faute be founde.

THE QUENE OF FAME TO DAME PALLAS.

MADAME with fauor of your benigne suffraunce
Unto your grace than make I this motiue
Wherto make ye me hym to anaunce
Unto the rowme of laureat promotyue?
Or wherto shulde he haue the prerogatiue
But yf he had made some memoriall
Wherby he myght have a name immortall?

To passe the tyme in sloughtfull ydelnesse
Of your royall palais it is nat the gyse
But to do somwhat eche man doth hym dresse
For howe shulde Cato els be called wyse
But that his bokes, which he dyd deuyse
Recorde the same? Or why is had in mynde
Plato, but for that he lefte wrytynge behynde

For men to loke on? Aristotille also
Of philosophers called the principall,
Olde Diogines, with other many mo
Demosthenes that oratour royall
That gaue Eschines suche a cordiall
That banisshed was he through his proposicion
Agaynst whom he coude make no contradiction.

DAME PALLAS TO THE QUENE OF FAME.

SOFT my good syster, and make these a pauses
And was Eschines rebuked as ye say?
Remembre you well, poynt well that clause
Wherfore than rased ye nat away
His name? Or why is it I you praye,
That he to your court is goynge and commyng
Sith he is thus blamed for defaute of counnyng?

THE QUENE OF FAME TO DAME PALLAS.

MADAME your apposelle is well inferred
And at your auauntage quickely it is
Touched: and harde for to be barred
Yet shall I answere your grace as in this
With your reformacion if I say amis
For but if your bounte dyd me assure
Myne argument els could nat longe endure

As touchyng that Eschines is remembred
That he so shulde be, me semeth it fyttynge
All be it great parte he hath surrendred
Of his honour, whose dissuasyue in wryttynge
To corage Demosthenes was moche excitynge
In settynge out freshely his crafty persuasion
From whiche Eschines had none euasion

The cause why Demosthenes so famously is
Onely proceded, for that he did outray [bruted
Eschines: whiche was nat shamefully confuted
But of that famous oratour I say
Whiche passed all other: wherfore I may
Amonge my recordes suffre him named.
For though he wer vanquished yet was he nat shamed

As Hierome in his preamble frater Ambrosius
From that I haue sayd in no poynt doth vary
Wherin he reporteth of the coragious
Wordes. that were moche consolatory
By Eschines rehersed, to the great glory
Of Demosthenes, that was his utter fo
Fewe shall ye fynde or none that will do so.

DAME PALLAS TO THE QUENE OF FAME.

A THANKE to haue ye haue well deserued,
Your mynde ye can maynteyne so apparently
But a great parte yet ye haue reserved
Of that must folow than consequently
Or els ye demeane you inordinately
For if ye laude hym, whom honour hath opprest
Than he that dothe worst is as good as the best.

But whom that ye favour, I se well hath a name
Be he neuer so lytell of substaunce
And whom ye loue nat, ye wyll put to shame
Ye counterwey nat euynly your balaunce
As well foly as wysdome oft ye do auaunce
For reporte ryseth many dyuers wayes
Some be moche spoken of for makyng of frayes

Some haue a name for theste and bribery
Some be called crafty, that can pyke a purse
Some men be made of for their mockery
Som careful cokolds, some haue their wiues curse
Som famous witwoldes, and they be moche wurse
Som lidderons, som losels, som naughty packes
Som facers, som bracers, som make gret cracks.

Some dronken dastards with their drye soules.
Some sluggysshe slouens that slepe day and night
Ryot and Reuell be in your courte roules
Maintenaunce and Mischefe these be men of myght
Extorcion is counted with you for a knyght
These people by me haue none assignement
Yet they ryde and renne from Carlill to Kent.

But lytell or nothynge ye shall here tell
Of them that haue vertue by reason of counnyng
Whiche soueraynely in honoure shulde excell
Men of suche matters make but mummynge
For wysdome and sadnesse be set out a sunnyng
And suche of my seruauntes as I haue promoted
One faute or other in them shalbe noted

Eyther they wyll say he is to wyse
Or elles he can nought but whan he is at scole
Proue his wytte sayth he at cardes or dyce
And ye shall well fynde be is a very fole
Twyshe, set hym a chayer or reche him a stole
To syt hym upon, and rede Jacke a thrummis bibil
For truly it were pite that he sat idyll.

THE QUENE OF FAME TO DAME PALLAS.

To make repugnance againe that ye haue said
Of very dutie it may nat well accorde
But your benign suffrance for my discharge I laid
For that I wolde nat with you fall at discorde
But yet I beseche your grace that good recorde
May be brought forth suche as can be founde
With laureat triumphe why Skelton shulde be crounde.

For elles it were to great a derogacion
Unto your palais our noble courte of Fame
That any man vnder supportacion
Without deseruing shulde haue the best game
If he to the ample encreace of his name
Can lay any warkes that he hath compiled
I am content that he be nat exiled

From the laureat senate: by force of proscripcion
Or elles ye knowe well I can do no lesse
But I must bannysshe him from my iurisdiction
As he that aqueynteth hym with idelnesse
But if that he purpose to make a redresse
What he hath done let it be brought to syght
Graunt my peticion, I aske you but ryght.

DAME PALLAS TO THE QUENE OF FAME.

To your request we be well condiscended
Call forth, let se where is your clarionar
To blowe a blaste with his longe breth extended
Bolus your trumpet that knowen is so farre
That bararag bloweth in euery marciall warre
Let hym blowe nowe, that we may take a vewe
What poetes we haue at our retynewe.

To se if Skelton wyll put hym selfe in prease
Among the thickest of all the hole route
Make noise ynoughe, for claterars loue no peace
Let se my syster, nowe spede you, go aboute
Anone I say this trumpet were founde out
And for no man hardely let hym spare
To blowe bararag, tyll both his eien stare.

SKELTON POETA.

FORTHE with there rose among the throng
A wonderfull noyse, and on euery syde
They presed in fast, some thought thei were to long

Some were to hasty, and wolde no man byde
Som whispred, som rowned, som spake, and som cride
With heuyng and shouyng, haue in and haue out
Some ran the next waye, some ran about.

There was suynge to the quene of Fame
He plucked him backe, and he went afore.
Nay hold thy tunge quoth an other let me haue the name
Make rowme said an other ye prese all to sore
Som sayd, holde thy peas you gettest here no more
A thousande thousande I sawe on a plumpe
With that I harde the noyse of a trumpe

That longe tyme blew a full tymorous blaste
Like to the Boriall wyndes, whan they blowe
That towres, and townes, and trees downe cast
Droue clowdes together like dryftes of snowe
The dredeful dinne droue all the route on a row
Som trembled, som gyned, som gasped, some gased
As people halfe peuissh or men that were mased

Anone all was whyshte, as it were for the nones
And eche man stode gasyng and staryng upon other
With that there come in wonderly at ones
A murmur of minstrels, that suche an other
Had I neuer sene, some softer some lowder
Orpheus the Thracian harped melodiously
WithAmphion, and other musis of Archady

Whose heuenly armony was so passing sure
So truly proporcioned, and so well dyd gree
So duly entuned with euery measure
That in the forest was none so great a tre
But that he daunced for ioye of that gle
The huge myghty okes them selfe did auaunce
And lepe from the hilles to lerne for to daunce

In so muche the stumpe wherto I me lente
Sterte all at ones an hundred fote backe
With that I sprange up towarde the tent
Of noble dame Pallas, wherof I spake
Where I sawe came after I wote full litel lacke
Of a thousande poetes assembled to gether
But Phebus was formest of al that came theder

Of laurell leaues a cronell on his heed
With heares encrisped yolowe as the golde
Lamentynge Daphnes, whom with the darte of leed
Cupide hath stryken so that she ne wolde
Concente to Phebus to haue his harte in holde
But for to preserue her maydenheed clene
Transformed was she into the laurell grene.

Medled with murning the most part of his muse
O thou gatfull harte, was euer more his songe
Daphnes my derlynge why do you me refuse?
Yet loke on me, that loued you haue so longe
Yet haue compassion vpon my paynes stronge
He sange also, howe the tre as he did take
Betwene his armes he felte her body quake

Than he assurded into this exclamacion
Unto Diana the goddes immortall
O merciles madame harde is your constellacion
So close to kepe your cloyster virginall
Enharded adyamant the sement of your wall
Alas what ayle you to be so ouerthwart
To banysshe pite out of a maydens harte?

Why haue the goddes shewed me this crueltie
Sith I contryued first principles medycinable
I helpe all other of their infirmyte
But nowe to helpe my selfe I am not able
That profitteth all other is nothinge profitable
Unto me, alas that herbe nor gresse
The feruent axes of loue can not represse.

O fatall fortune what haue I offended?
Odious disdayne why raist you me on this facyon?
But sith I haue lost nowe that I entended
And may nat atteyne it by no mediacion
Yet in remembraunce of Daphnes transformacon
All famous poets ensuynge after me
Shall weare a garlande of the laurell tre

This said, a great nombre folowed by and by
Of poetes laureat of many diuerse nacions
Parte of their names I thynke to specifie
First olde Quintilian with his Declamations
Theocritus with his bucolicall relacions
Hesiodus the Iconomucar,
And Homerus the fresshe historiar.

Prince of eloquence Tullius Cicero,
With Salust agaynst Lucius Catiline
That wrote the history of Jugurtha also,
Ouide enshryned with the Musis nyne,
But blessed Bacchus the pleasant god of wyne
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy flotes
These orators and poetes refresshed their throtes.

Lucan with Stacius in Achilliedos
Perseus presed forth with problemes diffuse
Virgill the Mantuan with his eneidos
Juuenall satirray that men makythe to muse
But blessed Bacchus the pleasant god of wyne
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy flotes
These orators and poetes refresshed their throtes

There Titus Liuius hym selfe dyd auaunce
With decadis historious which that he mengleth
With waters the amount the Romayns in substaunce.
Ennius that wrote of marciall warre at length
But blessed Bacchus potenciall god of strengthe
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes
These orators and poetes refresshed their throtes.

Aulus Gellius that noble historiar,
Orace also with his newe poetry
Maister Terence the famous comicar,
With Plautus that wrote many a comedy
But blessed Bacchus was in their company
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes
These orators and poetes refresshed their throtes.

Senec full sobrely with his tragedies,
Boece recomforted with his philosophie,
And Maximiane with his madde dities,
Howe dotynge age wolde iape with yonge foly
But blessed Bacchus most reuerent and holy
Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy dropes
These orators and poetes refresshed their throtes.

There came John Boccas with his volumes grete
Quintus Cursius full craftely that wrate
Of Alexander: and Macrobius that did treate

Of Scipions dreame what was the true probate
But blessed Bacchus that neuer man forgate
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes
These orators and poetes refresshed their throtes.

Pogius also that famous Florentie
Mustred there among them with many a mad tale
With a frere of Fraunce men call syr Gaguine
That frowned on me full angerly and pale,
But blessed Bacchus, that bote is of all bale
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes
These orators and poetes refresshed their throtes.

Plutarke and Patrarke two famous clarkes
Lucilius and Valerius Maximus by name
With Vincentius in speculo that wrote noble warkes
Propercius and Pisandros poetes of noble fame
But blessed Bachus that mastrise oft doth frame
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes
These notable poetes refresshed their throtes.

And as I thus sadly among them aduysed
I saw Gower, that first garnisshed our englishe rude
And maister Chaucer, that nobly entreprised
How that our englishe myght freshely be ennewed
The monke of Bury than after them ensued
Dane Johnn Lydgate: these englishe poetes thre
As I ymagened repayred unto me.

Together in armes as bretherne enbrased
Their apparell farre passing beyond that I can tell
With diamantes and rubies their taberdes were trased
None so riche stones in Turkey to sell
They wanted nothynge but the Laurell.
And of their bounte they made me goodly chere
In maner and forme as ye shall after here.

MAISTER GOWER TO SKELTON.

BROTHER Skelton your endeuorment
So haue ye done, that meretoriously
Ye haue deserued to haue an enplement
In our collage aboue the sterry skye
Bycause that ye encrease and amplifie
The bruted Britons of Brutus Albion
That welnere was lost whan that we were gone.

POETA SKELTON TO MAISTER GOWER.

MAISTER Gower I haue nothyng deserued
To haue so laudabyle a commendacion
To yow thre this honor shalbe reserued
Arrectinge vnto your wyse examinacion
How all that I do is vnder reformation
For only the substance of that I entend
Is glad to please and loth to offend.

MAISTER CHAUCER LAWREAT POETE TO SKELTON.

COUNTERWAYING your busy diligence
Of that we beganne in the supplement
Enforced are we you to recompence
Of all our holle collage by the agrement
That we shall brynge you personally present
Of noble Fame before the quenes grace
In whose courte poynted is your place.

POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

O NOBLE Chaucer, whose pullished eloquence
Our Englishe rude so freshely hath set out
That bounde are we with all due reuerence
With all our strengthe that we can bryng about
To owe to you our seruice, and more if we mowte
But what shulde I say, ye wote what I entende
Whiche glad am to please, and loth to offende.

MAISTER LYDGATE TO SKELTON.

So am I prevented of my bretherne twayne
In rendrynge to you thankes meretory
That welnere nothynge there doth remayne
Wherwith to gyue you my regraciatory
But that I poynt you to be protonotory
Of Fames courte, by all our holle assent
Auaunced by Pallas to laurell preferment.

POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

So haue ye me far passyng my merites extolled
Maister Lydgate of your accustomable
Bounte, and so gloriously ye haue enrolled
My name. I knowe well beyonde that I am able
That but if my warkes therto be agreable
I am elles rebuked of that I entend
Whiche glad am to please and lothe to offende

So finally, whan they had shewed their deuise
Under the forme as I sayd before
I made it straunge, and drewe backe ones or twise
And euer they presed on me more and more
Tyll at the last they forced me so sore
That with them I went where they wold me bringe
Unto the pavylion, where Pallas was lyttyng

Dame Pallas commanded that they shuld me conuay
Into the riche palace of the quene of Fame,
There shall he here what she to hym will say
Whan he is called to answere to his name,
A crye anone forthwith she made proclame
All orators and poetes shoulde thider go before
With all the prease that there was lesse and more.

Forthwith I say: thus wandring in my thought
Howe it was, or elles within what howres
I cannat tell you, but that I was brought
Into a palace, with turrettes and towres
Engalared goodly with halles and bowres
So curiosly, so craftly, so counnyngly wrought
That all the worlde I trowe and it were sought

Such an other there could no man fynde
Wherof partly I purpose to expounde
Whiles it remayneth fresshe in my mynde
With Turks and grossolites enpaued was the ground
Of birral enbosed were the pyllers round
Of elephantes tethe were the palace gates
Enlosenged with many goodly plates

Of gold; entached with many a precious stone
An hundred steppes mountynge to the halle
One of iasper, an other of whales bone,
Of diamantes poynted, was the rokky wall.
The carpettes within and tappettes of pall
The chambres hanged with clothes of Arace
Enuauted with rubies the vaute was of this

Thus passed we forth. walkyng unto the pretory
Wher the postis wer enbulioned with saphirs indy
Englased glitteryng with many a clere story [blew
Iacinctes and smaragdes out of the florth they
Unto this place all poetes there dyd sue [grew.
Wherin was set of Fame the noble quene
All other transcendyng most richely besene

Under a glorious clothe of estate
Fret all with orient perles of garnate
Encrowned as empresse of all this worldly fate
So ryally, so richely, so passyngly ornate
It was excedynge beyonde commune rate
This house enuiron was a myle about
If xii. were let in. xii. hundred stode without

Than to this lady and souerayne of this palace
Of purseuantes there presed in many with diuers tale
Some were of Poyle, and some were of Thrace
Of Lymerik, of Lorein, of Spaine, of Postugale
From Napuls, from Nauern, and from Rounceuale
Some from Flaunders, some from the see coste
Some from the mainelande, some from the French host.

With how doth the north, what tydinges in the south
The west is wyndy, the eest is metely wele [south
It is harde to tell of euery mannes mouthe
A slypper holde the tayle is of an ele
And he halteth often that hath a kyby hele
Some shewed his safe conduct, some shewed his chart
Some loked ful smothely, and had a fals quart.

With Sir I praye you a litell tyne stande backe
And let me come in to delyuer my letter
An other tolde, howe shyppes went to wracke
There were many wordes smaller and greatter
With I as good as thou, I faith and no better.
Some came to tell treuthe, some came to lye.
Some came to flatter, some came to spye,

There were I saye of all maner of sortes
Of Dertmouth, of Plymouth, of Portesmouth also
The burgeis and the bayliues of the v. portes
With nowe let me come, and nowe let me go
And all tyme wandred I thus, to and fro,
Tyll at the laste these noble poetes thre
Vnto me sayd, lo Syr nowe ye may se,

Of this hyghe courte the dayly busynes
From you must we, but nat longe to tary
Lo hither cometh a goodly maistres
Occupacion, Fames regestary.
Which shal be to you a souerayne accessary
With singular pleasures to dryue away the tyme
And we shall se you agayne or it be pryme.

Whan they wer past, and went forth on their way
This gentilwoman, that called was by name
Occupacion, in ryght goodly araye
Came towarde me, and smyled halfe in game.
I sawe her smyle, and than I dyd the same
With that on me she cast her goodly loke
Vnder her arme me thought she had a boke.

OCCUPATION TO SKELTON.

LYKE as the larke vpon the somers daye
Whan Titan radiant burnisheth his bemes bright
Mounteth on hye, with hir melodius laye

Of the son shyne engladed with the lyght
So am I supprised with pleasure and delyght
To se this houre nowe, that I may saye
Howe ye are welcome to this court of araye

Of your aqueyntaunce I was in tymes paste
Of studious doctrine whan at the port salu
Ye fyrst arryued, whan broken was your maste
Of worldly trust, than dyd I you reskew
Your storme dryuen shyp I repared newe
So well entacled, what wynde so euer blow
No stormy tempest your barge shall ouerthrow

Welcome to me as hertly as herte can thinke,
Welcome to me with all my holle desyre
And for my sake spare neyther pen nor ynke
Be well assured I shall aquyte your hyre.
Your name recountyng beyonde the land of Tire
From Sydony to the mount Olympian
From Babyll towre to the hils Caspian.

SKELTON POETA ANSWERETH.

I THANKED her moche of her most noble offer
Affiaunsynge her myne hole assuraunce
For her pleasure to make a large profer
Empryntyng her wordes in my remembraunce
To owe her my seruice with true perseueraunce
Come on with me she sayd, let vs nat stande
And with that worde she toke me by the hande

So passed we forth into the forsayd place.
With such communicacion as came to our mynde
And than she sayd, whyles we haue time and space
To walke where we lyst, let vs somwhat finde
To passe the time with. but let vs wast no wynd
For ydell janglers haue but lytell brayne
Wordes be swordes and harde to call agayne

Into a felde she brought me wyde and large
Enwalled about with the stony flynt
Strongly enbateld muche costious of charge
To walke on this wal, she bed I should natstint
Go softly she said, the stones be full glynt
She went before and bad me take good holde
I sawe a thousande yates newe and olde

Than questioned I her what these yates ment,
Wherto she answered, and briefly me tolde
Howe from the Est vnto the Occident
And from the South vnto the North so colde,
These yates she said, whiche that ye beholde
Be issues and portes from all maner of nacions
And seriously she shewed me their denominacions.

They had wrytynge some Greke, some Ebrew,
Some Romayne letters as I vnderstode
Some were olde writen, some were writen new,
Some carectis of Caldy, some French was ful good
But one gate specially, where as I stode
Had grauen in it of Calcidony a capitall. A.
What gate call ye this? and she sayd Anglia

The buyldyng therof was passing commendable
Wheron stode a lybbard crowned with gold and stones
Terrible of countinaunce, and passing formidable
As quickly touched as it were fleshe and bones
As gastly that glaris, as grimly that gronis

As fiersly frownyng as he had ben fyghtynge
And with his forme fote, he shoke forth this writing.

Cacosinthicon ex industria.

Formidandu nimis Iouis ultima fulmina tollis
Vnguibus ire parat loca singula liuida curuis
Quam modo per Phebes nummos raptura Celeno;
Arma, lues, luctus, fel, uis fraus barbara tellus
Mille modis erras odium tibi querere martis.
Spreto spineto cedat saliunca roseto.

THAN I me lent and loked ouer the wall
Innumerable people presed to euery gate
Shet were the gates, they might wel knocke and cal
And turne home agayn, for they came al to late
I here demaunded of them and their astate
Forsothe quoth she, these be haskardes and ry-
Dicers, carders, tumblars with gambaudes. [baudes

Fordrers of lone, with baudrie aqueynted
Brayneles blynkardes that blowe at the cole
False forgers of money for coynnage atteynted
Pope holy hypocrites as they were golde and hole,
Poule hatchettes that prate well at euery ale pole
Ryot, reueler, rayler, brybery, thefte,
With other condicions that well might be lefte.

Some fayne themself foles, and wold be called wyse
Some medling spies, by craft to grope thy minde
Some disdaynous daucockes that al men dispise
False flatterers that faune the, and curres of kynd
That speke faire before the, and shrewdly behynde
Hither they come crowding to get them a name
But hayled they be homwarde with sorow and shame

With that I herde gunnes rushe out at ones
Bowns, bowns, bowns, that all they out cryde
It made some limpe legged and broised their bones
Some were made pyuyshe porishly pynke eyde
That euermore after by it they were aspyde
And one ther was there, I wondred of his hap
For a gunstone I say had all to lagged his cap.

Ragged and dagged and cunnyngly cut
The blast of the brymston blew away his braine
Mased as a marche hare, he ran lyke a scut
And sir amonge all me thought I sawe twayne
The one was a tumblar that afterward agayne
Of a dyssour a deuyll way grewe a ientilman
Pers prater the seconde that quarelles began

With a pellet of peuishenes thei had such a stroke
That al the dayes of their lyf shal stick by their ribbes
Foo, foisty baudias som smelled of the smoke
I saw diuers that were caried away thens in cribbes
Dasyng after dotrels lyke drunkardes that dribbes
These tintiuils with taunpins were touched and tapped
Moche mischef I hight you among them ther happed

Somtyme as it semeth whan the mone lyght
By means of a grosely endarked clowde,
Sodainly is eclipsed in the wynter nyght
In like maner of wyse, a myst dyd vs shrowde
But wel may yē thinke: I was nothyng prowde
Of that auentures, whiche made me sore agaste
In darkenes thus dwelt we, tyll at the last

The clowdes gon to clere, the mist was rarified
In an herber I sawe brought where I was
There byrdes on the brere sange on euery syde
With aleys ensanded about in compas
The bankes enturfed with singular solas
Enrailed with rosers, and vines engraped
It was a new comfort of sorowes escaped

In the middes a cundite, that curiously was cast
With pypes of golde, engushyng out streames
Of cristall, the clerenes these waters far past
Enswimmyng with roches, barbils, and breames
Whose skales ensilured again the son beames
Englisterd: that ioyous it was to beholde
Than farthermore about me my sight I reuolde

Where I sawe growyng a goodly laurell tre
Enuerdured with leaue, continually grene,
Aboue in the top a byrde of Araby
Men call a phenix: her wynges bytwene
She bet vp a fyre with the sparkes full kene
With braunches and boughes of the swete olyue
Whose flagraunt flower was chefe preseruatiue.

Ageynst all infections, with rancour enflamed
Ageinst all baratous broisiours of olde
It passed all bawmes that euer were named
Or gummes of Saby so derely that be solde
There blewe in that garden a soft piplyng colde
Enbrethyng of zephirus with his pleasant wynde
Al frutes and flowres grewe there in their kynde.

Dryades there daunsed vpon that goodly soile
With the nyne muses Pierides by name
Phillis and Testalis there tresses with oyle
Were newly enbybed: and rounde about the same
Grene tre of laurell, moche solacious game
They made with chapplettes and garlandes grene
And formest of al dame Flora the quene

Of somer so formally she foted the daunce
Ther Cintheus sat twinklyng vpon his harpe-stringes
And Iopas his instrument dyd auaunce
The poemes and stories auncient in brynges
Of Athlas astrology, and many noble thynges
Of wandryng of the mone the course of the son
Of men and of bestes, and whereof they begone,

What thyng occasioned the showres of rayne
Of fyre elementar in his supreme spere
And of that pole artike, whyche doth remayne
Behynde the tayle of Vrsa so clere
Of Pliades he preched with their drowsy chere
Immoystred with mislyng and ay droppyng dry
And where the two trions a man shoulde espye.

And of the wynter dayes that hye theym so fast
And of the wynter nyghtes that tary so longe
And of the somer dayes, so longe that done laste
And of their short nightes: he brought in his songe
How wronge was no right, and right was no wronge.
There was counteryng of carols in meter and in uerse
So many, that longe it were to reherce.

OCCUPACION TO SKELTON.

HOWE say ye? is this after your appetite?
May this content you and your mery mynde?
Here dwelleth pleas re, with lust and delyte

Continuall comfort here ye may fynde
Of welthe and solace nothynge lefte behynde
All thynge couenably here is contryued
Wherwith your sprites may be reuyued.

POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

QUESTIONLES no doubte of that ye saye
Jupiter himselfe this life myght endure
This ioye excedeth all worldly sport and playe
Paradyse, this place is of syngular pleasure
O well were hym that herof might be sure
And here to inhabite, and aye for to dwell
But goodly maystres one thynge ye me tell.

OCCUPATION TO SKELTON.

OF your demaunde shew me the content
What it is, and where vpon it standes
And if there be in it any thynge ment,
Wherof the answere restyth in my handes
It shall be losed ful sone out of the bandes
Of scrupulus doubt wherfore your mid discharge
And of your will the playnnes shewe at large

POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

I THANKE you goodly maistres to me most benign
That of your bountie so well haue me assured
But my request is nat so great a thynge
That I ne force what thoughe it be discured
I am nat wounded but that I may be cured
I am nat laden of lyddyrnes with lumpes
As dased doterdes that dreame in their dumpes.

OCCUPACION TO SKELTON.

NOWE what ye meane I trowe I coniect
God gyue you good yere ye make me to smyle
Nowe by your fayth is nat this theffect
Of your question ye make all this whyle
To vnderstande who dwelleth in yone pile [diddil
And what blundrer is yonder that playeth diddil
He fyndeth false mesures out of his fonde fiddil

Interpolata (que industriosum postulat interpretem) satyra in uatis adversarium.

Tressis Agasonis species prior, altera Daui.
Aucupium culicis dum limis torquet ocellum.
Concipit. aligeras rapit, opetit, aspice muscas.
Maia quoque fouet, fouet aut que Iupiter, aut que
Frigida Saturnus, Sol, Mars, Venus, Algida Luna,
Si tibi contingat uerbo aut committere scripto
Quam sibi mox tacita sudant precordia culpa?
Hinc ruit in flammas, stimulans hunc urget et illum
Inuocat ad rixas, uanos tamen excitat ignes.
Labra movens tacitus, rumpantur ut ilia Codro.

17. 4. 7. 2. 17. 5. 18.
18. 19. 1. 19. 8. 5. 12.

HIS name for to knowe if that ye lyst
Enuious rancour truly he hight
Beware of him I warne you: for if ye wyst
How dangerous it were to stande in his lyght
Ye wold nat deale wyth him though that ye might
For by his deuillishe drift and graceles provision
An holle realme he is able to set at dyuision.

For whan he speketh fairest than thinketh he most il
Ful gloriously can he glose, thy mynd for to fele
He wyl sett men a feighting and syt himselfe styll
And smerke lyke a smythy cur at sperkes of stele
He can neuer leaue warke whyles it is wele
To tell all his touches it were to great wonder
The deuyll of hell and he be seldome asonder

Thus talking we went forth in at a postern gate,
Turning on the right hande, by a wynding stayre
She brought me to a goodly chambre of astate,
Where the noble countes of Surrey in a chaire
Sate honorably, to whom dyd repayre
Of ladyes a beuy, with all dewe reuerence
Syt downe fayre ladyes and do your diligence

Come forth gentilwomen I pray you she said
I haue contryued for you a goodly warke
And who can worke best nowe shalbe assayd
A cronell of laurell with verdures light and darke
I haue deuised for Skelton my clerke
For to his seruice I haue suche regarde
That of our bountie we wyll hym rewarde.

For of all ladyes he hath the library
Their names recountyng in the court of Fame
Of all gentylwomen he hath the scruteny
In Fames courte reportyng the same
For yet of women he neuer sayd shame [call
But if they were countrefettes that women them
That list of their lewdnesse with him for to brat.

With that the tappettes and carpettes were layde
Wheron these ladyes softely myght rest
The saumpler to sowe on, the laces to enbrayde
To weaue in the stole some were full prest
With slaies, with tauels, with bedelles wel drest
The frame was brought forth with his weauing pin
God giue them good spede their warke to begin.

Some to enbrowder put them in prease
Wel gyding their glotton to kepe streight their silk,
Some pyrlyng of golde their worke to encrease
With fingers smale, and handes as white as mylk
With reche me that skayne of tewly sylke
And wynde me that botoume of suche an hewe
Grene, red, tawney, whyte, purple, and blewe,

Of broken warkes wroght many a goodly thing
In castyng, in turnyng, in florishing of flowres
With burres rowgh and buttons surffyllyng
In nedyll warke raysyng byrdes in bowres
With uertue enbesed all tymes and howres
And truly of theyr bountie thus were they bent
To worke me this chaplet, by good aduisement.

OCCUPACION TO SKELTON.

BEHOLDE and se in your aduertisement,
Howe these ladies and gentylwomen all
For your pleasure do theyr endeuourment
And for your sake, howe fast to warke they fall
To your remembraunce wherfore ye must call
In goodly wordes pleasauntly comprised
That for them some goodly conceyte be deuised.

With propre captacions of benewolence
Ornately pullyshed after your faculte
Sith ye must nedes afforce it by pretenee
Of your profession vnto humanite
Commensyng your proces after their degree
To eche of them rendring thankes commendable
With sentence fructuous, and termes couenable.

POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

AUANSYNG my selfe some thanke to deserue
I me determyned for to sharpe my pen
Deuoutly arrectyng my prayer to Minerue

She to vouche safe me to enforme and ken
To Mercury also hertely prayed I then
Me to supporte, to helpe, and to assyst
To gyde and to gouerne my dredful trembling fist

As a mariner that amased is in a stormy rage
Hardly be stad and dryuen is to hope
Of that the tempestous wynde will aswage
In trust wherof comfort his heart doth grope
From the anker he cutteth the gabill rope
Committeth al to God, and letteth his ship ryde
So I beseche Jesu now to be my gyde.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE COUNTES OF SURREY.

AFTER all duly ordred obeysaunce
In humble wyse as lowely as I maye
Vnto you madame I make reconisaunce
My lyfe enduryng I shall both wryte and saye
Recounte, reporte, reherse without delaye
The passynge bountie of your noble estate
Of honour and worship which hath the formar date.

Lyke to Argiua by iust resemblaunce
The noble wyfe of Polimites kynge
Prudent Rebeca, of whom remembraunce
The bible maketh, with whose chaste lyuynge
Your noble demenour is counterwaynge
Whose passing bounte, and right noble estate
Of honour and worshyp it hath the former date.

The noble Pamphilia quene of the Grekes land
Habilimentes royall founde out industriously
Thamer also wrought with her goodly hande
Many diuises passynge curiously
Whom ye represent and exemplify
Whose passynge bounte and right noble estate,
Of honour and worship it hath the formar date,

As dame Thamaris whiche toke the kyng of Perse,
Cyrus by name, as writeth the story.
Dame Agrippina also I may reherse
Of gentill corage the parfite memory
So shall your name endure perpetually
Whose passynge bounte and right noble estate
Of honour and worship it hath the formar date.

TO MY LADY ELISABETH HOWARD.

TO be your remembraunce madame I am bounde
Lyke to Aryna maydenly of porte
Of vertue and connyng the well and perfit grounde
Whom dame nature, as well I may reporte
Hath freshely enbeautied with many a goodly sorte
Of womanly fetures, whose florishing tender age
Is lusty to loke on, plesaunt, demeure, and sage

Goodly Creseid: fayrer than Polyxene
For to enuyne Pandarus appetite
Troilus I trowe, if that he had you sene
In you he wolde haue set his holle delyte
Of all your beaute I suffice nat to write
But as I sayd your florishyng tender age
Is lusty to loke on, pleasaunt, demure, and sage.

TO MY LADY MYRRIALL HAWARDE.

MY lyteli lady I may nat leaue behynde
But to do you seruice nodes nowe I must
Benigne curteyse of gentill harte and mynde
Whom fortune and fate playnly haue discust
Longe to enioye pleasure, delyte, and lust,
The enbudded blossoms of roses redde of hewe
With lilies white your beauty doth renewe.

Compare you I may to Cidippes the mayde
That of Aconcius whan she founde the byll
In her bosome, lorde howe she was afrayde
The ruddy shamefastnes in her vysage fyll
Which maner of abasshement became her not yll
Right so madame the roses redde of hewe
With lillyes whyte your beautie doth renewe.

TO MY LADY ANNE DAKERS OF THE SOUTH.

ZEUSIS that enpictured fayre Helene the quene
You to deuise his crafte were to seke
And if Apelles, your countenaunce had sene
Of porturature, which was the famous Greke
He could not deuise the lest point of your cheke
Princes of youthe and flowre of goodly porte
Uertue, counnyng, solace, pleasure, comforte.

Paregall in honour vnto Penelope
That for her trouth is in remembraunce had
Fayre Dianira surmountynge in beautie
Demure Diana womanly and sad
Whose lusty lokes make heuy hartes glad
Princes of youthe, and flowre of goodly porte
Uertue, counnyng, solace, pleasure, comforte.

TO MAISTRES MARGARY WENTWORTHE.

WITH margerain gentill
The flowre of goodly hede
Enbrowdered the mantyll
Is of your maydenhede,
Playnely I can nat glose
Ye be as I deuyne
The praty primerose
The goodly columbyne.
With margerain gentill
The flowre of goodly hede
Enbrowdered the mantill
Is of your maydenhede
Benygne, courteise, and meke,
With wordes well deuysed
In you who lyst to seke
Be vertues well comprysed.
With margerain gentill
The flowre of goodly hede
Enbrowdered the mantill
Is of your maydenhede.

TO MAISTRES MARGARET TYLNEY.

I YOU assure
Ful well I knowe,
My busy cure
To you I owe
Humbly and lowe
Commendyng me
To your bounte.
As Machareus
Fayre Canace
So I, I wys
Endeuoure me
Your name to se
It be enrolde.
Writen with golde
Phedra ye may
Well represent
Intentyue ay
And diligent
No tyme myspent
Wherfore delyte
I have to wryte

Of Margarite
Perle orient
Lode sterre of lyght
Moche relucent
Madame regent
I maye you call
Of vertues all.

TO MAISTRES IANE BLENNER-HAISET.

WHAT thoughe my penne waxe faynt
And hath smalle lust to paynt
Yet shall there no restraynt
Cause me to cease,
Amonge this prease,
For to encrease
Your goodly name.
I wyll my selfe applye
Truste me ententyuely
You for to stellifye
And so observe
That ye ne swarue
For to deserue
Immortal fame.
Sith maistres Iane Haiset
Small flowres helpte to sette
In my goodly chappelet
Therfore I rendre, of her the memorie
Vnto the legende of fayre Leodomie.

TO MAISTRES ISABELL PENNELL.

BY saynt Mary my lady
Your mammy and your dady
Brought forthe a goodly baby
My mayden Isabell,
Reflarynge rosabell.
The flagraunt cammamell,
The ruddy rosary,
The soueraine rosemary
The praty strawbery,
The columbyne, the nepte,
The ieloffer well sette,
The propre violet.
Ennewed your colowre
Is lyke the dasy flowre,
After the Aprile showre.
Sterre of the morowe graye,
The blossome on the spraye,
The fresheste flowre of Maye.
Maydenly demure,
Of woman hede the lure,
Wherfore I make you sure,
It were an heuenly helthe,
It were an endlesse welthe,
A lyfe for God hymselfe,
To here this nyghtyngale
Amonge the byrdes smale,
Warbelynge in the vale
Dug, dug, iug, iug,
Good yere and good lucke,
With chucke, chucke, chucke, chucke.

TO MAISTRES MARGARET HUSSEY.

MIRRY Margaret
As midsomer flowre
Gentyll as faucoun
Or hauke of the towre
With solace and gladnes
Moch mirth and no madnes
All good and no badnes
So ioyously
So maydenly
So womanly
Her demenynge
In euery thynge
Far, far passynge
That I can endite
Or suffice to write
Of mirry Margarete
As mydsomer flowre
Gentill as faucoun
Or hauke of the towre
As pacient and as styll
And as ful of good wil
As fayre Isiphill
Coliander
Swete pomaunder
Good Cassander
Stefast of thought
Wel made, wel wroght
Far may be sought
Erst that ye can fynde
So curteise so kynde
As mirry Margarete
This midsomer flowre
Gentyll as faucoun
Or hauke of the towre.

TO MAISTRES GERETRUDE STATHAM.

THOUGHE ye were harde harted
And I with you thwarted
With wordes that smarted,
Yet nowe doutles, ye gyue me cause
To wryte of you this goodly clause
Maistres Geretrude
With woman hede endude
With vertue well renude.
I wyll that ye shalbe
In all benignite, lyke to dame Pasiphe.
For nowe doutlesse, ye gyue me cause
To write of you this goodly clause
Maistres Geretrude
With woman hede endude.
With virtue well renude.
Partly by your counsell.
Garnysshed with laurell.
Was my fresshe coronell.
Wherfore doutles
Ye gyue me cause
To write of you this goodly clause
Maistres Geretrude
With woman hede endude
With vertue well renude.

TO MAISTRES ISABELL KNYGHT.

BUT if I shulde aquite your kyndnes
Els say ye myght
That in me were great blyndnes
I for to be so myndles
And coulde nat write
Of Isabell Knyght
It is nat my custome nor my gyse
To leaue behynde
Her, that is both womanly and wyse
And specially whiche glad was to deuyse
The meanes to fynde
To please my mynde.
In helpynge to warke my laurel grene,
With sylke and golde
Galathea the mayde wel be sene.

Was neuer halfe so fayre as I wene
Which was extolde, a thousand folde
By Maro the Mantuan prudent
Who lyst to rede,
But and I had leyser competent
I coude shewe you suche a president
In very dede, howe ye excede.

OCCUPACION TO SKELTON.

WITHDRAWE your hand, the tyme passeth faste
Set on your heed this laurell which is wrought
Here you nat Eolus. for you bloweth a blaste
I dare well saye, that ye and I be sought.
Make no delay, for now ye must be brought
Before my ladys grace, the quene of Fame,
Where ye must brefely answere to your name.

SKELTON POETA.

CASTYNG my syght the chambre about
To se howe duly, eche thyng in ordre was
Towarde the dore as we were commyng out
I sawe maister Newton syt with his compas
His plummet, his pensell, his spectacles of glas
Deuysynge in picture by his industrious wit
Of my laurell the proces euery whitte.

Forth with vpon this as it were in a thought
Gower, Chawcer, Lydgate these thre
Before remembred, me courteisely brought
Into that place, where as they lefte me
Where all the sayd poetes sat in their degre
But whan they saw my laurell richely wrought
All other besyde were countrefet they thought.

In comparison of that whiche I ware
Some preysed the perle, some the stones bryght
Well was hym that thervpon might stare
Of this warke they had so great delyght
The sylke, the golde, the flowres fresh to sight,
They sayd my laurell was the goodlyest
That euer they saw, and wrought it was the best,

In her estate there sate the noble quene
Of Fame, perceyuyng howe that I was cum
She wondred me thought at my laurell grene
She loked hautely, and gaue on me a glum
There was amonge them no word than but mum
For eche man herkened what she wolde to me say
Wherof in substaunce I brought this awaye.

THE QUENE OF FAME TO SKELTON.

MY frende sith ye are before vs here present,
To answere vnto this noble audience
Of that shalbe reasoned ye must be content
And for as moche as by the hye pretence
That ye haue nowe by the preeminence
Of laureat triumphe, your place is here reserued
We will vnderstande howe ye haue it deserued.

SKELTON POETA TO THE QUENE OF FAME.

RYGHT high and mighty princes of astate
In famous glory all other transcendyng
Of your bounte the customable rate
Hath ben ful often, and yet is attendyng
To all that to reason is condiscendyng
But if hasty credence by maintenaunce of myght
Fortune to stande betwene you and the lyght.

But suche euidence I thynke for to enduce,
And so laggely to lay for myne indempnyte
That I trust to make mine excuse
Of what charge soeuer ye lay against me
For of my bokes, parte ye shal se
Which in your recordes I know wel be enrolde
And so occupacion your regester me tolde.

Forthwith she commanded I shuld take my place
Caliope pointed me where I shoulde sit
With that. Occupacion preased in a pace
Be mirry she sayd, be nat a ferde a whit
Your discharge herevnder myn arme is it
So than commaunded she was vpon this
To shewe her boke: and she sayd here it is.

THE QUENE OF FAME TO OCCUPACION.

YOUR boke of remembrance we wil now that ye
If any recordes in nombre can be found [rede
What Skelton hath compiled and written in dede
Rehersynge by ordre, and what is the grounde
Let se nowe for hym, howe ye can expounde
For in our court ye wote wel his name can nat rise
But if he write oftenner than ones or twyse.

SKELTON POETA.

WITH that of the boke losende were the claspes
The margent was illumined al with golden railes
And bice enpictured, with grassoppes and waspes.
With butterflies, and freshe pecocke tailes.
Enflored with flowres and slymy snayles,
Enuiued pictures well touched and quickely [sikly
It would haue made a man hole that had be right

To beholde, howe it was garnisshed and bound,
Encouerde ouer with golde of tissue fine
The claspes and bullions were worth a. M. pounde
With balassis and carbuncles the borders dyd
With aurum musicum euery other lyne [shyne
Was writen: and so she dyd her spede
Occupacion immediately to rede.

Occupacion readeth and expoundeth some part of Skeltons bokes and balades with dities of pleasure: in asmoche as it were to longe a proces to reherce by name, that he hath compiled. &c.

OF your oratour and poete laureate
Of Englande, his warkes here they begyne
In primis the boke of Honorouse astate
Item the boke howe men shoulde ſle synne
Item royall demenaunce, worshyp to wynne
Item the boke to speke well or be styll.
Item to lerne you, to dye whan ye will.

Of vertue also, the souerayne enterlude
The boke of the rosiar, prince Arthuris creacion
The false faith that now goth which daily is renude
Item his dialogues of ymaginacion
Item Antomedon of loues meditacion
Item newe grammar in Englishe compilled
Item Bouge of courte, where drede was begylled

His comedy, Achademios called by name
Of Tullis familiars the translacion
Item good aduisement that braineles doth blame
The recule against Gaguine of the French nacion
Item the Popingay that hath in commendacion
Ladies and gentilwomen suche as deserued
And suche as be countrefettes they be reserued.

And of souerayntie a noble pamphelet.
And of magnificence a notable mater
Howe countrefet countenaunce of the new get

With crafty conueyaunce doth smater and flater
And eloked collusion is brought in to clater
With courtly abusion who printeth it wel in minde
Moch doublenes of the world therin he may finde.

Of manerly maistres Margery mylke and ale
To her he wrote many maters of myrth
Yet thoughe I saye it, therby lieth a tale
For Margery wynsed and brake her hynder gyrth
Lorde howe she made moche of her gentill byrth
With gingerly go gingerly her taile was made of hay
Go she neuer so gingerly her honestie is gone awaye.

Harde to make ought of that is naked nought
This fustian maistres and this giggisshe gase
Wonder is to write what wrenches she wrought
To face out her foly with a mydsomer mase
With pitche she patched her pitcher should nat crase
It may well ryme but shrewdly it doth accorde
To pyke out honestie of suche a potshorde.

Patet per uersus.

Hinc puer hinc natus? uir coniugis hinc spoliatus
Iure thori? est? fetus deli. de sanguine cretus.
Hinc magis extollo, quod erit puer alter Apollo.
Si queris qualis? meretrix castissima talis.
Et relis et ralis, et reliqualis.

A good herynge of these olde talis
Fynde no mo such from Wanflete to Walis.

Et reliqua. Omelia de diuersis tractatibus.

Of my ladys grace at the contemplacion
Out of Frenche into Englisshe prose
Of mannes lyfe the peregrinacion
He dyd translate, interprete, and disclose
The treatise of triumphes of the redde rose:
Wherin many stories are brefely contayned
That vnremembred longe tyme remayned.

The duke of Yorkes creauncer whan Skelton was
Nowe Henry the viii. kynge of Englande
A treatise he deuysed, and brought it to pas
Called Speculum Principis, to beare in his hande
Therin to rede, and to vnderstande
All the demenour of princely astate
To be our kynge of God preordinate.

Also the tunnyng of Elinor Rummyng
With Colin Clout, John Yue, with Joforth Jacke
To make suche trifels it asketh some counnyng
In honest myrth parde requireth no lacke
The white appereth the better for the blacke
And after conueyaunce as the worlde gose
It is no foly to vse the Walshmannes hose.

The vnbles of venison, the botels of wyne
To faire maistres Anne, that shuld haue be sent
He wrote therof many a praty lyne
Where it became, and whither it went
And howe that it was wantonly spent.
The balade also of the mustarde tarte
Suche problemes to paint it longeth to his arte.

Of one Adam all a knaue late dead and gone
Dormiat in pace like a dormous
He wrote an epitaph for his graue stone
With wordes deuout and sentence Egerdous
For he was euer agaynst Goddes house
All his delite was to braule and to barke
Agayne holy churche, the prest, and the clarke.

Of Philip Sparowe the lamentable fate
The dolefull desteny, and the carefull chaunce
Deuised by Skelton after the funerall rate
Yet some there be there with that take greuaunce
And grugge therat with frowning countenaunce
But what of that? harde it is to please all men
Who lyst amende it, let hym set to his penne.

For the gyse now adayes,
Of some iangelynge da iayes
Is to discommende
That they can nat amende
Thoughe they wolde spende
All the wittes they haue
What ayle them to depraue
Philippe Sparowes graue
His dirige, her commendacion
Can be no derogation
But myrthe and consolacion
Made by protestacion
No man to myscontent
With Philippis enterement
Alas that goodly mayde
Why should she be afrayde?
Why shoulde she take shame,
That her goodly name
Honorably reported,
Should be set and sorted
To be matriculate, with ladies of astate?
I conjure the Philip Sparowe
By Hercules that hell dyd harowe
And with a venemous arowe
Slewe of the Epidaures
One of the Centaures
Or Onocentaurus, or Hippocentaurus
By whose myght and mayne
An hart was slayne, with hornes twayne
Of glitteryng golde, and the apples of golde
Of Hesperides with holde
And with a dragon kepte
That neuer more slepte
By marciall strength; he wan at length.
And slewe Gerione, with thre bodyes in one
With mighty corage, adaunted the rage
Of a lyon sauage.
Of Diomedis stabyll, he brought out a rabill
Of coursers and rounses
With leapes and bounses
And with myghty luggynge
Wrastelynge and tuggynge
He plucked the bull, by the horned scal
And offred to Cornucopia,
And so forthe per cetera
Also by Hecates bowre
In Plutos gastly towre.
By the vgly Eumenides,
That neuer haue rest nor ease
By the venemous serpent,
That in hell is neuer brent.
In Lerna the Grekes fen
That was engendred then
By Chemerus flames,
And all the deedly names,
Of infernall posty
Where soules frye and rosty.

By the stygial flode, and the stremes wode
Of Cocytus botomlesse well.
By the feryman of hell
Caron with his berde hore
That roweth with a rude ore,
And with his frounsed fore toppe
Gydeth his bote with a proppe.
I coniure Philippe and call
In the name of kynge Saul.
Primo regum expres, he bad the Phitones
To wytche crafte her to dres,
And by her abusions,
And dammable illusions,
Of merveylous conclusions,
And by her superstitcions,
And wonderfull condicions,
She raysed vp in that stede
Samuel, that was dede.
But wheder it were so, he were idem innumero.
The selfe same Samuel,
Howe be it to Saul he dyd tell
The Philistinis should hym askrye
And the nexte daye he should dye,
Iwyll my selfe discharge
To lettred men at large.
But Philip I coniure the
Nowe by these names thre
Diana in the woddes grene,
Luna that so bryght doth shene,
Proserpina in hell, that thou shortly tell
And shewe nowe vnto me,
What the cause may be, of this perplexite,
Inferias Philippe tuas Scroupe pulchra loanna
Instanter peciit, cur nostri carminis illam
Nunc pudet est sero, minor est infamia vero
Than suche as haue disdayned,
And of this worke complayned,
I praye God they be pained
No worse than is contayned
In verses two or thre,
That folowe as ye maye se.
Luride cur liuor volucris pia funera damnas
Talia te rapiant, rapiunt quæ fata volucrem,
Est tamen inuidia mors ubi continua.

The grounting and the groining of the groning
Also the mournyng of the mapely rote [swyne
Howe the grene couerlet suffred great pyne.
Whan the flie net was set for to catche a cote
Strake one with a byrdbolt to the heart rote
Also a deuoute prayer to Moyses hornes
Metrified merily, medled with scornes.

Of paiantes that were played in ioyous garde
He wrate of a mows through a mud wall
Howe a doe cam trippyng in at the rere warde
But lorde howe the parker was wroth with all
And of castell Angell the fenestrall
Glittryng and glistryng and gloriously glased
It made some mennes eyen dasyld and dased.

The repete of the recule of Rosamundes bowre
Of his pleasant paine there and his glad destres
In plantyng and plucking a propre ieloffer flowre
But howe it was, some were to recheles
Nat withstandyng it is remedeles
What myght she say? what myght he do therto?
Though Jack sayd nay: yet mok ther lost her slio.

Howe than lyke a man he wan the Barbican
With a saute of solace at the longe last
The colour deedly, swart, blo, and wan
Of Exeone her lambe is dede and past
The cheke and the necke but a shorte cast
In fortunes fauour euer to endure
No man lyuyng he sayth can be sure.

How dame Minerua first found the oliue tre
she red
And planted yet wher neuer before was none,
vnshred
An hynde vnhurt it by casuelte, nat bled
Recouerd whan the forster was gone, and sped
The hartes of the herd began for to grone, and fled
The houndis began to yerne and to quest: and
dred
With lyttell busines standeth moche rest in bed.

His epitomis of the myller and his ioly make
How her ble was bryght as blossom on the spray
A wanton wenche and well coulde bake a cake
The myllar was loth to be out of the way
But yet for all that be as be may
Whether he rode to Swasshamn or to Some
The myllar durst nat leaue his wyfe at home

With wofully arayd and shamefully betrayde
Of his making deuoute medytacions
Vexilla regis he deuysed to be desplayde,
With Sacris solempnus, and other contemplacions
That in them comprised consideracions
Thus passeth he the time both night and day
Somtime with sadnes, somtime with play

Though Galene and Dioscorides
With Hipocrates, and mayster Auicen
By theyr phisike done many a man ease
And though Albumasar can the enforme and ken
What constellacions ar good or bad for men:
Yet whan the raine raineth and the gose winketh
Litell wotteth the gosling what the gose thinketh

He is nat wise agayne the streame that striueth
Dun is in the mire, dame reche me my spur
Nedes must he ren that the deuill dryueth
Whan the stede is stolen sparre the stable dur
A gentyll hounde shoulde nouer playe the kur
It is soone aspyed where the thorne pricketh
And well woteth the cat whose berde she licketh

With Marione clarione sol lucerne
Grande iuir, of this Frenche prouerbe olde
How men were wont for to discerne
By candelmas daye, what wether shoulde holde
But Marione clarione was caught with a colde
And all ouercast with cloudes vnkinde
This goodly flowre with stormes was vntwinde

This ieloffer gentill, this rose, this lylly flowre,
This prime rose pereles, this propre violet,
This delicate dasy, this straubery prately set,
This columbyne clere and fresshest of coloure
With frowarde frostis alas was all to fret
But who may haue more vngracious life
Than a childes byrde and a knaues wife?

Thinke what ye will
Of this wanton byll.
By Mary Gipcie
Quod scripsi scripsi
Vxor tua sicut Vitis
Habetis in custodiam

Custodite sicut scitis.
Secundum Lucam. &c.

Of the bone homs of Asshrige beside Barcanstede
That goodly place to Skelton most kynde,
Where the sange royall is, Christis blode so rede
Whervpon he metrified after his mynde. [finde
A plesanter place than Asshrige is, hard were to
As Skelton reherseth with wordes fewe and playne
In his distichon, made on verses twayne.
Fraximus in eliuo frondetque Viret sine riuo.
Non est sub diuo similis sine flumini uiuo.

The nacion of foles he lefte nat behinde,
Item Apollo that whirled up his chare,
That made some to snurre and snufe in the winde
It made them to skip, to stampe, and to stare,
Which (if they be happy) haue cause to beware
In rymynge and raylynge with him for to mell
For drede that he lerne them theyr. A.B.C. to spell.

POETA SKELTON.

WITH that I stode vp, halfe sodaynly afrayde
Supplieng to Fame, I besought her grace
And that it wolde please her full tenderly I prayd
Out of her bookes Appollo to rase.
Nay syr she sayd, what so in this place
Of our noble courte is ones spoken out
It muste nedes after ren all the worlde aboute.

God wote these wordes made me full sad
And whan that I sawe it wolde no better be
But that my peticion wolde nat be had,
What shoulde I do, but take it in gre?
For by Jupiter and his high maiestye,
I dyd what I coulde to scarpe out the scrolles
Apollo to rase out of her ragman rolles.

Nowe here of it erketh me lenger to wryte,
To Occupacion, I wyll agayne resort
Whiche redde on styll, as it came to her syght
Rendrynge my deuises I made in disporte
Of the mayden of Kent called comforte
Of louers testamentes and of theyr wanton willis
And howe Iollas loued goodly Phillis.

Diodorus Siculus of my translation
Out of fresshe Latine into our Englysshe playne,
Recountyng commodites of many a strange nacion
Who redeth it ones wolde rede it agayne
Six volumes engrosed together it doth contayne.
But whan of the laurell she made rehersail
Al orators and poetes with other great and smal

A thousande thousande I trowe to my dome
Triumpha triumpha they cried all about [Rome
Of trumpettes and clarions the noyse went to
The sterry heuen me thought shoke with the shout
The ground groned and trembled that noyse was
so stout [booke
The quene of Fame commaunded, shet fast the
And therwith sodaynely out of my slepe I woke

My minde of the great din was somdele amased
I wyped myn eyen for to make them clere
Than to the heauen spherical upwarde I gased
Where I sawe Janus with his double chere
Makynge his almanak for the newe yere
He turned his tirickes his voluell ran fast
Good lucke this newe yere the olde yere is past.
Mens tibi sit consulta petis? sic consule menti,
Emula sis lani, retro speculetur & ante.

Skeltonis alloquitur librum suum,

Ite Britannorum lux o radiosa Britannum
Carmina nostra pium Vestrum celebrate Catullum
Dicite Skeltonis Vester Adonis erat.
Dicite Skeltonis Vester Homerus erat.
Barbara cum lacio pariter iam currite Versu.
Et licet est Verbo pars maxima texta Britanno,
Non magis incompta nostra Thalia patet:
Est magis inculta nec mea Caliope.
Nec uos pœniteat liuoris tela subire.
Nec uos pœniteat rabiem tolerare caninam,
Nam Maro dissimiles non tulit ille minas,
Immunis nec enim musa Nasonis erat.

LENUOY.

Go little quaire
Demeane you faire
Take no dispaire
Though I you wrate
After this rate
In Englishe letter
So muche the better
Welcome shall ye
To some men be
For Latin warkes
Be good for clarkes
Yet nowe and then
Some Latin men
May happely loke
Vpon your boke
And so procede
In you to rede
That so in dede
Your fame may sprede
In lengthe and brede
But that I drede
You shall haue nede
You for to spede
To harnes bryght
By force of might
Agaynst enuy
And obloquy
And wote ye why
Nat for to fyght
Agaynst dispyght
Nor to derayne
Batayle agayne
Scornfull disdayne
Nor for to chyde
Nor for to hyde
You cowardly
But courteisly
That I haue pende
For to defende
Vnder the banner
Of all good maner
Vnder protection
Of sad correction
With toleracion
And supportacion
Of reformacion
If they can spye
Circumspectly
And worde defaced
That myght be rased
Els ye shall praye
Them that ye may
Continue styll
With theyr good wyll.

Ad serenissimam Maiestatem Regiam, pariter

cum Domino Cardinali Legato a latere honorificatissimo &c.

LAUTRE ENUOY.

PERGE liber, celebrem pronus regem venerare
Henricum octauum, resonans sua premia laudis.
Cardineum dominum pariter venerando salutes,
Legatum a latere & fiat memor ipse precare,
Prebende, quam promiset mihi credere quondam.
Meque suum referas pignus sperare salutis
Inter spemque metum.

Twene hope and drede
My lyfe I lede Small sekernes.
But of my spede
How be it I rede
Both worde and dede In noblenes.
Should be agrede
Or els. &c.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE BOUGE OF COURTE.

IN Autumpne whan the sonne in vyrgyne
By radyante hete enryped hath our corne
Whan Luna full of mutabylyte
As emperes the dyademe hath worne
Of our pole artyke, smylynge halfe in scorne
At our foly, and our vnstedfastnesse
The tyme whan Mars to warre hym dyd dres,

I callynge to mynde the greate auctoryte
Of poetes olde, whiche full craftely
Vnder as couerte termes as coulde be
Can touche a trouth, and cloke subtylly
With fresshe vtteraunce full sentencyously
Dyuerse in style some spared not vyce to wryte
Some of mortalitie nobly dyd endyte

Wherby I rede, theyr renome and theyr fame
Maye neuer dye, but euermore endure
I was sore moued to a forse the same
But ignoraunce full soone dyde me dyscure
And shewed that in this arte I was not sure
For to illumine she sayd I was to dulle
Aduysynge me my penne awaye to pulle

And not to wryte, for he so wyll atteyne
Excedyng ferther than his connynge is
His heed maye be harde, but feble is brayne
Yet haue I knowen suche er this
But of reproche surely he maye not mys
That clymmeth hyer than he may fotinge haue
What and he slyde downe, who shall hym saue?

Thus vp and downe my mynde was drawen and cast
That I ne wyste what to do was beste
So sore enwered that I was at the laste
Enforsed to slepe, and for to take some reste
And to lye downe as soone as I my dreste
At Harwyche porte slumbrynge as I laye
In myne hostes house called Powers keye

Me thought I sawe, a shyppe goodly of sayle
Come saylyng forth into that hauen brood
Her takelyng ryche and of hye apparayle
She kast an anker and there she laye at rode
Marchauntes her borded to se what she had
Therein they founde royall marchaundyse
Fraghted with pleasure of what ye could deuise

But than I thought I wolde not dwell behynde
Amange all other I put my selfe in prece
Than there could I none aquentaunce fynde
There was moche noyse anone one cryed cese
Sharpely commaundynge eche man holde his pece
Maysters he sayd, the shyp that ye here se
The Bowge of courte it hyghte for certeynte.

The owner thereof is lady of estate
Whoos name to tell is dame saunce pere
Her marchaundyse is ryche and fortunate
But who will haue it muste paye therfore dere
This royall chaffre that is shypped here
Is called fauoure to stonde in her good grace
Than should ye se there pressynge in a pace.

Of one and other that wolde this lady se
Which sat behynde a tranes of sylke fyne
Of golde of tessew the fynest that myght be
In a trone whiche ferre clere dyd shyne
Than Phebus in his spere celestyne
Whoos beautie honoure goodly porte
I haue to lytell connynge to reporte

But of eche thynge there as I toke hede
Amonge all other was wryten in her trone
In golde leters this worde whiche I dyd rede
Garde le fortune que est mauelz et bone
And as I stode redyng this verse my selfe alone
Her chyef gentylwoman daunger by her name
Gaue me a-taunte and sayd I was to blame.

To be so perte to prese so proudely uppe
She sayd she trowed that I had eaten sause
She asked yf euer I dranke of sauces cuppe
And I than softely answered to that clause
That so to saye, I had gyuen her no cause
Than asked she me Syr so God the spede
What is thy name? and I sayd it was Drede.

What moued the quod she hydder to come
Forsoth quod I to bye some of your ware
And with that worde on me she gaue a glome
With browes bente and gan on me to stare
Full daynously and fro me she dyd fare
Leuynge me stondynge as a mased man
To whome there came an other gentilwoman.

Desire her name was and so she me tolde
Sayenge to me brother be of good chere
Abasshe you not but hardely be bolde
Auaunce your selfe to aproche and come nere
What though our chaffer be neuer so dere
Yet I auyse you to speke for ony drede
Who spareth to speke, in faith he spareth to sped

Maistres quod I, I haue none aquentaunce
That wyll for me be medyatoure and mene
But this another I haue but smale substaunce
Peace quod Desyre ye speke not worth a bene
Yf ye haue not in fayth I will you lene
A precious jewell no rycher in this londe
Bone auenture haue here nowe in your honde.

Shyfte now therwith let se as ye can
In Bowge of courte cheuysaunce to make
For I dare saye that there nys erthly man
But and he can bone auenture take
There can no favoure nor frendshyp him forsake
Bone auenture may brynge you in suche case
That ye shall stonde in fauoure and in grace.

But of one thynge I warne you er I goo
She that styreth the shyp make her your frende
Maystres quod I, I praye you tel me why so
And how I may that waye and meanes fynde
Forsoth quod she how euer blowe the wynde
Fortune gydeth and ruleth all our shyppe
Whom she hateth shall ouer the shyp borde skyp.

Whome she loueth of all pleasure is riche
Whyles she laugheth and hath luste for to playe
Whome she hateth she casteth in the dyche
For whan she frowneth she thinketh to make a fray
She cherysshed hym and hym she chasseth away
Alas quod I how myght I haue her sure
In fayth quod she by bone auenture.

Thus in a row of marchauntes a grete route
Sued to fortune that she wolde be theyr frynde
They thronge in faste and flocked her aboute
And I with them prayed her to haue in mynde
She promysed to vs all she wolde be kynde
Of Bowge of court she asketh what we wold haue
And we asked fauoure, and fauoure she vs gaue.

Thus endeth the Prologue.

DREDE.

THE sayle is vp fortune ruleth our helme
We wante no wynde to passe now ouer all
Fauoure we haue tougher then any elme
That will abide and neuer frome vs fall
But vnder honie oftetime lieth bytter gall
For as me thoughte in our shippe I did se
Full subtell persones in nombre foure and thre

The first was Fauell full of flaterie
With fables false that well coude fayne a tale
The seconde was Suspecte whiche that dayly
Mysdempte eche man with face deedly and pale
And Haruy Haster that well coulde picke a male
With other foure of theyr affynyte
Dysdayne, Ryotte, Dyssymuler, Subtylte.

Fortune theyr frende with whom oft she dyd daunce
They coude not fayle they thought they were so sure
And oftentimes I wold myselfe auaunce
With them to make solace and pleasure
But my dysporte they coulde not well endure
They said they hated for to dele with Drede
Than Fauell gan with fayre speche me to fede.

FAUELL.

NOTHINGE erthly that I wonder so sore
As of our conninge that is so excellent
Deynte to haue with vs suche one in store
So vertuously that hath his dayes spente
Fortune to you gyftes of grace hathe lente
Lo what it is a man to haue conninge
All erthly tresoure it is surmountinge

Ye be an apte man as ony can be found
To dwell with vs and serue my ladyes grace
Ye be to her yea worth a thousande pounde
I herde her speke of you within shorte space
When there were dyuerse that sore did you manace
And though I saye it, I was myselfe your frend
For here be dyuerse to you that be vnkinde

But this one thinge ye may be sure of me
For by that Lorde that bought dere all mankinde
I cannot flatter I must be playne to the
And ye nede ought man shew to me your minde
For ye haue me whome faythfull ye shall finde
Whyles I haue ought by God you shalte not lacke
And if nede be, a bolde worde I dare cracke

Naye naye be sure whiles I am on your syde
Ye may not fall truste me ye maye not fayle
Ye stande in fauoure and fortune is your gyde
And as she wyll so shall our greate shyppe sayle
These lewd cok witts shall neuermore preuaile
Againste you hardely therfore be not afrayde
Fare well till soone but no worde that I sayde.

DREDE.

THAN thanked I him for his great gentylnes
But as me thought he ware on him a cloke
That lyned was with doubtfull doublenes
Me thoughte of wordes that he had full a poke
His stomake stuffed oftetymes dyde reboke
Suspycyon me thoughte mett hym at a brayde
And I drewe nere to herke, what they two sayde

In fayth quod Suspecte, spake Drede no worde of me
Why what than wylte thou lette men to speke
He sayth he cannot well accorde with the
Twysshem quod Suspecte goo playe him I ne reke
By Chryst quod Fauell Drede is soleyne freke
What lete vs holde hym vp man for a whyle
Ye so quod Suspecte, he maye vs bothe begyle

And whan he came walkinge soberly
With whom, and, ha, and with a croked loke
Me thoughte his heed was full of gelousy
His eyen rollynge his hondes fast they quoke
And to me warde the strayghte way he toke
God sped brother to me quod he than
And thus to talk with me he began,

SUSPICION.

YE remembre the gentylman ryght now [spake
That commaund with you me thought a party
Beware of hym for I make God auowe
He wyll begyle you and speke fayre to your face
Ye neuer dwelte in suche an other place
For here is none that dare well other truste
But I wolde tell you a thinge and I durste

Speke he a fayth no worde to you of me
I wote and he dyde ye wolde me tell
I haue a fauoure to you wherof it be
That I muste shewe you muche of my counselle
But I wonder what the deuyll of hell
He sayd of me whan he with you dyd talke
By myne aduyse vse not with him to walke

The soueraynst thinge that any man may haue
Is litill to saye, and much to here and se
For but I trusted you so God me saue
I wolde nothing so playne be
To you onely me thynke I durste shryue me
For nowe am I plenarely dysposed
To shewe you thyngs that may not be disclosed.

DREDE.

THAN I assured hym my fydelyte
His counseyle secrete neuer to dyscure
Yf he could fynde in herte to truste me

Els I prayed hym with all my besy cure
To kepe it hymselfe for than he myght be sure
That no man erthly could hym bewreye
Whyles of his mynd it were lockte with the keye

By God quod he this and thus it is
And of his mynde he shewed me al and some
Farre well quod he we will talke more of this
So he departed there he wolde be come
I dare not speke I promised to be dome
But as I stode musinge in my minde
Haruy Haster came lepinge light as linde,

Vpon his breste he bare a versinge boxe
His throte was clere and lustely coulde fayne
Me thought his gowne was all furred with foxe
And euer he sange, sithe I am nothinge plaine
To kepe him from pikinge it was a grete paine
He gased on me with his gotishe berde
Whan I loked on him me purse was half aferde.

HERUY HASTER.

SYR God you saue why loke ye so sadde
What thinge is that I maie do for you
A wonder thinge that ye waxe not madde
For and I studie sholde, as ye do nowe
My witte wolde waste I make God auowe
Tell me your minde me thinke ye make a verse
I could it skan and ye wolde reherse

But to the pointe shortelie to procede
Wher hathe your dwelling ben er ye came here
For as I trowe I haue sene you in dede
Er this whan that ye made me roiall chere
Holde vp the helme loke vp and fete God stere
I wolde be merie what wind that euer blowe
Heue and how rombelow row the bote Norman rowe

Princes of youghte can ye singe by rote
Or shall I saile with you a felosship assaie
For on the booke I cannot singe a note
Wolde to God it wolde please you some daye
A ballade booke before me for to laye
And lerne me to singe (ke mi fa sol)
And when I faile bobbe me on the noll

Loo what is to you a pleasure great
To haue that coninge and waies that ye haue
By Goddes soule I wonder howe ye gete
Soo great pleasure or who to you it gaue
Sir pardone me I am an homelie knaue
To be with you thus perte and thus bolde
But ye be welcome to our housshólde

And I dare saie there is no man here inne
But wolde be glade of your companie
I wiste neuer man that so soone coude winne
The fauoure that ye haue with my lady
I praye to God that it maie neuer dy
It is your fortune for to haue that grace
As I be saued it is a wonder case

For as for me I serued here many a daie
And yet ynneth I can haue my fyuynge
But I requyre you no worde that I saye
For and I knowe ony erthly thynge
That is agayne you ye shall haue wetynge
And ye be welcome syr so God me saue
I hope hereafter a frende of you to haue.

DREDE.

WITH that as he departed so fro me
Anone there mette with hym as me thoughte
A man, but wonderly besene was he
He loked hawtie he sette eche man at noughte
His gawdy garment with scornes was all wrought
With indyguacion lyned was his hode
He frowned as he wolde swere by cockes blode.

He bote the lyppe he loked passynge coye
His face was belymmed as byes had hym stounge
It was no tyme with hym to jape nor toye
Enuye hath wasted his lyuer and his lounge
Hatred by the herte so had hym wrounge
That he loked pale as asshes to my syghte
Dysdayne I wene his comerous crabes hyghte

To Heruy Haster than he spake of me
And I drewe nere to harke what they two sayde
Now quod Dysdayne as I shall saued be
I haue grete scorne and am ryght euyll apayed
Than quod Heruy why arte thou so dysmayde
By Chryst quod he for it is shame to saye
To se Johan Dawes that came but yesterdaye

How he is now taken in conceyte
This doctour dawcocke Drede I wene he hyght
By Goddes bones but yf we haue some sleyte
It is lyke he wyll stonde in your lyghte
By God quod Heruy and it so happen myghte
Lete vs therfore shortly at a worde
Fynde some mene to caste hym ouer the borde

By him that me bought than quod Dysdayne
I wonder sore he *is* in suche conceite
Tunde quod Haster I wyll the nothynge sayne
There must for him be layde some prety beyte
We tweyny I trowe be not without dysceyte
Fyrste pyeke a quarell and fall out with him then
And so outface hym with a carde of ten,

Forthwith he made on me a proude assawte
With scornfull loke meuyd all in moode
He wente about to take me in a fawte
He frounde he stared he stampped where he stoode
I loked on hym I wende he had be woode
He set the arme proudly vnder the syde
And in this wise he gan with me to chyde.

DYSDAYNE.

REMEMBREST thou what thou sayd yester nyghte
Wilt thou abide by the wordes againe
By God I haue of the now grete dispite
I shall the angre ones in euery vaine
It is grete scorne to se suche an haine
As thou arte one that came but yesterdaie
With vs olde servauntes suche maisters to plaie

I tell the I am of countenaunce
What wenest I were, I trowe you know not me,
By Goddes woundes but for displesaunce
Of my querell soone wolde I venged be
But no force I shall ones mete with the
Come whan it will oppose the I shall
What som euer auenture thereof fall

Trowest thou dreuill I saie thou gawdie knaue
That I haue deinte to se the cherisshed thus
By Goddis side my sworde thy berde shall shaue
Well ones thou shalte be chermed I wus
Naie strawe for tales thou shalt not rule vs

We be thy betters and so thou shalte vs take
Or we shall the out of thy clothes shake.

DREDE.

WITH that came Ryotte rushing al at ones
A rustie galande to ragged and to rente
And on the borde he whirled a paire of bones
Quarter treye dews he clattered as he went
Noue haue at all by saint Thomas of Kente
And euer he threwe and kyst I wote nere what
His here was growen thorowe out his hat

Than I behylde how he dysgysed was
His heed was heuy for watchinge ouer night
His eyeu blered his face shone like a glas
His gowne so shorte that it ne couer myght
His rumpe he wente so all for somer light
His hose was garded with a lyste of grene
Yet at the knee they were broken I wene

His cote was checkerd with patches rede and
Of kyrkeby kendall was his shorte demye [blewe
And ay he sange in fayth decon thou crewe
His elbowe bare he ware his gere so nye
His nose droppinge, his lippes were full drye
And by his syde his whynarde and his pouche
The deuyll myght dance therin for any crouche

Counter he coude (O lux) upon a potte
And eestriche fedder of a capons tayle
He set vp frasshely vpon his hat alofte
What reuell route quod he and gan to rayle
How ofte he hit Ienet on the tayle
Of felyce fetewse and lytell prety eate
Howe ofte he knocked at her klycket gate

What should I tell more of his rybaudrye
I was ashamed so to here hym prate
He had no pleasure but in harlotrye
Ay quod he in the deuylles date
What art thou I sawe the nowe but late
Forsoth quod I in this courte I dwel nowe
Welcome quod Ryote I make God auowe.

RYOT.

AND syr in fayth why comste not vs amonge
To make the mery as other felowes done
Thou must sware and stare man aldaye longe
And wake all nyght and slepe tyll it be none
Thou mayste not studye or muse on the mone
This worlde is nothing but ete drynke and slepe
And thus with vs good company to kepe

Plucke vp thyne herte vpon a mery pinne
And let vs laugh a plucke or twayne at nale
What the deuyll man myrth is here within
What lo man se here of dyce a bale
A brydelynge caste for that is in thy male
Nowe haue at all that lyeth vpon the burde
Fye on this dyce they be not worth a turde

Haue at the hasarde or at the dosen browne
Or els I pas a penny to a pounde.
Now wolde to God thou wold leye money down
Lorde how that I wolde caste it full rounde
Ay in my pouche a buckell I haue founde
The armes of Calyce I haue no coyne nor crosse
I am not happye I renne ay on the losse

Now renne muste I to the stewes syde
To wete yf malkyn my lenman haue gete ought
I lete her to hyre that men may on her ryde
Her armes easy ferre and nere is soughte
By Goddis sydes syns I her thyder broughte
She hath gote me more money with her tayle
Than hath some shyppe that into bordews sayle

Had I as good an hors as she is a mare
I durste auenture to journey to Fraunce
Who rydeth on her he nedeth not to care
For she is trussed for to breke a launce
It is a curtel that well can wynche and praunce
To her wyll I now all my pouerty legge
And tyll I come I haue here myne hat to plege.

DREDE.

GONE is this knaue this rybaude foule and leude
He ranne as faste as euer that he myghte
Vnthryftynes in him maye well be shewed
For whome tyborne groneth both daie and nighte
And as I stode and caste asyde my syghte
Dasdayne I sawe with Dyssymulacyon
Standynge in sadde communicaeyon

But there was poyntynge and noddyng with the
And many wordes sayd in secrete wyse [hede
They wandred ay and stode styll in no stede
Me thoughte alwaye Dissymular dyde deuyse
Me passynge sore myne herte than gan aryse
I dempte and drede their talkynge was not good
Anone Dyssimular came where I stode

Than in his hode I sawe there faces tweyne
That one was lene and lyke a pyned ghost
That other loked as he wolde me haue slayne
And to me warde as he gan for to coost
Whan that he was euen at me almoost
I sawe a knyfe hyd in his one sleue
Wheron was wryten this worde myschefe

And in his other sleue me thought I sawe
A spone of golde, full of hony swete
To fede a fole, and for to preye a dawe
And on that sleue these wordes were wrete
A false abstracte cometh frome a fals concrete
His hode was syde his cope was roset graye
These were the wordes that he to me dyde saye.

DYSSYMULACYON.

How do ye maister ye loke so soberly
As I be saued at the dredefull daye
It is a perilous vyce this enuy
Alas a connynge man ne dwelle maye
In no place well but foles with fraye
But as for that conninge hath no foo
Saue him that noughte can scripture saith soo.

I knowe your vertue and your lytterkture
By that lytell conninge that I haue
Ye be maligned sore I you ensure
But ye haue crafte your selfe alwaie to saue
It is grete skorne to se a misproude knaue
With a clerke that conning is to prate
Let them go, louse them in the deuilles date

For all be it that this longe not to me
Yet on my backe I bere suche lewde delyng
Right now I spake with one I trowe I se
But what a strawe I maye not tell all thing
By God I saie there is grete herte brenning
Betwene the personne ye wote of Jou
Alas I coulde not dele so with an yew

I wold eche man were as playne as I
It is a worlde I saye to here of some
I hate this fayninge fye upon it fye
A man can not wote where to become
I wis I coulde tell but humlery home
I dare not speke we be so layde awaite
For all our courte is full of desceite

Now by saint Frauncys that holy man and frere
I hate this wayes agayne you that they take
Where I as you I wolde ryde them full nere
And by my trouthe but yf an ende they make
Yet wyll I saye some wordes for your sake
That shall them angre I holde thereon a grote
For some shall wene be hanged by the throte.

I haue a stoppynge oyster in my poke
Truste me and yf it come to a nede
But I am lothe for to reyse a smoke
Yf ye could be otherwyse agrede
And so I wolde it were so God me spede
For this maye brede to a confusyon
Without God make a good conclusyon.

Naye se where yonder stondeth the teder man
A flaterynge knaue and false he is God wote
The dreuill stondeth to herken and he can
It were more thryfte he bought him a new cote
It will not be, his purse is not on flote
All that he wereth it is borowed ware
His wytte is thynne his hode is threde bare.

More could I saye but what this is ynowe
Adewe till soone we shall speke more of this
Ye muste be ruled as I shall tell you howe
Amendes may be of that is now a mys
And I am your syr so haue I blys
To euery poynte that I can do or saye [daye
Gyue me your honde fare well and haue good

DREDE.

SODAYNLY as he departed me fro
Came pressynge in one in a wonder araye
Er I was ware behynde me he sayde bo
Than I astonyed of that sodeyne fraye
Sterte all at ones I liked nothynge his playe
For yf I had not quyckely fledde the touche
He had plucte out the nobles of my pouche.

He was trussed in a garmente strayte
I haue not sene suche an others page
For he coude well upon a casket wayte
His body all pounsed and garded lyke a cage
Lyghte lyme fynger he toke none other wage
Harken quod he lo here myne honde in thyne
To vs welcome thou art by saint Quyntyne.

DISCEYTE.

BUT by that lorde that is one two and thre
I haue an errande to rounde in your ere
He tolde me so by God ye may trust me
Parte remembre whan ye were there
There I wynked on you, wote ye not where
In (A) loco I mene iuxta (B)
Woo is hym that is blynde and maye not se

But to here the subtylte and the crafte
As I shall tell you yf ye will harke agayn
And whan I sawe the horsons wolde you hafte
To holde myne honde by God I had greate payne
For forthwyth there I had hym slayne
But that I drede, mordre wolde come oute
Who deleth with shrewes, hath nede to loke about.

DREDE.

AND as he rounded thus in myne ere
Of false collusion confetryd by assente
Me thought I se lewde felowes here and there
Came for to slee me of mortall entente
And as they came the shypborde fast I hente
And thoughte to lepe, and euen with that woke
Caughte penne and ynke and wrote this lityll boke

I wolde therewith no man were myscontente
Besechynge you that shall it se or rede
In euery poynte to be indyfferente
Syth all in substaunce of slumbryng dooth pro- [cede
I wyl not saye it is matter in dede
But yet oftyme, such dremes be founde trewe
Now constrewe ye, what is the resydewe.

Thus endeth the Bouge of Courte.

SKELTON LAUREATE, &c.

HOW THE DOUTY DUKE OF ALBANY LYKE A COWARD KNYGHT, RAN AWAYE SHAMFULLY WITH AN HUNDRED THOUSANDE TRATLANDE SCOTTES AND FAINT HARTED FRENCHEMEN: BESIDE THE WATER OF TWEDE, &c.

RELOYSE Englande
And vnderstande
These tidings newe
Whiche be as trewe
As the gospell:
This duke so fell Of Albany
So cowardly
With all his hoost
Of the Scottyshe coost
For all theyr boost
Fledde like a beest.
Wherfore to ieste
Is my delyght
Of this cowarde knyght
And for to wright
In the dispyght
Of the Scottes ranke
Of Huntley banke
Of Lowdyan. Of Locryan
And the ragged ray
Of Galaway.
Dunbar, Dunde
Ye shall trowe me
False Scottes are ye
Your hartes sore faynted
And so attaynted
Lyke cowardes starke
At the castell of Warke
By the water of Twede
Ye had euill spede.
Lyke cankerd curres
Ye loste your spurres
For in that fraye
Ye ranne awaye
With hey dogge hay.
For sir William Lyle
Within shorte whyle
That valiaunt knyght
Putte you to flyght
By his valyaunce
Two thousande of Fraunce
There he putte backe
To your great lacke

And vtter shame
Of your Scottysshe name.
Your chefe cheftayne
Voyde of all brayne
Duke of all Albany
Than shamefuly
He reculed backe
To his great lacke
Whan he herde tell
That my lorde Amrell
Was comyng downe
To make hym frowne
And to make hym lowre
With the noble powre
Of my lorde Cardynal.
As an hoost royall
After the auncient manner
With sainct Cutberdes banner
And sainct William's also
Your capitayne ranne to go
To go to go to go
And brake vp all his hoost
For all his crake and bost
Lyke a cowarde knyght
He fledde and durst nat fyght:
He ranne awaye by night
But now must I
Your duke ascry, of Albany
With a worde or twayne,
In sentence playne:
Ye duke so doutty
So sterne so stoutty
In shorte sentens
Of your pretens
What is the grounde:
Breuely and rounde
To me expounde
Or els wyll I
Euydently
Shewe as it is
For the cause is this
Howe ye pretende
For to defende
The yonge Scottyshe kyng
But ye meane a thyng
And ye coude bryng
The matter about
To putte his eyes out
And put hym downe
And set hys crowne
On your owne heed
Whan he were deed
Such trechery: and traytory
Is all your cast.
Thus ye haue compast
With the Frenche kyng
A fals rekenyng
To enuade Englande
As I vnderstande.
But our kyng royall
Whose name ouer all
Noble Henry the eyght
Shall cast a beyght
And sette suche a snare
That shall cast you in care
Both kyng Fraunces and the
That knowen ye shall be
For the moost recrayd
Cowardes afrayd
And falsest forsworne
That euer were borne.

O ye wretched Scottes
Ye puaunt pyspottes
It shalbe your iottes
To be knytte vp with knottes
Of halters and ropes
About your traytours throtes:
O Scottes pariured
Unhaply vred
Ye may be assured.
Your falshed discured
It is and shal be.
From the Scottish se
Unto Gabione
For ye be false echone
False and false agayne
Neuer true nor playne
But fiery, flatter and fayne
And euer to remayne
In wretched beggary
And maungy misery
In lousy lothsumnesse
And scabbed scorffynesse
And in abhominacion
Of all maner of nacion
Nacion moost in hate
Proude and poore of state:
Twyt Scot go kepe thy den
Mell nat with Englyshe men
Thou dyd nothyng but barke
At the castell of Warke:
Twyt Scot yet agayne ones
We shall breke thy bones
And hang you vpon polles
And byrne you all to colles
With twyt Scot, twyt Scot twyt
Walke Scot go begge a byt
Of brede, at ylke mannes hecke
The fynde Scot breke thy necke
Twyt Scot agayne I saye
Twyt Scot of Galaway
Twyt Scot, shake thy dogge hay
Twyt Scot thou ran away
We set nat a flye
By your duke of Albany
We set nat a prane
By such a dronken drane
We set nat a myght
By such a cowarde knyght
Suche a proude palyarde
Suche a skyrgaliarde
Suche a starke cowarde
Suche a proude pultrowne
Suche a foule Coystrowne
Suche a doutty dagswayne
Sende him to Fraunce agayne
To bring with hym more brayne
From kynge Fraunces of Frauns
God sende them bothe myschauns:
Ye Scottes all the rable
Ye shall neuer be hable
With vs for to compare
What though ye stampe and stare
God sende you sorow and care
With vs whan euer ye mell
Yet we bear away the bell
Whan ye cankerd knaues
Must crepe into your caues
Your heedes for to hyde.
For ye dare nat abyde.
Sir duke of Albany
Right inconuenyently

Ye rage and ye raue
And your worshyp depraue
Nat lyke duke Hamylcar
With the Romayns that made war
Nor lyke his sonne Hanyball
Nor lyke duke Hasdrubail
Of Cartage in Aphrike
Yet somwhat ye be lyke
In some of their condicions
And their false sedycions
And their dealyng double
And their weywarde trouble:
But yet they were bolde
And manly manyfolde
Their enemyes to assayle
In playn felde and battayle.
But ye and your hoost
Full of bragge and boost
And full of waste wynde
Howe ye wyll beres bynde
And the deuyll downe dynge
Yet ye dare do nothynge
But lepe away lyke frogges
And hyde you vnder logges
Lyke pygges and lyke hogges
And lyke maungy dogges.
What an army were ye?
Or what actyuyte?
Is in you beggers braules
Full of scabbes and scaules:
Of vermyne and of lyce
And of all maner vyce.
Syr duke: nay syr ducke
Syr drake of the lake: sir ducke
Of the donghyll, for small lucke
Ye haue in feates of warre
Ye make nought but ye marre
Ye are a fals entrusar
And a fals abusar
And an vntrewe knyght
Thou hast to lytell myght
Agaynst Englande to fyght
Thou art a graceles wyght
To put thy selfe to flyght
A vengeaunce and dispight
On the must nedes lyght
That durst nat byde the sight
Of my lorde Amrell
Of chiualry the well
Of knighthode the floure
In euery mareiall shoure
The noble erle of Surrey
That put the in suche fray
Thou durst no felde derayne
Nor a batayle mayntayne
With our stronge captaine
For you ran home agayne
For feare thou shoulde be slayne
Lyk a Scottyshe keteryng
That durst abyde no reknyng
Thy hert wolde nat serue the
The fynde of hell mot sterue the
No man hath harde
Of such a cowarde
And such a mad ymage
Caried in a cage:
As it were a cotage
Or of suche a mawment
Caryed in a tent
In a tent: nay nay
But in a mountayne gay
Lyke a great hill: for a wyndmil
Therein to couche styll
That no man hym kyll
As it were a gote
In a shepe cote
About hym a parke
Of a madde warke
Men call it a toyle
Therin lyke a royle
Sir Dunkanye dared
And thus ye prepared
Youre carkas to kepe
Lyke a sely shepe
A shepe of Cottyswolde
From rayne and from colde
And from raynning of rappes
And suche after clappes
Thus in your cowardly castell
Ye decte you to dwell
Such a captayne of fors
He made no great fors
If that ye had tane
Your last deedly bane
With a gon stone
To make you to grone
But hyde the sir Topias
Nowe into the castell of Bas
And lurke there lyke an as
With some Scottyshe as
With dugges dugges dugges
I shrewe thy Scottishe lugges
Thy munpynnys and thy crag
For thou can not but brag
Lyke a Scottyshe hag
Adue nowe sir wrig wrag
Adue sir dalyrag
Thy mellyng is but mockyng
Thou mayst giue vp thy cocking
Gyue it up. And cry creke
Lyke an huddy peke:
Whereto shuld I more speke
Of suche a farly freke
Of suche an horne keke
Of suche an bolde captayne
That dare nat turne agayne
Nor durst nat crak a worde
Nor durst nat drawe his swerde
Agaynst the lyon white
But ran away quyte
He ran away by nyght
In the owle flyg
Lyke a cowarde knyght
Adue cowarde adue
Fals knight and mooste vntrue
I render the fals rebelle
To the flingande fende of helle.
Harke yet sir duke a worde
In ernest or in borde
What haue ye villayn forged?
And virulently dysgorged
As though ye wolde parbrake
Your auauns to make
With words enbosed
Ungraciously engrosed
Howe ye wyll vndertake
Our oyall kyng to make
His owne realme to forsake
Suche lewde langage ye spake:
Sir Dunkan in the deuill waye
Be well ware what ye say.

Ye saye that he and ye
Whyche he and ye? let se
Ye meane Fraunces French kyng
Shulde bring about that thing
I say thou lewde lurdayne
That neyther of you twayne
So hardy nor so bolde
His countenaunce to beholde
If our moost royall Harry
Lyst with you to varry
Full soone ye should miscary
For ye durst nat tarry
With hym to stryne a stownde
If he on you but frounde
Nat for a thousande pounde
Ye durst byde on the grounde
Ye wolde ryn away rounde
And cowardly tourne your backes
For all your comly crackes
And for feare par case
To loke hym in the face
Ye wolde defoyle the place
And ryn your way apace
Thoughe I trym you thys trace
With Englyshe somwhat base
Yet sana voster grace
Therby I shall purchace
No displesaunt rewarde
If ye wele can regarde
Your cankarde cowardnesse
And your shamfull doublenesse

Are ye nat frantyke madde?
And wretchedly bestadde
To rayle agaynst his grace
That shall bring you full bace
And set you in suche case
That bytwene you twayne
There shalbe drawen a trayne
That shalbe to your payne
To flye ye shalbe fayne
And neuer tourne agayne:

What wold Fraunces our friar?
Be suche a false lyar
So madde a cordylar
So madde a murmurar
Ye muse somwhat to far
All out of joynt ye jar
God let you neuer thriue
Wene ye daucockes to driue
Our kyng, op[illegible]his reme
Ge heme r[illegible] Scot ge heme
With fonde Fraunces French kyng
Our mayster shall you brynge
I trust to lowe estate
And mate you with chek mate:

Your braynes are ydell
It is time for you to brydell
And pype in a quibyble
For it is impossible
For you to bring about
Our kyng for to driue out
Of this his realme royall
And lande imperiall
So noble a prince as he
In all actyuite
Of hardy merciall actes
Fortunate in all his faytes:
And nowe I wyll me dresse
His valiaunce to expresse
Though insufficient am I
His grace to magnify
And laude equiualently
Howe be it loyally
After myne allegyaunce
My pen I will auaunce
To extoll his noble grace
In spyght of thy cowardes face
In spyght of king Fraunces
Deuoyde of all nobles
Deuoyde of good corage
Deuoyde of wysdome sage
Mad: frantyke, and sauage
Thus he dothe disparage
His blode with fonde dotage:
A prince to play the page
It is a rechelesse rage
And a lunatyke ouerage
What though my stile be rude?
With trouthe it is ennewde
Trouth ought to be rescude
Trouthe should nat be subdude
But nowe will I expounde
What noblenesse dothe abounde
And what honour is founde
And what vertues be resydent
In our royall regent
Our perelesse president
Our kyng most excellent:
In merciall prowes
Lyke vnto Hercules
In prudence and wysdom
Lyke vnto Salamon
In his goodly person
Lyke vnto Absolon
In loyalte and foy
Lyke to Ector of Troy
And his glory to inceres
Lyke to Scipiades
In royal mageste
Lyke vnto Ptholome
Lyke to duke Josue
And the valiaunt Machabe:
That if I wolde reporte
All the roiall sorte
Of his nobilyte
His magnanymyte
His animosite
His fragalite
His lyberalite
His affabilite
His humanyte
His stabilite
His humilite
His benignite
His royall dignyte,
My lernyng is to small
For to recount them all.
What losels than are ye
Lyke cowardes as ye be
To rayle on his astate
With wordes inordinate.
He rules his cominalte
With all benignite
His noble baronage
He putteth them in corage
To exployte dedes of armys
To the domage and harmys
Of suche as be his foos
Whereuer he rydes or goos

His subiectes he dothe supporte
Maintayne them with comforte
Of his moste princely porte
As all men can reporte:
Than ye beta knappishe sorte
Et faitez a luy grant torte
With your enbosed iawes
To rayle on hym lyke dawes
The fende scrache out your mawes:
All his subiectes and he
Moost louyngly agre
With hole hart and true mynde
They fynde his grace so kynde
Wherwith he doth them bynde
At houres to be redy
With hym to lyue and dye
Their bodyes and their gode
And to spende their hart blode
With hym, in all dystresse
Alway in redynesse.
To assyst his noble grace
In spyght of thy cowardes face
Moost false attaynted traytour
And false forsworne faytour.
Auaunte cowarde recrayed
Thy pride shalbe alayd
With sir Fraunces of Fraunce
We shall pype you a daunce
Shall tourne you to myschauns:
I rede you loke about
For ye shalbe driuen out
Of your lande in shorte space
We will so folowe in the chace
That ye shall haue no grace
For to tourne your face
And thus sainct George to borowe
Ye shall haue shame and sorowe.

LENUOY.

Go lytell quayre quickly
Shew them that shall you rede
How that ye are lykely
Ouer all the worlds to sprede:
The fals Scottes for dred
With the duke of Albany,
Beside the water of Twede
They fled full cowardly.

Though your Englishe be rude
Barreyne of eloquence
Yet breuely to conclude
Grounded is your sentence
On trouthe, vnder defence
Of all trewe Englyshemen
This mater to credence
That I wrate with my pen.

SKELTON LAUREAT: OBSEQUIOUS AND LOYAL.

TO MY LORDE CARDYNALS RIGHT NOBLE GRACE, &c.

LENUOY.

Go lytell quayre apace
In moost humble wyse
Before his noble grace
That caused you to deuise
This lytel enterprise
And hym moost lowly pray
In his mynde to comprise
Those wordes his grace dyd saye
Of an ammas gray.
Je, Foy enterment
En sa bone grace.

THE BOKE COMPILED BY MAISTER SKELTON, POET LAUREATE CALLED

SPEAKE PARROT.

My name is parrot, a bird of paradise
By nature deuised, of a wonderous kynd
Dienteli dieted, with diuers delicate spice
Tyl Euphrates that floud, drineth me into Inde
Where men of that countrey, bi fortune me find
And send me, to great ladyes of estate
Then parrot must haue an almon or a date

A cage curiously caruen, with siluer pin
Properly painted, to be my couertowre
A myrrour of glasse, that I may tote therin
These maidens ful mekely with many a diuers flour
Freshly they dresse, and make swete my boure
With speke parrot I prai you, ful courteously thei say
Parrot is a goodly byrd, a prety popagey

With my becke bent, my litle wanton eye
My feders freshe, as is the emrawde grene
About my necke a circulet, lyke the ryche rubye
My lyttle legges, my fete both fete and cleane
I am a minion, to wayt vpon the quene
My proper parrot, my lytle pretty foole
With ladies I learne, and go with them to scole.

Hagh, ha, ha, parrot, ye can laugh pretely
Parrot hath not dined, of al this long day
Lyke your pus cat parrot can mute and cry
In Lattyn, in Ebrew, Araby and Caldey
In Greke tonge, parrot, can both speake and saye
As Percius that poet, doth report of me
Quis expedivit psitaco suum Chaire.

Howse Frenche of Parrise, parrot can learne
Prononsynge my purpose, after my properte
With perliez bien, parrot ou parlez rien
With Duche, with Spanish, my tonge can agre
In English, to God parrot can supple
Christ saue king Henry the eight our roial king
The red rose in honour, to florish and spring.

With Katherin incomparable: our roial quene also grace
That pareles pomgarnet Christ saue her noble
Parrot sauies, habler castiliano
With si dasso de costo, in Turkey and in Trace
Vis consilii expers, as teacheth me Horace
Mole ruit sua, whose dices at pregnaunte.

My lady maisters, dame Philology
Gaue me a gift, in my nest whan I lay
To learne al language, and it to speke aptely
Now pandez mory, wax franticke som men saye
Proneles or freneses, may not hold her way
An almon nowe for parrot, delicatly drest
In salue festa dies toto, their doth best

Moderata iuvant, but toto doth excede
Discression is mother of noble vertues all
Niden agan, in Greke tonge we rede
But reason, and wit wanteth their prouinciall
When wilfulnes, is vicar generall
Hec res acu tangitur, parrot par ma foy
Ticez vous parrot, tenez vous coye.

Besy, besy, besy, and besines agayne
Que pensez voz parrot, what meneth this besines
Uitulus in Oreb, troubled Arons brayn
Melchisedecke mercifull, made Moloc merciles
To wise is no vertue, to medling, to restles
In measure is treasure, cum sensu marturato
Ne tropo saung, ne tropo mato

Aram was fired, with caldies fire called Ur
Job was brought up, in the land of Hus
The linage of Lot, toke supporte of Assur
Jereboseth is Ebrue, who list the law discus
Peace parrot ye prate, as ye were ebrius
Howst the lyuer god, van hemrick ic seg
In popeting grew peres, whan parrot was an eg.

What is this to purpose, ouer in a whinnin meg
Hop Lobin of Lowdeon, wold haue a bit of bread
The Jebet of Baldock, was made for Jacke leg
A narow vnfethered, and without an hed
A bagpype without blowyng, standeth in no sted
Some run to far before, some run to far behinde
Some be to churlish, and some be to kynd.

Ic dien serueth for erstrych fether
Ic dien, is the language of the land of Beme
In Affric tongue, Byrsa is a tonge of lether
In Palestina, there is Jerusalem
Collustrum now for parot, whit bred and swete creme
Our Thomase she doth trip, our Jenet she doth shail
Parrot hath a blacke beard, & a faire grene tayle

Morysh myne owne shelf, the ostermonger say
Fate, fate, fate, ye trysh water lag
In flettering fables, men fynde but lytel fayth
But moveatur terra, let the world wag
Let syr wrig wrag, wrastle wyth sir declarag
Euery man, after his maner of wayes
Pawbe vene aruer, so the Welche man sayes

Suche shredis of sentence, strowed in the shop
Of auncient Aristippus, and such other mo
I gather together, and close in my crip
Of my wanton conceyt, unde depromo
Dilemata docta, in pedagogio
Sacro vatum, wherof to you I breake
I pray you, let parrot haue lybertie to speke:

But ware the cat parrot, ware the false cat
With who is there, a mayd, nay, nay, I trow
Ware ryat parrot, ware ryot, ware that
Meate, meate for parrot: meate I say how
Thus diuers of language, by learnyng I grow
With bas me swete parrot: bas me swete swete
To dwel amonge ladies, parrat is mete.

Parrot, parrot, parrot, praty popigay
With my beke I can pyke, my lytle prety too
My delight is solas, pleasure: disport and play
Lyke a wanton whan I will, I rele to and froo
Parrot can say, Cesar, aue, also
But parrot, hath no fauour to Esebon
Aboue all other byrdes, set parrot alone.

Ulula, Esebon, for Jeremy doth wepe
Sion is in sadnes, Rachel ruly doth loke
Madionita, Jetro, our Moyses kepeth hys shepe
Gedeon is gon, that Zalmane vndertoke
Oreb and Zeb, of Judicum rede the boke
Now Gebal, Amon, and Amoloch, harke, harke,
Parrot pretendeth to be a bibil clarke.

O Esebon Esebon, to the is come agayne
Seon the regent amoreorum
And hog that fat hog, or basan dothe retayne
The crafty coistroinus canaueorum
And assilum, whilom, refugium miserorum
Non phanum sed prophanum, standeth in little sted
Ulula Esebon, for iept is starke ded.

Estbon, Maribon, Wheston, nexte Barnet
A trim tram for an hors mil it wer a nise thing
Deintes for dammoysels, Chaffer far fet
Bo ho doth barkwel, but hough ho maleth the ring
From scarpary to tartari renoun therin doth spring
With he said, & we said ich wot now what ich wot
Quod magnus est dominus Iudas Scarioth.

Ptholomie, and haly were cunnyng and wyse
In the vol vel, in the quadrant, and in the astroloby
To prognosticate truli the chaunce of fortunes dise
Some trete of their tirikis, some of astrology
Some pseudo propheta with chiromancy
If fortune be frendly, and grace be the guyde
Honoure with renowne, will renne of that side
Manon calon
Agaton quod parato. In Greca

Let parrot I pray you, haue liberty to prate
For aurea lingua greca, ought to be magnified
If it wer cond perfitely, and after the rate
As lingua latina, in schole matter occupied
But our Grekis, their Greke so wel haue applied
That they cannot say in Greke, riding by the way
How hosteler, fetche my horse a bottel of hay.

Neither frame a silogisme, in phriesesomorum
Formaliter & grece, cum medio termino
Our Grekes ye walow, in the washbol argolicorum
For though ye can tel in Greke what is phormio
Yet ye seke out your Greke, in Capricornio
For they scrape out good scripture, and set in a gal
Ye go about to amend, and ye mar all.

Some argue, secundum quid ad simpliciter
And yet he would be rekened, pro Ariopagita
And some make distinctions, multipliciter
Whether ita were before non, or non before ita
Nether wise nor well lerned but like hermophradita
Set Sophia aside, for euery Jacke raker.
And euery mad medler must now be a maker.

In achademia parrot, dare no probleme kepe
For grecisari, so occupieth the chayre
That latinum fari, may fal to rest and slepe
And sylogisari, was drowned at Sturbridge faire
Triuiale, and quatriuials, so sore now they appair
That parrot that popagay, hath pity to beholde
How the rest of good lerning, is roulled up and trolde

Albertus de modo significandi
And Donatus, be dryuen out of schole
Prisians hed broken, now haudy dandy
And interdidascolos, is rekened for a fole
Alexander, a gander of Menanders pole
With da cansales, is cast out of the gate
And da racionales, dare not shew his pate,

Plaut si in his comedies, a child shal now rehers
And medil with Quintilian, in his declarations
That pety Caton, can scantly construe a verse
With Aueto, in Greco, and such solempn salutacions
Can skantly the tensis, of his conjugacions
Setting their mindes, so much of eloquence
That of theyr scole maters, lost is the hole sentence

Now a nutmeg, a nutmeg, cum gariopholo
For parrot to pike vpon, his brayne for to stable
Swete synamum stickes, and pleris commusco
In paradise, that place of pleasure perdurable
The progeny of parrottis, were faire and fauorable
Now in valle Ebron, Parrot is fayne to fede
Christ crosse and saiet Nicolas, parrot be your good pede

The myrrour that I tote in, quasi diaphonum
Vel quasi speculum, in Enigmate
Elencum, or elles, Emtimaticum
For logicions to loke on, somwhat sophistice
Retorcions and oratours, in freshe humanite
Support parrot, I pray you which your suffrage ornat
Of confuse tantum, avoyding the checkmate

But of that suposicion, that called is arte
Confuse distrubitiue, as parrot hath deuised
Let euery man, after his merit, take hys part
For in this proces, parrot nothing hath surmised
No matter pretended, nor nothing enterprysed
But that metaphora, alegoria with all
Shall be his protection, his pauis and his wall.

For parrot is no churlish chough nor no flicked py
Parrot is no pendugum, that men call a carlyng
Parrot is no woodcocke, nor no butterfly
Parrot is no stamring stare, that men call a starling
But parrot is mine own dere harte, and my derling
Melpomene the fair maid, she burnished his beke
I pray you let parrot haue libertie to speke.

Parrot is a fayre byrde for a lady
God of his goodnes framed and wrought
Whan parrot is dead she doth not putrify
Ye all thinge mortall shall turn vnto noughte
Except mannes soule, that Christ so dere bought
That neuer may dye, nor neuer dye shall
Make much of parrot, that popegay royal.

For that pereles prynce, that parrot did creat
He made you of nothing, by his magisty
Pointe wel this probleme, that parrot doth prate
And remembre among, how parrot and ye
Shal lepe from this life, as merye as we be
Pompe, pryde, honour, ryches and worldly luste
Parrot saith plainly, shall tourne all to dust.

Thus parrot doth pray you
With heart most tender
To reken with this recule now
And it to remember
Psitacus ecce cano nec sunt mea carmina phebo
Digna scio Tamen est
Plena camena deo.

Secundum Skeltonida famigeratum
In picreorum Cathalago numeratum
Galathea.
Itaque Consolamini inuicem
In uerbis istis.
Candidi lectores callide callete
Vestrum fauete, psitacum.
Galathea.
Now kus me parrot, kus me, kus, kus, kus
Gods blessing light on thy swete litle mus
Vita & anima
Zoe kai psyche
Aquinates Amen,
Concubuit grece, Non
est hic sermo pudicus
Actica dictamina
Ergo Suus plumbilamina
Vel spuria Vitulamina
Auertat hoc Vxania.
Amen amen
And set to a. d.
And then it is amend
Our new found a. b. c.
Cum ceteris
paribus.

ON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE PRINCE KYNGE EDWARD THE FORTH,

PER SKELTONIDEM LAUREATUM.

MISEREMINI mei, ye that be my frendes
This worlde hath formed me down to fall
How may I endure when that euery thynge endes
What creature is borne, to be eternall
Now there is no more but pray for me all
Thus say I Edward, that late was your kyng
And xxiii. yeares ruled this imperiall,
Some vnto pleasure, and some to no likyng
Mercy I aske of my misdoyng
What auaileth it, friends to be my fo
Sith I can not resist, nor amend your complaint
Quia ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I slepe now in molde, as it is naturall
As earth vnto earth, hath his reuerture
What ordeyned God, to be terrestriall
Without recours, to the earth of nature
Who to liue euer, may be sure
What is it to trust, on mutabilite
Sith that in this world, nothing may indure
For now am I gone, that late was in prosperite
To presume therypon, it is but a vanitie
Not certaine: but as a chery fayre ful of wo
Raygned not I of late: in greate felicite
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where was in my lyfe, such one as I
While lady fortune with me had continuance
Graunted not she me, to have victory
In England to raine, and to contribute Fraunce
She toke me by the hand, and led me a daunce
And with her sugred lips, on me smyled
But what for her dissembled countenaunce
I could not beware, til I was begiled
Now from this world, she hath me excild
When I was lothest, hens for to go
And I am in age, but as who saith a child.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I had ynough, I held me not contente
Without remembraunce, that I should dye
And more ouer to incroche, redy was I bente
I knew not how long, I should itoccupy
I made the tower stronge, I wyst not why
I knew not to whom, I purchased Tetersall
I amended Douer, on the mountayne hye
And London I prouoked, to fortify the wal
I made Notingam, a place royral
Wyndsor, Eltam, and many other mo
Yet at the last, I went from them al
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where is now, my conquest and victory
Where is my riches, and my royal araye
Where be my coursers, and my horses hye
Where is my myrth, my solas, and play
As vanite to nought, al is wandred away
O lady Besse, longe for me may ye cal
For I am departed, til domes day.
But love ye that lord, that is soveraygne of all
Where be my castels, and buildinges royall
But Winsore alone, nowe I have no mo
And of Eton, the prayers perpetuall
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Why shoulde a man, be proud or presume hye
Sainct Bernard, therof nobly doth treate
Sythe a man, is nothing but a sacke of stercorri
And shall returne, vnto wormes meate
Whye, what came of Alexander the great
Or elsse of stronge Sampson, who can tell
Wher no wormes ordened, theyr flesh to freat
And of Salomon, that was of wit the well
Absolon, profered his heare for to sel
Yet for al his beutie, wormes eat him also
And I but late in honour did excell
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I have played my pageyond, now am I paste
Ye wot well all, I was of no great yeld
This al thing concluded, shalbe at the last
When death approcheth, then lost is the felde
When sithen this worlde, me no longer up helde
Nor nought wold conserue me, here in my place
In manus tuas domine, my spirite vp I yealde
Humbly beseching, the God of his grace
O ye curtesse commens, your hartes vnbrace
Beningly now to pray for me also
For right wel you know, your kyng I was
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

FINIS.

SKELTON LAUREATE AGAINST THE SCOTTES.

Against the proud Scottes clatteryng
That neuer wyll leave theyr tratlying
Wan they the felde, and lost their kynge
They may wel say, fye on that winning.

Lo these fond Scottes.
And tratling Scottes
How they are blind.
In their owne minde
And will not know.
Their ouerthrow
At Branxston moore.
They are so stowre
So frantike mad.
They say they had
And wan the felde.
With speare and shield
That is as trew.
As blacke is blew
And grene is gray.
What euer they say
Jemmy is dead.
And closed in leade
That was theyr own king.
Fy on that winning.

At Floddon hills.
Oure bowes our bylles
Slewe all the floure.
Of theyr honoure.
Are not these Scottes.
Foles and sottes
Suche boste to make.
To prate and crake
To face to brace.
All voyde of grace
So proud of hart.
So ouerthwart
So out of frame.
So voyd of shame
As it is enrold.
Wrytten and told
Within this quaire.
Who list to repair
And ther in reed.
Shal find in deed
A mad reckening.
Considering all thing
That the Scottes may sin.
Fye on the winning

WHEN THE SCOTTE LYUED.

IOLY Jemmy, ye scornefull Scot
Is it come vnto your lot
As solempne summer for to be
It greeth nought for your degre
Our kyng of England for to fight
Your soueraine lord, our prince of might
Ye for to send, such a citacion
It shameth al your noughty nacion
In comparison, but kynge koppyng
Unto our prince, anointed kyng
Ye play Hop Lobbyn of Lowdean
Ye shew ryght wel, what good ye can
Ye may be lord of Locrian
Chryst sence you, with a frying pan
Of Edingborow, and saincte Jonis towne
Adieu syr sommer, cast of your crowne.

WHEN THE SCOT WAS SLAYNE.

CONTINUALLY I shall remember
The mery moneth of September
With the xi. day of the same
For than began, our myrthe and game
So that now I haue deuised
And in my minde, I haue comprised
Of the proude Scot, kyng Jemmy
To wryte some lyttell tragedy
For no manner consideration
Of any sorowful lamentation
But for the special consolacion
Of al our royal Englysh nacion
Melpomene, O muse tragediall
Unto your grace, for grace now I call

To guyde my pen, and my pen to enbibe
Illumine me, your poet, and your scribe
That with mixture of aloes and bitter gall
I may compound, confectures for accordiall
To angre the Scottes, and Irish kiterynges withal
That late were discomfect, with battaile marcial
Thalia, my muse, for you also call
To touche them with tauntes of your armonye
A medley to make, of mirth with sadnes
The hartes of England, to comfort with gladnes
And now to begyn, I wyll me adres
To you rehersyng, the somme of my proces.

KYNGE Jamy, Jemmy, Jocky my joye
Summond our king, why did ye so
To you, nothing it did accord
To summon our king, your soueraigne lorde
A kyng a summer, it was great wonder
Know ye not suger, and salt asonder
Your summer to saucye, to malepert
Your harrold in armes, not yet halfe expert
Ye thought ye did, yet valiauntlye
Nor worth thre skippes of a pye
Syr skyr galyard, ye were so skit
Your wil, than ran before your wyt.
Your lege ye layd, and your aly
Your franticke fable, not worth a fly
Frenche kyng, or one or other
Regarded you should your lord your brother
Trowed ye sir Jemy, his noble grace
From you sir Scot, would tourne his face
With gup syr Scot, of Galawey
Now is your pryde fall to decay
Male vrid, was your fals entent
For to offende your president
Your lord, your brother and your regent.
In him is figured, Melchisedecke
And ye were disloyall Amalecke
He is oure noble Scipione
Annoynted kynge, and ye were none
Thoughe ye vntrulye your father haue slayne
His tytle is true, in Fraunce to raygne
And ye proude Scot, Dunde, Dunbar
Pardy ye were, his homager
And suter to his parliament
For your vntruthe, now are ye shent
Ye bare yourself, somwhat to bold
Therfore ye lost, your copy hold
Ye were bonde tenent, to his estate
Lost is your game, ye are checke mate
Unto the castell of Norram
I understande, to sone ye came
At Branxston more, and Flodden hilles
Our Englysh bowes, our Englysh bylles
Against you gaue so sharpe a shower
That of Scotland, ye lost the flower
The white lyon: there rampaunte of moode
He raged and rente out your hart bloude
He the white, and you the red
The white there slewe the red starke ded
Thus for your guerdon quyt are ye
Thanked be God in trinite
And swete sainct George our ladyes knyghte
Your eye is oute, adewe good nyghte.
Ye were starke mad to make a fray
His grace beyng out of the way
But by the power and might of God
For your tayle ye made a rod
Ye wanted wit, sir at a worde
Ye lost your spurs: ye lost your sword
Ye might haue busked you to huntly bankes
Your pryde was peuysh to play suche praukes
Your pouerte could not attayne
With our kyng royal, war to maintaine.
Of the kyng of Nauerne, ye myght take heed
Ungraciously howe he dothe speede
An double dealynge, so he dyd dreame
That he is kynge, withoute a reame
And for exaumple, he woulde none take
Experiens hath brought you in such a brake
Your wealthe, your joy, your sport, your play
Your braggyng bost, your royal aray
Your beard so brym, as bore at baye
Your seuen systers, that gun so gay
All haue ye lost, and caste awaye.
Thus fortune hath turned you: I dare wel saye
Now from a kyng, to a clot of clay
Oute of robes, ye were shaked
And wretchedly ye lay, starke all naked
For lacke of grace, hard was your hap
The popes cures, gaue you that clap.
Of the out yles, the rough foted Scottes
We haue wel eased them of the bottes
The rude rancke Scottes, lyke droncken Danes
At Englysh bowes haue fetched theyr banes
It is not sitting, in tower and towne
A summer, to were a kynges crowne
Fortune on you, therfore did frowne
Ye were to hye, ye are cast downe
Syr summer now, where is your crowne
Cast of your crowne, cast vp your crowne
Syr Summer, now ye have lost your crowne
Quod Skelton laureate, oratoure to kynges most royal estate.

SCOTIA redactam formam prouinciæ
Regis parebit nutibus Angliæ:
Alioquin (per desertum sin) super cherubim
Cherubin, seraphim, seraphinque ergo, &c.

UNTO DIVERS PEOPLE THAT REMORD THIS RYMING AGAINSTE THE SCOT JEMMY.

I AM now constrayned
With words nothynge fayned
This inuective to make. For som people sake
That lyst for to iangell
And waywardly to wrangell
Againste this my makynge
Their males thereat shakynge
At it reprehending. And venemously stingyng
Rebukynge and remordyng
And nothynge accordynge
Cause they haue none other
But for that he was hys brother
Brother vnnaturall. Unto our kyng royall
Against whome he dyd fighte
Falsly agaynst all ryghte
Lyke that vntrue rebell
False Cayne agaynst Abell.
But who so thereat pyketh mood
The tokens are not good
To be true Englysh blood
For they understood
His traitourly dispight
He was a recrayed knighte
A subtill sysmatike
Righte neare an heritike
Of grace out of the state
And died excommunicate

And for he was a kynge
The more shameful rekenynge
Of hym shoulde men reporte
In earnest and in sporte
He scantlye loueth oure kynge
That grudgeth at this thinge
That caste suche ouerthwartes
Percase haue hollowe hartes.

SI VERITATEM DICO, QUARE NON CREDITIS MIHI. CHORUS DE DYS CONTRA SCOTTES, CUM OMNI PROCESSIONALI FESTIUITATE SOLEMPNISAUIT HOC EPITOMA. XII. DIE SEPTEMBRIS. &c.

SALUE festa dies toto resonabilis æuo
Qua Scottus Iacobus obrutus ense cadit
Barbara Scottorum gens perfida plena malorum
Vincitur ad Norram, uertitur inque fugam
Vasta palus sed campestris (borie memoratur
Branxion more) scottis terra perosa fuit
Scottica castra fremunt Floddun sub montibus altis.
Quæ valide inuadens dissipat angla manus
Millia Scottorum trusit gens anglica passim
Luxuriat tepido sanguine pinguis humus
Pars animas miseri miseras, misere sub umbras
Pars ruit in fouceas, pars subiit latebras
Iam quid agit Iacobus, dumnorum germine cretus
Persidus. Vt nemroth lapsus ad ima ruit
Dic modo Scottoram dudum malesane malorum
Rector nunc regeris mortuus exce iaces
Sic Leo te Rupidus Leo candidus inclitus ursit
Quo Leo in Rubins ultima fata luis
Anglia duc choreas resonent tua tympana psallas
Da laudes Domino. Da pia vota Deo.

HÆC LAUREATUS SKELTONIS REGINÆ ORATOR CHORUS DEDIS. &c SUPER TRIUMPHALI VICTORIA CONTRA GALLOS, &c. CANTAUIT SOLEMNITER HOC ELOGIUM IN PROFESTO DIUI IOHANNIS AD DECOLLATIONEM.

SALUE festa dies toto memorabilis æuo.
Qua rex Henricus Gallico bella premit
Henricus rutilans Octauus hostis in armis
Tir winne gentis mœnia strauit humi
Sceptriger Anglorum bello validissimus hector.
Francorum gentis colla superba terit
De Cleremount clarus dudum dic galle superbe
Vnde superbus eris? carcere nonne gemis?
Discite Francorum gens cetera capta, Britannum
Noscite magnanimum, subdite vosque sibi
Gloria Cappadocis diuæ miles quæ Mariæ
Illius hic sub ope Gallica regna reget.
Hoc insigne bonum diuino Numine gestum
Anglica gens referat semper, ouansque canat
Per Skeltonida laureatum,
Oratorem regium.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH THE BOOKE, INTITULED,
WARE THE HAWKE.

Prologus Skeltonidis laureati super Ware the Hawke.

THIS worke deuised is
For such as do amis
And specially to controule
Suche as haue cure of soule
That be so farre abused
They cannot be excused
By reason nor by lawe
But that they play the dawe
To hawke or elsse to hunte
From the aulter to the funte
With crye vnreuerente
Before the sacramente
Within the holy church boundis
That of our faith, the ground is
That pryest that hawkes so
All grace is farre him fro
He semeth a sismatike
Or elsse an heritike
For faith in him is faynte
Therefore to make complaynte
Of suche mysaduised
Parsons, and disgised
This boke we haue deuised
Compendiouslye comprised
No good priest to offend
But such dawes to amend
In hope that no man shall
Be miscontent withall.

I shall you make relacion
By waye of apostrofaction
Under supportacion
Of your pacient tolleracion
How I Skelton laureat
Deuised and also wrate
Upon a lewde curate
A parson beneficed
But nothing well aduised
He shall be as now nameles
But he shall not be blameles
Nor he shall not be shameles
For sure he wrought amis
To hawke in my churche of Dis
This fonde frantike fauconer
With hys poluted pawtner
As priest vnreuerent
Straight to the sacrament
He made his hawke to fly
With hogeous showte and crye
The hye aulter he strypt naked
There on he stode and craked
He shoke down al the clothes
And sware horrible othes
Before the face of God
By Moyses and Arons rod
Or that he thence yede
His hawke should pray and fede
Upon a pigeons mawe
The blonde ran downe raw
Upon the auter stone
The hawke tyred on a bonne
And in the holy place
She muted there a chace
Upon my corporas face
Such sacrificium laudis
He made with such gambawdis.

OBSERVATE.

His second hawke waxed gerye
And was with flying wery
She had flow in so oft
That on the rode loft
She perked her to rest
The fauconer then was prest,
Came running with a dow
And cryed stow stow stow
But she would not bowe

He then to be sure
Called her with a lure
Her meate was very crude
She had not wel endude
She was not cleane ensaymed
She was not wel reclaymed
But the fawconer unfayned
Was much more febler brained
The hawke had no lyst
To come to his fyst
She loked as she had the fronce
With that he gave her a bounce
Ful vpon the gorge
I wyl not fayne nor forge
The hawke with that clap
Fell down with euil hap
The church dores wer sparred
Fast bolted and barred
Yet with a prety gin
I fortuned to come in
This rebell to beholde
Whereof hym I contrould
But he sayd that he wolde
Agaynst my mynde and will
In my churche hawke styll.

CONSIDERATE.

On sainct John decollacion
He hawked on this facion
Tempore, vesperarum
Sed, non secundum Sarum
But like a marche harum
His braynes were so parum
He sayde he would not let
His houndes for to fet
To hunte there by lyberte
In the dispite of me
And to halowe there the foxe
Downe went my offeryng box
Boke bel and candell
Al that he might handell
Cross staffe, lectrine and banner
Fel done on thys manner.

DELIBERATE.

With troll, citrace and trouy
They ranged hankin bouy
My church all about
Thys fawconer gan shoute
These be my gospellers
These be my pistillers
These be my queristers
To help me to singe
My hawkes to mattens ring
In this priestly giding
His hawke then flew vpon
The rode with Mary and John
Delt he not lyke a fon
Delt he not lyke a daw
Or elsse is this Goddes law
Decrees or decretals
Or holy sinodals
Or elsse prouincials
Thus within the wals
Of holy churche to deale
Thus to ringe a peale
With his hawkes belles
Doutles suche losels
Make the church to be
In smal auethorite
A curate in speciall
To snapper and to fall
Into this open crime
To loke on this were tim

VIGILATE.

But who so that lokes
In the officials bokes
Ther her may see and reed
That this is matter in deed
How be it mayden meed
Made them to be agreed
And so the scribe was feed
And the Pharasaye
Than durst nothing say
But let the matter slip
And made truth to trip
And of the spirituall law
They made but a gew gaw
And toke it out in drynke
And this the cause doth shrink
The church is thus abused
Reproched and polluted
Correction hath no place
And al for lacke of grace

DEPLORATE.

Loke now in Exodi
And de arca domini
With regum by and by
The Bibel wyl not lye
How the temple was kept
How the temple was swept
Where sanguis taurorum
Aut sanguis vitulorum
Was offered within the wals
After ceremonials
When it was poluted
Sentence was executed
By way of expiacion

DIUINITATE.

Then much more by the rode
Where Christes precious bloud
Daily offred is
To be poluted this
And that he wished with all
That the downes donge downe might fall
nto my chalis at mas
When consecrated was
The blessed sacrament
O priest unreverent
He sayde that he would hunt
From the aulter to the funt

REFORMATE.

Of no tyrande I rede
That so farre dyd excede
Neither yet Dioclesian
Nor yet Domisian
Nor yet croked Cacus
Nor yet dronken Baccus
Nother Olibrius nor Dionisius
Nother Phalary
Rehersed in valery
Nor Sardanapall
Unhappiest of all
Nor Nero the worst
Nor Clawdius the curst

Nor yet Egeas
Nor yet syr Pherumbras
Nother Zorobabell
Nor cruell Jesabell
Nor yet Tarquinius
Whome Titus Liuius
In writinge doth enroll
I have red them poll by poll
The storye of Aristobel
And of Constantinobel
Whiche citye Miscreantes wan
And slue many a christen man
Yet the Sowden nor the Turke
Wrought neuer such a worke
For to let their hawkes flye
In the church of Saint Sophy
With much matter more
That I kepe in store

PENSITATE.

Then in a tabel playne
I wrote a verse or twayne
Whereat he made disdayne
The pekyshe parsons brayne
Coulde not reache nor attaine
What the sentence mente
He sayde for a croked intent
The wordes were paruerted
And this he ouerthwarted
Of the whiche processe
Ye maye knowe more expresse
If it please you to loke
In the residue of this booke.

HERE AFTER FOLLOWETH THE TABLE.

LOKE on this tabul
Whether thou art abul
To rede or to spel
What these verses tel.

Sicculo lutueris est colo bunraard
Nixphedras uisarum caniuter tauntantes.
Raterplas Natanbrianum sudus itnugenus,
18. 10. 2. 11. 19. 4. 13. 3. 8. 1. tenualet.
Cartula stet precor hæc vello temeranda petulco
Hos rapiet numeros non homo sz mala bos.
Ex parte. Rem carte aduerte aperte, pone musam arethusam hanc.

Whereto shoulde I rehers
The sentence of my vers.
In them be no scholes
For braynsicke franticke foles
Construas hoc, domine Dawcocke.
Ware the hawke.
Maister Sophista
Ye simplex, silogista
The deuelyshe dogmatista
Your hawke on your fista
To hawke when your lista
In ecclesia ista domine cacapisti
With thy hawke on thy fisty
Nunquid sic dixist. Nunquid sic fecisti
Sed vbi hoc legisti
Aut vnde hoc, doctor Dawcocke.
Ware the hawke.
Doctor Dialetica
Where finde you in Ipotetica
Or in Cathagoria. Latina, siue dorica
To vse your hawkes, forica
In propiciatorio, tanquam, diuresorio
Unde hoc, domine Dawcoke.
Ware the hawke.

Saye to me Jacke Hawis
Quare accuparis ad sacramentum altaris
For no reuens thou spares
To shake my pygeons federis
Super arcam federis
Unde hoc, doctor Dawcocke
Ware the hawke.

Sic dominus vobiscum par aucupium
Ye made your hawke to cum
Desuper candelabrum
Christi crucifixi
To fede vpon your fistye
Dic inimice crucis Christi. Ubi didicisti
Facere hoc, domine Dawcocke
Ware the hawke.

Apostata Julianus
Nor yet Nestorianus
Thou shalt no where rede
That they dyd such a dede
To let theyr hawkes fly
Ad ostium tabernaculi
In quo est corpus Domini
Cane hoc, doctor Dawcocke
Ware the hawke.

This doutlesse ye raued
Dis churche ye thus depraued
Wherfore as I be saued
Ye are therefore be knaued
Quare, quia euangelia
Concha, et conchelia
Ancipiter, et sonalia
Cetera, quoque talia
Tibi sunt equalia
Unde hoc domine Dawcocke
Ware the hawke.

Et relis et ralis et reliqualis
From Granado to Galis
From Winchelsee to Wales
Non est brainsicke tales
Nec minus racionalis. Nec magis bestis
That singges with a chalis
Construas hoc doctor Dawcocke
Ware the hawke.

Mased witles smery smyth
Hampar with your hammer vpon thy styth
And make here of a sickel or a saw
For though ye live a hundred yere ye shal dye a daw
Vos valete doctor indiscrete

SKELTONIS APOSTROPHAT AD DIUUM IOHANNEM DECOLLATUM IN CUIUS PROFESTO FIEBAT HOC AUCUPIUM.

O MEMORANDA dies qua decolare Iohannes Acupium facit haud quandam quod fecerit infra ecclesiam de dis uiolans sua sacra sacerorum rector de Whiphostocke doctor cognomine Daucocke, et dominus Wodcocke, probatis. probat hic. probat hæc hoc.

Libertas veneranda pils concessa poetis, discendi est quecunque placent quecunque juvabunt te vel quæcunque valent iustas defendere causas vel quæcunque volent stolidos mordere petulcos. Ergo dabis veniam.

QUOD SKELTON LAUREAT.

All noble men of this take hede
And beleue it as your crede.

To hastyenes of sentence
To fearse for none offence
To scarce of your expens
To large in negligence
To slacke in recompens
To hawte in excellence
To lighte intelligence
And to lyghte of credence
Where these kepe residence
Reason is banyshed thence
And also dame Prudence
With sober pacience.
All noble men of this take hede
And beleue it as your crede

Then wythoute collusyon
Marke well this conclusion
Thorowe suche abusion
And by suche illusion
Unto greate confusion
A nobell man may fall
And hys honoure appall
That yf ye thinke this shall
Not rub you on the gall
Then the deuill take all

All nobell men of this take hede. &c.

QUOD SKELTON LAUREATE.

Ye may heare now, in this rhime
How euery thing, must haue a time.

TIME is a thing, that no man may resist
Time is transitory, and irreuocable
Who saith the contrary, time passeth as him list
Time must be taken, in season couenable
Take time when time is, for time is ay mutable
All thing hath time, who can for it prouide
Bide for time who wil, for time wil no man abide
Tyme to be sad, and time to play and sporte
Time to take rest, by way of recreation
Tyme to study, and time to use comfort
Tyme of pleasure, and time of consolation
Thus time hath his time, of divers maner facion
Tyme for to eate and drynke, for thy repast
Tyme to be liberall, and time to make no wast
Tyme to travel, and time for to rest
Time for to speake, and time for to hold thi peace
Time woulde be vsed, when time is best
Time to begin, and time for to cease
And when time is, put thy self in prease
And when time is, to holde thy selfe a backe
The rotes take their sap, in time of vere
In time of sommer, floures freshe and grene
In time of haruest, men their corne shere
In time of winter the north wind waxeth kene
So bitterly biting, the floures be not sene
The kalendis of Janus, with his frostes hore
That time is, when people must liue upon the store
Quod Skelton laureat.

A PRAYER

TO THE FATHER OF HEAUEN.

O RADIANT luminary of light interminable
Celestiall father, potenciall God of might
Of heauen and earth. O Lorde incomperable
Of al perfections the essenciall most perfighte
O Maker of mankind, that formed day and night
Whose power imperial, comprehendeth euery place
Mine hart, my mind, my thought, my hole delite
Is after this lyfe, to se thy glorious face.

Whose magnificence, is incomprehensible
Al arguments of reason, which far doth excede
Whose deite doutles, is indiuisible
From whom al goodnes, and vertue doth procede
Of thy support, al creatures have nede
Assist me good Lord, and graunt me of thy grace
To liue to thy pleasure, in word thought and dede
And after this lyfe to see thy glorious face.

TO THE SECONDE PARSONE.

O BENIGNE Jesu, my souerain lorde and kynge
The only sonne of God, by filiacion
The second parson, without beginning
Both God and man, our faith maketh plain relacion
Mary the mother, by way of incarnacion
Whose glorious passion, our soules doth reuiue
Again al bodely, and ghostly tribulacion
Defend me with thy piteous woundes fiue

O pereles prynce, paynted to the death
Rufully rent, thy body wan and blo
For my redempcion, gaue vp thy vytal breathe
Was neuer sorow, lyke to thy deadly wo
Graunt me, out of this world when I shal go
Thine endles mercy, for my preseruatiue
Against the world, the flesh, the deuill also
Defende me with thy piteous woundes fiue.

TO THE HOLY GHOST.

O FIRY sentence, inflamed with all grace
Enkyndeling hertes, with brandes charitable
The endlesse rewarde of pleasure and solace
To the Father, and the Son, thou art communicable
In vnitate, which is inseperable
O water of lyfe, O wel of consolacion
Against al suggestions deadly, and dampnable
Rescu me good Lorde, by your preseruacion.

To whome is appropryed, the Holy Ghost by name
The third parson, one God in Trinite
Of perfyt loue, thou art the ghostlye flame
O mirrour of mekenes, peace and tranquilitye
My comfort, my counsel, my parfit charity
O water of lyfe, O wel of consolacion
Against all storms, of hard adversitie
Rescu me good Lord, by thy preseruation.
Amen.
Quod Skelton laureate.

Here after foloweth the boke called Elinour Rumming.

THE TUNNYNG OF ELYNOUR RUMMING[1].

PER SKELTON LAUREATE.

TELL you I chill
If that ye wyll

[1] A woman who sold ale near Leatherhed in Surrey. C.

A while be still
Of a comelye gyll
That dwelt on a hyll
But she is not gryll
For she is somewhat sage
And well worne in age
For her visage
It woulde asswage
A mannes courage

Her lothelye leare
Is nothynge cleare
But vglye of cheare.
Droupye and drowsye
Scurvy and lowsy
Her face all bowsy
Comelye crinckled
Wonderously wrynkled
Lyke a roste pigges eare
Brystled with here

Her lewde lyppes twayne
They slauer men sayne
Lyke a ropye rayne
A gummy glayre
She is vglye fayre
Her nose some dele hoked
And camously croked
Neuer stoppinge
But euer dropping
Her skin lose and slacke
Grained like a sacke
With a croked backe

Her eyen gowndye
Are full vnsowndy
For they are blered
And she graye hareds
Jawed lyke a Jetty
A man would have pity
To se how she is gumbed
Fingured and thumbed
Gently joynted
Gresed and annointed
Up to the knockles
The bones her buckles
Together made faste
Her youthe is farre paste
Foted lyke a plane
Legges like a crane
And yet she wyl iet
Lyke a iolly set
In her furred flocket
And gray russet rocket
With simper the cocket
Her huke of Lyncole grene
It hadde bene hers I wene
More then fortye yeare
And so it dothe appeare
And the grene bare thredes
Looke lyke sere wedes
Wythered lyke haye
The woll worne awaye
And yet I dare saye
She thinketh her selfe gaye
Uppon the holye daye
When she dothe her araye
And girdeth in her getes
Stitched and pranked with pletes
Her kirtell Bristowe red
With clothes vppon her heade
That they way a sowe of leade

Wrythen in a wonder wise
After the Sarazins gise
With a whim wham
Knit with a trim tram
Uppon her brayne panne
Like an Egiptian
Capped aboute
Whan she goeth oute
Her selfe for to shewe
She driueth downe the dewe
With a paire of heles
As brode as two wheles
She hobbles as a gose
With her blauket hose
Her shone smered with talow
Gresed vpon dyrt
That baudeth her skyrt

PRIMUS PASSUS.

And this comely dame
I vnderstande her name
Is Elynoure Rummynge
At home in her wonnyng
And as men say
She dwelt in Sothray
In a certaine stede
By syde Lederhede
She is a tonnishe gyb
The deuell and she be sib.
But to make vp my tale
She brueth noppy ale
And maketh therof poorte sale
To trauellers, to tinkers
To sweters, to swinkers
And all good ale drynkers
That wyll nothinge spare
But drynche tyll they stare
And bringe them selfe bare
With now away the mare
And let vs sley care
As wise as an hare
Come who so wil
To Elinour on the hil
With fil the cup fill
And sit there by still
Earelye and late
Thither commeth Kate
Cislye and Sare
With theyr legges bare
And also theyr fete
Hardely full vnswete
With their heles dagged
Theyr kyrtelles all to iagged
Theyr smockes all to ragged
With titters and tatters
Brynge dyshes and platters
With all theyr mighte runnyng
To Elynoure Rummynge
To haue of her tunninge
She leaneth them of the same
And thus beginneth the game
Some wenches come vnbrased
Wyth theyr naked pappes
That flippes and flappes
It wygges and it wagges
Lyke tawny saffron bagges
A sorte of foul drabbes
All scurvy with scabbes
Some be flye bytten
Some skewed as a kytten

Some with a sho cloute
Bynde their heades aboute
Some have no herelace
Theyr lockes about their face
Theyr tresses untruste
All full of vnluste
Some looke strawrye
Some cawrye mawrye
Full untidye tegges
Lyke rotten egges
Such a lewde sorte
To Elynoure resorte
From tyde to tyde
Abyde abyde
And to you shall be toulde
Howe her ale is soulde
To mawte and to molde

SECUNDUS PASSUS

Some have no monye
That thither commye
For their ale to paye
That is a shrewde aray
Elinoure sweared naye
Ye shall not beare awaye
My ale for noughte
By him that me boughte
With hey dogge haye
Have these dogges awaye
With gette me a staffe
The swyne eate my draffe
Strike the hogges with a clubbe
They haue dronk vp mi swilling tub
For be there never so much prese,
These swine go the hye dese
The sowe with her pygges
The bore his taile wrygges
Against the hye bench.
With fo, ther is a stench
Gather vp thou wench.
Seest thou not what is fall
Take vp drit and all.
And beare out of the hal
God geue it il preuing.
Clenly as euel cheuing
But let us turne plain,
Ther we left againe
For as ill a patch as that.
The hens run in the mashfat
For they go to roust
Straight ouer the ale ioust
And donge whan it commes
In the ale tunnes
Then Elinour taketh.
The mash bol and shaketh
The hennes donge away.
And skommeth it in a tray
Where as the yest is.
With her maungy fistis
And somtime she blens
The donge of her hennes
And the ale together.
And sayth gossip come hither
This ale shal be thicker
And floure the more quicker
For I may tel you
I learned it of a Jewe
Wham I began to brewe
And I have founde it trew
Drinke nowe while it is new
And ye may it broke
It shall make you loke
Younger than ye be
Yeres two or thre
For ye may prove it by me
Behold she sayd and see
How bright I am of ble
Ich am not cast away
That can my husband saye
Whan we kysse and playe
In luste and in likynge
He calleth me his whiting
His mullinge and his nittine
His nobbes and his connye
His sweting and hys honny
With basse my prety bonny
Thou arte worthe good and monny
This make I my falyre fanny
Tyll that he dreame and dronnye
For after all oure sport
Than will he rout and snort
Then swetely together we ly
As two pygges in a stye.
To cease me semeth best
And of this tale to reast
And for to leaue this letter
Because it is no better
And because it is no swetter
We wyll no farther ryme
Of it, at this time
But we wyl turne playne
Where we left agayne.

TERTIUS PASSUS.

Some instede of coine and monny
Will come and brynge her a conny
Or else a pot with honni
Some a knife and some a spone
Some brynge their hose, some ther shone
Some ran a good trot
With a skyllet or a pot
Some fyll their pot full
Of good Lemster woll
An huswife of truste
Whan she is a thrust
Suche a webbe can spyn
Her thryfte is full thyn
Some go strayghte thyther
Be it slaty or slider
They holde the hye waye
They care not what men saye
Be that as be maye
Some lothe to be espyde
Some start in at the backe syde
Ouer the hedge and pale
And all for the good ale
Some renne tyll they swete
Bryng with them malt or whete
And dame Elinoure entreat
To byrle them of the best
Than cometh an other gest
She swered by the rode of rest
Her lyppes are so drye
Without drynke she must dye
Therefore fyll it by and by
And haue here a pecke of ry
Anone cometh another
As drye as the other
And wyth her dothe bryng
Mele, salt, or other thing

Her harnest girdle, her wedding ringe
To paye for hir scot
As cometh to her lot
Som bringeth her husbandes hood
Because the ale is good
Another brought her his cap
To offer to the ale tap
With flaxe and with towe
With hey and with howe
Syt we down a rowe
And dryncke tyll we blowe
And pype tirlye tyrlowe

Some layde to pledge
Theyr hatchet and their wedge
Their hekell and their rele
Their rock, their spinning whele
And some went so narrow
They laid to pledge their wharro
Their ribskin and their spindell
Their nedel and their thimbell
Here was scante thryfte
Whan they made such shyfte
Their thrust was so great
They asked never for meate
But drincke still drynke
And let the cat winke
Let vs washe oure gommes
From the dry crommes

QUARTUS PASSUS.

Some for very nede
Lay down a skain of thredc
And some a skain of yarne
Bothe beanes and pease
Small chaffer dothe ease
Sometime, now and than
Another there was that ran
With a good brassepan
Her coloure was full wan
She ran in al the haste
Unbrased and vnlaste
Tawnye swart and swallowe
Lyke a cake of tallowe
I sweare by all hallowe
It was a stare to take
The deuill in a brake.

And than came haltynge Jone
And broughte a gambone
Of bakon that was reastye
But Lorde as she was testye
Angrye as a waspye
She began to yane and gaspy
And bad Elynoure go bet
And fyll in good meate
It was dere that was farre fet

Another broughte a spycke
Of a bacon flicke
Her tongue was verye quicke
But she spake somewhat thicke
Her felowe did stammer and stut
But she was a foule slut
For her mouthe fomed
And her bellye groned
Jone sayne she had eaten a fyest
By Christe sayde she thou lyest
I haue as swete a breathe
As thou with shamefull deathe

Then Elinour sayd, ye callettes
I shall breake your palettes
Without ye nowe cease
And so was made the dronken peace
That thider came dronecken Ales
And she was full of tales
Of tidinges in Wales.
And of sainct James in Gales
And of the Portyngales
With lo gossip I wis
Thus and thus it is
There hath ben greate warre
Betwene Temple barre
And the crosse in Cheape
And there came an heape
Of mil stones in a route
She speaketh thus in her snoute
Sneuelynge in her nose
As thoughe she had the pose
Lo here is an olde tippet
And ye wil geue me a sippet
Of your stale ale
God sende you good sale
And as she was drynkynge
She fell in a wynkynge
With a barlye hoode
She pyste where she stoode
Than began she to wepe
And forthwith fell on slepe
Elynoure tooke her vp
And blessed her wyth a cup
Of new ale in cornes
Ales founde therein no thornes
But supped it vp at ones
She found therin no bones

QUINTUS PASSUS.

Now in cometh another rabel
Fyrst one with a ladell
Another with a cradell
And with a syde sadel
And there began a fabel
And clatterynge and a babell
Of foles silly
That had a fole with willy
With iast you, and gup gillye
She coulde not lye stillye
Then came in a genet
And sware by sainct Bennet
I dranke not this sennet
A draughte to my paye
Elynoure I the pray
Of thyne ale let vs assaye.
And haue here a pilch of gray
I weare skinnes of conye
That causeth I loke so donny
Another than dyd hyche her
And broughte a pottel pycher
A tonnel, and a bottel
But she had lost the stoppel
She cut of her sho sole
And stopped therwith the hole.

Amonge all the blommer
Another brought a skommer
A frying pan and a slice
Elynoure made the pryce
For good ale eche whit.

Than starte in mad Kyt
That had lytle wyt
She semed some dealé seke
And brought vp a peny cheke

To dame Elinoure
For a draughte of lycour.
Than Margery milke ducke
Her kirtell she did vp tucke
An ynche aboue her kne
Her legges that ye might se
But they were sturdy and stubbled
Mighty pestels and clubbed
As fayre and as white
As the fote of a kite
She was somwhat foule
Croke necked lyke an owle
And yet she broughte her fees
A cantel of Essex chese
Was well a fote thicke
Full of maggottes quicke
It was huge and greate
And mightye stronge meate
For the deuill to eate
It was tarte and punyete
Another sorte of sluttes
Some broughte walnutes
Some apples, some peares
Some brought their clippinge sheres
Some broughte thys and that
Some broughte I wote neare what
Some broughte theyr husbandes hat
Some podynges and lynkes
Some tripes that stinkes
But of all thys thronge
One came them amonge
She semed halfe a leche
And began to preach
Of the tewesday in the weke
Whan the mare doth keke
Of the vertue of an vnset leke
Of her husbandes breke
With the feders of a quaile
She could to bourde on sayle
And with good ale barme
She could make a charm
To healpe with all a stytche
She semed to be a wytche
And another brought two goslings
That wer noughty froslings
Some brought them in a wallet
She was a cumlye callet
The goslinges were untide
Elinour began to chide
They be wrethocke thou haste brout
They ar shyre shaking nought

SEXTUS PASSUS.

Maud ruggy, thither skipped
She was vglye hipped
And vglye thicke lipped
Like an onion sided
Like tan ledder hided
She had her so guided
Betwene the cup and the wall
That she was there with all
Into a palsey fall
With that her hed shaked
And her handes quaked
Ones heade wold haue aked
To se her naked
She dranke so of the dregges
The dropsy was in her legges
Her face glistring lyke glasse
All foggye fat she was
She had also the goute
In all her joyntes aboute
Her breth was soure and stale
And smelled all of ale
Suche a bedfellawe
Wold make one cast his craw
But yet for all that
She drancke on the mashe fat
There came an olde rybibe
She halted of a kybe
And had broken her shyn
At the threshold cummyng in
And fell so wyde open
That one myght se her token
The deuil there on be wroken
What nede all this be spoken
She yelled lyke a calfe
Ryse vp on God's halfe
Sayde Elynoure Rummynge
I be shrewe the for thy cummyng
As she at her did plucke
Quake, quake, sayde the ducke
In that lampatrams lap
With fye, couer the shap
Wyth sum flip flap
God geue it yll happe
Sayde Elynoure for shame
Lyke an honest dame
Up she stearte, halfe lame
And skantlye coulde go
For payne and for wo

In came another dant
Wyth a gose and a gant
She had a wide wesant
She was nothynge pleasaunt
Necked lyke an oliphant
It was a bullifant
A gredy cormerante
Another brought her garlik heds
Another brought her bedes
Of jet or of coale
To offer to the ale pole
Some brought a wimble
Some brought a thymble
Some brought a silke lace.
Some brought a pincase
Some her husbandes gowne
Some a pillowe of downe
Some of the napery
And all this shyfte they make
For the good ale sake
A straw said bele stande vtter
For we haue egges and butter
And of pigeons a payre.

Then sterte forthe a fisgigge
And she brought a bore pigge
The flesh thereof was ranke
And her breath strongly stanke
Yet or she wente she dranke
And gate her greate thancke
Of Elynoure for her ware
That she thither bare
To paye for her share
Nowe trulye to my thinkynge
This is solempne drinkyng

SEPTIMUS PASSUS.

Soft quoth one high sibbil
And let me with you bibill

She sate downe in the place
With a sorye face
Whey wormed aboute
Garnished was her snoute
With here and there a puscul
Lyke a scabbed muscull
This ale sayde she is noppy
Let us sippe and soppy
And not spil a droppy
For so mote I hoppye
It coleth well my coppy
Dame Elinoure sayde she
Haue here is for me
A cloute of London pinnes
And with that she beginnes
The pot to her plucke
And dranke a good lucke
She swinge up a quarte
At ones for her part
Her paunche was so puffed
And so with ale stuffed
Had she not hyed apace
She had defoyled the place
Than began the sport
Amonge that dronken sort
Dame Elynoure sayde they
Lende here a cocke of hay
To make all thynge cleane
Ye wote well what we meane
But syr amonge all
That sate in that hall
There was a pricke me deintie
Sate lyke a saintye
And began to paintye
As thoughe she woulde fainty
She made it as koy
As a lege demoy
She was not halfe so wise
As she was peuysh nyse
She sayde neuer a worde
But rose from the borde
And called for our dame
Elynoure by name
We supposed I wys
That she rose to pisse
But the verye grounde
Was for to compounde
With Elynour in the spence
To paye for her expence
I haue no penny nor grote
To pay sayd she, God wot
For washinge of my throte
But my bedes of amber
Bere them to your chaumber
Then Elynour dyd them hide
Wythin her beddes syde
But some than sat righte sad
That nothynge had
There of theyr one
Neyther gelt nor pawne
Suche were there mennye
That had not a pennye
But whan they should walke
Were fayne with a chalke
To score on the balke
Or score on the tayle
God geue it yll hayle
For my fyngers ytche
I have written to mych
Of this mad mummyng
Of Elynoure Rummynge

Thus endeth the gest
Of this worthye fest.
Quod Skelton laureat.

LAUREATI SKELTONIDIS IN DESPECTU MALIGNANTIUM DISTICON.

QVAMVIS insanis, quamvis marcescis inanis
Inuidi cantamus, hæc loca plena locis

Bien men sounient.

Omnes feminas, quæ vel nimis bibulæ sunt, vel quæ sordida labe squaloris, aut quam Spurca fœditatis macula, aut verbosa laquacitate notantur, poeta invitat ad audiendum hunc libellum, &c.

Ebria, squalida, sordida fæmina, prodiga verbis
Hue eurrat, properet veniat sua facta libellus
Iste volutabit: Pæan sua plectra sonando
Materiam risus cantabit carmine rauco.

FINIS.

Quod Skelton laureate.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH A LITLE BOKE WHICH HATH TO NAME,

WHY COME YE NOT TO COURT,

Compiled by Mayster Skelton poete laureate.

The relucent mirror for all prelats and presidents as well spirituall as temporall sadly to loke vpon, deuised in English by Skelton.

All noble men of this take hede
And beleue it as your crede.

To hastye of sentence
To fearce for none offence
To scarce of your expence
To large in negligence
To slacke in recompence
To haut in excellence
To lyght intellygence
And to lyght in credence
Where these kepe resydence
Reason is banished thence.
And also dame Prudence
Wyth sober Pacience
All noble men, &c.

Than without collusion
Marke well thys conclusion
Through such abusion
And by suche illusion
Unto great confusion
A noble man may fall
And his honoure appall
And yf ye thynke thys shal
Not rubbe you on the gall
Than the deuyll take all, &c.

Hæc vates ille, de quo loquuntur in illis.

For age is a page
For the court full unmeete
For age cannot rage
Nor basse her sweete sweete
But whan age seeth that rage
Dothe asswage and refrayne
Than wyll age have corage
To come to court agayne.

But
Helas, sage ouerage
To madly decayes'
That age for dottage
Is recouered now a dayes
Thus age graunt domage
Is nothyng set by
And rage in arerage
Doth renne lamentably.
So
That rage must make pillage
To catche that catche maye
And wyth suche forage
Hunte the boskage
That hartes wyl runne awaye
Bothe hartes and hindes
With all good mindes
Fare well, than haue good day
Than haue good day adew
For defaute of rescew
Some men may happely rew
And theyr heades mew
The time doth faste ensew
That hales begin to brew
I drede by swete Jesu
This tale will be to trew
In fayth dicken thou crew.

In fayth dicken, thou crew, &c.

DICKEN, thou crew doutles
For truelye to expresse
There hath be much exces
With banketyng braynlesse
With ryoting rechles
With gambaudyng thryftles
With spend, and waste witles
Treating of truce restlesse
Pratyng for peace peaslesse
They countring at Cales
Wrange vs on the wales
Chief councelour was careles
Gronyng grouching graceles
And to none entent
Our talwod is all brent
Our fagottes are all spent
We may blow at the cole
Our mare hath cast her fole
And Mocke hath lost her shoo
What may she do thertoo
An end of an old song
Do right and no wrong
As right as a rammes horne
For thrift is threde bare worne
Our shepe are shrewdlye shorne
And trouthe is all to torne
Wisdome is laught to scorne
Fauel is false forsworne
Jauel is nobly borne
Hauel and Haruy hafter
Jacke Trauell and Cole crafter
We shall heare more hereafter
With polling and shauynge
With borowyng and crauyng
With reuyng and rauyng
With swearing and staryng
There vayleth no reasonyng
For wil doth rule al thyng
Wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl,
He ruleth alway styl
Good reason and good skyll
They may garlicke pill
Cary sackes to the mil
Or pescoddes they may shil
Or els go roste a stone
There is no man but one
That hath the strokes alone
Be it blacke or white
All that he doth is right
As right as a cammocke croked
Thys bil wel ouer loked
Clerely perceiue we may
There went the hare awaye
The hare, the fox, the gray,
The hart, the hinde, the bucke
God send vs better lucke.
God send vs better lucke, &c

TWIT Andrew, twit Scot
Get heme, ge scoure thy pot
For we haue spent our shot
We shall haue a tot quot
From the pope of Rome
To weaue all in one lome
A webbe of Lylse wulce
Opus male dulce.
The deuill kysse his cule
For whiles he doth rule
All is warse and warse
The deuill kysse his arse
For whether he blesse or curse
It can not be muche worse
From Baumberow to Bothambar
We haue cast vp oure war
And made a worthy truse
Wyth gup leuel suse
Our mony madly sent
And more madly spent
From Croydon to Kent
Wote ye whither they went?
From Winchelsy to Rye
And all not worthe a flye
From Wentbridge to Hull
Our army waxeth dull
With turne all home agayne
And neuer a Scot slayne
Yet the good erle of Surray
The French men he doth fraye
And vexeth them day by day
With all the power he maye
The Frenchemen he hath fainted
And made their hertes attained
Of cheualry he is the flour
Our Lord be his succoure
The French men he hath so mated
And their courage abated
That they are but halfe men
Like foxes in their den
Like cankerd cowardes all
Like beons in a stone walle
They kepe them in their holdes
Lyke hen herted cokoldes
But yet they ouer shoote us
With crownes and with scutus
With scutes and crownes of golde
I drede we are bought and solde
It is a wonders warke
They shoote all at one marke
At the cardinals hat
They shote all at that
Out of their stronge townes
They shote at him with crownes

With crownes of gold embiased
They make him so amased
And his eyen so dased
That he ne see can
To know God nor man
He is set so hye
In his ierarchy
Of frantike frenesy
And folysh fantasy
That in the chambre of stars
All matters there he mars
Clapping his rod on the borde
No man dare speake a word
For he hath all the saying
Without any denaying
He rolleth in his recordes
He saith, how say ye my lordes?
Is not my reason good
Good euin good Robin hood
Some say yes. And some
Sit still as they were dome
Thus thwarting ouer thome
He ruleth al the roste
With bragging and with boste
Borne vp on euery syde
With pompe and with pryde
With trompe vp alleluya
For dame Philargerya
Hath so his hart in hold
He loueth nothyng but gold
And Asmodeus of hel
Maketh his membres swel
With Dalyda to Mell
That wanton damsell
Adew philosophia
Adew theologia
Welcome dame Simonia
With dame Castrimergia
To drynke and for to eate
Sweet Ipocras and swete meate
To kepe his fleshe chaste
In Lente for a repaste
He eateth capons stewed
Fesaunt, and partriche mewed—
Spareth neyther mayd ne wyfe
This is a postels lyfe
Helas my hart is sory
To tell of vayne glory
But now vpon this story
I wyll no further rime
Tyll another time

Tyll another time.

WHAT newes what newes
Small newes that true is
That be worth two kues
But at the naked stewes
I vnderstande howe that
The sygn of the Cardinall hat
That inne is now shit vp
With gup whore gup, nowe gup
Gup Gilliam Trauillian
With iast you I say Jullian
Wyll ye beare no coles
A mainy of maresolles
That occupy their holes
Full of pocky moles.
What heare ye of Lancashire
They were not payd theyr hyre
They are fell as any fyre
What heare ye of Cheshyre
They haue layde all in the myre
They grudge and sayde
Their wages were not payde
Some sayde they were afrayde
Of the Scottishe hoste
For all their crake and boste
Wikle fire and thunder
For all this worldly wonder
A hundred myle a sunder
They were whan they were next
That is a true text
What heare ye of the Scottes
They make vs all sottes
Poppyng folysh dawes
They make vs to pyll strawes
They play their old prankes
After huntly bankes
At the streme of Banokes burne
They did vs a shrewde turne
Whan Edward of Karnaruan
Lost all that his father wan
What here ye of the lord Dakers
He maketh vs lacke rakers
He sayes we are but crakers
He calleth vs England men
Stronge harted lyke an hen
For the Scottes and he
To well they do agree
With do thou for mee
And I shal do for thee
Whiles the red hat doth endure
He maketh himself cocke sure
The red hat with his lure
Bryngeth al thinges vnder cure
But as the world nowe goose
What heare ye of the lord Rose
Nothyng to purpose
Not worth a cockly fose
Their hertes be in their hose
The erle of Northumberland
Dare take nothing on hand
Our barons be so bolde
Into a mouse hole they wold
Runne away and creep
Like a mainy of sheep
Dare not loke out a dur
For drede of the maystife cur
For drede of the bouchers dog
Wold wirry them like an hog
For and this eurre do gnar
They must stande all a far
To holde vp their hand at the bar
For all their noble bloude
He pluckes them by the hood
And shakes them by the eare
And bryng them in suche feare
He baiteth them lyke a beare
Lyke an oxe or a bul
Their wittes he sayth are dul
He saith they have no brayne
Their estate to maintaine
And make to bowe their knee
Before his maiestee.
Judges of the kinges lawes
He countes them foles and dawse
Sergeauntes of the coyfe eke
He sayeth they are to seke
In pleating of their case
At the commune place

Or at the Kinges benche
He wringeth them such a wrenche
That all our learned men
Dare not set theyr penne
To plete a true triall
Within Westmin ter hall
In the Chauncery where he sittes
But suche as he admittes
None so hardy to speake
He saith, thou huddy peake
Thy learning is to lewd
Thy tounge is not well thewde
To seeke before our grace
And openly in that place
He rages and he raues
And calls them cankerd knaues
Thus royally he doth deale
Under the kinges brode seale
And in the Checker he them checkes
In the Ster chambre he nods and becks
And beareth him there so stout
That no man dare rout
Duke, earle, baron, nor lorde
But to his sentence must accorde
Whether he be knight or squyer
All men folow his desyre
What say ye of the Scottish kyng
That is another thing
He is but an yonglyng
A tall worthy striplyng
Her is a whispring and a whiplyng
He should be hither brought
But and it were well sought
I trow all will be nought
Not worth a shittel cocke
Not worth a soure calstocke
There goeth many a lye
Of the duke of Albany
That of should go his head
And brought in quicke or dead
And all Scotland oures
The mountenaunce of two houres
But as some men fayn
I drede of some false trayn
Subtelly wrought shalbe
Under a fained treate
But within monethes three
Men may happely see
The trechery, and the prankes
Of the Scottishe bankes
What heare ye of Burgonions
And the Spanyardes onions?
They haue slain our Englishmen
Aboue three score and ten
For al your amitee
No better they agree
God saue my lord Admirell
What heare ye of Muttrel?
There wyth I dare not mel
Yet what heare ye tell
Of our graund counsel?
I could say some what
But speake ye no more of that
For drede of the red hat
Take peper in the nose
For than thyne head of gose
Of by the hard arse
But there is some trauars
Betwene some and some
That makes our sire to glum
It is some what wrong
That his berde is so long
He morneth in blacke clothing
I pray God saue the kyng
Where euer he go or ride
I pray God be his guide
Thus will I conclude my stile
And fall to rest a whyle

And so to rest a while, &c.

ONCE yet agayn
Of you I wold fraine
Why come ye not to courte
To which court?
To the kinges court
Or to Hampton court?
Nay to the kinges court
The kynges court
Should haue the exellence
But Hampton court
Hath the preeminence
And Yorkes place
With my lordes grace
To whose magnificence
Is all the confluence
Sutes and supplications
Embassades of all nacions
Straw for law canon
Or for the law common
Or for lawe ciuill
It shall be as he wyll
Stop at law tancrete
An obstract or a concrete
Be it soure be it sweete
His wisdome is so discrete
That in a fume or an hete
Warden of the Flete
Set him fast by the fete
And of his royal poure
Whan him lyst to loure
Than haue him to the Toure
Saunz aulter remedy
Haue him forth by and by
To the Marshalsy
Or to the Kinges benche
He diggeth so in the trench
Of the court royall
That he ruleth them all
So he dothe vndermynde
And such sleightes dothe fynde
That the kinges mynde
By him is subuerted
And so streatly coarted
In credensing his tales
That al is but nutshales
That any other sayth
He hath in him such faith
Now, yet al this might be
Suffred and taken in gree
If that, that he wrought
To any good end wer brought
But all he bryngeth to nought
But God that me deare bought
He beareth the king on hand
That he must pyl his land
To make his cofers rych
But he layeth al in the dyche
And vseth such abusion
That in the conclusion
All commeth to confusion

Perceiue the cause whye
To tell the trouth plainlye
He is so ambicious
So shameles, and so vicious
And so supersticious
And so much obliuious
From whens that he came
That he falleth in Acisiam
Which truely to expresse
Is a forgetfulnes
Or wylful blindnes
Wherwith the Sodomites
Lost their inward sightes
The Gommorians also
Were brought to deadly wo
As scripture recordes
A cecitate cordis
In the Latyn synge we
Libera nos Domine
But this mad Amalecke
Like to Amamelek
He regardeth lordes
No more than pot shordes
He is in suche elacion
Of his exaltacion
And the supportacion
Of our soueraine lorde
That God to recorde
He ruleth al at will
Without reason or skyll
Howbeit they be prymordyall
Of hys wretched originall
And his base progeny
And his gresy genealogy
He came of the sanke roiall
That was cast out of a bouchers stall.
But howe euer he was borne
Men would haue the lesse scorne
If he could consider
His byrth and rowme together
And call to his mynde
How noble and how kynde
To hym he hath founde
Our souerayne lord, chief ground
Of all thys prelacy
And set hym nobly
In great auctborite
Out from a low degre
Which he can not see
For he was parde
No doctour of deuinitie
Nor doctor of the law
Nor of none other saw
But a pore maister of arte
God wot had little part
Of the quatriuials
Nor yet of triuials
Nor of philosophye
Nor of philology
Nor of good pollicy
Nor of astronomy
Nor acquainted worth a fly
With honourable Haly
Nor with royal Ptholomy
Nor with Albumasar
To treate of any star
Fyxt or els mobil,
His Latin tounge doth hobbyl
He doth but clout and cobbel
In Tullis facultie
Called humanitie
Yet proudly he dare pretend
How no man can him amend
But haue ye not heard this
How an one eyed man is
Wel sighted, when
He is amonge blynd men.
Than our proces for to stable
This man was ful vnable
To reche to such degree
Had not our prince be
Royall Henry the eyght
Take him in such conceyte
That he set him on heyght
In exemplyfieng
Great Alexander the king
In writing as we finde
Which of his royal minde
And of his noble pleasure
Transcending out of measure
Thought to do a thyng
That pertaineth to a kyng
To make vp one of nougth
And made to him be brought
A wretched pore man
Which his liuing wan
With planting of leekes
By the dayes and by the weekes
And of this pore vassal
He made a kyng royal
And gaue him a realme to rule
That occupyed a showel
A mattoke, and a spade
Before that he was made
A kyng, as I haue told
And ruled as he wold
Such is a kynges power
To make within an hower
And worke such a miracle
That shalbe a spectacle
Of renowme and worldly fame
In likewise now the same
Cardinall, is promoted
Yet with lewd conditions noted
As hereafter bene noted
Presumpcion and vain glorie
Enuy, wrath, and lechery
Couetes, and gluttony
Slothful to do good
Now frantike, now starke wode
Shuld this man of such mode
Rule the swerde of myght
How can he do right
For he wyll as soone smyght
His freend, as his foe
A prouerbe longe a go
Set vp ye wretche on hye
In a trone triumphantly
Make him a great estate
And he wil play checke mate
With royall maiestee
Count hym self as good as he
A prelate potenciall
To rule vnder Beliyall
As ferce and as cruell
As the feende of hel
His seruauntes meniall
He dothe reuile and brall
Lyke Mahound in a play
No man dare him withsaye
He hath dispight and scorne
At them that be wel borne

He rebukes them and rayles
Ye horsons, ye vassayles
Ye knaues, ye churles sonnes
Ye ribands, not worth two plumms
Ye rainbeaten beggars reiagged
Ye recrayed ruffins all ragged.
With stoupe thou hauel
Renne thou iauel
Thou pewish pie pecked
Thou losel long necked
Thus daily they be decked
Taunted and checked
That they are so wo
They wot not whether to go.
No man dare come to the speche
Of this gentel Jacke breche
Of what estate he be
Of spiritual dignitie
Nor duke of hye degree
Nor marques, earle, nor lord
Which shrewdly doth accord
Thus he borne so base
All noble men should out face
His countinaunce lyke a kayser
My lord is not at layser
Sir ye must tary a stound
Tyl better layser be found
And sir, ye must daunce attendaunce
And take pacient sufferaunce
For my lordes grace
Hath now no time nor space
To speake with you, as yet
And thus they shal syt
Chuse them syt or flit
Stand, walke, or ride
And his laiser abide
Parchaunce half a yere
And yet neuer the nere
This daungerous dowsipere
Like a kinges pere
And within this sixteen yere
He wold have ben right fayn
To haue ben a chaplayn
And haue taken right great pain
With a pore knight
What so euer he hight
The chief of his own counsel
They can not well tell
Whan they with him should mel
He is so fierce and fel
He rayles and he rates
He calleth them doddy pates
He grinnes and he gapes
As it were Jacke Napes
Such a mad Bedlem
For to rule this realm
It is a wonderous case
That the kinges grace
Is toward him so minded
And so farre blinded
That he can not perceiue
How he doth him disceyue
I dought least by sorsery
Or such other loselry
As witch craft, or charming
For he is the kinges derlyng
And his sweete hart rote
And is gouerned by this mad koote
For what is a man the better
For the kynges letter
For he wil tere it a sunder
Wherat much I wonder
How such a hoddy poule
So boldly dare controule
And so malapertly withstand
The kynges owne hand
And settes not by it a mite
He sayth the kyng doth wryte
And wryteth he wot not what
And yet for all that
The kyng his clemency
Despenseth with his demensy
But what his grace doth thinke
I haue no pen or ynke
That therwith can mel
But wel I can tel
How Fraunces Petrarke
That much noble clerke
Writeth how Charlemaine
Could not him self refrayne
But was rauisht with a rage
Of a lyke dotage
But howe that came aboute
Rede ye the story out
And ye shal finde surely
It was by nicromansy
By carectes and coniuracion
Under a certayne constellacion
And a certyne fumigacion
Under a stone on a gold ryng
Wrought to Charlemain the kyng
Whiche constrayned him forcebly
For to loue a certaine body
Aboue all other inordinatlye
This is no fable nor no lie
At Acon it was brought to pas
As by mine auctor tried it was
But let my masters mathematical
Tel you the rest, for me they shall
They haue the ful intelligence
And dare vse the experience
In there obsolute conscience
To practique such abolete science
For I abhor to smatter
Of one so deuillyshe a matter
But I will make further relacion
Of this Isagogical) colation
How master Gaguine the crownicler
Of the feates of war
That were done in Fraunce
Maketh remembraunce
How kyng Lewes of late
Made up a great estate
Of a pore wretched man
Wherof much care began
Wherof much care began
Johannes Balua was his name
Mine auctor writeth the same
Promoted was he
To a cardinals dignitie
By Lewes the kynge aforesayd
With him so wel apayd
That he made him hys chauncelor
To make all, or to mar
And to rule as him liste
Tyl he checked at the fiste
And agayne all reason
Committed open treason
And against his lord souerain
Wherefore he suffred pain

Was heded drawen and quarterd
And dyed stinkyngly martred
Loe yet for all that
He ware a cardinals hat
In him was small fayth
As mine auctor sayth
Not for that I meane
Suche a casuelty should be seene
Or suche chaunce should fal
Unto our cardinal.
Almightye God I trust
Hath for him discuste
That of force he muste
Be faythfull, true and iuste
To oure most royal kynge
Chief rote of his makyng
Yet it is a wilye mouse
That can bylde his dwelling house
Within the cattes eares
Withouten drede or feare
It is a nice reconing
To put al the gouernyng
All the rule of this land
Into one mans hand
One wise mans head
May stand somwhat in stede
But the wittes of many wyse
Much better can deuise
By their circumspection
And their sad direction
To cause the commune weale
Longe to endure in heale
Christ kepe king Henry the eyght
From trechery and disceipt
And graunt him grace to know
The faucon from the crow
The wolfe from the lambe
From whens that maistife came
Let him neuer confounde
The gentil greyhound
Of this matter the ground
Is easy to expound
And sone may be perceyued
How the world is conueyed
But harke my frend one worde
In earnest or in borde
Tel me now in this stede
Is maister Mewt as dead
The kinges French secretary
And his vntrue aduersary
For he sent in writing
To Fraunces the French kynge
Of our masters counsel in eueri thing
That was a perillous rekenyng
Nay, nay, he is not dead
But he was so payned in the head
That he shall neuer eat more bred
Now he is gone to another stede
With a bul under lead
By way of commission
To a straunge iurisdiction
Called Diminges Dale
Farre beyonde Portyngale
And hath his pasporte to pas
Ultra sauro matas
To the deuil syr Sathanas
To Pluto and syr Bellyal
The deuils vicare generall
And to his colledge conuentuall
As wel calodemonial
As to cacademoniall
To puruey for our cardinall
A palace pontificall
To kepe his court prouinciall
Upon articles iudiciall
To contend and to striue
For his prerogatiue
Within that consistory
To make sommons peremptorye
Before some prothonotory
Imperial or papal
Upon this matter misticall
I haue told you part, but not all
Here after perchaunce I shall
Make a large memoriall
And a further rehersall
And more paper I thinke to blot
To the court why I came not
Desiring you aboue all thing
To kepe you from laughyng
Whan ye fall to redyng
Of this wanton scrowle
And pray for Mewtas soule
For he is wel past and gone
That wold God euery chone
Of his affinitie
Were gone as wel as he
Amen, amen, say ye
Of your inward charitie.
Amen.
Of your inward charitie.

It were greate ruthe
For writinge of truthe
Anye manne shoulde be
In perplexitie
Of displeasure
For I make you sure
Where trouth is abhord
It is a playne recorde
That there wantes grace
In whose place
Dothe occupye
Full vngraciously
Fals flattery
Fals trechery
Fals bryberye
Subtyle Sym Sly
With mad folye
For who can best lye
He is best set by
Than farewell to thee
Welthfull felicitee
For prosperitie
Awaye than wyll flee
Than muste we agree
With pouertye
For misery
With penurye
Miserably
And wretchedly
Hathe made Askry
And oute crye
Folowynge the chase
To dryue away grace
Yet sayest thou percase
We can lacke no grace
For my lordes grace
And my ladyes grace
With trey deuse ase

And ase in the face
Some haute and some bace
Some daunce the trace
Euer in one case
Marke me that chase
In the tennis play
For sinke quater trey
Is a tal man
He rob, but we ran
Hay the gye and the gan
The graye goose is no swan
The waters were wan
And beggers they ban
And they cursed Datan
De tribu Dan
That this worke began
Palam et clam
With Balak and Balam
The golden ram
Of Flemmyng dam
Sem, Japheth, or Cam?
But how come to pas
Your cupboorde that was
Is turned to glasse
From siluer to brasse
From golde to pewter
Or els to a newter
To copper, to tyn
To leade, or alcumin
A goldsmyth your mayre
But the chefe of your fayre
Might stand now by potters
And suche as sel trotters
Pytchars and potshordes
This shrewdly accordes
To be a cupborde for lordes
My lord now and sir knyghte
Good euen and good nyghte
For now sir Tristram
Ye muste weare buckram
Or Canuas of Cane
For silkes or wane
Our royals that shone
Our nobles are gone
Amonge the Burgonions
And Spanyardes onyons
And the Flanderkyns
Gyl sweates and Cate spinnes
They are happy that wynnes
But Englande may well say
Fye on this winnyng alway
Now nothing, but pay pay
With laughe and lay downe
Borough, citie and towne
Good springe of Lanam
Muste counte what became
Of his clothe makyng
He is at such takyng
Though his purse wax dul
He must tax for his wul
By nature of a new writ
My lordes grace nameth it
A quia non satisfacit
In the spight of his teeth
He must pay agayne
A thousand or twayn
Of his gold in store
And yet he payde before
And hundred pound and more
Which pincheth hym sore
My lordes grace wil bryng
Downe thys hye sprynge
And brynge it so lowe
It shal not euer flow
Suche a prelate I trow
Were worthy to row
Thorow the streytes Marocke
To the gybbet of Baldock
He wold dry vp the streames
Of nine kynges realme
Al riuers and wels,
Al waters that swels
For with vs he so mels
That within England dwels
I would he were somwhere els
For els by and by
He will drinke vs so dry
And sucke vs so nye
That men shall scantly
Haue penny or halpennye
God saue hys noble grace
And graunt him a place
Endlesse to dwel
With the deuill of hel
For and he were there
We nead neuer feare
Of the feendes blacke
For I vndertake
He wold so brag and crake
That he wold than make
The deuils to quake
To shudder and to shake
Lyke a fier drake
And with a cole rake
Bruse them on a brake
And binde them to a stake
And set hel on fyre
At his owne desire
He is such a grym syre
And such a potestolate
And suche a potestate
That he wold breke the braynes
Of Lucifer in his chaines
And rule them eche one
In Lucifers trone
I would he were gone
For amonge vs is none
That ruleth, but he alone
With oute all good reason
And all oute of season
For Folam Peason
With him be not geson
They grow very ranke
Upon euery banke
Of his herbers greene
With my lady bright and sheene
On their game it is seen
They play not al cleen
And it be as I weene
But as touching discretion
With sober direction
He kepeth them in subiection
They can haue no protection
To rule nor to guide
But all must be tryde
And abide the correction
Of him with ful affection
For as for wytte
The deuill speed whitte

But brainsicke and braynlesse
Witles and reachlesse
Careles and shamelesse
Thriftles and gracelesse
Together are bended
And so condiscended
That the commune welth
Shal neuer haue good helth
But tatterd and tugged
Ragged, and rugged
Shauen and shorne
And all threde bare worne
Such gredines
Such nedines
Miserablenes
With wretchednes
Hath brought in distres
And much heauines
And great dolour
England the flour
Of relucent honour
In old commemoracion
Most royal English nacion
Now all is out of facion
Almost in desolacion
I speake by protestacion
God of his miseracion
Send better reformacion
Lo, for to do shamfully
He judgeth it no foly
But to write of his shame
He saythe we are to blame
What a frensi is this
No shame to do amys
And yet he is a shamed
To be shamefully named
And oft prechours be blamed
Bycause they haue proclamed
His madnes by writing
His simplenes resiting
Remording and biting
With chiding and with fiting
Shewyng him Goddes laws
He calleth the preachers dawes.
And of holy scriptures sawes
He counteth them for gigawes
And putteth them to scilence
And with wordes of violence
Like Pharao, void of grace
Did Moyses sore manase
And Aron sore he thret
The word of God to let
This Maumet in likewise
Against the church doth rise
The preachoure he doth dispise
With crakyng in such wise
So bragging all with bost
That no preachour almost
Dare speake for hys lyfe
Of lordes grace, nor his wyfe
For he hath such a bul
He may take whome he wul
And as many as him likes
May eat pigges in Lent for pykes
After the sectes of heretikes
For in Lent he wil eate
Al maner of fleshe meate
That he can any where geat
With other abusions great
Whereof to trete
It wold make the deuill to swet
For all priuileged places
He brekes and defaces
All places of religion
He hath them in derision
And maketh such prouision
To driue them at diuision
And finally in conclusion
To bring them to confusion
Sainct Albons to recorde
Wherof this vngracious lorde
Hath made him self abbot
Against their willes god wot
Al this he doth deale
Vnder strength of the great seall
And by his legacy
Which madly he doth applye
Unto an extrauagancye
Pyked out all good law
With reasons that ben raw
Yet whan he toke first his hat
He said he knew what was what
Al justice he pretended
Al thinges should be amended
Al wronges he wold redress
Al iniuries he wold repres
Al periuries he wold oppresse
And yet this graceles elfe
He is periured himselfe
As plainlye it dothe appere
Who list to enquere
In the regestry
Of my lord of Cantorbury
To whome he was professed
In thre pointes expressed
The first to do him reuerence
The second to owe him obedience
The third with whole affection
To be vnder his subiection
But now he maketh obiection
Under the protection
Of the kinges great seale
That he setteth neuer a deale
By his former othe
Whether God be pleased or wroth
He maketh so proud pretence
That in his equipolens
He iudgeth him equiualent
With God omnipotent
But yet beware the rod
And the stroke of God
The apostel Peter
Had a pore miter
And a pore cope
Whan he was create pope
Fyrst in Antioche
He did neuer approche
Of Rome to the see
Wyth suche dignitie
Sainct Dunstan what was he
Nothing he saieth lyke to me
There is a diuersitie
Betwene him and me
We passe hym in degre
As legatus a latere
Ecce sacerdos magnus
That wyll hed vs and hange vs
And straightly strangle vs
That he maye fang vs
Decre and decretall
Constitucion prouinciall

Nor noi awe canonicall
Shal let the preest pontificall
To sit in causa sanguinis
Now God amende that is amis
For I suppose that he is
Of Jeremy the whisking rod
The flayle, the scourge
Of almighty God
This Naman Sirus
So fel and so irous
So ful of melancholy
With a flap before his eye
Men wene that he is pocky
Or els his surgions they lye
For as far as they can spy
By the craft of surgery
It is manus Domini
And yet this proud Antiochus
He is so ambicious
So elate, and so vicious
And so cruel harted
That he will not be conuerted
For he setteth God a parte
He is now so ouerthwart
And so payned with panges
That al his trust hanges
In Balthosor, which healed
Domingos nose, that was wheled
That Lumberdes nose mean I
That standeth yet awry
It was not healed alderbest
It standeth somewhat on the west
I meane Domingo Lomelyn
That was wonte to win
Muche mony of the kyng
At the cardes and haserding
Balthasor that healed Domingos pose
From the puskilde pocky pose
Now with his gummes of Araby
Hath promised to hele our cardinals eie
Yet some surgions put a dout
Lest he will put it clean out
And make hym lame of his nether lims
God send hym sorow for his sinnes
Sum men might aske a question
By whose suggestion
I toke on hand this warke
Thus boldly for to barke
And men liste to harke
And my wordes marke
I wyl answere lyke a clerke
For truly and vnfayned
I am forcebly constrained
At Juuinals request
To wryght of this glorious gest
Of this vaine glorious beast
His fame to be encreast
At euery solempne feast
Quia difficile est
Satiram non scribere?
Now master doctour, how saye ye
What so euer your name be
What though ye be namelesse
Ye shall not escape blamelesse
Nor yet shal scape shamelesse
Mayster doctor in your degre
Your self madly ye ouer see
Blame Juuinall and blame not me
Maister doctor diricum
Omne animi vicium, &c.

As Juuinall doth record
A small defaute in a great lorde
A lytle cryme in a greate estate
Is muche more inordinate
And more horrible to beholde
Than any other a thousand fold
Ye put to blame ye wot nere whome
Ye may weare a cockes coome
Your fond hed in your furred hood
Hold ye your tounge ye can no good
And at more conuenient time
I may fortune for rime
Somwhat of your madnesse
For small is your sadnesse
To put any man in lacke
And say yll behynde hys backe
And my wordes marke trulye
That ye cannot byde thereby
For Smegma non est sinamomum
But de absentibus nil nisi bonum
Complaine or do what ye will
Of your complaint it shal not skill
This is the tenor of my bil
A daucocke ye be, and so shalbe still
Sequitur epitoma
De morbilloso Thoma
Nec non obscæno
De Poliphemo, &c.

PORRO perbelle dissimulatum
Illum Pandulphum tantum legatum
Tam formidatum nuper prelatum
Naman Syrum nunc longatum
In solitudine jam commoratum
Neapolitano morbo gravatum
Malagmate, cataplasmati statum
Pharmacopolæ ferro foratum
Nihilo magis alleviatum
Nihilo melius aut medicatum
Relictis famulis ad famulatum
Quod tollatur infamia
Sed major patet insania
Amodo ergo Ganea
Abhorreat ille Ganeus
Dominus male Cretecus
Aptius Dictus Tetricus
Phanaticus freneticus
Graphicus sicut Metricus
Autumat.

Hoc genus dictaminis
Non egit examinis
In centiloquio nec centimetro
Honorati Grammatici Mauri.
Decasticon virulentum in galeratum,
Licaonta marinum, &c.
Proh dolor, ecce maris lupus &
nequissimus, ursus
Carnificis vitulus Britonumque
bubulcus iniquus
Conflatus, vitulus, vel Oreb vel
Salmana, vel Zeb.
Garduus, & crudelis Asaph qui
Datan reprobatus
Blandus & Achitophel, regis
scelus omne Britannum
Ecclesias, qui namque Thomas
Confundit ubique
Non sacer iste, Thomas
Sed duro corde, Goleas
Quem gestat Malus

sathane caret (obsecro culus
Fundens Aspaltum (precor)
hunc versum lege cautum
Asperius nihil est misero

Apostropha ad Londini cives (citando mulum asino aureo galerato) in occursum asini, &c.

EXCITAT asinus multum mirabile, visu
Calcibus O vestro cives occurite Asello
Qui regnum regemque regit qui vestra gubernat
Predia, divitias, nummos, gasas, spoliando.
Dixit alludens, immo illudens perodoxam de asino aureo galerato. xxxiii.
Hec vatis ille, de quo loquuntur mille.

FINIS.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH A LITLE BOKE CALLED

COLYN CLOUT,

COMPILED BY MASTER SKELTON POET LAUREATE.

Quis consurgat mecum adversus malignantes? aut quis stabit mecum adversus operantes iniquitatem? Nemo domine.

WHAT can it auaile
To dryue forth a snayle
Or to make a sayle
Of an herynges taile
To ryme or to rayle
To write or to indyte
Eyther for delite
Or els for despite
Or bookes to compile
Of diuers maner of style
Vyce to reuile
And sinne to exyle
To teache or to preche
As reason wyll reach
Saye thys and saye that
His head is so fat
He wotteth neuer what
Nor wherof he speaketh
He cryeth and he creketh
He pryeth and he peketh
He chydes and he chatters
He prates and he patters
He clytters and he clatters
He medles and he smatters
He gloses and he flatters
Or if he speake plaine
Than he lacketh brayne
He is but a foole
Let him go to scoole
A three footed stoole
That he may downe syt
For he lacketh wit
And if that he hit
The nayle on the head
It standeth in no stede
The deuyll they say is dead
The deuill is dead,
It may wel so be
Or els they wold see
Otherwise and flee
From worldly vanitie
And foule covetousnes
And other wretchednes
Fickell falsenesse
Varyablenesse
With vnstabienesse
And if yé stand i dout
Who brought this ryme about
My name is Colyn Clout
I propose to shake out
All my conning bagge
Lyke a clarkely hagge
For though my rime be ragged
Tattered and iagged
Rudely rayne beaten
Rusty and moothe eaten
If ye taike well therewyth
It hath in it some pith
For as farre as I can see
It is wrong with eche degree
For the temporalty
Accuseth the spiritualty
The spiritualt agayn
Doth grudge and complain
Upon temporall men
Thus eche of other blother
The tone against the tother
Alas they make me shoder
For in hoder moder
The churche is put in faulte
The prelates ben so haut
They say and loke so hye
As though they wold flye
Aboue the sterry sky
Lay men say indede
How they take no hede
Their sely shepe to fede
But plucke away and pul
The fleces of their wull
Unnethes they leve a locke
Of wull amonge their flocke
And as for theyr connyng
A glumming and a mummyng
And make therof a iape
They gaspe and they gape
Al to haue promocion
There is their whole deuocion
With money, if it will hap
To cath the forked cap
Forsoth they are to lewd
To say so all be shrewd
What trow ye they say more
Of the byshoppes lore
How in matters they be raw
They lumber forth the law
To herke Jacke and Gyl
Whan they put vp a bil
And judge it as they will
For other mens skill
Expounding out their clauses
And leaue their owne causes
In their principal cure
They make but lytle sure
And meddels very light
In the churches right
But ire and venire
And sol fa, so alamire
That the premenire
Is like to be set a fire
In their jurisdictions
Through temporall afflictions
Men say they haue prescriptions
Against the spiritual contradictions
Accompting them as fictions

And whiles the heades doe this
The remnaunt is amis
Of the clergy all
Both great and small
I wot neuer how they warke
But thus the people carke
And surely thus they say
Byshoppes if they may
Smal houses wold kepe
But slumbre forth and slepe
And assay to crepe
Within the noble walles
Of the kinges halles
To fat their bodies full
Their soules lame and dul
And haue ful litle care
How euil their shepe fare
The temporality say plain
How bishoppes disdain
Sermons for to make
Or such labour to take
And for to say trouth
A great part is ful slouth
But the greatest part
Is for they haue but smal art
And right seleuder cunnyng
Within their heades wunning
But this reason they take
How they are able to make
With their gold and treasure
Clerkes out of measure
And yet that is a pleasure
How be it some there bee
Almost two or three
Of that dignity
Full worshipful Clerkes
As appeareth by their werkes
Like Aaron and Ure
The wolfe from the dore
To wary and to kepe
From their gostly shepe
And their spiritual lammes
Sequestred from rammes
And from the berded gotes
With their hery cotes
Set nought by gold ne grotes
Their names if I durst tel.
But they are lothe to mel
And lothe to hang the bel
About the cattes necke
For dred to haue a checke
They are fain to play, deuz deck
How be it they are good men
Much harted lyke an hen
Their lessons forgotten they haue
That Becket them gaue
Thomas manum mittit ad fortia
Spernit damna spernit opprobria
Nulla Thomam frangit injuria
But now euery spirituall father
Men say they had rather
Spende muche of their share
Than to be combred with care
Spende, nay but spare
For let see who that dare
Shoe the mockish mare
They make her winch and kicke
But it is not worthe a leeke
Boldnesse is to seeke
The churche for to defende
Take me as I intende
For lothe I am to offende
In thys that I haue pende
I tell you as men say
Amend when ye may
For usque ad montem fare
Men say ye cannot appare
For some say ye hunt in parkes
And hanke on hobby larkes
And other wanton warkes
When the night darkes.
What hath laymen to doe
The gray gose for to shoe
Lyke houndes of hell
They cry and they yell
How that ye sell
The grace of the Holy Gost
Thus they make their bost
Through euery eost
How some of you do eat
In Lenton season flesh meat
Fesaunten patriche and cranes
Men call you therfore prophanes
Ye picke no shrympes nor pranes
Saltfish, stockfish nor herring
It is not for your wearing
Nor in holy Lenton season
Ye wil neither beanes ne peason
But ye looke to be let loose
To a pygge or to a goose
Your georges not endewed
Without a capon stewed
Or a stewed cocke
Under her surfled smocke
And her wanton wodicocke
And how when ye geue orders
In your prouinciall borders
As insipientes
Some are insufficientes
Some parum sapientes
Some nihil intelligentes
Some valde negligentes
Some nullum sensum habentes
But bestially and vntaught
But whan they haue once caught
Dominus vobiscum by the hed
Than renne they in euere stede
God wot with dronken nolles
Yet take they cures of soules
And woteth neuer what they rede
Pater noster nor Crede
Construe not worth a whistle
Nether Gospel nor Pistle
Theyr Mattins madly sayde
Nothing deuoutly praid
Their learning is so small
Their prymes and houres fal
And lepe out of their lippes
Lyke sawdust or dry chippes
I speake not now of al
But the moste parte in general
Of suche vagabundus
Speaketh totus mundus
How some syng let abundus
At euerye ale stake
With welcome hake and make
By the bread that God brake
I am sory for your sake

I speake not of the god wife
But of their apostles lyfe
Cum ipsis vel illis
Qui manent in villis
Est uxor vel ancilla
Welcome Jacke and Gilla
My prety Petronylla
And you wil be stilla
You shall haue your wylla
Of such pater noster pekes
All the worlde speakes.
In you the faut is supposed
For that they are not apposed
By iust examinacion
By conning and conuersation
They haue none instruction
To make a true construction
A priest without a letter
Without his vertue be greater
Doutlesse were much better
Upon him for to take
A mattocke or a rake
Alas for very shame
Some can not declyne their name
Some cannot scarsly rede
And yet will not drede
For to kepe a cure,
And in nothing is sure
This domine vobiscum
As wyse a Tom a thrum
A chaplayne of truste
Layth all in the dust
Thus I Colin Clout
As I go about
And wandryng as I walke
I heare the people talke
Men say for syluer and golde
Miters are bought and sold
There shall no clergy appose
A myter nor a crosse
But a full purse
A straw for Goddes curse
What are they the worse
For a simoniake,
Is but a hermoniake
And no more ye make
Of symony men say
But a childes play
Ouer this the forsayd laye
Report how the pope maye
A holy anker call
Out of the stony wall
And hym a bysshopp make
If he on him dare take
To kepe so hard a rule
To ryde vpon a mule
Wyth golde all be trapped
In purple and paule be lapped
Some hatted and some capped
Rychely be wrapped
God wot to theyr great paynes
In rotchettes of fine raynes
Whyte as morowes mylke
Their tabertes of fine silke
Their stirops of mixt golde begauded
Their may no cost be spared
Their moyles golde doth eate
Theyr neighbours dye for meat.
What care they though Gill sweat
Of Jacke of the Noke
The pore people they yoke
With sommons and citacions
And excommunications
Aboute churches and market
The byshop on his carpet
At home full soft doth syt
This is a feareful fyt
To heare the people iangle
Now warely they wraugle
Alas why do ye not handle
And them all mangle
Full falsly on you they lye
And shamefully you ascry
And say as vntruly
As the butter fly
A man might say in mocke
Ware the wethercocke
Of thee steple of Poules,
And thus they hurt their soules
In sclaunderyng you for truth
Alas it is great ruthe
Some say ye sit in trones
Like prynces aquilonis
And shryne your rotten bones
With pearles and precious stones
But how the commons grones
And the people mones
For preestes and for lones
Lent and neuer payde
But from day to day delaid
The commune welth decayd
Men say ye are tunge tayde
And therof speake nothing
But dissimuling and glosing
Wherfore men be supposing
That ye geue shrewd counsel
Against the commune wel
By pollyng and pillage
In cities and village
By taxyng and tollage
Ye haue monks to haue the culerage
For coueryng of an old cottage
That committed is a collage
In the charter of dottage
Tenure par service de sottage
And not par service de socage
After old segnyours
And the learning of Litleton tenours
Ye haue so ouerthwarted
That good lawes are subuerted
And good reason peruerted
Religious men are fayne
For to turne agayne
In secula seculorum
And to forsake their corum
And vagabundare per forum
And take a fyne meritorum
Contra regulam morum
Aut blacke monacorum
Aut canonicorum
Aut Bernardinorum
Aut crucifixorum
And to synge from place to place
Lyke apostataas
And the selfe same game
Begon and now with shame
Amongest the sely nunnes
My lady now she runnes

Dame Sybly our abbesse
Dame Dorotho and lady Besse
Dame Sare our pryoresse
Out of theyr cloyster and quere
With an heauye cheere
Must cast vp their blacke vayles—
What Colin there thou shailes
Yet thus with yll hayles
The lay fee people rayles
And all they laye
On you prelates and say
Ye do wrong and no righte
To put them thus to flight
No Matins at midnight
Boke and chalis gone quite
Plucke away the leades
Ouer theyr heades
And sel away theyr bels
And al that they haue els
Thus the people tels
Rayles lyke rebels
Rede shrewdly and spels
And wyth foundations mels
And talke lyke titiuelles
How ye breake the deades willes
Turne monasteris into water millis
Of an abbey ye make a graunge
Your workes they say are straunge
So that theyr founders soules
Haue lost theyr beade roules
The mony for theyr masses
Spent among wanton lasses
The Diriges are forgotten
Their founders lye there rotten
But where theyr soules dwel
Therwith I wil not mel
What could the Turke do more
Wyth all hys false lore
Turke, Sarazen or Jew
I report me to you
O merciful Jesu
You support and reseite
My stile for to directe
It may take some effect
For I abhorre to wryte
How the lay fee despite
You prelates that of ryght
Should be lanternes of light
Ye liue they say in delyte
Drowned in deliciis
In gloria et diviciis
Into honorable honore
In gloria et splendore
Fulgurantes haste
Viventes parum easte
Yet swete meat hath soure sauce
For after gloria laus
Christ by crueltie
Was nayled vpon a tree
He payed a bitter pencion
For mans redemption
He dranke eisel and gall
To redeme vs withall
But swete Ipocras ye drynke
With let the cat winke
Ich wot what eche other thynk
How be it per.assimule
Some men thinke that ye
Shall haue penaltie
For your iniquity

Note what I say
And beare it wel awaye
If it please not the ologys
It is good for astrologis
For Ptholme told me
The Sunne somtime to bee
In Ariete
Ascendent a degree
What Scorpion descending
Was so then pretending
All fatall for one
That shall sit on a trone
And rule all thinges alone
Your teeth whet on this bone
Amongst you euery chone
And let Collyn Clout haue none
Maner of cryse to mone
Lay salve to your own sore
For els as I sayd before
After gloria laus
May come a soure sauce
Sory therfore am I
But trouth can neuer lye
With language thus poluted
Holy church is bruted
And shamefully confuted
My pen now wyll I sharpe
And wrest vp my harpe
With sharpe twinking trebels
Agaynst al such rebels
That labour to confound
And bring the church to the ground
As ye may daily see
Howe the laye fee
Of one affinitee
Consente and agree
Agaynst the churche to be
And the dignitee
Of the byshoppes fee
And eyther ye be to bad
Or els they are mad
Of this to report
But vnder your supporte,
Tyll my dying day
I shall bothe wryte and say
And ye shall do the same
How they are to blame
You thus to diffame
For it maketh me sad
How that the people are glade
The church to depraue
And some there are that raue
Presuming on their wit
Whan there is neuer a whit
To maintaine argumentes
Against the sacramentes
Some make epilogation
Of highe predestination
And of residenation
They make interpretation
Of an awquard facion
And of the prescience
Of diuine essence
And what ipostatis
Of Christes manhode is
Such logike men wyl chop
And in their fury hope
When the good ale sop
Dothe daunce in their fore top
Both women and men
Such ye may wel know and ken

That agayn presthode
Their malice spred abrode
Railing hainously
And disdainously
Of priestly dignities
But their malignities
And some haue a smacke
Of Luthers sacke
And a brenning sparke
Of Luthers warke
And are somwhat suspect
In Luthers sect
And some of them barke
Clatter and carpe
Of that heresy art
Called Wicleuista
The deuelishe dogmatista
And some be Hussians
And some bee Arrians
And some be Pollegians
And make much varians
Betwene the clergy
And the temporalty
How the church hath to mickel
And they haue to litel
And bring him in materialities
And qualified qualities
Of pluralities
Of tryalities
And of tot quottes
They commune like Scottes
As commeth to their lottes
Of prebendaries and deanes
How some of them gleanes
And gathered up the store
For to catch more and more
Of persons and vicaries
They make many outcryes
They cannot kepe theyr wiues
From them for theyr lyues
And thus the losels striues
And lewdly says by Christ
Agaynste the sely priest
Alas and wel awaye
What ayles theym thus to saye
They mought be better aduised
Then to be disgised
But they haue enterprysed
And shamefullye surmised
How prelacy is sold and bought
And come vp of nought
And where the prelates be
Come of low degre
And set in maiesty
And spirituall dignity
Farwel benignity
Farwell simplicitye
Farwel humilitye
Farwel good charity
Ye are so puffed wyth pryde
That no man may abide
Your high and lordly lokes
Ye cast up then your bokes
And vertue is forgotten
For then ye wyl be wroken
Of euery light quarel
And cal a lord a iauel
A knight a knaue to make
Ye boste, ye face, ye crake
And vpon you take
To rule king and kayser
And if you maye haue layser
Ye bryng all to nought
And that is all your thought
For the lordes temporall
Their rule is very small
Almost nothing at al
Men say how ye appal
The noble bloud royal
In ernest and in game
Ye are the lesse to blame
For lordes of noble bloude
If they wel understand
How conning might them anaunce.
They would pype you another daunce
But noble men borne
To learne they haue scorne
But hunt and blowe an horne
Leape over lakes and dikes
Set nothing by politikes
Therfore ye kepe them bace
And mocke them to their face
This is a petious case
To you that ouer the wheele
Lordes must couch and knele
And breake theyr hose at the knee
As daily men may see
And to remembraunce call
Fortune so turneth the ball
And ruleth so ouer all
That honour hath a great fall.
Shal I tel you more, ye shal
I am loth to tel all
But the communalty ye call
Idols of Babilon
De terra Zabulon
De terra Neptalym
For you loue to go trim
Brought vp of poore estate
Wyth pryde inordinate
Sodayuly vpstarte
From the dong cart
The mattockes and the shule
To reynge and to rule
And haue no grace to thynke
How they were wont to drynke
Of a lether bottell
With a knauish stoppel
Whan mamockes was your meate
With mould bread to eat
Ye would none other geate
To chew and to gnaw
To fil therwith your maw
Lodged in the strawe
Couching your drousy heades
Somtime in lousy beddes
Alas this is out of minde
Ye grow now out of kynde
Many one haue but winde
And make the commons blinde
But qui se existimat stare
Let him wel beware
Least that his fote slip
And haue such a trip
And falle in such decay
That all the world myght say
Come down on the diuels way
Yet ouer all that
Of byshops they chat
That though ye ronnd your heare
An ynche aboue your eare

And aures patentes
And parum intendentes
And your coursers be trapped
Your eares they be stopped
For maister adulator
And doctour assentator
And blandior blandiris
With mentor mentiris
They folow your desyres
That ye can not espie
And so they blere your eye
How the male doth wrye
Alas for Gods will
Whye sytte ye prelates styl
And suffer all this yll
Ye bishoppe of estates
Shoulde open the brode gates
For your spiritual charge
And confort at large
Like lanternes of light
In the peoples sighte
In pulpettes antentike
For the wele publike
Of priesthod in this case
And alwayes to chase
Suche maner of sismatikes
And halfe heretikes
That wold intoxicate
That wold conquinate
That wold contaminate
And that would violate
And that would derogate
And that would abrogate
The church is high estate
After this manner rates
The whyche shoulde be
Bothe franke and free
And haue their liberty
And of antiquity
It was ratefyed
And also gratefyed
By holy sinodals
And buls papals
As it is res certa
Conteygned in Magna Carta.
But maister Damian
Or some other man
That clerkely is, and can
Wel scripture expound
And textes grounde.
His benefice worth ten pound
Or skant worth twenty marke
And yet a noble clerke
He must do this werke
As I know a part
Some maysters of art
Some doctours of law
Some learned in other saw
As in diuinitie
That hath no dignitie
But the pore degree
Of the vniuersitie
Or elsse frere Fredericke
Or els frere Dominike
Or frere Hugulinus
Or frere Agustinus
Or frere Carmelus
That gostly can beale vs
Or elsse if we maye
Get a frere Graye
Or elsse of the order
Uppon Grenewiche border
Called observaunce
And a frere of Fraunce
Or elsse the poore Scot
It muste come to his lot
To shote forth his shot
Or of Babuell beside Bery
To postell vpon a kyry
That woulde it shoulde be noted
How scripture should be coted
And so clerkle promoted
And yet the frere doted
Men say
But your auctority
And your noble fee
And your dignitie
Should be imprinted better
Then all the freres letter
For yf ye wolde take payne
To preache a worde or twayne
Though it were neuer so playne
With clauses two or three
So as they mighte be
Compendiouslye conueyed
Those wordes should be more weid
And better perceyued
And thankfully receyued
And better shoulde remayne
Amonge the people playne
That wolde your wordes retayne
And reherse them agayne
Than a thousand thousand other
The blaber, barke and blother
And make a Walshman's hose
Of the text and of the glose
For protestation made
That I will not wade
Farther in this brooke
Nor farther for to looke
In deuising of this boke
But answer that I may
For my self alwaye
Eyther analogice
Or els rathagorice
So that in diuinitee
Doctors that learned be
Nor bachelers of that faculty
That hath taken degre
In the vniuersitie
Shall not be objected for me.
But doctour Bullatus
Parum litteratus
Dominus doctoratus
At the brode gatus
Doctour Daupatus
And bacheler bacheleratus
Dronken as a mouse
At the ale house
Taketh his pillion and his cap
At the good ale tap
For lacke of good wyne
As wyse as Robin swine
Under a notaries signe
Was made a diuine
As wise as Waltoms calfe
Must preache a goddes halfe
In the pulpyt solempnly
More meet in a pillory
For by sainct Hillary

He can nothing smatter
Of logike nor scole matter
Neyther silogisare
Nor of emptimeniare
Nor knoweth his eloquence
Nor his predicamence.
And yet he will mel
To amend the gospel
And wil preach and tel
What they do in hel
And he dare not wel neuen
What they do in hauen
Nor how far Temple bare is
From the seuen starres
Nowe will I goe
And tel of other moe
Semper protestando
De non impugnando
The foure orders of fryers
Thoughe some of them be lyers
As limiters at large
Wyll charge and discharge
As many a fryar God wot
Preaches for his grote
Flatterynge for a new cote
And for to have hys fees
Some to gather cheese
Lothe they are to lese
Eyther corne or mault
Sometime meale and sault
Sometime a bacon flicke
That is three fingers thycke
Of larde and of greace
Their couent to encreace
I put you out of doubt
This cannot be brought about
But they their tonges file
And make a pleasaunte style
To Margerye and to Maude
Howe they haue no fraude
And somtyme they prouoke
Bothe Gyll and Jacke at noke
Their duties to withdraw
That they ought by the lawe
Their curates to content
In open time and in Lente
God wot they take great payne
To flatter and to fayne
But it is an olde sayd saw
That neede hath no lawe
Some walke aboute in melottes
In gray russet and hery cotes
Some wil neyther golde ne grotes
Some pluck a partrich in remotes
And by the barres if her tayle
Wil know a rauen from a rayle
A quail, the raile, and the old rauen
Sed libera nos a malo. Amen.
And by dudum their clementine
Against curates repine
And say proprely they are sacerdotes
To shryue, assoyle and reles
Dame Margeries soule out of hel
But when the frier fel in the wel
He could not sing himselfe therout
But by the helpe of Christian clout
Another clementine also
How frere Fabion, with other mo
Exivit de paradiso
Whan they again thither shall come
De hoc petimus consilium
And through all the world they go
With dirige and placebo.
But now my minde ye vnderstand
For they muste take in hand
To preach and to withstand
Al maner of abiections
For bishops haue protections
They say to do corrections
But they haue no affections
To take the sayd directions
In such maner of eases
Men say they beare no faces
To occupy such places
To sow the sede of graces
Their hartes are so fayated
And they be so attaynted
With coueitous and ambicion
And other supersticion
That they be deafe and dum
And play scytens and glum
Can say nothing but mum.
They occupy theym so
With singing placebo
They wil no farther go
They had leuer to please
And take their worldly ease
Than to take on hand
Worshyp to wythstande
Such temporal war and bate
As nowe is made of late
Against holy churche estate
Or to mayntayne good quarelles
The lay men call them barrelles
Full of glotony
And of hypocrisye
That counterfaytes and paints
As they were saintes
In matters that them lyke
They shew them politike.
Pretending grauitie
And sygnyorytie
With all solempnitie
For their indempnitie
For they will haue no lesse
Of a peny, nor of a crosse
Of their prediall landes
That cometh to their handes
And as farre as they dare set
Al is fyshe that cometh to net
Building royally
Thier mansions curiously
With turrettes and with toures
With halles and with boures
Streching to the starres
With glasse windowes and barres
Hangyng about the walles
Clothes of golde and palles
Arras of ryche araye
Freshe as floures in Maye
Wyth dame Dyana naked
Howe lustye Venus quaked
And howe Cupide shaked
His darte and bente hys bowe
For to shote a crowe
At her tyrly tyrlowe
And how Paris of Troye
Daunced a lege de moy
Made lustye sporte and ioye
With dame Helyn the queene
With such storyes by deen
Their chambres wel be seen

With triumphes of Cesar
And of his Pompeius war
Of renowne and of fame
By them to get a name
Nowe all the world stares
How they ryde in goodly chares
Conueyed by olyphantes
With lauriat garlantes
And by vnycornes
With their semely hornes
Upon these beastes riding
Naked boyes striding
With wanton wenches winkyng
Now truly to my thinkyng
That is a speculacion
And a mete meditacion
For prelates of estate
Their courage to abate
From worldly wontonnes
Their chambre thus to dres
With such parfetnes
And all such holynes
How be it they let down fall
Their churches cathedral
Squire knight and lord
That the church remord
With all temporal people
They runne against the steeple
Thus talkyng and tellinge
How some of you are mellynge
Yet soft and fayre for swellyng
Beware of a queanes yelling
It is a besy thing
For one man to rule a kyng
Alone and make rekenyng
To gouerne ouer all
And rule a realme royall
By one mannes wit
Fortune may chaunce to flit
And when he weneth to syt
Yet may he mysse the quisshon
For I red a preposicion
Sum regibus dimicare
Et omnibus dominare
Et supra te pravare
Wherefore he hathe good vre
That can himselfe assure
How fortune wyl endure
Than let reason you support
For the communalte
That they haue great wonder
That ye kepe them so vnder
Yet they meruayle so muche lesse
For ye play so at the chesse
As they suppose and gesse
That some of you but late
Hath played so checkmate
With lordes of great estate
After such a rate
That they shall mel nor make
Nor vpon them take
For kyng nor kayser sake
But at the pleasure of one
That ruleth the rest alone.
Helas, I saye Helas
Howe maye this come to passe
That a man shall heare a masse
And not so hardy on his head
To loke on God in forme of bread
But that the paryshe clerke
There vpon must herke
And graunt him at his askyng
For to see the sacryng
And how may this accord
No man to our souerayne lorde
So hardy to make sute
Nor to execute
His commaundement
Without the assent
Of our president
Not to expresse to his person
Without your assentacion
Graunt him his licence
To preace to his presence
Nor to speake to him secretly
Openly nor preuyly
Without his president be by
Or els his substitute
Whome he wyl depute
Neither earle ne duke
Permitted by sainct Luke
And by sweet sainct Marke
This is a wonderous warke
That the people talke this
Somewhat there is amis
The deuill cannot stop their mouthes
But they will talk of suche uncouthes
All that euer they ken
Against all spiritual men.
Whether it be wronge or ryghte
Or els for dispighte
Or howe euer it hape
Theyr tounges thus do clap
And through such detraction
They put you to your action
And whether they say truely
As they may abide therby
Or els that they do lye
Ye know better than I
But now, debetis scire
And groundlye audire
In your conuenire
Of this præmunire
Or els in the myre
They say they will you cast
Therfore stand sure and fast.
Stand sure and take good foting
And let be al your moting
Your gasing and your toting
And your parcial promoting
Of those that stand in your grace
But olde seruauntes ye chase
And put them out of their place
Make ye no murmuracion
Though I write after this facion
Though I Colyn Clout
Among the whole route
Of you that clearkes be
Take vpon me
Thus copiously to write
I do it not for no despite
Wherfore take no disdaine
At my stile rude and playne
For I rebuke no man
That vertuous is, why than
Wreke ye your anger on me
For those that vertuous be
Haue no cause to say
That I speake out of the way.
Of no good byshop speake I
Nor good prest of the clergy

Good frere nor good chanon
Good nunne, nor good canon
Good monke, nor good clerke
Nor of no good werke
But my recountyng is
Of them that do amis
In speaking and rebelling
In hindering and disauailing
Holy church our mother
One against another
To vse such dispising
Is all my whole wryting
To hinder no man
As neare as I can
For no man haue I named
Wherfore should I be blamed
Ye ought to be ashamed
Against me to be greued
And can tell no cause why
But that I wryte trulye
Then if any ther be
Of high or low degree
Of the spiritualty
Or of the temporaltye
That doth thinke or wene
That his conscience be not clene
And feleth hymselfe sicke
Or touched on the quicke
Such grace God them send
Themself to amend
For I wyll not pretend
Any man to offende
Wherfore as thinketh me
Great ydeottes they bee
And lytle grace they haue
This treatise to depraue
Nor wil heare no preaching
Nor no vertuous teaching
Nor wil haue no resiting
Of any vertuous wryting
Wil know none intelligence
To reformme their negligence
But liue stil out of facion
To their owne damnation
To do shame, they haue no shame
But they wold no man should theim blame
They haue an euil name
But yet they will occupy the same
With them the worde of God
Is counted for no rod
They count it for a-railinge
That nothing is auayling
The preachers with euil hailing
Shal they vaunt vs prelates
That be their prymates:
Not so hardy on their pates
Harke how the losel prates
With a wide wesaunte
Auaunte sur Guy of Gaunt
Auaunte lewde preest auaunt
Auaunt syr doctoure Dyuers
Prate of thy mattens and thy masse
And let oure matters passe
How darest thou Daucocke mel?
How darest thou losell
Alligate the gospel
Against vs of the counsel
Auant to the deuill of hel
Take him warden of the Flete
Set him faste by the fete
I say lyuetenaunt of the Toure
Make this lurden for to loure
Lodge him in litle ease
Fede him with beanes and pease
The Kinges bench or Marshalsy
Haue him thether by and by
The villaine preacheth openly
And declareth oure villany
And of our fre simplenesse
He sayes that we are reckless
And full of wylfulnesse
Shameles, and merciles
Incorrigible and insaciate
And after this rate
Against vs doth prate
At Paules crosse or els where
Openly at Westminster
And saynt Mary spittel
They set not by us a whistel
At the Austen fryers
They count vs for lyers
And at saynt Thomas of Akers
They carpe vs lyke erakers
How we wyl rule al at will
Without good reason or skyil
And say how that we be
Full of parcialitie
And how at a pronge
We turne right to wrong
Delay causes so longe
That right no man can fong
They say many matters be born
By the right of a rammes horne
Is not this a shamefull scorne?
To be treated thus and torne.
How may we thus indure
Wherfore we make you sure
Ye preachers shalbe yawde
Some shalbe sawde
As noble Ezechias
The holy prophet was
And some of you shall dye
Lyke holy Jeremy
Some hanged some slayn
Some beaten to the brayne
And we wil rule and rayne
And our matters maintaine
Who dare say there agayne
Or who dare dysdaine
At your pleasure and wil
For be it good or be it yil
As it is, it shalbe stil
For al master doctour of ciuill
Or of diuine, or doctour Dryuil
Let him cough, reughe or sneuil
Renne God, renne deuil
Renne who may renne best
And let take all the rest
We set not a nut shel
The way to heauen or to hel.
Lo, this is the gise now a dayes
It is to drede men sayes
Least they bee saducies
As they be sayd sayne
Which determine playne
We shoulde not rise agayne
At dreadful domes daye
And so it semeth they play
Which hate to be corrected
When they bee infected

Nor wyll suffer this boke
By hooke ne by crooke
Prynted for to be
For that no man should see
Nor rede in any scrolles
Of their dronken nolles
Nor of their noddy polles
Nor of theyr sely soules
Nor of some witles pates
Of diuers great estates
As well as other men
Now to withdraw my pen
And now a while to rest
Me semeth it for the beste.
The fore castel of my ship
Shall glide and smothely slip
Out of the waues wode
Of the stormye floude
Shote ankor and lye at rode
And sayle not farre a brode
Til the cooste be clere
That the lode starre appere
My shyp now wyl I pere
Towarde the port Salu
Of our Sauiour Jesu
Such grace that he us sende
To rectify and amend
Thinges that are amis
Whan that his pleasure is,
In opere imperfecto
In opere semper perfecto
Et in opere plusquam perfecto

HERE AFTER FOLOWETTH

A LITLE BOKE OF PHILIP SPAROW,

COMPILED BY MASTER SKELTON, POET LAUREATE.

Pla ce bo
Who is there who
Di le xi,
Dame Margery
Fa re my my
Wherfore and why why
For the soule of Philip Sparow
That was late slaine at Carow
Amonge the nunnes blake
For that sweet soules sake
And for al Sparowes soules
Set in our bead roules
Pater noster qui
With an Aue maria
And with the corner of a creed
The more shalbe your meed.

Whan I remembre agayne
How my Philip was slaine
Neuer halfe the paine
Was betwene you twayne
Pyramus and Thesbe
As than befell to me
I wept and I wayled
The teares down hayled
But nothing it auailed
To call Philip agayne
Whom Gib our cat hath slayne.
Gib I say our cat
Worrowed her on that
Which I loued beste
It cannot be exprest
My sorowful heavynes
But al without redres
For within that stound
Half slumbryng in a sounde
I fell downe to the ground
Unneth I kest mine eyes
Toward the cloudy skyes
But when I did behold
My Sparow dead and cold
No creature but that wold
Haue rewed vpon me
To behold and see
What heauines did me pange
Wherwith my handes I wrange
That my senowes cracked
As though I had ben racked
So payned and so strained
That no life welnye remained
I sighed and I sobbed
For that I was robbed
Of my Sparowes life
O mayden, widow and wife
Of what estate ye be
Of hye or low degre
Great sorow then ye might se
And learne to wepe at me
Such paynes did me freat
That mine harte did beat
My visage pale and dead
Wanne, and blue as lead
The panges of hateful death
Wel nye stopped my breathe.
Heu heu me
That I am woe for thee
Ad dominum cum tribularer clamavi
Of God nothing els craue I

But Philips soule to kepe
From the marees deepe
Of Acherontes wel
This is a floud of hel
And from the greate Pluto
The prince of endles woe
And from foule Alecto
With visage blacke and blo
And from Medusa that mare
That lyke a feende doth stare
And from Megeras eddes
From rufflinge of Philips fethers
And from her firy sparklinges
For burning of his winges
And from the smokes soure
Of Proserpinas boure
And from the dennes darke
Wher Cerberus doth barke
Whom Theseus did affray
Whom Hercules did out fray
As famous poetes saye
For that hel hounde
That lyeth in chaynes bound
With gastly heades three
To Jupiter pray wee
That Phillip preserued maye bee
Amen say ye wyth me,
Do mi nus
Helpe now sweet Jesus
Levavi oculos meos in montis
Wold God I had Xenophontis.

Or Socrates the wyse
To shew me their deuise
Moderately to take
Thys sorow that I make
For Philyp Sparowes sake

So feruently I shake
I fele my body quake .
So vrgently I am broughte
Into careful thought
Like Andromaca Hectors wife
Was weary of her lyfe
When she had lost her joy
Noble Hector of Troy
In like maner also
Encreaseth my deadly woe
For my Sparow is go
It was so prety a foole
It wold syt on a stoole
And learned after my scoole
For to keepe his cut
With Phillip kepe your cut.
It had a velvet cap
And wold syt upon my lap
And seke after smal wormes
And somtime white bread crommes
And many times and ofte
Betwene my brestes soft
It wold lye and rest
It was propre and prest
Sometime he wold gaspe
When he saw a waspe
A flye or a gnat
He would fly at that
And pretely he would pant
When he saw an ant
Lord how he wold pry
After the butter fly
Lord how he wold hop
After the gressop
And whan I sayd, Phyp Phip
Then he wold leape and skip
And take me by the lip
Alas it wyl me sloe
That Philip is gone me fro
Si in i qui ta tes
Alas I was euil at ease
De profoundis clamavi
When I saw my Sparow dye.

Nowe after my dome
Dame Sulpicia at Rome
Whose name registred was
For euer in tables of bras
Because shee did pas
In poesy to endyte
And eloquently to write
Though she wold pretend
My Sparow to commend
I trow she could not amende
Reporting the vertues al
Of my Sparow royal
For it would come and go
And fle so to and fro
And on me it wold leape
Whan I was asleape
And his fethers shake
Wher wyth hee wold make
Me often for to wake
And for to take him in
Upon my naked skin
God wot we thought no syn
What though he crept so low
It was no hurt I trow
He did nothinge perdee
But syt vpon my knee
Philip though hee were nise
In hym it was no vise
Phillip had leaue to go
To pike my little too
Phillip myght be bold
And do what he wold
Philip would seke and take
All the flees blake
That he could there espye
With his wanton eye
O pe ra
La sol fa fa
Confitebor tibi domine toto corde meo
Alas I wold ride and go
A thousand mile of grounde
If any such might be founde
It were worth an hundreth pounde
Of kyng Cresus golde
Or of Artaius the old
The ryche prynce of Pargame
Who so list the story to see
Cadinus that his sister sought
And he should be boughte
For gold and fee
He should ouer the see
To wete, if he coulde bryng
Any of the sprynge
Or any of the bloude
But who so vnderstode
Of medias arte
I wold I had a parte
Of her crafty magike
My Sparow than shoulde be quycke
Wyth a charme oy twaine
And play with me agayne
But al this is in vaine
Thus for to complaine
I toke my sampler ones
Of purpose for the nones
To sow wyth stiches of silke
My Sparow white as mylke
That by representacion
Of his image and facion
To me it might importe
Some pleasure and comfort
For my solace and sporte
But whan I was sowing his beke
Me thought my Sparow dyd speake
And open his prety bill
Saying, maid ye are in wil
Again me for to kil
Ye pricke me in the head
With that my nedle ware red
Me thought of Philyps bloude
Mine here right vpstode
And was in such a fraye
My speche was taken awaye
I kest downe that there was
And sayd alas, alas
How commeth this to pas
My fingers dead and cold
Could not my sampler hold
My nedle and threde
I thrue awaye for drede
The best now that I may
Is for his soule to pray.
A porta inferi
Good Lord haue mercie
Upon my Sparowes soule
Written in my bede roule

Au di vi vo cem
Japhet Cam and Sem
Ma gni fi cat
Shew me the right path

To the hilles of armonye
Wherfore the birdes yet cry
Of your fathers bote
That was somtime a flote
And now they lye and rote
Let some poetes wryte
Deucalions floud it highte
But as verely, as ye be
The naturall sonnes three
Of Noe the patriarke
That made that great arke
Wherin he had apes and owles
Beastes, byrdes and foules
That if ye can fynde
Any of my Sparowes kynde
God sende the soule good rest
I woulde yet haue a nest
As prety and as prest
As my Sparow was
But my Sparow dyd pas
All Sparowes of the wod
That were since Noes floud
Was neuer none so good
King Philip of Macedony
Had no such Philip as I
No no sir hardely.
That vengeaunce I aske and cry
By way of exclamacion
On al the whole nacion
Of cattes wilde and tame
God send them sorow and shame
That cat specially
That slew so cruelly
My litle prety Sparow
That I brought vp at Carow.
O cat of churlyshe kynde
The feend was in thy minde
Whan thou my byrd vntwynde
I wolde thou haddest ben blynd
The leopardes sauage
The lyons in their rage
Might catche the in their pawes
And gnaw the in their jawes
These serpentes of Libany
Might sting the venemously
The dragons with their tunges
Might poison thy liuer and lunges
The manticors of the mountaynes
Mighte feed them on thy braines
Melanchates that hound
That plucked Acteon to the grounde
Gaue him his mortal wound
Chaunged to a deere
The story doth appere
Was chaunged to an harte
So thou foule cat, that thou arte
The selfe same hounde
Might the confound
That his own lord bote
Mighte bite asunder thy throte
Of Inde the gredy gripes
Might teare out all thy tripes
Of Arcady the beares
Might plucke awaye thine eares
The wilde wolfe Licaon
Bite asondre thy backe bone
Of Ethna the brenning hyl
That day and night brenneth styll
Set in thy tayle a blase
That al the world may gase
And wonder vpon thee
From Occion the greate sea
Unto the Iles of Orchadye
From Tilbery fery
To the playne of Salisberye
So traiterously my bird to kyll
That neuer ought the euill will
Was neuer bird in cage
More gentil of corage
In doing his homage
Unto his soueraine
Alas I say agayne
Death hath departed vs twayne
The false cat hath the slaine
Fare well Phillip adewe
Our Lorde thy soule rescewe
Farewell without restore
Farewell for euermore
And it were a Jew
It wold make one rew
To se my sorow new
These vilanus false cattes
Were made for mise and rattes
And not for byrdes small
Alas my face waxeth pale
Telling this pyteous tale
How my byrd so fayre
That was wont to repayre
And go in at myspayre
And crepo in at my gor
Of my goune before
Flickering with his winges
Alas my hert it stynges
Remembring prety thynges
Alas myne hart it sleeth
My Philips deloful death
Whan I remembre it
How pretely it would sit
Many tymes and oft
Upon my finger aloft
I played with him tittel tattel
And fed him with my spattell
With his bit betwene my lips
It was my prety Phips
Many a prety kusse
Had I of his swete musse
And now the cause is thus
That he is slayne me fro
To my great payne and wo
Of fortune, this the chaunce
Standeth at varyaunce
Oft time after pleasaunce
Trouble and greuaunce
No man can be sure
Alway to have pleasure
As wel perceiue ye may
How my disport and playe
From me was taken awaye
By Gyb our cat sauage
That in furious rage
Caught Philip by the head
And slue him there starke dead.
Kyrie eleyeson
Christe eleyeson.
Kyrie eleyeson.
FOR Philip Sparowes soule
Set in our bead roule

Let us now whisper
A pater noster.
Laŭda anima mea dominum.
To weep with me loke that ye come
All maner of byrds in your kynd
See none be left behynd
To morning loke that ye fawl
With dolorous songes funerall
Some to sing, and some to say
Some to weep and some to praye
Euery bird in his lay
The goldfinch the wagtaile
The iangling jaye to rayle
The flecked pye to chatter
Of this dolorous matter
And robyn red breste
He shalbe the preest
The requiem masse to syng
Loftly warbeling
With helpe of the red sparow
And the chattering swallow
This hearse for to halow
The larke with his long toe
The spinke and the martinet also
The shouelar with his brode beck
The doterell that folish pecke
And also the mad coote
With a balde face to toote
The felde fare and the snyte
The crowe and the kyte
The rauen called rolfe
His playne songe to solfe
The partryche, the quayle
The plouer wyth vs to wayle
The wodhacke that singeth churre
Horsly as hee had the murre
The lusty chaunting nightingale
The popingaye to tel her tale
That toteth oft in a glasse
Shal rede the gospel at masse
The mauis with her whistell
She rede there the pistell
But with a large and a longe
To kepe iust playne songe
Our chaunters shalbe your cuckoue
The culuer, the stockedoue
With puwyt the lapwing
The versycles shal synge
The bitter with his bumpe
The crane with his trumpe
The swan of Menander
The goose and the gander
The ducke and the drake
Shal watche at thys wake
The pecocke so proude
Because hys voyce is loud
And hath a gloryous tale
He shal synge the grayle
The owle that so foule
Must helpe vs to houle
The heron so gaunte
And the cormoraunte
Wyth the fesuant
And the gaglyng gaunte
And the churlish chouge
The rout and the kough
The barnacle the bussard
With the wilde mallard
The diuendop to sleep
The water hen to weep
The puffin, and the tele
Honey they shall dele
To pore folke at large
That shalbe theyr charge
The semew, and the titmose
The wodcocke with the long nose
The threstill with her warblinge
The starling with her brablinge
The rooke, with the ospray
That putteth fishes to afray
And the deinty curlew
With the turtil most true
At this Placebo.
We may not well forgo
The countring of the co
The storke also
That maketh this nest
In chimneyes to rest
Within those walles
No broken galles
May there abide
Of cokoldry syde
Or els philosophy
Maketh a great lye
The estridge that wil eate
And horshowe so greate
In the stede of meat
Such feruent heat
His stomake doth freat
He cannot wel fly
Nor synge tunably
Yet at abrayde
He hath well assayd
To solf a aboue Ela
Fa lorell fa fa
Ne quando
Male cantando
The best that we can
To make him our belman
An let him ring the bels
He can do nothing els,
Chaunteclere our cocke
Must tell what is of the clocke
By the astrologye
That he hath naturally
Conceyued and caught
And was neuer taught
By Albumazer
The astronomer
Nor by Ptholomy
Prince of astronomy
Nor yet by Haly
And yet he croweth dayly
And nightly the tydes
That no man abides
With partlot his hen
Whome now and then
Hee plucketh by the hed
Whan he doth her tred
The bird of Arabye
That potenciallye
May neuer dye
And yet there is none
But one alone
A phenix it is
This herse that must blis
With armaticke gummes
That cost great summes
The way of thurification
To make fumigacion

Swete of reflarye
And redolent of ayre
This corse for sence
With great reuerence
As partriarke or pope
In a blacke cope
Whiles he senseth
He shal syng the verse
Libera me
In de la sol re
Softly bemole
For my Sparowes soule
Plinni sheweth al
In his story natural
What he doth finde
Of the phenix kinde
Of whose incineracion
There riseth a new creacion
Of the same facion
Wythout alteracion
Saving that old age
Is turned into corage
Of fresh youth agayne
This matter true and playne
Playne matter indeed
Who so lyst to rede
But for the egle doth fly
Hyest in the sky
He shalbe thy sedeane
The quere to demeane
As pronost principall
To teach them their ordinall
Also the noble fawcon
With the gerfawcon
The tarsel gentil
They shall morne softe and still
In theyr amisse of gray
The sacre with them shal say
Dirige for Philips soule
The goshauke shal haue a roul
The queresters to controule
The tanners and marlions
Shall stand in their mourning gounes
The hobby and the musket
The sensers and the crosse shall set
The kestrel in al this warke
Salbe holy water clarke
And now the darke cloudy night
Chaseth away Phebus bryght
Taking his course toward the weste
God send my Sparows soule good rest
Requiem eternam dona eis domine
Fa fa fa my re
A por ta in fe ri
Fa fa fa my my
Credo videre bona domini
I pray God Philip to Heven may flie
Domine exaudi oracionem meam
To Heaven he shal from Heuen he came
Do mi nus vo bis cum
Of al good praiers God send him sum
Oremus.
Deus cui proprium est miserere & parcere
On Philips soule haue pity.

FOR he was a prety cocke
And came of a gentil stocke
And wrapt in a maidens smock
And cherished full daintely
Tyll cruel fate made him to dye
Alas for doleful desteny
But whereto shuld I
Lenger morne or cry?
To Jupiter I call
Of Heauen emperial
That Philip may fly
Aboue the sterry sky
To treade the prety wren
That is our ladies hen
Amen, amen, amen
Yet one thing is behinde
That now commeth to mind
An epitaphe I wold haue
For Phillips graue
But for I am a mayde
Timerous, halfe afrayde
That neuer yet asayde
Of Elycones well
Where the muses dwell
Though I can rede and spell
Recount report and tell
Of the tales of Caunterbury
Some sad storyes, some merry
As Palomon, and Arcet
Duke Theseus and partelet
And of the wife Bath
That worketh much scathe
Whan her tale is told
Among huswiues bold
How she controld
Her husbandes as she wold
And theim to dispise
In the homeliest wise
Bring other wiues in thought
Their husbandes to set at naught
And though that red haue I
Of Gawen and fyr Guy
And tel can a great peece
Of the golden fleece
How Jason it wan
Like a valiaunt man
Of Arturs round table
With his knightes commendable
And dame Gaynour hys quene
Was somwhat wanton I wene
How syr Launcelote de lake
Many a speare brake
For his ladyes sake
Of Tristom and kyng Marke
[illegible]d al the whole warke
[illegible]bele I sold his wife
For whom was much strife
Some say she was lyght
And made her husband knyght
Of the common hall
That cuekoldes men call
And of sir Libius
Named Disconius
Of quarter fylz Amunde
And how they were sommond
To Rome to Charlemayne
Upon a great payne
And how they rode each one
On Bayard Mountalbon
Men se him now and then
In the forest Arden
What though I can frame
The storyes by name
Of Judas Machabeus
And of Cesar Julius

And of the loue betwene
Paris and Viene
And of the duke of Hannyball
That made the Romaynes al
For drede and to quake
How Scipion did wake
The citie of Cartage
Which by his vnmerciful rage
He beat down to the ground
And though I can expound
Of Hector of Troy
That was al theyr ioye
Whome Achilles slue
Wherfore all Troy did rue
And of the loue so hote
That made Troylus to dote
Upon fayre Cresseyde
And what they wrote and sayd
And of their wanton wils
Pandaer bare the byls
From one to the other
His maisters loue to further
Somtime a precious thynge
An ouche or els a ryng
From her to him agayn
Somtime a prety chain
Or a bracelet of her heare
Prayed Troylus for to weare
That token for her sake
How hartely he did it take
And much therof did make
And al that was in vayne
For shee dyd but fayne
The story telleth playne
He could not obtayne
Though his father wer a king
Yet there was a thynge
That made the male to wryng
She made him to sing
The song of louers laye
Musing night and daye
Mourninge al alone
Comfort had he none
For she was quite gone
Thus in conclusion
She broughte him in abusion
In earnest and in game
She was much to blame
Disparaged is her fame
And blemished is her name
In maner half with shame
Troylus also hath lost
On her muche loue and cost
And now must kisse the post
Pandara that went betwene
Hath won nothyng I ween
But light for somer greene
Yet for a special laud
He is named Troyllous baud
Of that name he is sure
Whiles the world shal dure
Though I remembre the fable
Of Penelope most stable
To her husband most trew
Yet long time she ne knew
Whether he were on liue or ded
Her wit stode her in sted
That she was true and juste
For anye bodelye luste
To Ulixes her make
And neuer wold him forsake

Of Marcus Marcellus
A prosses I could tel vs
And of Antecocus
And of Josephus
De antiquitatibus
And of Mardocheus
And of great Assuerus
And of Vesca his queene
Whom he forsoke with teene
And of Hester his other wife
With whom he led a pleasaunt life
Of kynge Alexander
And of kyng Euander
And of Porcena the greate
That made the Romans to smart
Though I haue enrold
A thousande newe and old
Of these historyous tales
To fil bougets and males
With bookes that I haue red
Yet I am nothynge sped
And can but lytle skyl
Of Ovid or Vergil
Or of Plutharke
Or of Fraunces Petrarke
Alcheus or Sapho
Of suche other poetes moe
As Linus and Homerus
Euphorion and Theocritus
Anacreon and Arion
Sophocles and Philemon
Pindarus and Dimonides
Philiston and Phorocides
These poetes of auncientie
They are to diffuse for me
For as I to fore haue sayd
I am but a yonge mayd
And cannot in effect
My stile as yet direct
With englysh wordes elect
Our naturall tonge is rude
And hard to be enneude
Wyth polyshed tearmes lustye
Oure language is so rustye
So cankered and so ful
Of frowardes and so dul
That if I wold apply
To write ordinately
I wot not where to finde
Termes to serue my minde
Gowers englyshe is olde
And of no value is tolde
His matter is worth gold
And worthy to be enrold
In Chauser I am sped
His tales I haue red
His mater is delectable
Solacious and commendable
His englyshe wel alowed
So as it is enprowed
For as it is employed
There is no englyshe voyd
At those dayes muche commended
And now men wolde haue amended
His englishe where at they barke
And marre all they warke
Chaucer that famous clarke
His tearmes were not darcke
But pleasaunt, easy and playne
No worde he wrote in vayne

Also John Lydgate
Wrytteth after an hyer rate
It is diffuse to fynde
The sentence of his mind
Yet wryteth he in his kind
No man that can amend
Those maters that he hath pend
Yet some men finde a faut
And say he wryteth to haut
Wherfore hold me excused
If I haue not wel perused
Myne englysh halfe abused
Thoughe it be refused
In worth I shall it take
And fewer wordes make
But for my Sparowes sake
Yet as a woman maye
My wit I shall assay
An epytaphe to wryghte
In latyne playne and lyght
Wherof the elegy
Foloweth by and by
Flos volucrum formose vale,
Philippe sub isto
Marmore iam recubas,
Qui mihi carus eras;
Semper erunt nitido
Radiantia sidera cœlo,
Impressusque meo
Pectore semper eris:
Per me laurigerum
Britanum Skeltonida vatem
Hæc cecinisse licet
Ficta sub imagine texta
Cuius eris volueris
Prestanti corpore Virgo
Candida Nais erat:
Formosior ista Joanna est;
Docta Corinna fuit,
Sed magnis ista sapit
Bien men souient.

THE COMMENDACIONS.

Beati immaculati in via
O gloriosa fœmina
Now mine hole imaginacion
And studious meditacion
Is to take this commendacion
In this consideracion
And vnder pacient tolleracion
Of that most godly mayd
That Placebo hath sayd
And for her Sparow prayd
In lamentable wyse
Now wyl I enterpryse
Thorow the grace diuine
Of the muses nine
Her beauty to commend
If Arethusa wyll send
Me influence to endite
And with my pen to write
If Apollo will promise
Melodiouslye it to deuise
His tunable harpe stringes
With armonye that synges
Of princes and of kynges
And of all pleasaunt thynges
Of lust and of delyght
Thorow his godly might
To whome be the laud ascrybed
That my pen hath enbibed
With the aureat droppes
As verelye my hope is
Of Thagus, that golden floud
That passeth all the earthly good
And as that floud dothe pas
Al floudes that euer was
With hys golden sandes
Who so that vnderstandes
Cosmography: and the stremes
And the floudes in straunge remes
Ryght so she dothe excede
Al other of whom we rede
Whose fame by me shall sprede
Into Peree and Mede
From Britons Albion
To the toure of Babilon
I trust it is no shame
And no manne wyl me blame
Thoughe I regester her name
In the counte of fame
For thys most goodly floure
This blossome of freshe coloure
So Jupiter me succoure
She flovysheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritare gemina
O gloriosa fœmina
Retribue seruo tuo, vivifica me.
Labia mea laudabunt te.

But enforsed am I
Openlye to askry
And to make an outcry
Againste odyous enuye
That euermore wyl lye
And saye cursedlye
With hys lether eye
And chekes drye
With vysage wan
As swarte as tan
His bones crake
Leane as a rake
Hys gummes rustye
Are full vnlustye
Hys harte with all
Bytter as gall
His liuer his longes
With anger is wronge
Hys serpentes tonge
That many one hath stonge
He frowneth euer
He laugheth neuer
Euen nor morowe
But other mens sorowe
Causeth him to grin
And reioice therein.
No slepe can hym catche
But euer doth watche
He is so bete
With malice and frete
Wyth anger and yre
His foule desire
Wyl suffer no sleep
In his head to creep
His foule semblaunte
Al displeasaunte
Whan other are glad
Than is hee sad
Franticke and mad
His tounge neuer styll
For to saye yll

Writhing and wringing
Biting and stingyng
And thus this elf
Consumeth himselfe
Hymselfe doth sloe
Wyth payne and woe
Thys false enuy
Sayth that I
Use greate follye
For to indite
And for to wryte
And spende my time
In prose and rime
For to expres
The noblenes
Of my maystres
That causeth me
Studious to be
To make a relation
Of her commendacion
And there agayne
Enuy doth complayne
And hath disdaine
But yet certayne
I will be playne
And my stile dres
To this prosses
Nowe Phebus me ken
To sharpe my pen
And leade my fyste
As him best lyst
That I may say
Honoure alwaye
Of woman kynde
Trouthe dothe me bynde
And loyaltie
Euer to be
Their true bedel
To wryte and tel
How women excel
In noblenes
As my maystres
Of whome I thinke
With pen and ynke
For to compyle
Some goodly stile
For thys moste goodly floure
This blossom of fresh colour
So Jupiter me succour
She florisheth new and new
In beautie and vertue
Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa fœmina:
Legem pone mihi domine in viam justificationum tuarum.
Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum.

Howe shall I reporte
Al the godly sort
Of her fetures cleere
That hath none earthly peere
Her fauoure of her face
Ennewed with al grace
Confort pleasure and solace
Mine hart doth so enbrace
And so hath rauished me
Her to behold and se
That in wordes playne
I cannot me refrayne
To loke to her agayne
Alas what shoulde I fayne
It were a pleasaunte payne
With her aye to remayne
Her eyen graye and stepe
Causeth myne harte to leepe
With her browes bente
She maye wel represente
Fayre Lucres as I weene
Or els fayre Polexene
Or els Caliope
Or els Penolope
For thys moste goodly floure
This blossome of freshe coloure
So Jupiter me succour
She florisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina
Memor esto verbi tui servo tuo
Servus tuus sum ego

The Indy saphyre blewe
Her vaynes doth ennew
The orient pearle so cleare
The witnes of her lere
The lusty ruby ruddes
Resemble the rose buddes
Her lippes soft and mery
Emblomed like the chery
It were an heauenly blysse
Her sugred mouthe to kysse
Her beauty to augment
Dame nature hath her lente
A warte upon her chcke
Who so lyst to seeke
In her visage a skar
That semeth from a far
Lyke to a radyant star
Al with fauour fret
So proprely it is set
She is the violet
The daisy delectable
The columbine commendable
This ielofer amiable
This moste goodly floure
This blossome of freshe coloure
So Jupiter me succoure
She florysheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina
Bonitatem fecisti cum servo tuo domina
Et ex præcordiis sonant præconia

And whan I perceiued
Her wart and conceiued
It cannot be denaid
But it was wel conuaid
And set so womanly
And nothing wantonly
But right conueniently
And full congruentlye
As nature could deuise
In moste goodly wyse
Who so lyst behold
It maketh louers bold
To her to sue for grace
Her fauour to purchase
The sker upon her chin
Enchased on her fayre skin

Whiter than the swan
It wold make any man
To forget deadly syn
Her fauour to wyn
For this most goodly flour
This blossome of freshe coloure
So Jupiter me succour
She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina

Defecit in salutate tua anima mea;
Quid petis filio, mater dulcissima: babæ!

Soft and make no din
For now I wil begin
To haue in remembraunce
Her goodly dalyaunce
And her goodly pastaunce
So bad and so demure
Behauing her so sure
With wordes of pleasure
She wold make to the lure
And any man conuert
To geue her his whole hart
She made me sore amased
Upon her whan I gased
Me thought mine hart was crased
My eyen were so dased
For this most goodly flour
The blossome of fresh colour
So Jupiter me succoure
She florysheth new and new
In beauty and vertew
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina
Quomodo dilexi legem tuam domina.
Recedant vetera, nova sunt omnia.

And to amend her tale
Whan she lyst to auale
And with her fingers small
And handes soft as silke
Whiter than milke
That are so quickely vayned
Wherwith my hand she strained
Lord how I was payned
Unneth I am refrayned
How she me had reclaymed
And me to her retayned
Enbrasyng therwith all
Her goodly middle small
With sides long and streyt
To tel you what conceit
I had then in a trice
The matter wer to nyce
And yet there was no vyce
Nor yet no villany
But only fantasy
For this most goodly floure
The blossome of fresh colour
So Jupiter me succour
She florisheth new and new
In beautie and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina;
Iniquos odio habui;
Non calumnientur me superbi.

But whreto shold I note
How often dyd I note
Upon her pretye fote
It raysed myne hart rote
To see her treade the grounde
With heles short and round
She is plainly expresse
Egeria the goddesse
And lyke to her ymage
Importured with corage
A louers pilgrimage
There is no best sauage
Ne no tygre so wood
But she wold chaunge his mood
Suche relucent graee
Is formed in her face
For this most goodly flour
This blossome of freshe coloure
So Jupiter me succour
She florysheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina
Mirabilia testimonia tua
Sic utnovellæ plantationes in juventute sua

So goodly as she dresses
So properly she presses
The bryght golden tresses
Of her heare so fyne
Lyke Phebus beames shyne
Where to should I disclose
The garteryng of her hose
It is for to suppose
Howe that she can weare
Gorgiouslye her geare
Her freshe habilementes
With other implementes
To serue for all ententes
Lyke dame Flora queene
Of lusty somer grene
This moste goodly flour
This blossome of freshe coloure
So Jupiter me succoure
She florysheth new and new
In beauty and vertew
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina:
Clamavi in toto corde exaudi me.

Her kyrtel so goodly lased
And vnder that is braced
Such pleasures that I may
Neither write nor say
Yet thoughe I write not with ink
No man can let me thinke
For thought hath liberti
Thought is franke and free
To thynke a mery thought
It cost me litle or nought
Wold God mine homely stile
Were pollished with the file
Of Ciceros eloquence
To prayse her excellence
The most goodlye floure
This blossome of freshe coloure
So Jupiter me succoure
She florysheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina
Principes persecuti sunt me gratis

Omnibus consideratis. Paradisus voluptatis, *hæc virgo est dulcissima.*

My pen it is vnable
My hand it is vnstable
My reason rude and dull
To prayse her at the full
Goodly maistres Jane
Sobre, demure Diane
Jane this maistres hight
The lode star of delight
Dame Venus of all pleasure
The wel of worldly treasure
She doth excede and passe
In prudence dame Pallas
The most goodly floure
This blossome of freshe colours
So Jupiter me succoure
She florisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina

REQUIEM eternam dona eis domine.
With this psalm. Domine probasti me.
Shall saile ouer the sea
With tibi domine commendamus
On pilgrimages to sainct Jamys
For shrympes, and for pranes
And for stalkynge cranes
And wher my pen hath offended
I pray you it may be amended
By discrete consideration
Of your wise reformacion
I haue not offended I trust
If it be sadly discust
It were no gentle guyse
This treatise to dispise
Because I haue writen and sayd
Honour of this fayre mayd
Wherfore should I be blamed
That I Jane named
And famously proclamed
She is worthy to be enrold
With letters of golde.
Car elle vault.

PER me laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida vatem
Laudibus eximiis merito, hæc redemita puella est
Formosam cecini qua non formosior ulla est;
Formosam potius, quam commendaret Homerus
Sic juvat interdum rigidos recreare labores
Nec minus hoc titulo tersa Minerva mea est.
Rien que plaisere.

Thus endeth the boke of Philip Sparow, and here foloweth an adicion made by master Skelton.

THE gyse now a dayes
Of some ianglyng iayes
Is to discommend
That they cannot amend
Though they wold spend
All the wyttes they haue
What ayle them to depraue
Phillip Sparowes graue
His dirige: her commendacion
Can be no derogacion
But myrth and consolacion
Made by protestacion
No man to miscontent
With Phillippes enterement
Alas that goodly mayd
Why should she be afrayd
Why should she take shame
That her goodly name
Honorably reported
Should be set and sorted
To be matriculate
With ladyes of estate
I coniure the Philip Sparow
By Hercules that hel dyd harow
And with a venemous arow
Slewe of the Epidaures
One of the Centaures
Or Onocentaures
Or Hipocentaurius
By whose might and mayne
An hart was slayne
With hornes twayne
Of glittering gold
And the appels of gold
Of Hesperides withhold
And with a dragon kept
That neuer more slept
By marcial strengthe
He wan at length
And slue Gerion
With thre bodies in one
With mighty corage
Avaunted the rage
Of a lyon sauage
Of Dyomedes stable
He brought out a rable
Of coursers and rounses
With leapes and bounses
And with mighty lugging
Wrestlyng and tuggyng
He plucked the bul
By the horned skul
And offred to Cornucopia
And so forth per cetera
Also by Ecates bower
In Plutus gastly tower
By the vglye Eumenides
That neuer haue rest nor ease
By the venemous serpent
That in hel is neuer brente
In Lerna the Grekes fen
That was engendred then
By Chemeras flames
And all deadly names
Of infernal posty
Where soules fry and rosty
By the stigial flood
And the streames wood
Of Cocitus botumles wel
By the feryman of hel
Caron with his beard hore
That roweth with a rude ore
And with his fore top
Gideth his bote with a prop
I coniure Philip and cal
In the name of king Saul
Primo regum expresse
He had the Phitonesse
To wytchecraft her to dres
And by her abusions
And dammable illusions

Of mervevlous conclusions
And by her supersticions
And wonderful condicions
She raysed vp in that stede
Samuel that was deade
But whether it were so
He were, idem in numero
The selfe same Samuel
How be it to Saule dyd he tell
The Philistines shuld him ascry
And the next day he should dye
I wil my self discharge
To lettred men at large
But Philip I coniure thee
Now by these names three
Diana in the woodes grene
Luna that so bryght doth shyne
Proserpina in hell
That thou shortly tell
And shew now vnto me
What the cause may be
Of this perplexitie

Interiit, Phillippe Scroupe, pulchra Johanna,
Instanter periit, cur nostri carminis illam
Nunc pudor, est sero, minor est infamia vero.

Than suche as haue disdayned
And of thys worke complayned
I pray God they be payned
No worse than is contayned
In verses two or three
That folowe as ye may see

Luride cur livor volucris pia funera damnas
Talia te rapiant, rapiunt quæ fata volucrum
Est tamen invidia mors tibi continua

SKELTON LAUREATE AGAINST A COMELY COYSTROWNE THAT CURIOWSLY CHAUNTYD AND CARRYSHLY COWNTRED, AND MAILY IN HYS MUSIKES MOKKYSHLY MADE, AGAYNST THE IX MUSIS OF POLITIKE POEMS AND POETTYS MATRICULAT.

Of all nacyons vnder the Heuyn.
These frantyke foolys I hate most of all.
For though they stumble in the sinnes seuyn.
In peuyshnes yet they snapper and fall.
Whiche men the viii deadly sins call.
This peuysh proud this prender gest.
When he is well yet can he not rest.

A swete suger lofe and sowre bayards bun.
Besumdele lyke in forme and shap
The one for a duke the other for dun.
A maunchet for Morell theron to snap.
His hart is to hy to haue any hap.
But for in his game ut carp that he can.
Lo Jak wold be a jentylman.

Wyth hey troly loly lo whip here Jak.
Alumbek sodyldym syllorym ben.
Curyowsly he can both counter and knak
Of Martyn Swart and all hys mery men.
Lord how Perkyn is proud of his Pohen.
But ask wher he fyndyth among his monacordes.
An holy water clark a ruler of lordes.

He can not fynd it in rule nor in space.
He solfyth to haute hys trybyll is to hy.
He braggyth of his byrth that borne was ful bace
Hys musyk withoute mesure to sharp is his my.
He trymmyth in his tenor to counter pirdewy.
His discant is besy it is withoute a mene.
To fat is his fantsy his wyt is to lene.

He lumbryth on a lewde lewte roty bulle joyse.
Rumbill downe tumbil downe hey go now now.
He fumblyth in his fyngering an vgly good noise.
It semyth the sobbyng of an old sow.
He wold be made moch of and he wyst how.
Wele sped in spyndels and turning of tauellys.
A bungler, a brawler, a pyker of quarellys.

Comely he clappyth a payre of clauycordys.
He whystelyth so swetely he makyth me to swet.
His discant is dashed full of discordes
A red angry man but easy to intrete.
An vssher of the hall fayn wold I get.
To poynte this proude page a place and a rome
For Jak wold be a jentilman that late was a grome

Jak wold jet and yet Jyll sayd nay.
He counteth in his countenaunce to check which the best.
A malaperte medler that pryeth for his pray
In a dysh dare he rush at the rypest,
Dreming in dumpys to wrangill and to wrest.
He findeth a proporcion in his prycke songe.
To drynke at a draught a larg and a long

Nay iape not with hym he is no smal fole
It is a solemnpne syre and a solayne.
For lordes and ladyes lerne at his scole
He techyth them so wysely to solf and to fayne
That neither they singe wel prike song nor plain
This docter Dellias commensyd in a cart.
A master, a mynstrel, a fydler, a fart.

What though ye can cownter Custodi nos.
As wel it becomith yow a parysh towne clarke.
To syng Supinitati dedit ægros
Yet bere ye not to bold to braule me to bark
At me, that medeled nothing with youre wark.
Correct first thy selfe, walk and be nought.
Deme what you list thou knowist not my thought.

A prouerbe of old say well or be still.
Ye are to vnhappy occasion to fynde.
Uppon me to clater or els to say yll.
Now haue I shewyd yow part of your proud mind
Take this in worth the best is behynde.
Wryten at Croydon by Crowland in the Clay.
On Candelmas euyn the Kalendas of May.

FINIS.

Contra alium Cantitantem & Organisantem Asinum, qui impugnabat Skeltonida Pierium, Sarcasmos.

PRÆPONENDA meis non sunt tua plectra camœnis.
Nec quantum nostra fistula clara tua est.
Sæpe licet lyricos modularis arundine psalmos,
Et tremulos calamis concinis ipse modos:
Quamvis mille tous digitus dat carmine plausus,
Nam tua quam tua vox est mage docta manus:
Quamvis cuncta facis tumida sub mente superbus,
Gratior est Phœbo fistula nostra tamen.
Ergo tuum studeas animo deponere fastum,
Et violare sacrum desine stulte virum.

SKELTON LAUREAT VPPON A DEEDMANS HED THAT WAS SENT TO HYM FROM AN HONORABLE JENTIL WOMAN FOR A TOKEN, DEUYSYD THIS GOSTLY MEDITACION IN ENGLYSH, COUENABLE IN SENTENCE COMENDABLE, LAMENTABLE, LACRIMABLE, PROFITABLE FOR THE SOULE.

YOURE vgly tokyn,
My mynd hath brokyn,
From worldly lust.
For I haue dyscust,
We are but dust,
And dy we must.
It is generall
To be mortall.
I haue well espyde
No man may hym hyde:
With sinnews wyderyd,
From deth holow eyed.
With bonys shyderyd,
With hys worme etyn maw,
And his gastly jaw.
Gaspyng asyde,
Nakyd of hyde,
Neyther flesh not fell.
Then by my councell,
Loke that ye spel,
Well thys gospell.
For wher so we dwell,
Deth wil us qwell,
And with us mell.
For all our pamperde paunchis
Ther may no fraunchys,
For worldly blys,
Redeme vs from this,
Oure days be datyd,
To be chek matyd,
With drawttys of deth,
Stoppyng oure breth,
Oure eyen synkyng,
Oure bodys stynkyng,
Oure gummys grynnyng.
Oure soulys brynnyng.
To whom then shall we sew,
For to haue reskew,
But to swete Jesu,
On vs then for to rew.
O goodly child,
Of Mary mylde,
Then be oure shylde.
That we be not exyld,
To the dymmedale,
Of botemles bale,
Nor to the lake,
Of fendys blake.
But graunt vs grace
To se thy face,
And to purchace,
Thyne heuenly place.
And thy palace,
Full of solace.
Aboue the sky,
That is so hy. Eternally.
To beholde and se.
The Trynyte. Amen.
Mirres vous y.

WOMANHOD wanton ye want.
Your medeling mastres is manerles.
Plenty of yll of goodnes skant.
Ye rayll at ryot recheles.
To prayse youre porte it is nedeles.
For all your drasse yet and youre dreggys.
As well borne as ye full oft tyme beggys.

Why so koy and full of skorne.
Myne horse is sold I wene you say.
My new furryd gowne when it is worne.
Put vp youre purs ye shall non pay.
By crede I trust to se the day.
As proud a pohen as ye sprede.
Of me and other ye may haue nede.

Though angelyk be youre smylyng.
Yet is youre tong an adders tayle.
Full lyke a scorpyon styngyng.
All those by whom ye haue auayle.
Good mastres Anne there ye do shayle.
What prate ye praty pyggys ny.
I truste to quyte you or I dy.

Youre key is mete for euery lok.
Youre key is commen and hangyth owte.
Youre key is redy we nede not knok.
Nor stand long wrestyng there aboute.
Of youre doregate ye haue no doute.
But one thyng is that ye be lewde.
Holde youre tong now all be shrewde.

To mastres Anne that farly swete.
That wonnes at the key in Temmys strete.

THE BOKE OF
THREE FOOLES
M. SKELTON POETE LAUREATE, GAUE TO MY LORD CARDYNALL.

THE FYRST FOOLE.

THE man that doth wed a wyfe
For her goodes and her rychesse
And not for lygnage femynatyfe
Procureth doloure and dystresse
With infynyte payne and heuynesse
For she wyll do hym moche sorowe
Bothe at euyn and at morowe.

THE SECOND FOOLE.

The dartes ryght cursed of enuye
Hath rayned sythe the worlde began
Whiche bryngeth man euydently
Into the bondes of Sathan
Wherfore he is a dyscrete man
That can eschewe that euyll synne
Where body and soule is lost in

THE THYRD FOOLE.

Dyuers by voluptuousnes
Of women the which be present
Be brought in to full great dystres
Forgettyng vertues excellent
Of God the whych is permanent
And suffreth themselfe to be bounde
In cordes as it were a hounde.

COME hyther and take this boke and rede therein for your lernyng with clere iyen, and loke in this boke that sheweth you folysh fooles, without wyt or vnderstanding Pecunyous fooles that bee auaryce, and for to haue good tyme, and to lyue meryly, weddeth these olde wyddred women,

whych hath sackes full of nobles, claryfye here your syghte, and ye shal know what goodnes commeth therby, and what joye and gladnes Some there be that habandoneth themselfe for to gather togyther the donge that yssueth of theyr asses arse, for to fynde euermore grese, it is grete foly trulye, but yet the yonge man is more folyssher, the whiche weddeth an olde wyfe, for to haue her golde and syluer. I say that he is a great foole that taketh anne olde wyfe, for her goodes and is much to blame

They the whiche do so, procureth all trybulations. For with her he shall neither haue ioy, recreacion, nor rest. He norysseth stryfes, and greate debates, thoughte, payne, anguyshe, and melancoly. And yf he wolde accomplyshe the workes of maryage, hee may not, for shee is so debylyte colde, vnpropyce, vnnaturall, and vndyscurrente, for the coldenes that is in her. The husbande of this olde wyfe hath none esperaunce to haue lygnage by her, for he neuer loued her. The man is a very foole to make his demoraunce vpon such an olde wife, whan he thinketh somtime vpon such thynges, he leseth his naturall with, in cursynge hymselfe more then a M. tymes with the golde and the syluer, and the cursed hasarde of fortune. And when he seeth his poore lyfe in such dystresse, his hert is all-oppressed with melancholy and dolour, but whan the vnhappye man seeth that it is force and that hee is constrayneth to haue patience, he putteth his cure to draw to hym the money of the olde wyddred woman in makyng to her glade chere. And whan hee hath the money and the bagge wyth nobles, God knoweth what chere he maketh, wythoute thynkinge on them that gathereth it And when he hath spente al, he is more vnhappyer than hee was before, yf that the foole be vnhappye, it is well ryghte, for hee hath wedded auaryce, mother of all euylles, yf hee had taken a wyfe that had ben fayre and yong, after his complection, he had not fallen into so great an inconuenience. It is wryten in auncient bokes that hee whiche weddeth a wyfe by auaryce, and not for to haue lygnage, hath no cure of the honestie of matrymonye, and thynketh full euyll on his conscience, The unyon of maryage is decayed, for vnder the coloure of good and loyall maryage is wedded auaryee as we se euery day by experience through the world And one wil haue a wife, and that hee marke his to be demaunded in maryage, they will enquyre of his ryches and conninge. And on the other syde he wyl demaunde great goodes with her, to norysshe her with. For and her father and mother and frendes haue no greate ryches, he wyll not of her. But, and she be ryche hee demaundeth none other thinge. It is wrytten that one were better haue his house in deserte, wheras no mencion shoulde be of hym, themne to bide with such wyues, for they be replete with all cursednes. And the poore foole breketh his hearte, he loseth his soule and corrompeth his body. He selleth his youth vnto the olde wife that weddeth her for auaryce, and hath but noyse and discention, in vsyng his lyfe thus in synne Consydre you fooles what seruytude ye put your self in, when ye wedde such wyues. I pray you be chast if that ye wyl lyue without vnhap. My frends whiche be not in that hande, put you not therin, and yee shalbe well happy Notwithstanding I defende you not to marry but I exhorte you to take a wyfe that ye may haue progeny by, and solace bodely and gostly, and thereby to wyn the ioyes of paradyse.

OF ENUYE, THE SECONDE FOOLE.

APPROCHE you foly she enuyous, the which can say no good by them that ye hate, come and se in this booke, youre peruerse and euyll condycions. O enuy that deuoureth the condycions of men, and dyssypers of honour. Thou makest to haue rauishynge heartes famyshed, thou brennest the desyres, and sleeth the soule in the ende, thou engendrest the darte enuyronned with mischefe that whiche traueyleth diuers folkes. Cursed foole how haste thou thy heart so replete with cruellie, for if I haue temporall goodes thou wilte haue enuye therat, or if that I can worke well, and that I apply mee vnto dyuers thynges the whiche be honest, or if that I haue castels, landes, and tenementes, or if that I am exalted vnto honoure by my science, or won it by my hardynes truely and iustlye, or if that I am beloned by dyuers persons whiche reclaymeth mee good and vertuous, and of a noble courage, thou wylt vilepande me with thy wordes, thou wottest neuer in what maner thou mayst adnychell mine honour, Thy malicious hert is hurt with a mortall wounde in such wise that thou haste no ioye nor solace in this world, for the darte of Enuye perceth thy herte lyke a spere. Thou hast wylde lyeoure, the whiche maketh all thy stomacke to be on a flambe. There is no medicyne that maye hele thy mortall wounde. I beynge in a place, where as myne honoure was magnyfyed, thoughte for to haue taken alyaunce with an odyfferaunt floure, but all sodaynely I was smyten with a darte of enuye behinde my backe, wherthroughe allthe that were on my partye turned theyr backes upon me, for to agree to one of Venus dissolate seruantes, procedynge, frome a hearte, enuenymed with enuye. Wherfore I shall specyfye vnto you the condycyons of the enuyous, who that holdeth hym of the subgectes of enuye, she constytueth to deuoure, and byte euery bodye: gnyynge vnhappes and myseries vnto her seruauntes. Suche folkes doth the innocente a thousande wronges. They be replenysshed with so many treasons, that they can not slepe in their beddes, they haue no swete cantycles nor songes. They haue theyr tonges honyed with swete words vnder the coloure of loue, they be lene, and infecte of rygoure: these enuyous more bytterer thenne the gall of the fyshe glauca, wyth theyr eyen beholdinge a trauers of stomacke chaused syntillously, and without these mouthes as the vyne that is newe cut, they be enuyroned with rage and greate angnysshe, beholdynge euermore to destroy some body. Conceyue the history of Joseph in your myndes, the which had vii. brethren that were enuyous against him which was the yongeste and solde hym vnto the marchauntes of Egypte by enuy, and betrayed him. The which were delybered of a longe time to haue destroyed him. These enuious neuer laughe, but whan some good man hath domage upon the see or lande, or at the disfortune of some body, he drynketh his bloud as milke. Notwithstandinge, his heart is euer enbraced with enuy, and as longe as he lyueth it shall gnawe his hert. Hee resembleth vnto Ethna whiche brenneth alwayes. As of Romulus and Remus his brother, the whiche Romulus edefyed

first Rome, and gaue it to name Rome, after his owne name. Neuertheles they were pastours for they establyshed lawes in the citie And Romulus punished euerye body equally, He dyd instytute lymittes or markes aboute the citie, and ordeyned that he that passed the lymyttes shuld be put to death. His brother passed them, wherfore he was put vnto death incontinente in the same place. Wee rede also how Cayme slewe his owne brother by enuye. Haue we not ensample semblablye of Atreus, of whom his brother occupyed the parke, how well that they were in the realme stronge and puyssaunte, for to defende them. It was Thesius that expulsed his brother oute of the realme by enuy, and was called agayne bycause that he had taken the parke, and fynally was banyshed, and by enuye and vnder the colour of peace he was sent for. And when hee was commen vnto a feast, he made his two children for to be rested, and made theim to drynke their bloude. O what horroure was it to see his twoo children dye that were so dyscrete? In lykewise Ethiocles by his brethren receyued great enormyties by that cursed enuye. O thou prudent man if thou wilt be discrete, good, and wise flye from enuy, and thou shalt finde thy selfe sounde of body and soule.

OF THE VOLUPTUOUSNES CORPORALL THE THIRD FOOLE.

RYGHTE heartely I beseche you folysshe and lecherous people, that it will please you for to come and make a litell collacion in this booke, and if there be any thinge, that I can do for you, I am all yours both body and goodes, for truelye I haue an ardaunte desyre to doo you some meditorious dede, bicause that I haue euer frequented your servyce.

Nowe herken what I haue found you cautellous women. They that the pappes be sene all naked, their heyre combed and trussed in dyuers places merueylously be vnreasonable fooles, for they dresse theim like voluptuous harlottes that make theyr heyre to appere at theyr browes yalowe as fine golde made in lytel tresses for to drawe yonge folke to theyr loue. Some for to haue their goodes presenteth to theim their beddes for to take their carnall desires. And after that they haue taken all their disportes, they pill theim as an onion. The other for to haue their plesures mondayne cheseth theim that we loue best and maketh syg-nyfyaunce to theim sayeng that she is anamoured on theim. Thou art a verye idyot so to abandone thy selfe vnto the vyle synne of lecherye, for thou lettest thy selfe be wrapped therein, lyke as a calfe, or a shepe is bounde in a corde. In suche wise that ye can not vnbynde youre selfe. O foole haue aspecte vnto that whiche thou confmyttest for thou puttest thy poore soule in great daunger of damnation eternall, thou puttest thy goodes, thyne vnderstandinge, and thy joy, vnto dolorous perdicion for all that yee bee in your worldly pleasures, yet it is mengled with dystres, or with mysery, greate thoughte or melancoly. I requyre thee leue thy worldlye pleasures that endureth no lenger then the grasse of the feelde Yf you haue ioye one only momente thou shalt haue twayne of sorow for it. We rede of Sardanapalus that for his lecherye and lybidinosite fell into hell, the whiche put himselfe in the guise of a poore woman, his men seiuge hym so obstinate in that vile sinne, slewe him, and so fynished hee his dayes for folowinge of his pleasaunce mondayne. The soueraigne Creatour was more puyssante thenne this wretched sinner, let vs not apply our selfe therto sith that hee punysheth sinners so asprely, but with all our hertes enforce we our selfe for to resist againste that vyle and abhomynable sinne of lechery, the whiche is so full of enfeccion and bytternes, for it distayneth the soule of man: fle frome the foolisshe women that pylleth the louers vnto the harde bones, and you shal be beloued of God and also of the worlde.

EN PARLEMENT À PARIS.

JUSTICE est morte & verité sommeille,
Droit & raison sont allez aux pardons.
Les deux premiers: Nul ne les resueille,
Et les derniers, sont corrumpus pardons.

Out of Frenche into Latine.

Abstulit atra dies Astræam: cana fides sed
somno pressa jacet: jus iter arripuit.
Et secum ratio proficiscens limite longo.
Nemo duas primas evigilare parat,
Atque duo postrema absunt, & numera tantum
Impediunt, nequeuntque remeari domum.

Out of Latine into Englyshe

Justice nowe is dead,
Trouth with a drousy head,
As hevy as the leed
Is leyd downe to slepe,
And bidythe no kepe
And ryght is euer fallows
Gon to seke halows
With reason to gidder
No man can tell whether
No man woll vndertake
The fyrst twayne to awake:
And the tweyne laste
Be withholde so faste
Wyth mony, as men sayne
They can not come agayne.

EPITAPHE.

THIS tretise devysed it is
Of two knaues somtyme of dys.

Though this knaues be deade
Full of myschiefe and queed
Yet where so euer they ly
Theyr names shall neuer dye.

COMPENDIUM DE DUOBUS VERSIPELLIBUS

JOHN JAYBERD ET ADAM ALIAS A KNAVE DEQUE ILLORUM NOTISSIMA VILITATE.

A DEVOUTE TRENTALE FOR OLD JOHN CLARKE, SOMETYME THE HOLY PATRIARKE OF DIS.

SEQUITUR trigentale
Tale quale rationale
Licet parum curiale
Tamen satis est formale

Joannis Clerc hominis
Cujusdam maltimoniis
Joannis Jayberd qui vocatur
Clerc cleribus nuncupatur
Obiit sanctus iste pater
Anno domini M.D. Sexto
In parochia de dis
Non erat sibi similis
In malicia vir insignis
Duplex corde & bilinguis
Senio confectus
Omnibus suspectus
Nemini dilectus
Sepultus est amonge the wedes
God forgeue hym his mysdedes

Dulce melos
Penetrans Celos.

Carmina cum cannis
Cantemus festa Joannis
Clerke obiit vere
Jayberde nomenque dedere
Dis populus natus
Clerke cleribus estque vocatus
Hic vir caldeus
Nequam vir ceu Jebuseus
In Christum Domini
Fremuit de more cameli
Rectori proprio
Tam verba retorta loquendo
Unde resultando
Quæ acheronta boando tonaret
Nunquam sincere
Solitus sua crimina fiere
Cui male lingua loquax
Quæ dicax mendaxque fuere
Et mores tales
Resident in nemine quales
Carpens vitales
Auras turbare sodales
Et cines socias
Asinus mulus velut & bos
Omne suum studium
Rubium pictum per amictum
Discolor & victum
Faciens semper maledictum
Ex intestinis ovium
Quæ boumque caprorum
Tendens adque forum
Fragmentum colligit horum
Dentibus exemptis
Mastigat cumque polentis
Lanigerum caput
Aut vaccæ mugientis
Quid petis? hic sit quis
John Jayberd. Nicolas de dis
Cui dum vixerat is
Sociantur iurgia vis lis

Jam Jacet hic starke deed
Neuer a toth in his heed
Adieu. Jayberd adue
I faith dikkon thou crue
Fratres orate
For this knauate
By the holy rode
Dyd neuer man good
I pray you all
And pray shall
At this trentall
On knees to fall
To the fote ball
With fill the blak bowle
For Jayberdes sowle

Bibite multum
Ecce sepultum
Sub pede stultum
Asinum & mulum
The deuill kis his culum
Wit hey cowe rumbelowe
Rumpopulorum
Per omnia secula seculorum.
Amen.

Requiem, &c.
Per Fredericum Hely
Fratrem de Monte Carmeli
Qui condunt sine sale
Hoc devotum trigintale
Vale Jayberd, valde male.
Finis.

Adam Uddersale. alias dictus
Adam all. a knaue his epitaph.
Foloweth deuoutly,
He was somtime the holy
Baillyue of dis.
Of dis.

Adam degebat
Dum vixit falsa gerebat
Namque extorquebat
Quicquid nativus habebat
Aut liber natus. Rapidus
Lupus inde vocatus.
Ecclesiamque satus
De belial iste Pilatus
Sub pede calcatus
Violauit nunc violatus
Perfidus iratus
Numquam fuit ille beatus
Uddersall stratus
Benedictus est spoliatus
Improbus inflatus
Maledictus jam laceratus
Sis tibi baccatus
Balians prædominatus
Hic fuit ingratus
Porcus velut insaciatus
Pinguis crassatus
Velut Agag fit reprobatus
Crudelisque Cacus
Baratro peto sit tumulatus
Belsabub his soule saue
Qui jacet hic like a knaue.
Jam scio mortuus est
Et jacet hic like a best.

Anima eius,
De malo in pejus. Amen.

De dis hæc semper erit camena,
Adam Uddersall sit anathema.

Auctore Skelton rectore de dis.

Finis, &c. Apud Trumpinton scriptor per curatum ejusdem quinto die Januarij anno domini secundum computat. Angliæ M.D.VII.

Adam Adam ubi es. Genesis R. ubi nulla requies. [Job.
Ubi nullus ordo, sed sempiternus horror inhabitat.
Finis.

Diligo rusticum cum portant bis duo quantum
Et cantant delos est mihi dulce melos.
1. Canticum dolorosum.

LAMENTATIO URBIS NORWICEN.

O LACHRIMOSA lues nimis O quàm flebile fatum
Ignibus exosis urbs veneranda ruis
Fulmina sive Jovis sive vitima fata vocabant
Vulcani rapidis ignibus ipsa peris
On décus ou partiæ specie pulcherima dudum
Urbs Norwicensis labitar in cineres [ponam,
Urbs tibi quid referam? breviter tibi pauca re-
Prospera raro manent, utere sorte tua.
Perpetuum mortale nihil, sors omnia versat,"
Urbs miseranda vale, sors miseranda tua est.
Skelton.

VILITISSIMUS SCOTUS DUNDAS ALLEGAT CAUDAS CONTRA ANGLIGENAS CAUDATOS ANGLOS, SPURCISSIME SCOTE QUID EFFERS? EFFRONS ES, QUOQUE SONS: MENDAX, TUA SPURCAQUE BUCCA EST.

ANGLICUS a tergo
Caudam gerit.
Est canis ergo.
Anglice caudate
Cape caudam
Ne cadet a te
Ex cause caude
Manet Anglica
Gens sive laude.
Skelton nobilis poeta,
Diffamas patriam qua non
est melior usquam
Cum cauda plaudis dum
possis ad hostia pultes
Mendicans mendicus eris,
mendaxque bilinguis,
Scabidus, horribilis, quem
vermes sexque pedales
Corrodunt misere, miseres
genus est maledictum.
Gup Scot. ye blot,
Laudate Caudate
Set in better
Thy pentameter
This Dundas
This Scottishe as
He rymes and rayles
That Englishmen haue tailes.
Skeltonus laureatus,
Anglicus natus,
Provocat musas
Contra Dundas
Norpacissimum Scotum,
Undique notum,
Rusticè fotum
Vapidè potum,
Skelton laureat
After this rate
Defendeth with his pen
All English men.
Agayn Dundas
The Scottishe asse
Shake thy tayle Scot lyke a cur,
For thou beggest at euery mannes dur.
Out Scot I sey.
Go shake thy dog hey
Dundas of Galaway
With thy versyfyeng rayles
How they haue tayles.
By Jesu Christ, fals Scot thou lyest,
But behynd in our hose
We bere there a rose,
For thy Scottyshe nose,
A spectacle case
To couer thy face
With tray deux ase
A tolman to blot
A rough foted Scot
Dundas sir knaue
Why doste thow deprane,
This royall reame,
Whose radiant beame
And relucent light
Thou hast in despite
Thou donghyll knyght
But thou lakest might
Dundas, dronken, and drowsy
Skabed scurvy and lowsy
Of vnhappy generacion
And most vngracious naeion.
Dundas that dronke asse
That ratis and rankis
That prates and prankes
On huntley bankes
Take this our thankes
Dunde bar,
Walke Scot
Walke sot
Rayle not to far.

ADMONITIO SKELTONIS UT OMNES ARBORES VIRIDI LAUREO CONCEDANT.

Fraxinus in silvis, altis in montibus ornus
Populus in fluviis, abies patulissima, fagus
Lenta salix, platanus pinguis, ficulnea ficus,
Glandifera & quercus, pirus, esculus, ardua
Basamus exudans, oleaster, oliva Minervæ, [pinus,
Juniperus, buxus, dentiscus cuspide lenta
Botrigera, & domino, vitis gratissima, baccho,
Ilex & sterilis, labrusta palosa colonis,
Mollibus exudans fragrantia thura sabeis
Thus redolens, arabis panter, notissima mirrha,
Et vos O corili fragiles, humilesque myricæ
Et vos O cedri redolentes, vos quoque myrti.
Arboris omne genus viridi concedite Lauro.

Prenes en gre. The Laurelle.

Diligo rusticum cum portant bis duo quantum
Et cantant delos est mihi dulce melos
1. Canticum dolorosum.

IN BEDELL QUONDAM BELIAL INCARNATUM, DEVOTUM EPITAPHIUM.

ISMAL ecce Bedel, non mel, sed fel, sibi des el.
Perfidus Achitophel: Luridus atque Iorell:
Nunc olet iste Jebal. Nabal. S. Nabal ecce Ribaldus
Omnibus exosus atque perosus erat.
In plateaque cadens animam spiravit oleto,
Presbyteros odiens sic sine mente ruit
Discite vos omnes quid sit violare sacratos
Presbyteros, quia sic corruit iste canis.
Cocitus cui sic petus per Tartara totus
Sit peto promotus Cerberus huneque voret
At mage sancta tamen mea musa precabitur atros
Hos lemuresque eat sic Bedel ad superos
Non eat, immo ruat, non scandat sed mage tendat,
Inque caput præceps mox Acherónte petat.

Bedel. Quanta malignatus est inimicus in sanctum. Psal. 73.

Mortus est asinus
Qui vivit multum
Hic jacet barbarus
The deuill kys his culum. Amen.

Hanc volo transcribas, transcriptam moxque remittas pagllaum: qui sunt qui mea scripta sciunt

Redde. Igitur quia sunt qui mala cuncta fremunt
Igitur quia sunt qui bona cuncta premunt
Nec tamen expaveo de fatuo labio
Nec multum paveo de scolido Rabulo.

POETA SKELTON LAUREATUS LIBELLUM SUUM METRICE ALOQUITUR.

Ad dominum properato meum mea pagina Percy
Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit.
Ad natum celebris tu prona repone leonis,
Quæque suo patri tristia justitia.
Ast ubi perlegit dubiam sub mente volutet,
Fortunam cuncta quæ male fida rotat,
Qui leo sit felix & Nestoris occupet annos,
Ad libitum cujus ipse paratus ero.

SKELTON LAUREAT VPON THE DOULOURS DETHE AND MUCHE LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE MOST HONORABLE ERLE OF NORTHUMBERLANDE.

I WAYLE, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh fulsore
The dedely fate. the dolefulle desteny
Of hym that is gone, alas without restore
Of the bloud royall descending nobelly
Whose lordshyp doutles, was slayne lamentably
Thorow treson, again him compassed and wrought
Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought.

Of heuenly poems. O. Clyo calde by name
In the colege of musis goddes hystoriall
Adres the to me whiche am both halt and lame
In elect vteraunce to make memoryall
To the for souccour to the for help I eall
Mine homely rudnes and dryghnes to expell
With the freshe waters of Elyconys well.

Of noble actes aunciently enrolde
Of famous pryncis and lordes of astate
By thy report ar wont to be extold
Regestriuge trewly euery formare date
Of thy bounte after the vsuall rate
Kyndell in me suche plenty of thy nobles
These sorowfulle dites that I may shew expres.

In sesons past who hath herde or sene
Of formar writyng by any presidente
That vilane hastarddis in their furious tene
Fulfylled with malice of froward entente
Confetered togeder of cominion concente
Falsly to flee theyr moste singuler god lord
It may be regestrede of shamefull recorde.

So noble a man so valiaunt lord and knyght
Fulfilled with honor as all the wold doth ken
At his commaundment which had both day and nyght
Knyghtes and squyers: at euery season when
He calde vpon them, as meniall houshould men
Were not these commons vncurteis karlis of kind
To slo their owne lorde: God was not in their mynd

And were not they to blame I say also
That were aboute him his one servants of trust
To suffre him slayn of his mortall fo
Fled away from hym let hym ly in the dust
They bode not till the reckenyng were discust
What shuld I flatter what shuld I glose or paint
Fy fy for shame their hartes were to faint.

In England and Fraunce which gretly was redouted
Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland stode in
To whom great estates obeyed and lowted [drede
A mayny of rude villayns made hym for to blede
Unkyndly they slew him, that holp them oft at nede
He was their bulwark their paues and their wall
Yet shamfully they slew hym that shame mot them befal

I say ye comoners why wer ye so stark mad
What frantyk frensy fyll in your brayne
Where was your wit and reson ye should have had
What wilful foly made yow to ryse agayne
Your naturall lord: alas I cannot fayne
Ye armyd you with will, and left your wit behynd
Well may you be called comones most vnkynd.

He was your chefteyne your shelde your chef
Redy to assyst you in euery time of nede [defence
Your worshyp depended of his excellence
Alas ye mad men to far ye did excede
Your hap was vnhappy to ill was your spede
What moued you againe him to war or to fyght
What alyde you to sle your lord agayn all ryght.

The ground of his quarel was for his souerain
The well concerning of all the hole lande [lord
Demaudyng suche duties as nedes most acord
To the ryght of his prince which should not be withstand
For whose cause ye slew him with your owne hand
But had his noble men done wel that day
Ye had not bene able to haue sayd him nay

But ther was fals packing or els I am begylde
How be it the mater was euydent and playne
For if they had occupied their spere and their shilde
This noble man doutles had not bene slayne
But men say they wer lynked with a double chaine
And held with the comones vnder a cloke
Which kindeled the wild fyr that made al this smoke.

The commons renyed ther taxes to pay
Of them demaunded and asked by the kynge
With one voice importune they plainly sayd nay
They buskt them on a bushment themselfe in baile to bring
Agayne the kyngs pleasure to wrestle or to wring
Bluntly as best is with boste and with crye
They sayd they forsed not, nor carede not to dy.

The noblenes of the north this valiant lord and knight
As man that was innocent of trechery or traine
Presed forth boldly to withstand the myght
And lyke marcinll Hector he faught them agayne
Vygorously vpon them with might and with maine

Trustyng in noble men that were with him there
But al they fled from hym for falshode or fere.

Barones, knyghtes, squiers and all
Together with seruauntes of his famuly
Turned their backe, and let their master fal
Of whome they counted not a flye
Take vp whose wold for ther they let him ly
Alas his gold, his fee, his annual rent
Upon suche a sort was ille bestowd and spent.

He was enuirond aboute on euery syde
With his enemyes, that wer starke mad and wode
Ye while he stode he gaue them woundes wyde
Allas for ruth what thoughe his mynd wer gode
His corage manly, yet ther he shed his blode
Al left alone alas he foughte in vayne
For cruelly among them ther he was slayne.

Alas for pite that Percy thus was spylt
The famous erle of Northumberland
Of knyghtly prowes the sword pomel and hylt
The myghty lyon doutted by se and lande
O dolorous chaunce of fortunes froward hande
What man remembryng how shamfully he was
From bitter weping himself can restrain. [slaine

O cruell Mars thou dedly god of war
O dolorous tewisday dedicate to thy name
When thou shoke thy sworde so noble a man to
O ground vngracious vnhappy be thy fame [mar
Which wert endyed with rede bloud of the same
Most noble erle: O foule mysuryd ground
Whereon he gat his finall dedely wounde.

O Atropos of the fatall systers iii.
Goddes most cruel vnto the lyfe of man
All merciles in the is no pite
O homicide which fleest, all that thou can
So foreibly vpon this erle thou ran
That with thy sword enharpit of mortall drede
Thou kit asonder perfight vitall threde.

My wordes unpullysht be nakide and playne
Of Aureat poems they want ellumynynge
But by them to knowlege ye may attayne
Of this lordes dethe and of his murdrynge
Which whiles he lyved had fuyson of euery thing
Of knights of squyers chyf lord of toure and towne
Tyll fykkell fortune began an hym to frowne

Paregall to dukes with kynges he might compare
Surmountinge in honor all erlis he did excede
To all countreis aboute him reporte me I dare
Lyke to Eneas benigne in word and dede
Valiant as Hector in euery marciall nede
Prudent, discrete, circumspect and wyse
Tyll the chaunce ran agayne hym of fortunes duble dyse.

What nedeth me for to extoll his fame
With my rude pen enkankered all with rust
Whose noble actes show worshiply his name
Transendyng for myne homly muse, that muste
Yet somwhat wright supprised with herty lust
Truly reportyng his right noble estate
Immortally whiche is immaculate.

His noble blode neuer destayned was
Trew to his prince for to defend his ryght
Doblenes hatyng, fals matters to compas
Treytory and treason he banysht out of syght
With truth to medle was al hisholl delight
As all his countrey can testyfy the same
To fle suche a lorde alas it was great shame.

If the hole quere of the musis nyne
In me all onely wer set and comprysed
Enbrethed with the blast of influence deuyne
As perfytly as could be thought or deuised
To me also all though it were promised
Of Laureat Phebus holy the eloquence
All were to lyteli for his magnificence

O yonge lyon but tender yet of age
Grow and encrese remembre thyn estate
God the assyst unto thyn herytage
And geue the grace to be more fortunate
Agayn rebellyones arme the to make debate
And as the lyone whiche is of bestes kyng
Unto thy subiectes be curteis and benygne

I pray God sende the prosperous lyfe and long
Stable thy mynde constant to be and fast
Ryght to mayntayn and to resyst all wronge
All flateryng faytors abhor and from the cast
Of foule detraction God kepe the from the blast
Let double delyng in the haue no place,
And be not lyght of credence in no case.

With heuy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd
Eche man may sorow in his inward thought
This lords death whose pere is hard to fynd
Al gife Englond and Fraunce were thorow saught
Al kynges, all princes, al dukes, well they ought
Both temporall and spiritual for to complayne
This noble man that crewelly was slayne.

More specially barons and those knyghtes bold
And al other gentilmen with him enterteyned
In fee: as menyall men of his housold
Whom he as lord worshyply mainteyned
To sorowful weping they ought to be constreined
As oft as they call to theyr remembraunce,
Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

Perlese Prince of Heven emperyall
That with one word formed al thing of noughte
Heven, hell, and erthe, obey unto thy call
Which to thy resemblaunce wondersly hast wrought
All mankynd, whom thou full dere hast boughte
With thy bloud precious our finaunce thou did pay
And vs redemed, from the fendys pray

To the pray we as Prince incomparable
As thou art of mercy and pyte the well
Thou bring unto thy joye eterminable
The soull of this lorde from all daunger of hell
In endles blys with the to byde and dwell
In thy palace, aboue the orient
Where thou art Lord, and God omnipotent.

O Quene of mercy, O Lady full of grace
Mayden most pure and Goddes moder dere
To sorowful hartes chef comfort and solace
Of all women O flowre without pere
Pray to thy son aboue the sterr is clere
He to vouchsafe by thy mediacion
To pardon thy seruaunt and brynge to saluacion

In joy triumphaunt the heuenly gerarchy
With all the hole sorte of that glorious place
His soull mot receyue in to theyr company
Thorow bounty of hym that formed all solace
Wel of pite, of mercy, and of grace

The Father, the Sonn, and the Holy Ghost
In Trinitate one God of myghts moste.

Non sapit humanis qui certam ponere rebus
Spem cupit est hominum raraque ficta fides
Tetrasticon Skelton laureati ad magistrum Rukshaw
Sacræ theologiæ egregium professorem
Accipe nunc domum doctor celeberrime Rukshaw
Carmina: de calamo quæ cecibere meo,
Et quaqua placidis non sunt modulata carmenis
Sunt tamen ex nostra pectore prompta pio.
Vale feliciter, virorum laudatissimè.

FINIS.

ELEGIA

IN SERENISSIMÆ PRINCIPIS ET DOMINÆ DOMINÆ MARGARETÆ NUPER COMITISSÆ DE DARBY STRENUISSIMI REGIS HENRICI SEPTIMI MATRIS FUNEBRE MINISTERIUM. PER SKELTONIDA LAUREATUM ORATOREM REGIUM XVI. MENSIS AUGUSTI. ANNO SALUTIS M.D.XVI.

Aspirate meis elegis pia turma sororum,
Et Margaretam collacrimate piam.
Hac sub mole latet regis celeberrima mater
Henrici magni, quem locus iste fovet;
Quem locus iste sacer celebri celebrat Poliandro,
Illius en genitrix hac tumulatur humo;
Cui cedat Tanaquil (Titus hanc super astra re-
Cedat Penelope carus Ulyssis amor. [portat)
Hec Abigail velut Hester erat pietate secunda,
En tres jam proceres nobilitate pares:
Pro domina precor implora pro principe tanta
Flecte deum precibus qui legis hos apices.
Plura referre piget calamus torpore rigescit,
Dormit Mecænas, negligitur probitas
Nec juvat aut modicum prodest nunc ultima versu
Facta recensere (mortua mors reor est)
Queris quid decus est? decus est modo dicier hircum
Cedit honos hirco, cedit honorque capro.
Falleris ipse Charon iterum surrexit Abyron
Et stygios remos despicit ille tuos.
Vivitur ex voto: mentis præcordia tangunt
Nulla sepulcra ducum nec monumenta patrum;
Non regum non ulla hominum labentia fato
Tempora nec totiens mortua turba ruens.
Hunc statuo certe perituræ parcere cartæ
Ceu Juvenalis ovat eximius satirus.

Disticon execrationis in fagolidoros
Qui lacerat, violat, ve rapit præsens Epitoma
Hunc laceretque voret Cerberus absque mora.

Calon. Agaton. cum Areta. Re in. Pa.
Hanc tecum statuas dominum (precor) ô sator orbis,
Quo regnas rutilans rex sine fine manens.

ORATOR REGIUS SKELTONIS LAUREATUS IN SINGULARE MERITISSIMUMQ; PRÆCONIUM NOBILISSIMI PRINCIPIS HENRICI SEPTIMI NUPER STRENUISSIME REGIS ANGLIE HOC EPITAPHIUM EDIDIT. AD SINCERAM CONTEMPLATIONEM REVERENDI IN CRISTO PATRIS AC DOMINI DOMPNI JOHANNIS ISLIP ARBATIS WESTMONASTERIJ OPTIME MERITI ANNO DOMINI. M.D.XII, PRIDIE DOMINI ANDREE APOSTOLI, &c.

Tristia melpomenes cogor mode plectra sonare
Nos elegos foveat Cinthius ille meos
Si quas fata movent lacrimas: lacrimare videret
Jam bene maturum si bene mente sapis
Flos Britonum, regum speculum Salamonis imago
Septimus Henricus mole sub hac tegitur,
Punica dum regnat (redolens rosa digna vocari
Jam jam marcescit ceu levis umbra fugit)
Multa novercantis fortunæ multa faventis
Passus: & infractus tempus utrumque tulit
Nobilis Anchises, armis metuendus Atrides,
Hic erat: hunc Scottus rex timuit Jacobus.
Spiramenta animæ vegitans dum vescitur aura
Francorum populus conticuit pavidus.
Inmensas sibi divitias cumulasse quid horres
Ni cumulasset opes forte Britannia Ivas
Urgentes casus tacita si mente volutes,
Vix tibi sufficeret aurea ripa Tagi
Ni sua te probitas consulta mente laborans
Rexisset satius: vix tibi tuta salus;
Sed quid plura cano? meditans quid plura volute
Quisque vigil sibi sit mors sine lege rapit?
Ad dominum qui cuncta regit pro principe tanto
Funde preces quisquis carmina nostra legis.
Vel mage si placeat hunc
Hunc timuit Jacobus
Scottorum dominus
Qui sua fata luit
Quem leo candidior
Rubeum necat ense leonem
Et jacet vsque modo
Non tumulatus humo.
Refrigerii sedem quietis beatitudinem luminis habeat claritatem.

AMEN.

EULOGIUM

PRO SUORUM TEMPORUM CONDICIONE TANTIS PRINCIPIBUS NON INDIGNUM PER SKELTONIDA LAUREATUM ORATOREM REGIUM.

Huc pia Calliope perpera mea casta puella,
Et mecum resona carmina plena deo,
Septimus Henricus Britonum memorabilis heros,
Anglica terra tuus magnanimus Priamus:
Attalus hic opibus rigidus Cato, clarus Acestes
Sub gelido clausus marmore jam recubit
Hic honor omnis opes, probitas sic gloria regum
Omnia nutabunt mortis ad imperium. [obstas?
Anglia num lacrimas: rides: lacrimare quid
Dum vixit lacrimas: dum moritur jubilas.
Cauta tamen penses, dum vixerat Angligenenses
Vibrabant enses. bella nec ulla timent.
Undique bella fremunt nunc undique prelia sur
Noster honor solus filius ecce suus; [gunt,
Noster honor solus qui pondera tanta subire
Non timet: intrepidus arma gerenda vocat,
Arma gerenda vocat (superi sua cepta secundent)
Ut quatiat Pallas Ægida sepe rogat.
Sors tamen est versanda diu sors vltima belli
Myrmidonum dominus matre silente ruit;
Et quem non valuit validis superare sub armis
Mars? tamen occubuit insidiis Paridis
Nos incerta quidem pro certis ponere rebus
Arguit, & prohibet Delius ipse pater
Omnia sunt hominum dubio labentia fato,
Marte sub incerto militat omnis homo.
Omne decus nostrum, nostra & spes unica tantum,
Jam bene qui regnat hunc Jovis umbra tegat
Ut quamvis mentem labor est inhibere valentem,
Pauca tamen liceat dicere pace sua;

Pace tua liceat mihi nunc tibi dicere pauca,
Dulce meum decus, & sola Britanna salus.
Summa rei nostræ remanet celeberrime princeps,
In te precipuo. qui modo sceptra geris.
Si tibi fata favent precor atque precabor
Anglia tunc plaude sin minus ipse vale.

Policronitudo Basileos.

TETRASTICON VERITATIS.

Felix qui bustum torniasti,
Rex tibi cuprum,
Auro si tectus fueras,
Fueras spoliatus,
Nudus prostratus,
Tanta est rabioso cupido,
Undique nummorum
Rex pace precor requiescas. Amen.

FINIS.

IN THE FLEETE MADE BY ME WILLIAM CORNISHE OTHERWISE CALLED NYSHEWHETE CHAPELMAN WITH THE MOST FAMOSE AND NOBLE KYNG HENRY THE VII. HIS REYGNE THE XIX. YERE THE MONETH OF JULY.

A TREATISE BETWENE TROUTH, AND INFORMATION.

A. B. of E. how. C. for. T. was. P. in P.

Prologue.

THE HOOLE CONTENT.

THE knowlege of God, passyth comparison
The deuill knowith all il thing, consented or done
And man knoweth nothing, saue only by reason
And reason in man, is diuerse of operation
How can then man be parfite of cognicion
For reason shall so reason that somtyme among
A man by information may ryhgte wisly do wrong

GOSPELL.

The auctorised gospel and reason holdeth therwith
Whose litterall sence agreith to the fore seyng
Qui ambulat in tenebris nescit quo vadit
Now moralyse ye farther and peyse the contriuyng
I meane, bytwene trowth and sotele conueynge
Who gothe in the darke, must stumble amonge
Blame neuer a blynd man, thou he go wronge.

EXAMPLE.

A juge to the jury nedes must geue credence
How what yf they purpose fals maters to compase
The judge must procede yet in him non offence,
For as they geue verdit, the iugement must passe.
But wher the faulte is, non dormit Judas
For by fals informacion many tymes amonge
Right shalbe rewled and the righteouse shal do wroug

EUELL INFORMATION.

But woo to suche informers who they be
That maketh their malice the mater of the power
And cruelly without conscience right or pity
Disgorgith theyr venome under that colowre
Alas not remembryng their soules doloure
When, dies illa, dies ire, shalbe their songe
Ite maledicti, take that for your wronge.

A PARABLE BETWEN INFORMACION AND MUSIKE.

THE EXAMPLES.

Musike in his melody requireth true soundes
Who setteth a song, should geue him to armony
Who kepeth true his tuenes may not passe his sonds
His alteracions and prolacions must be pricked treuly
For musike is trew though minstrels maketh maystry
The harper careth nothing but reward for his song
Merily soundith his mouth when his tong goth all of wrong.

THE HARPE.

A harpe geueth sounde as it is sette
The harper may wrest it vntunablye
Yf he play wrong good tunes he doth lette
Or by mystunyng the very trew armonye
A harpe well playde on shewyth swete melody
A harper with his wrest maye tune the harpe wrong
Mystunyng of an instrument shal hurt a true songe

A SONGE.

A songe that is trewe and ful of swetnes
May be euyll songe and tunyd amyse
The songe of hym selfe yet neuer the les
Is true and tunable, and syng it as it is
Then blame not the song, but marke wel this
He that hath spit at another mans songe
Will do what he can to haue it song wronge.

A CLARICORDE.

The claricord hath a tunely kynde
As the wyre is wrested hye and lowe
So it tuenyth to the players mynde
For as it is wrested so must it nedes showe
As by this reson ye may well know
Any instrument mystunyd shalf hurt a trew song
Yet blame not the claricord the wrester doth wrong.

A TROMPET.

A trompet blowen hye with to hard a blast
Shal cause him to vary from the tunable kynde
But he that bloweth to hard must suage at the last
And fayne to fall lower with a temperat wynde
And then the trompet the true tune shall fynde
For an instrument ouer wynded is tuned wrong.
Blame none but the blower, on him it is longe.

TRUE COUNSELL.

Who plaieth on the harpe he should play trew
Who syngeth a songe, let his voice be tunable
Who wresteth the claricorde mystunyng eschew
Who bloweth a trompet let his wind be mesurable
For instruments in them self be ferme and stable
And of trouth, wold trouth to every manes songe
Tune them then truly for in them is no wronge.

COLOURS OF MUSYKE.

In musyke I haue learned iiii colours as this
Blake, ful blake, verte, and in lykewyse redde
By these colours many subtill alteracions ther is
That wil begile one tho in cuning he be wel sped
With a prike of indicion from a body that is dede
He shal try so his nombre with swetnes of his song
That the eare shalbe pleased, and yet he al wronge.

THE PRACTISER.

I pore man vnable of this science to skyll
Saue litel practise I haue by experience

I meane but trouth and of good will
To remembre the doers, that vseth such offence
Not one sole, but generally in sentence
By cause I can skyll of a litle songe
To try the true corde to be knowen from the wrong.

TREUTH.

Yet trouth was drownde he not sanke
But still dyd fleete aboue the water
Informacion had played hym suche a pranke
That with power the pore had lost his mater
Bycause that trouthe begane to clater
Informacion hath taught hym to solfe his songe
Paciens parforce, content you with wronge.

TRUTH.

I assayde theis tunes me thought them not swete
The concordes were nothynge musicall
I called masters of musike cunyng and discrete
And the first prynciple whose name was Tuballe
Guido Boice, John de Murris, Vitryaco and them
I prayed them of helpe of this combrous songe [al
Priked with force and lettred with wronge.

TRUE ANSWERE.

They sayd I was horce I might not synge
My voice is to pore it is not awdyble
Informacion is so curyous in his chauntynge
That to bere the trew plainsong, it is not posible
His proporcions be so hard with so highe a quatrible [bound
And the playn song in the margyn so craftely
That the true tunes of Tuball can not haue the right sounde.

TRUTHE.

Well quod treuth, yet ones I trust verely
To have my voyce and synge agayne
And to flete our treuth and clarify truly
And ete suger candy adaye or twayne
And then to the deske to synge true and playn
Informacion shall not alwaye entune hys song
My parts shalbe true, when his countreuers shalbe wrong.

INFORMACION.

Information hym enbolded of the monacorde
From consonaunts to concordes he musyd his mastry
I assayde the musyke both knyght and lord
But none wold speke, the sounde bord was to hye
Then kept I the plain keyes the marred al my melody
Enformacion draue a crochet that past al my song
With proporcion parforce, dreuen on to longe.

DIALOGUE.

Sufferance came in, to syng a parte
Go to quod trouth, I pray you begyne
Nay sofft quod he, the gise of my parte
Is to rest a longe rest or I set in
Nay by long restyng ye shall nothing wynne
For informacion is so crafty and so hye in his songe
That yf ye fal to resting infayth in wilbe wrong

TREWETH.

Informacion wil teche a doctor his game
From superacute to the noble dyapason
I asayd to acute and when I came
Enformacion was mete for a noble dyatessaron
He song by a pothome that hath two kyndes in one [song
With many subtel semetunes most met for this
Pacience parforce, content you with wronge

TROUTH.

I kepe be rounde and he by square
The one is bemole and the other bequare
If I myght make tryall as I could and dare
I should show why these ii. kyndes do varye
But God knowyth al, so doth not kyng Harry
For yf he dydde than chaunge shold this iiii. song
Pytye, for patience, and consience, for wronge.

Nenysswhete parabolam.

FINIS.

THE

POEMS

OF

HENRY HOWARD,

EARL OF SURREY.

THE

LIFE OF HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS highly accomplished nobleman has been peculiarly unfortunate in his biographers, nor is there in the whole range of the English series a life written with less attention to probability. Even the few dates on which we can depend have been overlooked, with a neglect that is wholly unaccountable in men so professedly attentive to these matters as Birch, Walpole, and Warton.

The story usually told consists of the following particulars:—

"Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, was the eldest son of Thomas, the third duke of Norfolk, lord high treasurer of England in the reign of Henry VIII. by Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Stafford, duke of Buckingham. He was born either at his father's seat at Framlingham, in Suffolk, or in the city of Westminster[1], and being a child of great hopes, all imaginable care was taken of his education. When he was very young, he was companion, at Windsor Castle, with Henry Fitzroy, duke of Richmond, natural son to Henry VIII. and afterwards student in Cardinal College, now Christchurch, Oxford. In 1532, he was with the duke of Richmond at Paris, and continued there for some time in the prosecution of his studies, and learning the French language; and upon the death of the duke in July, 1536, travelled into Germany, where he resided some time at the emperor's court, and thence went to Florence, where he fell in love with the fair Geraldine, the great object of his poetical addresses, and in the grand duke's court published a challenge against all who should dispute her beauty: which challenge being accepted, he came off victorious. For this approved valour the duke of Florence made him large offers to stay with him; but he refused them, because he intended to defend the honour of his Geraldine in all the chief cities of Italy. But this design of his was diverted by letters sent to him by king Henry VIII. recalling him to England. He left Italy therefore, where he had cultivated his poetical

[1] A friend at Oxford has suggested that he may have been born at Lambeth, or at a house near Bishopsgate in London, which were the occasional residences of his father. *C.*

genius by the reading of the greatest writers of that country, and returned to his own country, where he was considered as one of the first of the English nobility who adorned his high birth with the advantages of a polite taste and extensive literature. On the first of May, 1540, he was one of the chief of those who justed at Westminster as a defendant against sir John Dudley, sir Thomas Seymour, and other challengers, where he behaved himself with admirable courage and great skill in the use of his arms; and, in 1542, served in the army, of which his father was lieutenant-general, and which, in October, this year, entered Scotland and burnt divers villages. In February or March following, he was confined to Windsor Castle for eating flesh in Lent, contrary to the king's proclamation of the 9th of February, 1542. In 1544, upon the expedition to Boulogne, in France he was field-marshal of the English army; and after taking that town, being then knight of the garter, he was in the beginning of September, 1545, constituted the king's lieutenant and captain general of all his army within the town and country of Boulogne. During his command there in 1546, hearing that a convoy of provisions of the enemy was coming to the fort at Oultreau, he resolved to intercept it; but the Rhingrave, with four thousand Lanskinets, together with a considerable number of French under the marshal de Briez, making an obstinate defence, the English were routed, and sir Edward Poynings, with divers other gentlemen, killed, and the earl of Surrey himself obliged to fly: though it appears, by a letter of his to the king, dated Jan. 8, 1545-6, that this advantage cost the enemy a great number of men. But the king was so highly displeased with this ill success, that from that time he contracted a prejudice against the earl, and soon after removed him from his command, appointing the earl of Hertford to succeed him. On this sir William Paget wrote to the earl of Surrey, to advise him to procure some eminent post under the earl of Hertford, that he might not be *unprovided in the town and field.* The earl, being desirous in the mean time to regain his former favour with the king, skirmished against the French, and routed them; but soon after, writing over to the king's council, that as the enemy had cast much larger cannon than had been yet seen, with which they imagined they should soon demolish Boulogne, it deserved consideration whether the lower town should stand, as not being defensible; the council ordered him to return to England, in order to represent his sentiments more fully upon those points, and the earl of Hertford was immediately sent over in his room. This exasperating the earl of Surrey, occasioned him to let fall some expressions which savoured of revenge, and a dislike of the king and an hatred of his counsellors; and was, probably, one great cause of his ruin soon after. His father, the duke of Norfolk, had endeavoured to ally himself to the earl of Hertford, and to his brother, sir Thomas Seymour, perceiving how much they were in the king's favour, and how great an interest they were likely to have under the succeeding prince; and therefore he would have engaged his son, being then a widower, (having lost his wife Frances, daughter of John earl of Oxford), to marry the earl of Hertford's daughter, and pressed his daughter, the duchess of Richmond, widow of the king's natural son, to marry sir Thomas Seymour. But though the earl of Surrey advised his sister to the marriage projected for her, yet he would not consent to that designed for himself; nor did the proposition about himself take effect. The Seymours could not but perceive the enmity which the earl bore them; and they might well be jealous of the greatness of the Howard family, which was not only too considerable for subjects of itself, but was raised so high, by the dependence of the whole popish party, both at home and abroad, that they were likely to be very dangerous competitors for

the chief government of affairs, if the king should die, whose disease was now growing so fast upon him, that he could not live many weeks. Nor is it improbable that they persuaded the king, that if the earl of Surrey should marry the princess Mary, it might embroil his son's government, and perhaps ruin him. And it was suggested that he had some such high project in his thoughts, both by his continuing unmarried, and by his using the arms of Edward the confessor, which, of late, he had given in his coat without a diminution. To complete the duke of Norfolk's and his son's ruin, his duchess, who had complained of his using her ill, and had been separated from him about four years, turned informer against him. And the earl, and his sister, the duchess dowager of Richmond, being upon ill terms together, she discovered all she knew against him; as likewise did one Mrs. Holland, for whom the duke was believed to have had an unlawful affection. But all these discoveries amounted only to some passionate expressions of the son, and some complaints of the father, who thought that he was not beloved by the king and his counsellors, and that he was ill used in not being trusted with the secret of affairs. However, all persons being encouraged to bring informations against them, sir Richard Southwel charged the earl of Surrey in some points of an higher nature; which the earl denied, and desired to be admitted, according to the martial law, to fight in his shirt with sir Richard. But, that not being granted, he and his father were committed prisoners to the Tower on the 12th of December, 1546; and the earl, being a commoner, was brought to his trial in Guildhall, on the 13th of January following, before the lord chancellor, the lord mayor, and other commissioners; where he defended himself with great skill and address, sometimes denying the accusations, and weakening the credit of the witnesses against him, and sometimes interpreting the words objected to him in a far different sense from what had been represented. For the point of bearing the arms of Edward the confessor, he justified himself by the authority of the heralds. And when a witness was produced, who pretended to repeat some high words of his lordship's, by way of discourse, which concerned him nearly, and provoked the witness to return him a braving answer; the earl left it to the jury to judge, whether it was probable that this man should speak thus to him and he not strike him again. In conclusion, he insisted upon his innocence; but was found guilty, and had sentence of death passed upon him. He was beheaded on Tower-hill on the 19th of January, 1546-7; and his body interred in the church of All Hallows, Barking, and afterwards removed to Framlingham, in Suffolk."

Such is the account drawn up by Dr. Birch for the "Illustrious Heads," from Anthony Wood, Camden, Herbert, Dugdale, and Burnet's History of the Reformation. The principal errours (corrected in this transcription), are, his making the earl of Surrey son to the *second* duke of Norfolk [2], and the duke of Richmond natural son to Henry the *Seventh*.

His next biographer to whom any respect is due was the late earl of Orford, in his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. The account of Surrey, in this work, derives its chief merit from lord Orford's ingenious explanation of the sonnet on Geraldine, which amounts to this, that Geraldine was Elizabeth, (second daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald earl of Kildare) and afterwards third wife of Edward Clinton earl of Lincoln,

[2] The same errour appears on the monument erected to the earl's memory at Framlingham, in 1612, by his second son, Henry, earl of Northampton. Dugdale admits the errour in p. 268, but corrects it in p. 274, vol. II.

and that Surrey probably saw her first at Hunsdon-house in Hertfordshire, where, as she was second cousin to the princesses Mary and Elizabeth, who were educated in this place, she might have been educated with them, and Surrey, as the companion of the duke of Richmond, the king's natural son, might have had interviews with her, when the duke went to visit his sister.—All this is ingenious; but no light is thrown upon the personal history of the earl, and none of the difficulties, however obvious, in his courtship of Geraldine removed, or even hinted at, nor does lord Orford condescend to inquire into the dates of any event in his life.

Mr. Warton commences his account of Surrey, by observing, that "lord Surrey's life throws so much light on the character and subject of his poetry, that it is almost impossible to consider the one, without exhibiting a few anecdotes of the other." He then gives the memoirs of Surrey almost in the words of lord Orford, except in the following instance.

"A friendship of the closest kind commencing between these two illustrious youths, (Surrey and the duke of Richmond) about the year 1530, they were both removed to cardinal Wolsey's college at Oxford.—Two years afterwards (1532) for the purpose of acquiring every accomplishment of an elegant education, the earl accompanied his noble friend and fellow pupil into France, where they received king Henry, on his arrival at Calais to visit Francis I. with a most magnificent retinue. The friendship of these two young noblemen was soon strengthened by a new tie; for Richmond married the lady Mary Howard, Surrey's sister. Richmond, however, appears to have died in the year 1536, about the *age of seventeen*, having never cohabited with his wife. It was long before Surrey forgot the untimely loss of this amiable youth, the friend and associate of his childhood, and who nearly resembled himself in genius, refinement of manners, and liberal acquisitions."

After adopting lord Orford's explanation of the sonnet on Geraldine, Mr. Warton proceeds to Surrey's travels, beginning with a circumstance on which much more attention ought to have been bestowed.

"It is not precisely known at what period the earl of Surrey began his travels. They have the air of a romance. He made the tour of Europe in the true spirit of chivalry, and with the ideas of an Amadis; proclaiming the unparalleled charms of his mistress, and prepared to defend the cause of her beauty with the weapons of knight-errantry. Nor was this adventurous journey performed without the intervention of an enchanter. The first city in Italy which he proposed to visit was Florence, the capital of Tuscany, and the original seat of the ancestors of his Geraldine. In his way thither, he passed a few days at the emperor's court, where he became acquainted with Cornelius Agrippa, a celebrated adept in natural magic. This visionary philosopher shewed our hero, in a mirror of glass, a living image of Geraldine, reclining on a couch, sick, and reading one of his most tender sonnets by a waxen taper. His imagination, which wanted not the flattering representations and artificial incentives of allusion, was heated anew by this interesting and affecting spectacle. Inflamed with every enthusiasm of the most romantic passion, he hastened to Florence; and on his arrival, immediately published a defiance against any person who could handle a lance, and was in love, whether Christian, Jew, Turk, Saracen or Cannibal, who should presume to dispute the superiority of Geraldine's beauty: as the lady was pretended to be of Tuscan extraction, the pride of the Florentines was flattered on this occasion; and the grand duke of Tuscany permitted a general and unmolested ingress into his dominions of the combatants of all countries,

till this important trial should be decided. The challenge was accepted, and the earl victorious. The shield which he presented to the duke before the tournament began is exhibited in Vertue's valuable plate of the Arundel family, and was actually in the possession of the late duke of Norfolk.

"These heroic vanities did not, however, so totally engross the time which Surrey spent in Italy, as to alienate his mind from letters: he studied with the greatest success a critical knowledge of the Italian tongue; and, that he might give new lustre to the name of Geraldine, attained a just taste for the peculiar graces of the Italian poetry.

"He was recalled to England, for some *idle reason*, by the king, much sooner than he expected; and he returned home the most elegant traveller, the most *polite lover*, the most learned nobleman, and the most accomplished gentleman of his age. Dexterity in tilting, and gracefulness in managing a horse under arms, were excellencies now viewed with a critical eye, and practised with a high degree of emulation. In 1540, at a tournament held in the presence of the court at Westminster, and in which the principal of the nobility were engaged, Surrey was distinguished above the rest for his address in the use and exercise of arms; but his martial skill was not solely displayed in the parade and ostentation of these domestic combats. In 1542 he marched into Scotland as a chief commander in his father's army, and was conspicuous for his conduct and bravery at the memorable battle of *Flodden-field*, where James the Fourth of Scotland was killed."

The only other passage in which Mr. Warton improves[3] upon his authorities is a very proper addition to the above account of lord Surrey's travels.

"Among these anecdotes of Surrey's life, I had almost forgot to mention what became of his amour with the fair Geraldine. We lament to find that Surrey's devotion to this lady did not end in a wedding; and that all his gallantries and verses availed so little. No memoirs of that incurious age have informed us whether her beauty was equalled by her cruelty, or whether her ambition prevailed so far over her gratitude, as to tempt her to prefer the solid glories of a more splendid title, and ample fortune, to the challenges and the compliments of so magnanimous, so faithful, and so eloquent a lover. She appears, however, to have been afterwards the third wife of Edward Clinton, earl of Lincoln. Such also is the power of time and accident over amorous vows, that even Surrey himself outlived the violence of his passion: he married Frances, daughter of John, earl of Oxford, by whom he left several children. One of his daughters, Jane, countess of Westmoreland, was among the learned ladies of that age, and became famous for her knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages."

It is truly wonderful that lord Orford and Mr. Warton, delighted as they were with the "romantic air" of lord Surrey's travels, should by any enchantment have been prevented from inquiring whether the events which they have placed between the years 1536 and 1546, when lord Surrey died, were at all consistent with probability: had they made the slightest inquiry into the age of lord Surrey, although the precise year and day of his birth might not have been recoverable, they could not have failed to obtain such information as would have thrown a suspicion on the whole story of his knight-errantry.

The birth of lord Surrey may be conjectured to have taken place some time between the years 1515 and 1520: my opinion, which however I do not mean to obtrude, is in

[3] It is perhaps unnecessary to point out the many little embellishments in this story, for which we are entirely indebted to Mr. Warton's elegant pen. *C.*

favour of the former year, or one earlier than 1520[4]. He was, it is universally agreed, the school companion of the duke of Richmond, who died in 1536, in his seventeenth year; and if we allow that Surrey was two or three years older[5], it will not much affect the high probability that he was a very young man at the time when his biographers made him fall in love with Geraldine, and maintain her beauty at Florence. None of the portraits of Surrey, as far as the present writer has been able to ascertain, mention his age, except that in the picture-gallery at Oxford, on which is inscribed that he was beheaded in "1547, æt. 27:" the inscription, indeed, is in a hand posterior to the date of the picture (supposed to be by Holbein); but it may have been the hand of some successful inquirer; and that in Arundel castle, which is inscribed æt. 29. None of the books of peerage notice his birth or age, nor are these circumstances inserted on his monument at Framlingham. Conjecture, it has been already observed, supposes him to have been born sometime between 1515 and 1520: if we take the earliest of these dates, it will still remain that his biographers have either crowded more events into his life than it was capable of holding, or that they have delayed his principal adventures until they become undeserving of credit, and inconsistent with his character.

Mr. Warton observes, that "it is not precisely known at what period the earl of Surrey began his travels;" but this is a matter of little consequence in refuting the account usually given of those travels, because all his biographers are agreed that he did not set out *before* the year 1536: at this time he had ten years only of life before him, which have been filled up in a very extraordinary manner. First he travels over a part of Europe, vindicating the beauty of Geraldine; in 1540 he is celebrated at the justs at Westminster; in 1542 he goes to Scotland with his father's army; in 1543 (probably) he is imprisoned for eating flesh in Lent; in 1544-5 he is commander at Boulogne; and lastly, amidst all these romantic adventures or serious events, he has leisure to marry the daughter of the earl of Oxford, and beget five children; which we may suppose would occupy at least five or six of the above ten years, and these not the last five or six years, for we find him a widower a considerable time before his death. Among other accusations whispered in the ear of his jealous sovereign, one was his *continuing* unmarried (an expression which usually denotes a considerable length of time) after the period when a second marriage might be decent, in order that he might marry the princess Mary, in the event of the king's death, and so disturb the succession of Edward.

The placing of these events in this series would render the story of his knight-errantry sufficiently improbable, were we left without any information respecting the date of Surrey's marriage; but that event renders the whole impossible, if we wish to preserve any respect for the consistency of his character: Surrey was actually married

[4] In his letter addressed to the lords of the council when he was in the Tower, previous to his trial and execution, we find him more than once pleading his youth: he requests their lordships to "impute his error to the furie of rechelesse *youth*"—"Let my *youth*, unpractised in durance, obtain pardon"—"Neither am I the first *young man* that, governed by fury, hath enterprised such things as he hath afterwards repented." These expressions give some countenance to the supposition that the dates on his portraits above-mentioned are nearly right. See the above letter in Mr. Park's valuable edition of The Royal and Noble Authors. *C.*

[5] My Oxford correspondent informs me that Richmond was a year older than Surrey. *C*

before the commencement of his travels in pursuit or in defence of Geraldine's beauty. His eldest son Thomas, fourth duke of Norfolk, was eighteen years old when his grandfather died in 1554[6]: he was consequently born in 1536; and his father, it is surely reasonable to suppose, was married in 1535[7]. It would therefore be unnecessary to examine the story of Surrey's romantic travels any farther, if we had not some collateral authorities which may still show that whatever may be wrong in the present statement, it is certain that there is very little right in the common accounts which have been read and copied without any suspicion.

If it be said that Surrey's age is not exactly known, and *therefore* allowing 1536 the date of his travels to be erroneous, it is *possible* that he might have been enamoured of Geraldine long before this; and it is *possible* that his travels might have commenced in 1526, or any other period founded on this new conjecture: this, however, is as improbable as all the rest of the story; for it can be decidedly proved that there was no time for Surrey's gallantries towards Geraldine, except the period which his biographers, however absurdly, have assigned, namely, when he was a married man. The father of lady Elizabeth, the supposed Geraldine, married in 1519 one of the daughters of Thomas Grey, marquis of Dorset, and by her had five children, of whom Elizabeth was the *fourth*, and therefore probably not born before the year 1523 or 1524: if Surrey's courtship, therefore, must be carried further back, it must be carried to the nursery; for even in 1536, when we are told he was her knight-errant, she could not have been more than eleven or twelve years old: let us add to this a few particulars respecting Geraldine's husband. She married Edward lord Clinton: he was born in 1512, was educated in the court, and passed his youth in those magnificent and romantic amusements which distinguished the beginning of Henry VIII's reign; but did not appear as a public character until the year 1544, when he was thirty-two years of age, Geraldine about twenty-four, and Surrey within two years of his death, and most probably a widower. This earl of Lincoln had three wives; the date of his marriage with any of them is not known, nor how long they lived; but Geraldine was the third and only one by whom he had no children, and who survived his death, which took place in 1584, thirty-eight years after the death of Surrey. Mr. Warton, in his earnest desire to connect her with Surrey, insinuates that she might have been either cruel, or that her "ambition prevailed so far over her gratitude, as to tempt her to prefer the solid glories of a more splendid title and ample fortune, to the challenges and the compliments of so magnanimous, so faithful, and so eloquent a lover." On this it is only necessary to remark, that the lady's ambition might have been as highly gratified by marrying the accomplished and gallant Surrey, the heir of the duke of Norfolk, as by allying herself to a nobleman of inferior talents and rank; but of his two conjectures, Mr. Warton seems most to adhere to that of cruelty, for he adds that "Surrey himself outlived his amorous vows, and married the daughter of the earl of Oxford." This, however, is as little deserving of serious examination as the ridiculous story of Cornelius Agrippa showing Geraldine in a glass, which Anthony Wood found in Drayton's Heroical Epistle, or probably, as Mr. Park thinks, took it from Nash's fanciful Life of Jack Wilton, published in 1594; where, under the character of his hero, he professes to

[6] Collins, &c. *C.*

[7] If, according to the conjecture of some, he was born in 1515, he was now twenty years of age; but had he been born in 1520, the more usual supposition, there are not wanting instances of as early marriages in past times: the duke of Richmond, we find, died a married man at seventeen. *C.*

have travelled to the emperor's court as page to the earl of Surrey. But it is unfortunate for this story, wheresoever borrowed, that Agrippa was no more a conjurer than any other learned man of his time; and that he died at Grenoble the year before Surrey is said to have set out on his romantic expedition. Drayton has made a similar mistake in giving Surrey as one of the companions of his voyage, the great sir Thomas More, who was beheaded in 1535, a year likewise before Surrey set out. Poetical authorities, although not wholly to be rejected, are of all others to be received with the greatest caution; yet it was probably Drayton's Heroical Epistle[8] which led Mr. Warton into so egregious a blunder as that of our poet being present at Flodden-field in the year 1513. Dr. Sewell, indeed, in the short memoir prefixed to his edition of Surrey's poems, asserts the same; but little credit is due to the assertion of a writer who at the same time fixes Surrey's birth in 1520, seven years after that memorable battle was fought.

It is now time to inquire whether the accounts hitherto given can be confirmed by internal evidence. It has been so common to consider Geraldine as the mistress of Surrey, that all his love poems are supposed to have a reference to his attachment to that lady. Mr. Warton begins his narrative by observing that "Surrey's life throws so much light on the character and subjects of his poetry, that it is almost impossible to consider the one without exhibiting a few anecdotes of the other." We have already seen what those anecdotes are; how totally irreconcileable with probability, and how amply refuted by the dates which his biographers, unfortunately for their story, have uniformly furnished. When we look into the poems we find the celebrated sonnet to Geraldine the only specious foundation for his romantic attachment; but as that attachment and its consequence cannot be supported without a continual violation of probability, and in opposition to the very dates which are brought to confirm it, it seems more safe to conjecture that this sonnet was one of our author's earliest productions, addressed to Geraldine, a mere child, by one who was only not a child, as an effort of youthful gallantry in one of his interviews with her at Hunsdon. Whatever credit may be given to this conjecture, for which the present writer is by no means anxious, it is certain that if we reject it, or some conjecture of the same import, and adopt the accounts given by his biographers, we cannot proceed a single step without being opposed by invincible difficulties. There is no other poem in Surrey's collection that can be proved to have any reference to Geraldine; but there are two with the same title, viz. The Complaint of the absence of *her* lover being upon the Sea, which are evidently written in the character of a wife lamenting the absence of her husband, and tenderly alluding to "his faire litle sonne." Mr. Warton indeed finds Geraldine in the beautiful lines beginning "Give place, ye lovers, here before;" and from the lines "Spite drave me into Boreas reign," infers that her anger drove him into a colder climate, with what truth may now be left to the reader: but another of his conjectures cannot be passed over. "In 1544," he says, "lord Surrey was field-marshal of the English army in the expedition to Boulogne, which he took. In that age love and arms constantly went together; and it was amidst the fatigues of this protracted campaign that he composed his last sonnet called The Fancies of a wearied Lover: but this is a mere supposition. The poems of Surrey are without dates, and were arranged by their first editor without any attention to a matter of so much importance. The few

[8] See Drayton's works, vol. IV. p. 96. et seq. *C.*

allusions made to his personal history in these poems are very dark; but in some of them there is a train of reflections which seems to indicate that misfortunes and disappointments had dissipated his quixotism, and reduced him to the sober and serious tone of a man whose days had been "few and evil." Although he names his productions *songs* and *sonnets*, they have less of the properties of either than of the elegiac strain. His scripture-translations appear to be characteristic of his mind and situation in his latter days: what, unless a heart almost broken by the unnatural conduct of his friends and family, could have induced the gay and gallant Surrey, the accomplished courtier and soldier, to console himself by translating these passages from Ecclesiastes which treat of the shortness and uncertainty of all human enjoyments, or those Psalms which direct the penitent and the forsaken to the throne of almighty power and grace? Mr. Warton remarks that these translations of Scripture "show him to have been a friend to the reformation;" and this, which is highly probable, may have been one reason why his sufferings were embittered by the neglect, if not the direct hostility, of some of his relations. The translation of the Scriptures into prose was but just tolerated in his time; and to familiarize them by the graces of poetry must have appeared yet more obnoxious to the enemies of the reformation. I have said *some* of his relations; his father I should hope cannot be enumerated in this class. After Surrey's execution, his sister, the duchess of Richmond, took care of the education of his children, and engaged Fox the martyrologist to be their tutor; and the duke, when this zealous protestant was pursued by the bloody Gardiner, screened him from his fury; and when he found it no longer safe to keep him, conveyed him abroad in spite of Gardiner's vigilance. This surely was not the act of a bigotted papist.

Although the present writer has taken some liberties with the historian of English poetry in his account of Surrey's life, he has not the presumption to omit Mr. Warton's elegant and just criticism on his poems. "Surrey, for justness of thought, correctness of style, and purity of expression, may justly be pronounced the first English classical poet. He unquestionably is the first polite writer of love-verses in our language, although it must be allowed that there is a striking native beauty in some of our love-verses written much earlier than Surrey's." It is also worthy of notice, that while all his biographers send him to Italy to study its poetry, Mr. Warton finds nothing in his works of that metaphysical cast which marks the Italian poets, his supposed masters, especially Petrarch. "Surrey's sentiments are for the most part natural and unaffected, arising from his own feelings, and dictated by the present circumstances: his poetry is alike unembarrassed by learned allusions, or elaborate conceits. If our author copies Petrarch, it is Petrarch's better manner; when he descends from his Platonic abstractions, his refinements of passion, his exaggerated compliments, and his play upon opposite sentiments, into a track of tenderness, simplicity, and nature. Petrarch would have been a better poet had he been a worse scholar: our author's mind was not too much overlaid by learning."

The translation of the two books of the Eneid is "executed with fidelity, without a prosaic servility; the diction is often poetical, and the versification varied with proper pauses." Its principal merit, however, is that of being the first specimen in the English language of blank verse, which was at that time growing fashionable in the Italian poetry. It is very probable that he intended to have translated the whole; and he is so much more elegant and correct in this than in his other translations, that the Eneid appears to have been the production of his happier days. The other authors

who preceded Milton in the attempts to break through the shackles of rhyme were Turberville, Gascoyne, Riche, Peele, Higgins, Aske, Vallans, Breton, Chapman, Marlow, &c.[9]

The fidelity which Mr. Warton attributes to the translations from Virgil our author has not preserved in his translations from Scripture, which are very liberal; and by frequent omissions and a different arrangement made to suit his situation and feelings at the time they were written, which was probably when he was in the Tower.

Surrey's poems were in high reputation among his contemporaries and immediate successors, who vied with each other in compliments to his genius, gallantry, and personal worth. They were first printed in 1557 by Tottel, in 4to. with the title of "Songes and sonettes by the right honorable Henry Howard, late earl of Surrey, and other." Several editions of the same followed in 1565, 1567, 1569, 1574, 1585, and 1587. So many editions prove a degree of popularity which fell to the lot of very few poems of that age; but after the time of Elizabeth they became gradually obscure, and we find no modern edition until Pope's incidental notice of him (in Windsor Forest) as the "Granville of a former age," induced the booksellers to employ Dr. Sewell to be the editor of Surrey's, Wyat's, and the poems of uncertain authors: but the doctor performed his task with so little knowledge of the language, that this is perhaps the most incorrect edition extent of any ancient poet. It would have been surprising had it contributed to revive his memory, or justify Pope's comparison and eulogium.

The translation of the second and fourth book of the Eneid was published in 1557; but it seems doubtful whether together or separately. The translations of the Psalms, Ecclesiastes, and the few additional original poems were printed[10], but not published, many years ago, by Dr. Percy, from a MS. now in the possession of Thomas Hill, esq. who, with his usual liberality, has permitted a transcription for the present edition[11].

[9] These specimens were long ago collected by Dr. Percy, bishop of Dromore, to be added to an edition of Surrey's poems, which is now nearly ready for the press; but will probably be anticipated by an elaborate edition prepared by the Rev. Dr. Nott, whose inquiries, he obligingly informs me, have produced a very singular fact, namely, that lord Surrey's lady survived him, and married a second husband. This, although not essential to the support of what I have presumed to advance with respect to Surrey's history, is an additional proof of the carelessness of those writers who lived nearest his time. What becomes of Henry VIII's jealousy of his designs on the princess Mary? C.

[10] The whole impression was consumed in the destructive fire which took place in Mr. Nichols's premises, Jan. 1808.

[11] This MS. descended from the Harrington family: see Mr. Park's edition of the Nugæ Antiquæ. In his edition of the Royal and Noble Authors are some interesting particulars respecting the various editions of Surrey's poems. C.

TO THE READER.

THAT to have wel written in verse, yea, and in smal parcelles, desureth great prayse, the workes of diuers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue sufficiently. That our tong is able in that kinde to doe as prayse worthely as the rest, the honorable stile of the noble Earle of Surrey, and the weightinesse of the depe-witted sir Thomas Wyat the elders verse, with seueral graces in sundry good English writers, do shew aboundantly. It resteth now (gentle reader) that thou thinke it not euyll done, to publishe to the honor of the Englishe tong, and for profit of the studious of Englishe eloquence, those workes which the ungentle horders up of such treasure have heretofore enuied thee. And for this point (good reader) thine owne profite and pleasure, in these presently, and in moe hereafter, shal answere for my defence. If perhappes some mislike the statelynesse of style remoued from the rude skil of common eares, I aske helpe of the learned to defende theyr learned frendes, the authors of this woorke: and I exhort the unlearned, by reading to learne to bee more skilful, and to purge that swinelike grossenesse, that maketh the swete maierome not to smell to their delight.

POEMS

OF

HENRY HOWARD,

EARL OF SURREY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE OF A LOUER,
WITH SUTE TO HIS LADIE, TO RUE ON HIS DYING HART.

THE Sunne hath twise brought forth his tender grene,
Twise clad the earth in liuely lustinesse;
Ones have the windes the trees dispoyled clene,
And ones again begins their cruelnesse.
Sins I haue hid under my brest the harme,
That neuer shal recouer healthfulnesse.
The winters hurt recouers with the warme:
The parched grene restored is with shade:
What warmth, alas! may serue for to disarme
The frosen hart, that mine in flame hath made?
What cold againe is able to restore
My fresh grene yeres, that wither thus and fade?
Alas! I se nothing hath hurt so sore,
But Time, in time, reduceth a returne:
In time my harme increaseth more and more,
And semes to haue my cure alwayes in scorne:
Strange kindes of death, in life that I do trie;
At hand to melt, farr off in flame to burne.
And lyke as time list to my cure apply,
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.
Al thyng alive, that seeth the heauens with eye,
With cloke of night may couer, and excuse
It selfe from travaile of the dayes unrest,
Saue I, alas! against al others use,
That then stirre up the torments of my brest,
And curse eche sterre as causer of my fate.
And when the sunne hath eke the darke opprest,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The trauailes of mine endlesse smart and paine;
For then as one that hath the light in hate,
I wish for night, more couertly to plaine;
And me withdraw from every haunted place,
Lest by my chere my chance appere to plaine:
And in my mynde I measure pace by pace,
To seke the place where I my self had lost,
That day that I was tangled in the lace,
In seming slack, that knitteth ever most.
But never yet the trauaile of my thought,
Of better state could catch a cause to bost:
For if I founde, some time that I have sought,
Those sterres by whom I trusted of the port,
My sailes do fall and I advance right nought;
As ankerd fast my spirites doe all resort
To stand agazed, and sink in more and more
The deadly harme which she doth take in sport.
Lo, if I seke, how do I finde my sore?
And yf I flee, I cary with me still
The venomd shaft, which doth his force restore
By haste of flight: And I may plaine my fill
Unto my self, unlesse this carefull song
Print in your hart some parcel of my tene.
For I, alas! in silence all to long,
Of mine old hurt yet felt the wound but grene,
Rue on my life, or els your cruel wrong
Shall well appere, and by my death be sene.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,
WHEREIN ECHE THING RENEWES SAUE ONELY THE LOVER.

THE soote season, that bud and blome forth brings,
With grene hath clad the hill, and eke the vale:
The nightingale with fethers new she sings:
The turtle to her mate hath tolde her tale:
Somer is come, for euery spray now springs:
The hart hath hong his old hed on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coate he flings:
The fishes flete with new repaired scale:
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swalow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her hony now she mings;
Winter is worne, that was the flowers bale.

And thus I se among these pleasant things
Eche care decayes; and yet my sorow springs.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESSE STATE OF A LOUER.

When youth had led me halfe the race
That Cupides scourge had made me runne,
I loked backe to mete the place,
From whence my weary cours begunne.

And then I sawe how my desire,
Misguiding me, had led the way,
Myne eyen to gredy of their hire
Had made me lose a better pray.

For when in sighes I spent the day,
And could not cloke my grief with game,
The boylyng smoke did still bewray
The present heate of secrete flame.

And when salt teares do bain my brest,
Where Loue his pleasaunt traines hath sowen,
Her beauty hath the fruites opprest,
Ere that the buds were sprong and blowne.

And when mine eyen did still pursue
The flying chase of theyr request,
Their gredy lokes did oft renew
The hidden wounde within my brest.

When every loke these chekes might staine,
From deadly pale to glowing red;
By outward signes appeared plaine,
To her for help my hart was fled.

But all to-late Loue learneth me,
To paint al kind of colours new,
To blinde their eyes that els should see
My speeled chekes with Cupides hew.

And now the couert brest I claime,
That worshipt Cupide secretly;
And nourished his sacred flame,
From whence no blasing sparkes do flye.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FICKLE AFFECTIONS, PANGES, AND SLEIGHTES OF LOUE.

Such wayward waies hath Loue, that most part in discord
Our wills do stand; whereby our harts but seldom do accord.
Deceit is his delight, and to begile and mocke
The simple hartes, whom he doth strike with froward divers stroke. [dart;
He causeth th' one to rage with golden burning
And doth alay with leaden colde again the others bart. [of flame
Whote glemes of burning fire, and easy sparkes
In balance of vnegal weight he pondereth by aime. [well,
From easy ford where I might wade and passe full
He me withdrawes, and doth me driue into a depe dark hell: [place:
And me withholdes, where I am cald and offred
And willes me that my mortal foe I do beseke of grace.
He lettes me to pursue a conquest wel-nere wonne,
To folow where my paines were lost ere that my sute begonne; [tume
So by this meanes I know how soone a hart may
From warre to peace, from truse to strife, and so again returne.
I know how to content my self in others lust;
Of little stuffe unto my selfe to weave a web of trust: [chere,
And how to hide my harmes with soft dessembling
Whan in my face the painted thoughtes would outwardly apere. [dred;
I know how that the blood forsakes the face for
And how by shame it staines againe the chekes with flaming red.
I know vnder the grene the serpent how he lurkes:
The hammer of the restelesse forge, I wote eke how it workes. [tel;
I know and can by roate the tale that I would
But oft the wordes come forth awrie of him that loueth wel.
I know in heate and cold the louer how he shakes,
In singing how he doth complaine, in sleping how he wakes:
To languish without ache, sickesse for to consume;
A thousand things for to deuise, resoluing all in fume.
And though he list to see his ladies grace full sore,
Such pleasures as delight his eye, do not his health restore.
I know to seke the track of my desired foe;
And feare to find that I do seke: But chiefly this I know, [loued,
That louers must transforme into the thing be-
And live (alas! who would beleve!) with sprite from life removed.
I know in harty sighes and laughters of the splene
At ones to change my state, my wyll, and eke my colour clene.
I know how to deceaue my self with others help:
And how the lion chastised is by beating of the whelp.
In standing nere the fire, I know how that I frese:
Farre off I burne: in both I wast, and so my life I lese.
I know how loue doth rage vppon a yeildinge minde:
How smal a net may take and meash a hart of gentle kinde:
Or els with seldome swete to season heapes of gall:
Reuiued with a glimse of grace old sorowes to let fall.
The hidden traines I know and secret snare of loue:
How soone a loke will print a thought, that neuer may remoue. [wealth,
The slipper state I know, the sodein turnes from
The doubtful hope, the certain woe, and sure dispeire of health.

COMPLAINT OF A LOUER, THAT DEFIED LOUE AND WAS BY LOUE AFTER THE MORE TORMENTED.

When somer toke in hand the winter to assail,
With force of might, and vertue great, his stormy blasts to quail; [grene,
And when he clothed faire the earth about with
And every tree new garmented, that pleasure was to sene:

Mine hart gan new reuiue, and changed blood did stur
Me to withdrawe my wynter woes, that kept within the dore.
Abrode, quod my desire, assay to set thy fote
Where thou shalt finde the savour swete, for sprong is euery rote.
And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,
Nothing more good, than in the spring the aire to fele a space.
There shalt thou heare and se al kyndes of birdes ywrought,
Wel tune their voice with warble smal, as nature hath them tought. [leaue:
Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to
And for my health I thought it best such counsel to receaue.
So on a morow furth, vnwist of any wight,
I went to proue how well it woulde my heauy burthen light.
And when I felt the aire so pleasant rounde about,
Lord, to my self how glad I was that I had gotten out. [hent:
There might I se how Ver had euery blossome
And eke the new betrothed birdes ycoupled how they went:
And in their songes me-thought they thanked nature much,
That by her licence al that yere to loue their happe was such,
Right as they could deuise to chose them feres throughout;
With much reioysing to their Lord thus flew they al about. [ceaue
Which when I gan resolue, and in my head con-
What pleasant lyfe, what heapes of joy these little birdes receaue;
And saw in what estate I wery man was wrought,
By want of that they had at will, and I reiect at nought:
Lord, how I gan in wrath vnwisely me demeane!
I cursed Loue and him defied: I thought to turne the streame.
But when I well beheld he had me vnder awe,
I asked mercy for my fault, that so transgrest his lawe,
Thou blinded God (quod I) forgeue me this offence,
Unwittingly I went about, to malice thy pretence. [swore:
Wherwith he gaue a beck, and thus me-thought he
Thy sorow ought suffice to purge thy fault, if it were more.
The vertue of which sound mine hert did so reuiue,
That I, me-thought, was made as whole as any man alive.
But here I may perceive mine errour al and some,
For that I thought that so it was; yet was it stil undone: [minde,
And al that was no more but mine expressed
That faine would haue some good reliefe of Cupide wel assinde.
I turned home forthwith and might perceiue it wel,
That he agreued was right sore with me for my rebel. [more;
My harmes haue, euer since, encreased more and
And I remaine without his help, vndone for evermore.
A mirror let me be vnto ye louers all:
Striue not with Loue, for if ye do, it will ye thus befall.

COMPLAINT OF A LOUER REBUKED.

Loue, that liueth and raigneth in my thought,
That built his seat within my captiue brest,
Clad in the armes wherin with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She, that me tought to loue, and suffer paine:
My doutful hope, and eke my hot desire
With shamfast cloke to shadowe and restraine;
Her smiling grace conuerteth straight to ire.
And coward Loue then to the hart apace
Taketh his flight, wheras he lurkes and plaines
His purpose lost, and dare not shewe his face.
For my lordes gilt thus faultlesse bide I paines;
Yet from my lorde shal not my foote remoue:
Swete is his death, that takes his end by Loue.

COMPLAINT OF THE LOUER DISDAINED.

In Ciprus springes, whereas dame Venus dwelt,
A well so hote, that whoso tastes the same,
Were he of stone, as thawed yse should melt.
And kindled find his breast with fixed flame:
Whose moyst poyson dissolued hath my hate,
This crepinge fire my colde lims so opprest,
That in the hart that harborde fredome late,
Endlesse despayre long thraldome hath imprest.
Another[1] so colde in frozen yse is founde,
Whose chilling venom of repugnant kinde
The feruent heat doth quenche of Cupides wounde,
And with the spot of change infects the minde:
Whereof my dere hath tasted, to my paine,
My seruice thus is growen into disdaine.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOUE GERALDINE.

From Tuskane came my ladies worthy race;
Faire Florence was sometime her[2] auncient seate
The western yle, whose plesant shore doth face
Wilde Cambers clifs, did gyve her liuely heate:
Fostred she was with milke of Irish brest;
Her sire, an Erle; her dame of princes blood:
From tender yeres, in Britain she doth rest
With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food.
Honsdon did first present her to mine yien;
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight:
Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine:
And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind, her vertues from aboue;
Happy is he, that can obtaine her loue.

THE FRAILTIE AND HURTFULNESS OF BEAUTIE.

Brittle beautie, that nature made so fraile,
Wherof the gift is small and short the season;
Flowring to day, to morowe apt to faile:
Fickell treasure, abhorred of reason:
Daungerous to deal with, vaine, of none auaile;
Costly in keping, past not worthe two peason:
Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile;
Harde to attaine, once gotten not geason:

[1] Another well.
[2] Lord Orford would read "their."

lewell of jeopardie that peril doth assaile;
False and vntrue, enticed oft to treason;
Enmy to youth, that most may I bewaile:
Ah, bitter swete, infecting as the poyson.
Thou farest as frute that with the frost is taken,
To day redy ripe, to morowe all to shaken.

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOUER NOT BELOUED.

ALAS, so all thinges now doe holde their peace,
Heaven and earth disturbed in no thing, [cease,
The beastes, the ayer, the birdes their songe doe
The nightes chare the starres aboute doth bring;
Calme is the sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse:
So am not I, whom loue alas doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great encrease
Of my desires, wherat I wepe and sing,
In joy and wo, as in a doutful case:
For my swete thoughtes, sometime do pleasure
But by and by the cause of my disease [bring;
Geves me a pang, that inwardly doth sting,
When that I thinke what grief it is againe,
To liue and lack the thing should rid my paine.

HOW ECHE THING SAUE THE LOUER IN SPRING REUIUETH TO PLEASURE.

WHEN Windsor walles susteined my wearied arme,
My hand my chin, to ease my restlesse hed:
The pleasant plot reuested green with warme,
The blossomd bowes with lusty Ver yspred,
The flowred meades, the wedded birdes so late
Mine eyes discouer: and to my minde resorte
The ioly woes, the hateless short debate,
The rakehell life that longes to loues disporte:
Wherewith, alas, the heauy charge of care
Heapt in my breast breakes forth, against my will,
In smoky sighes, that ouercast the ayer,
My vapord eyes such drery teares distill, [fall,
The tender spring which quicken where they
And I halfe bent to throwe me downe withall.

A VOW TO LOUE FAITHFULLY HOWSOEUER HE BE REWARDED.

SET me whereas the sunne doth parche the grene,
Or where his beames do not dissolue the yse:
In temperate heate where he is felt and sene:
In presence prest of people madde or wise:
Set me in hye, or yet in low degree;
In longest night, or in the shortest daye:
In clearest skie, or where cloudes thickest be;
In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye:
Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell,
In hyll or dale, or in the foming flood,
Thrall, or at large, aliue whereso I dwell,
Sicke or in health, in euill fame or good:
Hers will I be, and onely with this thought
Content my self, although my chaunce be nought.

COMPLAINT THAT HIS LADY AFTER SHE KNEW OF HIS LOUE, KEPT HER FACE ALWAY HIDDEN FROM HIM.

I NEVER sawe my Lady laye apart,
Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sith fyrst she knew my griefe was growen so greate;
Whiche other fansies driueth from my hart
That to my self I do the thought reserue,
The which unwares did wound my woeful brest;
But on her face mine eyes mought neuer rest:
Yet sins she knew I did her loue and serue,
Her golden tresses cladde alway with blacke;
Her smyling lokes that hid thus euermore,
And that restraines whiche I desire so sore:
So dothe thys cornet gouerne me alacke:
In somer, sunne: in winters breathe, a froste:
Wherby the light of her faire lokes I lost.

REQUEST TO HIS LOUE TO IOINE BOUNTIE WITH BEAUTIE.

THE golden gift that nature did the give,
To fasten frendes and fede them at thy will;
With fourme and fauour, taught me to beleue,
How thou arte made to showe her greatest skil;
Whose hidden vertues are not so vnknowen,
But lively dames mighte gather at the first
Where beauty so her perfecte seede hath sowen,
Of other graces folow nedes there must.
Now certesse Ladie, sins all thys is true,
That from aboue thy giftes are thus elect;
Do not deface them thus with fansies newe,
Nor change of mindes let not the minde infect:
But mercy hym thy frende, that doth thee serue,
Who sekes always thine honour to preserue.

PRISONER IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

So cruel prison, how could betide, alas!
As proude Windsor: where I in lust and joye,
Wythe a kinges sonne[1], my childishe yeres did passe,
In greater feast, than Priam's Sonnes of Troye:
Where eche swete place returnes a taste full sower:
The large grene courtes where we were wont to hove,
With eyes cast vp into the mayden tower,
And easie sighes, such as folk drawe in Loue;
The stately seates, the ladies bright of hewe;
The daunces shorte, long tales of great delight
With wordes and lokes, that tygers could but rewe,
Where ech of vs did pleade the others right.
The palme play, where, despoyled for the game,
With dazed yies oft we by gleames of loue,
Haue mist the ball, and gote sighte of our dame,
To bayte her eyes, which kept the leads aboue[2].
The graueli grounde, wythe sleues tide on the helme
On fomyng horse, with swordes and friendly hartes;
With chear as though one should another whelme,
Where we haue fought, and chased oft with dartes;
With siluer droppes the meade yet spred for ruthe,
In actiue games of nimblenes and strength,
Where we did straine, trayned with swarmes of youth,
Our tender limmes, that yet shot vp in length:

[1] The young duke of Richmond. *W.*
[2] The ladies were ranged on the leads or battlements of the castle to see the play. *W.*

The secrete groues which oft we made resounde,
Of pleasaunt playnt, and of our ladies praise,
Recording oft what grace ech one had founde,
What hope of spede, what drede of long delayes:
The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with greue,
With rayns auailed and swift ybreathed horse;
With crie of houndes and mery blastes betwene,
Where we did chase the fearful harte of force.
The wide vales eke, that harborde vs eche nighte,
Wherwith (alas) reuiueth in my breste
The swete accorde, such slepes as yet delight,
The pleasant dreames, the quiet bed of rest:
The secrete thoughtes imparted with such trust,
The wanton talke, the diuers change of play,
The frendship sworne, eche promise kept so iust;
Wherwith we past the winter night away.
And with this thought, the bloud forsakes the face,
The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe,
The whyche as sone as sobbing sighes, alas,
Vpsupped have, thus I my plaint renewe:
O place of blisse! renuer of my woes,
Gine me accompt, where is my noble fere;
Whom in thy walles thou dost ech night enclose;
To other leefe, but unto me most dere:
Eccho alas, that doth my sorow rewe,
Returns therto a hollowe sounde of playnte.
Thus I alone, where all my fredome grewe,
In prison pine with bondage and restrainte,
And with remembrance of the greater greefe,
To banish the lesse, I find my chief releefe.

THE LOUER COMFORTETH HIMSELF WITH THE WORTHINESSE OF HIS LOUE.

When raging loue with extreme paine,
Most cruelly distrains my hart;
When that my teares, as floudes of raine,
Beare witnes of my wofull smart:
When sighes haue wasted so my breath,
That I lye at the poynt of death:

I call to minde the nauye great,
That the Grekes brought to Troy towne,
And how the boysterous windes did beate
Their ships, and rent their sailes adowne,
Till Agamemnons daughters bloode,
Appeasde the Goddes that them withstode:

And how that in those ten yeres warre,
Full many a bloudy dede was done;
And many a lord that came full farre,
There caughte his bane (alas) to sone:
And many a good knight ouerronne,
Before the Grekes had Helene wonne.

Then thinke I thus: sithe suche repayre,
So longe time warre of valiant men,
Was all to winne a Lady fayre;
Shall I not learne to suffre then,
And think my life well spent to be,
Seruing a worthier wight than she?

Therfore I neuer will repent,
But paines contented stil endure;
For like as when, rough winter spent,
The pleasant spring straight draweth in vre;
So after raging stormes of care,
Joyfull at length may be my fare.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER LOUER BEING VPON THE SEA.

O happy dames, that may embrace
The frute of your delight;
Help to bewaile the wofull case,
And eke the heavy plight.
Of me, that wonted to reioyce,
The fortune of my pleasant choice:
Good Ladies, help to fit my mourning voyce.

In ship, freight withe remembrance
Of thoughts and pleasures past,
He sailes, that hath in gouernance,
My life, while it will last.
With scalding sighes, for lacke of gale,
Furdering hys hope that is his saile,
Toward me, the swete port of hys auaile.

Alas! how oft in dremes I se
Those eyes that were my food,
Whych somtime so delighted me
That yet they do me good:
Wherwith I wake with his returne,
Whose absent flame did make me burne;
But when I finde the lack, Lord! how I mourne!

When other louers in armes acrosse,
Reioice their chiefe delight;
Drowned in teares to mourne my losse
I stand the bytter nyght
In my window, where I may see,
Before the windes how the cloudes flee
Lo! what mariner loue hath made of mee?

And in grene waues when the salt flood
Doth rise by rage of winde,
A thousand fansies in that mood,
Assayle my restlesse minde:
Alas! now drencheth my swete so,
That with the spoyle of my hart did go,
And left me: but, alas! why did he so?

And when the seas waxe calme againe,
To chace fro me annoye,
My doutful hope doth cause me plaine:
So drede outs off my ioye.
Thus in my wealth mingled with wo,
And of ech thought a dout doth grow,
Now he comes! will he come? alas, no.

COMPLAINT OF A DYING LOUER REFUSED VPON HIS LADIES INIUST MISTAKING OF HIS WRITING.

In winters iust returne, when Boreas gan his raigne,
And euery tree unclothed fast, as nature taught them plaine:
In misty morning darke, as shepe are then in holde,
I hyed me fast, it sat me on, my shepe for to vnfolde.
And as it is a thing that louers haue by fittes,
Under a palme I heard one crie, as he had lost his wittes.
Whose voice did ring so shrill in utterynge of his playnt,
That I amazed was to heare, how loue coulde hym attaint,
Ah! wretched man, quod he; come death and ridde this wo;
A just reward, a happy end, if it may chance thee so.

Thy pleasures past haue wrought thy woe without redresse; [ben the lesse.
If thou hadst never felt no ioy, thy smart had
And retchlesse of hys life, he gan both syghe and grone,
A rufull thing, methought, it was, to heare him make such mone.
Thou cursed pen, sayd he, wo worth the birde thee bare;
The man, the knife, and al that made thee, wo be to their share:
Wo worth the time, and place, where I could so endite! [can write!
And wo be it yet once againe, the pen that so
Unhappy hand! it had been happy time for me,
If, when to write thou learned first, vnioynted hadst thou be.
Thus cursed he himself, and euery other wight,
Saue her alone whom Loue him bound to serue both day and night. [fordid,
Which when I heard, and saw, how he himself
Against the ground with bloudy strokes, himself euen there to rid; [tho;
Had ben my heart of flint, it must haue melted
For in my life I neuer saw a man so full of wo.
With teares for his redresse, I rashly to him ran;
And in my armes I caught him fast, and thus I spake him than: [case,
What wofull wight art thou, that in such heauy
Tormentes thy selfe with such despite, here in this desert place? [dred,
Wherewith, as all agast, fulfild with ire, and
He cast on me a staring loke, with colour pale and ded; [plight,
Nay; what art thou, quod he, that in this heauy
Doest find me here, most wofull wretch, that lyfe hath in despight?
I am (quod I) but poore and simple in degre;
A shepardes charge I haue in hand, vnworthy though I be: [should fall,
Wyth that he gaue a sighe as though the skie
And lowd alas he shriked oft, and Shepard, gan he call;
Come hie thee fast at ones, and print it in thy hart;
So thou shall know, and I shall tell the, giltlesse how I smart. [faint,
His back against the tree, sore febled all with
With weary sprite, he stretcht hym up, and thus he told his plaint: [loue
Ones in my hart (quod he) it chaunced me to
Such one, in whom hath nature wrought, her conning for to proue:
And sure I cannot say, but many yeres were spent,
With such good will so recompenst, as both we were content.
Whereto then I me bound, and she likewise also,
The Sunne should runne his course awry, ere we this faith forego. [blisse?
Who ioyed then but I? who had this worldes
Who mighte compare a life to myne, that neuer thought on this?
But dwelling in this truth, amid my greatest joy,
Is me befallen a greater losse, then Priam had of Troy;
She is reuersed clene, and beareth me in hand,
That my deserts hade geuen cause to breke this faithfull band;
And for my just excuse auaileth no defence:
Now knowest thou all; I can no more; but shepheard hie thee hence,
And geue him leaue to dye, that may no longer liue,
Whose record lo I claime to haue, my death I do forgeue; [plaine;
And eke when I am gone, be bold to speake it
Thou hast seen dye the truest man, that ever loue dyd paine. [for breath;
Wherwith he turnde him rounde, and gasping oft
Into his armes a tree he raught, and said, welcome my death:
Welcome a thousand folde, now dearer unto me,
Than should without her loue to liue an emperour to be.
Thus in this wofull state, he yelded up the ghost;
And little knoweth his lady, what a louer she hath lost.
Whose death when I beheld, no marvel was it, right
For pitie though my heart did blede, to se so piteous sight. [sore;
My bloud from heat to cold oft changed wonders
A thousand troubles there I found I neuer knew before: [brought in feare,
Twene drede and dolour, so my sprites were
That long it was ere I could call to minde, what I did there. [of myne;
But as ech thing hath end, so had these payns
The furies past, and I my wits restord by length of time:
Then as I could deuyse, to seke I thought it best,
Where I might finde some worthy place for such a corse to rest: [away
And in my minde it came, from thence not farre
Where Creseids love, king Priams sonne the worthy Troilus lay:
By him I made his tombe, in token he was true,
And as to him belongeth well, I couered it with blew;
Whose soule by angels power, departed not so sone,
But to the heauens, lo, it fled, for to receiue his dome.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER LOUER BEING UPON THE SEA.

GOOD ladies, ye that haue your pleasures in exile,
Step in your fote, come take a place, and moorne with me a while:
And such as by their lordes do set but little price,
Let them sit still, it skilles them not what chance come on the dice:
But ye whom loue hath bound by order of desire,
To loue your lordes, whose good desertes none other wold require:
Come ye yet ones againe, and set your fote by mine,
Whose wofull plight, and sorowes great, no tong may well define. [welth,
My loue and lord, alas! in whom consistes my
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazarde of his helth: [minde,
Whom I was wont t'embrace with well contented
Is now amid the foming floods at pleasure of the winde: [me sende,
Where God will him preserue, and sone him home
Without which hope my life (alas) were shortly at an ende. [me plaine,
Whose absence yet although my hope doth tell
With short returne he comes anone, yet ceaseth not my payne:

The fearfull dreames I haue, oft times do greue me so,
That when I wake, I lye in dout, where they be true or no: [so hye,
Sometimes the roaring seas, me semes, do grow
That my dere lord, ay me, alas! methinkes I see him dye.
And other time the same doth tel me, he is come,
And playing, where I shall him find with his faire litle sonne.
So, forth I goe apace to see that leefesome sight,
And with a kisse, methinke, I say, welcome my lord, my knight;
Welcome my swete, alas, the stay of my welfare,
Thy presence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me, and my care:
Then liuely doth he loke, and saluеth me againe,
And sayth, my dere, how is it now, that you haue all this payne? [brest,
Wherewith the heavy cares that heapt are in my
Breake forth, and me dischargen clene of all my huge unrest.
But when I me awake, and find it but a dreme
The anguish of my former wo beginneth more extreme,
And me tormenteth so, that unneath may I find,
Some hidden place, wherein to slake the gnawing of my mind.
Thus enery way you se, with absence how I burn,
And for my wound, no cure I find, but hope of good return; [the more,
Saue when I thinke, by sowre, how swete is felt
It doth abate some of my paines, that I abode before:
And then unto my self I say, when we shall mete,
But litle while shall seme this paine, the joy shall be so swete.
Ye windes I you conjure in cheifest of your rage,
That ye my lord me safely send, my sorowes to asswage.
And that I may not long abide in this excesse,
Do your good wil, to cure a wight, that liveth in distresse.

A PRAISE OF HIS LOUE, WHERIN HE REPROUETH THEM THAT COMPARE THEIR LADIES WITH HIS.

Geve place, ye louers, here before,
That spent your bostes and bragges in vain,
My ladies beawty passeth more,
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Then doth the sunne the candle light;
Or brightest day the darkest night,

And therto hath a troth as just,
As had Penelope the faire,
For what she sayth, ye may it trust,
As by it writing sealed were:
And virtues hath she many moe,
Than I with pen have skill to showe.

I could reherse if that I would,
The whole effect of Natures plaint,
When she had lost the perfite mould,
The like to whome she could not paint:
With wringyng hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I knowe she swore with raging minde
Her kingdome onely set apart;
There was no losse, by lawe of kinde,
That could haue gone so nere her hart;
And this was chefely all her paine,
She could not make the like againe.

Sith Nature thus gaue her the praise,
To be the chefest worke she wrought;
In faith me thinke some better wayes,
On your behalfe might well be sought.
Then to compare (as you haue done)
To matche the candle withe the sunne.

TO THE LADIE THAT SCORNED HER LOUER.

Although I had a check[1],
To geue the mate is hard;
For I haue found a neck,
To kepe my men in gard.

And you that hardy are,
To geue so great assay
Unto a man of warre,
To drive his men away:

I rede you take good hede,
And marke this foolish verse;
For I will so provide,
That I will have your ferse.

And when your ferse is had,
And all your warre is done,
Then shall your self be glad,
To end that you begone.

For if by chance I winne,
Your person in the feld,
To late then come you in
Your selfe to me to yeld.

For I will use my power,
As captaine full of might;
And such I will deuour,
As vse to shew me spight.

And for because you gaue
Me checke in your degre;
This vantage lo I haue,
Now checke and garde to the:

Defend it, if thou may,
Stand stiffe in thine estate,
For sure I will assay,
If I can giue the mate.

A WARNING TO THE LOUER, HOW HE IS ABUSED BY HIS LOUE.

To derely had I boughte my grene and youthfull yeres, [love apperes:
If in mine age I coulde not finde, when craft for
And seldome though I come in court among the rest, [the best.
Yet can I iudge in colours dim, as depe as can

[1] Alluding to chess. C.

Where grefe tormentes the man that suffreth secret smart, [the hart:
To breke it forth unto some frend, it easeth well
So standes it now with me for my beloved frinde
This case is thine for whom I fele such torments of my minde.
And for thy sake I burne so in my secret brest,
That till thou know my hole disease, my hart can haue no rest.
I see how thine abuse hath wrested so thy wittes,
That all it yeldes to thy desire, and folowes thee by fittes. [thy power,
Where thou hast loued so long, with hart and all
I se thee fed with fained wordes, thy fredom to devour; [withstand,
I know, (though she say nay), and would it well
When in her grace, thou held thee most, she bare the but in hand;
I see her pleasant chere in chiefest of thy suite,
When thou art gone, I se him come, that gathers up the fruite;
And eke in thy respect, I se the base degre,
Of him, to whome she gaue the hart, that promised was to the. [sure,
I se (what woulde you more) stode never man so
On womans word but wisedome would mistrust it to endure.

THE FORSAKEN LOUER DESCRIBETH, AND FORSAKETH LOUE.

O LOTHSOME place, where I
Have sene and hard my dere;
When in my hart her eye,
Hath made her thought appere.
By glimsing with such grace,
As fortune it ne would
That lasten any space,
Between us lenger should.

As fortune did auance,
To further my desire,
Even so hath fortunes chaunce,
Throwen al amiddes the mire;
And that I have deserued,
With true and faithfull hart;
Is to his handes reserued,
That neuer felt the smart.

But happy is that man,
That scaped hath the griefe,
That Loue wel teache him can,
By wanting his reliefe.
A scourge to quiet mindes,
It is, who taketh hede;
A common plage that bindes,
A trauell without mede.

This gift it hath also,
Who so enjoies it most,
A thousand troubles grow,
To vex his weried ghost.
And last it may not long,
The truest thinge of all;
And sure the greatest wrong,
That is within this thrall.

But sins thou desert place,
Canst geve me no accompt;
Of my desired grace,
That I to haue was wont:
Farewell! thou hast me tought
To thinke me not the furst
That loue hath set aloft,
And casten in the dust.

THE LOUER DESCRIBES HIS RESTLESSE STATE.

As oft as I behold and see
The soueraigne beautie that me bound,
The nier my comfort is to me,
Alas! the fresher is my wound.

As flame doth quench by rage of fire,
And running stremes consume by raine;
So doth the sight, that I desire,
Appease my grief and deadly paine.

First when I saw those christal streames,
Whose beauty made my mortall wounde,
I little thought within her beames,
So sweto a venom to haue found.

But wilfull will did pricke me forth,
And blinde Cupide did whippe and guide;
Force made me take my griefe in worth:
My frutelesse hope my harme did hide.

As cruel waves full oft be found,
Against the rockes to rore and cry;
So doth my hart full oft rebound,
Agaynst my brest full bitterly.

I fall and se mine own decay,
As one, that beares flame in his brest;
Forgets in paine to put away,
The thinge that bredith mine unrest.

THE LOUER EXCUSETH HIMSELF OF SUSPECTED CHANGE.

THOUGH I regarded not
The promise made by me,
Or passed not to spot
My faith and honeste:
Yet were my fansy strange,
And wilful wyll to wite;
If I sought now to change
A falkon for a kite.

All men might well disprayse
My wit and enterprise,
Yf I estemde a pese
Above a perle in price:
Or iudged the owle in sight,
The sparehauke to excell;
Which flyeth but in the night
As all men know right well.

Or if I soughte to saile,
Into the brittle port;
Where anker-hold doth faile,
To such as do resort;
And leave the hauen sure,
Where blowes no blustering winde;
Nor fickelnesse in ure
So farforth as I finde.

No, thinke me not so light,
Nor of so churlish kinde,
Though it lay in my might,
My bondage to unbinde;
That I woulde leue the hinde
To hunt the ganders so:
No, no, I have no minde
To make exchanges so:

Nor yet to change at all,
For thinke it may not be,
That I should seke to fall
From my felicitie.
Desirous for to win,
And loth for to forgo,
Or new change to begin,
How may all this be so?

The fire it cannot frese,
For it is not his kinde;
Nor true loue cannot lese
The constance of the minde:
Yet as sone shall the fire,
Want heate to blase and burne,
As I in such desire
Haue once a thought to turne.

A CARELESSE MAN, SCORNING AND DESCRIBING THE SUTTLE VSAGE OF WOMEN TOWARDE THEIR LOUERS.

WRAPT in me carelesse cloke, as I walk to and fro, [in his bow;
I se, how loue can shew what force ther reigneth
And how he shoteth eke a hardy hart to wound;
And where he glanceth by againe, that litle hurt is found.
For seldome is it sene the woundeth hartes alike;
The tone may rage, when tothers loue is often farre to seke: [mee,
All this I see, with more; and wonder thinketh
How he can strike the one so sore, and leaue the other free; [wrong,
I see, that wounded wight, that suffreth all this
How he is fed with yeas, and nays, and liueth all to long.
In silence though I kepe such secretes to my self;
Yet do I see, how she somtime doth yeld a looke by stelth; [so,
As though it semde, ywis, I will not lose thee
When in her hart so swete a thought did never truly grow; [blisse
Then say I thus; alas, that man is farre from
That doth receiue for his relief, none other gaine but this;
And she that fedes him so, I fele, and find it plain,
Is but to glory in her power, that ouer such can raign: [that he,
Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinkes
Ah weried man! is fully bent such fancies to let fle,
Then to retain him still, she wrasteth new her grace, [the man embrace:
And smileth lo, as though she would forthwith
But when the proofe is made, to try such lookes withall, [full of gall:
He findeth then the place all voide and freighted
Lord what abuse is this! who can such women praise? [ways:
That for their glory do deuise to vse such craftie
I, that amonge the rest do sit, and marke the row,
Find, that in her is greater craft, then is in twenty mo, [sped,
Whose tender years, alas! with wiles so wel are
What wil she do, when hory heares are powdred in her hed?

AN ANSWERE IN THE BEHALFE OF A WOMAN OF AN UNCERTAIN AUCTHOR.

GIRT in my giltles gowne, as I sit here and sow
I see that thinges are not in dede as to the outward show. [what nere,
And who-so list to loke, and note thinges some-
Shal find where plainesse semes to haunt, nothing but craft appear: [cerne,
For with indifferent eyes my self can well dis-
How some to guide a ship in stormes seke for to take the sterne; [barge,
Whose practise if were proved in calme to stere a
Assuredly beleue it well, it were to great a charge:
And some I se again sit still and say but small,
That coulde do ten times more then they that say they can do all; [understand,
Whose goodly giftes are such, the more they
The more they seke to learne and know, and take lesse charge in hand. [fast,
And to declare more plain, the time fleetes not so
But I can beare full well in mind the song now sung and past; [cloke,
The auctor whereof came, wrapt in a crafty
With will to force a flaming fire, where he could raise no smoke; [plaine,
If power and will had joined, as it appereth
Then truth nor right had tane no place their vertues had been vaine;
So that you may perceive, and I may safely se
The innocent that giltlesse is, condempned should haue be.

THE CONSTANT LOUER LAMENTETH.

SINS fortunes wrath enuieth the welth
Wherin I raigned by the sight
Of that, that fed mine eyes by stelth,
With sowre swete, dread and delight:
Let not my griefe moue you to mone,
For I will wepe and waile alone.

Spite draue me into Boreas raigne,
Where hory frostes the frutes do bite,
When hilles were spred, and euery plaine,
With stormy winters mantle white;
And yet, my dere, such was my heate,
When others freze, then did I sweate.

And now, though on the sunne I drive,
Whose fervent flame all thinges decaies,
His beames in brightnesse may not striue,
With light of your swete golden rayes;
Nor from my brest this heate remoue,
The frosen thoughtes grauen by loue.

Ne may the waues of the salt floode
Quenche that your beautie set on fire,
For though mine eyes forbeare the foode,
That did relieue the hot desire;
Such as I was, such wyll I be,
Your owne, what woulde ye more of me?

A SONG WRITTEN BY THE EARLE OF SURREY OF A LADIE THAT REFUSED TO DAUNCE WITH HIM.

ECHE beast can chose his fere according to his minde, [beastly kinde;
And eke can shew a friendly chere lyke to their
A lion saw I late as whyte as any snow,
Which semed well to leade the race, his port the same did showe.
Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,
For still, me thoughte, he semed well of noble blood to be. [make,
And as he prauunced before, still seking for a
As who would say, there is none here, I trowe will me forsake; [bone,
I might perceaue a wolfe as white as whales
A fairer beaste, of fresher hue, beheld I neuer none,
Save that her lokes were coy, and froward eke her grace, [vaunce apace.
Unto the whiche this gentle beast gan him ad-
And with a becke full low he bowed at her feete,
In humble wise, as who woulde say, I am to farre unmeete. [warded
But such a scornefull chere wherwith she him re-
Was neuer sene I trow the like to such as well deserued. [twaine,
With that she start aside well nere a foote or
And vnto him thus gan she say with spite and great disdaine, [before,
Lion, she saide, if thou hadst knowen my mind
Thou hadst not spent thy travaile thus, nor all thy paine forlore; [with mee,
Do way, I lete thee wete, thou shalt not play
Go range about where thou maist finde some meter fere for thee. [flame,
With that he bet his taile, his eyes began to
I might perceiue his noble hart, much moued by the same; [swage,
Yet saw I him refraine, and eke his wrath as-
And vnto her thus gan he say, when he was past his rage.
Cruel, you do me wrong to set me thus so light,
Without desert for my good will, to shew me such despyght.
How can ye thus entreat a lion of the race,
That with his pawes, a crowned kinge devoured in the place:
Whose nature is to prey vpon no simple food,
As long as he may suck the flesh, and drink of noble blood.
If you be fayre and fresh, am I not of your hue?
And for my vaunt, I dare well say, my bloud is not untrue.
For you your self haue heard, it is not long agoe,
Sith that for loue, one of the race did end his life in woe,
In tower strong, and hie, for his assured truth;
Whereas in tears he spent his breath, alas the more the ruth: [remoue,
This gentle beast so dyed, whom nothing could
But willingly to leese his life for loss of his true love. [paine,
Other there be, whose liues do linger still in
Against their wylles preserued are, that woulde haue dyed faine. [you,
But now I do perceaue, that nought it moueth
My good intent, my gentle hart, nor yet my kinde so true: [trade,
But that your will is such to lure me to the
And other some full many yeres trace by the craft ye made. [farre,
And thus behold our kindes how that we differ
I seke my foes, and you your frendes do threten stil with warre. [you,
I fawne where I am fled, you slay that sekes to
I can deuour no yielding prey, you kill where you subdue.
My kinde is to desire the honour of the field,
And you with blood do slake your thirste on such as to you yeld:
Wherefore I woulde you wist, that for your coyed lokes,
I am no man that will be trapt, nor tangled with such hokes.
And though some lust to loue where blame full well they might,
And to such beastes of current sort that would have travail bright;
I will observe the lawe, that nature gaue to me,
To conquer such as will resist, and let the rest go free:
And as a faulcon free, that soreth in the ayre,
Which neuer fed on hand nor lure, nor for no stale doth care.
While that I liue and breathe such shall my custome be,
In wildness of the woods, to seke my pray where pleaseth me: [offence,
Where many one shall rue, that neuer made
Thus your refuse against my power shal bote them no defence. [to,
And for reuenge therof I vow and swear there-
A thousand spoiles I shall commit, I neuer thought to do.
And if to light on you my luck so good shall be,
I shall be glad to fede on that, that would haue fed on me. [bow,
And thus farewell unkind, to whom I bent and
I would you wist the ship is safe, that bare his sailes so low.
Sith that a Lions hart is for a wolfe no pray,
With bloody mouth go slake your thirst on simple shepe I say, [presse,
With more despite and ire, than I can now ex-
Which to my paine though I refrain, the cause you may wel gesse.
As for because my self was aucthor of the game,
It bootes me not that for my wrath, I should disturbe the same.

THE FAITHFULL LOUER DECLARETH HIS PAINES AND HIS UNCERTEIN IOYES, AND WITH ONLY HOPE RECOMFORTETH SOMWHAT HIS WOFULL HEART.

If care do cause men cry, why do not I complaine? [my paine?
If eche man do bewaile his wo, why shew I not
Since that amongst them all, I dare well say, is none, [cause to mone.
So farre from weale, so full of wo, or hath more
For all thinges haueing life, sometime hath quiet rest, [beast:
The bearing asse, the drawyng oxe, and every other
The peasant, and the post, that serues at all assayes; [take their ease.
The ship boy, and the galley-slave, have time to
Save I, alas! whom care of force doth so constraine, [in paine.
To waile the day, and wake the night, continually
From pensiveness to plaint, from plaint to bitter teares, [my lyfe it weares.
From teares, to painfull plaint againe, and thus
No thing under the sunne, that I can heare or see,
But moveth me for to bewaile, my cruel destenie
For where men do rejoyce (since that I can not so) [my wo.
I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but
And when I hear the sound of song or instrument, [me to lament;
Methinke eche tune there dolefull is, and helpes
And if I se some have their most desired sight,
Alas! thinke I, eche man hath weale, save I, most wofull wighte.
Then as the stricken dere withdrawes himself alone, [make my mone.
So do I seke some secrete place, where I may
There do my flowing eyes shew forth my melting hart, [declare my smart.
So that the stremes of those two welles right well
And in those cares so colde I force my self a heate, [selfe to sweate.
As sicke men in their shaking fittes procure them-
With thoughtes, that for the tyme, do much appease my paine; [woe againe.
But yet they cause a farther feare, and brede my
Methinke within my thought I se right plaine appere
My hartes delight, my sorowes leche, myne earthly goddesse here;
With every sundry grace that I have sene her haue, [and grave;
Thus I within my wofull brest her picture paint
And in my thought I rol her bewties too and fro, [that persed so.
Her laughing chere, her lovely looke, my hart
Her strangenes when I sued her servant for to be, [that she pitied me.
And what she said, and how she smilde, when
Then comes a sodaine feare that riueth all my rest, [her brest.
Lest absence cause forgetfulnesse to sinke within
For when I thinke how farre this earth doth us diuide, [how that I slide.
Alas, me semes, love throwes me downe, I fele
But when I thinke againe, why should I thus mistrust, [and just.
So swete a wight, so sad and wise, that is so true
For loth she was to loue, and wauering is she not; [their knot;
The farther off, the more desirde; thus louers tie
So in dispaire and hope plunged am I both up and downe, [list to frowne.
As is the ship with wind and wave, when Neptune
But as the watery showers delay the raging winde, [of my minde;
So doth good hope clene put away dispaire out
And bids me for to serve and suffer paciently;
For what wot I the after-weale that fortune wilies to me. [trouble,
For those that care do know, and tasted have of
When passed is their wofull paine, eche joy shall seme them double: [better
And bitter sendes she now to make me taste the
The pleasant swete, when that it comes, to make it seme the sweter.
And so determine I to serve until my breath,
Yea rather dye a thousand times than once to false my faith. [smart,
And if my feble corps, through weight of wofull
Do faile or faint, my will it is that still she kepe my hart, [farde,
And when this carcas here to earth shall be re-
I do bequeth my wered ghost to serve her afterwarde.

THE MEANES TO ATTAINE HAPPY LIFE.

Martiall, the thinges that doe attain
The happy life, be these I finde,
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitfull ground, the quiet minde,
The egall frend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governaunce;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance:
The meane dyet, no delicate fare;
Trew wisedome joynde with simplenesse;
The night discharged of all care;
Where wine the witte may not oppresse.
The faithfull wife, without debate;
Such slepes as may begile the night;
Contented with thine owne estate,
Ne wish for death, ne feare his might.

PRAISE OF MEANE AND CONSTANT ESTATE[1].

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS WYAT.

Of thy life, Thomas, this compasse wel mark
Not aye with full sailes the hye seas to beat,
Ne by coward dred, in shonning stormes dark,
On shalow shores thy keel in peril fret.
Who so gladly halseth the golden meane,
Vojde of daungers advisdly hath his home
Not with lothsome muck, as a den uncleane,
Nor palace like, wherat disdain may glome.
The lofty pine the great winde often rives;
With violenter swey fulne turrets stepe;
Lightnings assaut the hie mountaines and clives;
A hart well stayd, in overthwartes depe

[1] From Horace. C.

Hopeth amendes; in swete, doth feare the sowre.
God that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharp,
Now ill, not aye thus. Once Phebus to lowre,
With bowe unbent, shall cesse, and frame to harp,
His voice. In straite estate appere thou stout
And so wisely, whoff lucky gale of winde
All thy puft sailes shall fil, looke well about,
Take in a rift. Hast is wast, profe doth finde.

PRAISE OF CERTAIN PSALMES OF DAVID,

TRANSLATED BY SIR T. W. THE ELDER.

THE great Macedon, that out of Persie chased
Darius, of whose huge power all Asie rong,
In the riche arke Dan Homers rimes he placed,
Who feigned gestes of heathen princes song.
What holy grave, what worthy sepulture
To Wyates [1] psalmes should christians then purchase;
Where he doth paint the liuely faith and pure;
The stedfast hope, the swete returne to grace,
Of just David by perfite penitence,
Where rulers may see in a mirrour clere
The bitter frute of false concupiscence,
How Jewry bought Urias death ful dere.
In princes hartes Gods scourge imprinted depe,
Ought them awake out of their sinfull slepe.

OF THE DEATH OF THE SAME SIR T. W.

DIVERS thy death do diversly bemone,
Some that in presence of thy livelyhed
Lurked, whose brestes envy with hate had swolne,
Yeld Ceasars teares upon Pompeius hed.
Some that watched with the murdrers knife,
With eger thirst to drinke thy giltlesse blood,
Whose practise brake by happy end of life,
With envious teares to heare thy fame so good.
But I, that knewe what harbred in that hed,
What vertues rare were tempred in that brest,
Honour the place that such a jewel bred,
And kisse the ground wheras the corse doth rest,
With vapord eyes, from whence such streames avail,
As Pyramus did on Thisbes brest bewail.

OF THE SAME.

WYAT resteth here, that quick could never rest,
Whose heavenly giftes encreaseth by disdain,
And vertue sank the deper in his brest,
Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A hed, where wisdom misteries did frame,
Whose hammers bet still in that liuely braine,
As on a stythe; where that some worke of fame
Was dayly wrought, to turne to Britaines gaine,

A visage, sterne, and milde; where both did growe,
Vice to contemne, in vertue to rejoyce:
Amid great stormes, whom grace assured so,
To liue vpright, and smile at fortunes choyce.

[1] Sir Thomas Wyat. See his works. *C.*

A hand that taught, what might be said in rime;
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit.
A mark, the which (vnparfited, for time)
Some may approch, but neuer none shall hit.

A tong, that serued in forein realmes his king;
Whose courteous talke to vertue did enflame
Eche noble hart; a worthy guide to bring
Our english youth, by trauail vnto fame.

An eye, whose judgment none affect could blinde,
Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcile;
Whose persing looke did represent a minde
With vertue fraught, reposed, voyd of gile.

A hart, where dreade was neuer so imprest,
To hide the thought, that might the trouth auance;
In neyther fortune loft, nor yet represt,
To swel in welth, or yield vnto mischance,

A valiant corps, where force and beauty met,
Happy, alas! to happy, but for foes;
Liued, and ran the race, that nature set;
Of manhodes shape, where she the mold did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soule is fled;
Which left with such, as couet Christ to know,
Witness of faith, that neuer shal be ded;
Sent for our helth, but not receiued so.
Thus for our gilt, this jewel haue we lost;
The earth his bones, the heavens possesse his ghost.

OF THE SAME.

IN the rude age when knowledge was not rife,
If Joue in Crete, and other were that taught
Artes to conuert to profite of our life,
Wend after death to haue their temples sought;
If vertue yet no voide unthankfull time,
Failed of some to blast her endles fame,
A goodly meane both to deferre from crime,
And to her steppes our sequele to enflame.
In daies of truth, if Wyates frendes then waile,
The only det that dead of quick may claime,
That rare wit spent, employd to our auayle,
Where Christ is taught we led to vertues traine.
His liuely face their brestes how did it freat,
Whose cindres yet, with envy they do eate.

OF SARDANAPALUS DISHONORABLE LIFE, AND MISERABLE DEATH.

TH' Asirian king in peace, with foule desire,
And filthy lustes, that staynde his regall hart;
In warre, that should set princely heartes on fire,
Did yeld, vanquisht for want of marciall arte,
The dint of swordes from kisses semed strange;
And harder, than his ladies side, his targe;
From glutton feastes, to souldiers fare, a change,
His helmet, farre aboue a garlands charge,
Who scarce the name of manhode did retaine;
Drenched in slouth, and womanish delight;
Feble of sprite, impacient of pain;
When he had lost his honor, and his right,
Proud, time of wealth; in stormes, appalled with dred,
Murthered himself, to shew some manfull dede.

HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT WITH HIS OWNE ESTATE, AND HOW THE AGE OF CHILDREN IS THE HAPPIEST IF THEY HAD SKILL TO VNDERSTAND IT.

LAYD in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head, a heape of thoughts appear, [eyes,
And euery thought did shewe so lively in myne
That now I sighed, and then I smilde, as cause of thoughtes did rise.
I saw the little boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to scape the rod, a tall yong man to be. [paines opprest,
The yong man eke that feles his bones with
How he would be a rich olde man, to liue and lye at rest: [so sore,
The rich olde man that sees his end drawe on
How he would be a boy again, to liue so much the more.
Wherat full oft I smilde, to se how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change, degree:
And musing thus, I think, the case is very strange,
That man from welth, to liue in wo, doth euer seke to change. [skin,
Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I sawe my withered
How it doth shew my dented chewes, the flesh was worn so thyn, [right way,
And eke my totheless chaps, the gates of my
That opes and shuttes as I do speake, doe thus vnto me say; [age,
The white and horish heeres, the messengers of
That shew like lines of true belief, that this life doth asswage; [thy chin.
Byds thee lay hand, and fele them hanging on
The which do write two ages past, the third now coming in. [time;
Hang vp therefore the bit of thy yong wanton
And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life define: [joy,
Wherat I sighed, and sayde, farewell my wonted
Trusse up thy packe, and trudge from me, to euery litle boy; [happy is,
And tell them thus from me, their time most
If to their time they reason had, to know the trueth of this.

BONUM EST MIHI QUOD HUMILIASTI ME.

THE stormes are past, these cloudes are overblowne,
And humble chere great rigour hath represt,
For the defaute is set a paine fore knowne;
And pacience graft in a determed brest:
And in the hart where heapes of griefes were growne
The swete reuenge hath planted mirth and rest;
No company so pleasant as mine owne;
Thraldom at large hath made this prison free,
Danger wel past remembred workes delight;
Of lingring doubtes such hope is sprong pardie,
That nought I finde displeasant in my sight:
But when my glasse presented vnto me,
The curelesse wound, that bledeth day and night;
To think, alas, such hap should granted be
Vnto a wretch that hath no hart to fight,
To spyll that blood that hath so oft bene shed,
For Britannes sake (alas) and now is ded.

EXHORTACION TO LEARNE BY OTHERS TROUBLE.

MY Ratclif, when thy retchlesse youth offendes,
Reecue thy scourge by others chastisement.
For such calling, when it workes none amendes,
Then plages are sent without advertisement
Yet Salamon sayd, the wronged shall recure;
But Wiat said, true, the skarre doth aye endure[1].

THE FANSIE OF A WERIED LOUER.

THE fansy, which that I have serued long,
That hath alway bene enmy to myne ease,
Semed of late to rue upon my wrong,
And bad me flye the cause of my misease.
And I forthwith did prease out of the throng,
That thought by flight my painfull hart to please
Some other way: till I saw faith more strong;
And to my self I said: alas, those daies
In vain were spent, to runne the race so long!
And with that thought; I met my guyde: that plaen,
Out of the way wherein I wandered wrong,
Brought me amiddes the hilles in base Bullayn,
Where I am now, as restles to remayn,
Against my will, full pleased with my payn.

EPITAPH ON SIR THOMAS CLERE,

Surrey's faithful retainer and constant attendant, which was once in Lambeth church, and is preserved in Aubrey's Surrey, with the following introduction,

Epitaphium Thomæ Clere qui fato functus est 1545, auctore Henrico Howard comite Surriensi in cujus felicis ingenii specimen et singularis facundiæ argumentum appensa fuit hæc tabula per W. Howard, filium Thomæ nuper Ducis Norf. filii ejusdem Henrici comitis Surriensis.

NORFOLKE sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead,
Clere of the count of Cleremont thou hight,
Within the womb of Ormond's race thou bred,
And sawest thy cosin crowned in thy sight:
Skelton for love, Surrey for Lord thou chase,
Aye me while life did last that league was tender,
Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsall[2] blase,
Laundersey[2] burnt and batter'd Bulleyn's[2] render[3]:
At Muttrell[2] gates hopeless of all recure,
Thine Earl half dead, gave in thy hand his will,
Which cause did thee this pining death procure;
Ere summers four-times seven thou couldst fulfill,
Aye, Clere, if love had booted care or cost
Heaven had not wonne, nor earth so timely lost.

[1] See Wyat's Works "Wyat being in prison to Bryan." C.

[2] Towns taken by Lord Surrey in the Boulogne expedition.

[3] Surrender.

AGAINST LONDON[1].

LONDON! hast thou accused me
Of breche of lawes, the roote of stryfe?
Within whose brest did boyle to see
(So fervent hotte) thy dissolute lyfe:
That even the hate of synnes, that groo
Within thy wicked walls so ryfe,
For to breake forthe, did conuert soo
That terror colde it not represse.
The which by wordes since preechers knoo,
What hope is left for to redresse?
By unknowen means it liked me
My hidden burden to expresse:
Wherby yt might appere to the,
That secret synn hath secret spight:
From justice rodd no fault is free:
But that all such, as wourk unright,
In most quyet are next ill rest.
In secret sylence of the night
This made me, with a reckles brest,
To wake thy sluggards with my bowe:
A figure of the Lords behest:
Whose scourge for synn the screptures show:
That as the fearfull thunders clapp
By soddayne flame at hand we knowe:
Of peoble stones the sowndles rapp,
The dredfull plage might mak thee see
Of Godds wrath, that doth thee enwrapp:
That pryde might know, from conscyence free,
How loftye works may her defend:
And envye fynd, as he hath sought,
How other seke hym to offend.
And wrath tast of each crewell thought
The just shape hyer in the end:
And ydel slouthe, that never wrought,
To heven his spirite lift may begyn;
And gredy lucre lyue in drede
To see what hate ill gott goods wynn:
The lechers, yea, that luste do feed,
Perceue what secrecye is in synne:
And gluttons harts for sorow blede,
Awaked when their faulte they fynd.
In lothsome vyce eche dronken wight
To styrr to Godd this was my mynd.
Thy wyndowes had don me no spight:
But prowd people, that drede no fall,
Clothed with falshed and unright,
Bred in the closures of thy wall.
But wrested to wrath in fervent zeale
Thow hast to strief my secret call:
Endured harts no warning feale.
Oh! shameless whore! is dread then gon?
Be suche thy foes, as meane thy weale?
Oh! membre of false Babylon!
The shop of craft, the denne of ire!
Thy dredful dome drawes fast uppon:
Thy martyres blood by sword and fyre
In heaven and earth for justice call.
The Lord shall hear their just desyre;
The flame of wrath shall on the fall.
With famine and pest lamentablie
Stricken shalbe thy lechers all:
Thy prowd towers and turrets hye,
Enmys to God, beat stone from stone:
Thyne idoils burnt, that wrought iniquitye:
When none thy ruyne shall bemone:
But render unto the rightwise Lord,
That so hath judged Babylon,
Immortal praise in one accord.

[1] From a MS volume, formerly belonging to the Harrington family, now in the invaluable library of Thomas Hill, esq. who obligingly lent it to the Editor. *C.*

TO HIS MISTRESSE.

FROM THE SAME.

YF he, that erst the fourme so lively drewe
Of Venus face, triumpht in paynter's arte:
Thy father then what glory did ensew,
By whose pencill a goddesse made thow arte?
Touched with flame, that figure made some rewe,
And with her love surprysed manye a hart:
There fackt yet that should cure their hot desyer:
Thow canst enflame, and quenche the kyndled fyre.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE SECOND BOKE OF VIRGILES AENÆIS.

THEY whisted all, with fixed face attent,
When prince Aeneas from the royal seat
Thus gan to speak. O quene, it is thy wil,
I shold renew a woe cannot be told:
How that the Grekes did spoile and ouerthrow
The Phrygian wealth, and wailful realm of Troy:
Those ruthfull things that I my self beheld,
And wherof no smal part fel to my share.
Which to expresse, who could refraine from teres?
What Myrmidon? or yet what Dolopes?
What stern Ulysses' waged soldiar?
And loe moist night now from the welkin falles,
And sterres declining counsel vs to rest.
But sins so great is thy delight to here
Of our mishaps, and Troyès last decay:
Though to record the same my minde abhorres,
And plaint eschues: yet thus wil I begyn.
The Grekes chieftains all irked with the war,
Wherin they wasted had so many yeres,
And oft repulst by fatal destinie,
A huge herse made, hye raised like a hill,
By the diuine science of Minerua:
Of clouen firre compacted were his ribbs:
For their return a fained sacrifice:
The fame whereof so wandered it at point.
In the dark bulk they closde bodies of men
Chosen by lot, and did enstuff by stealth
The hollow womb with armed soldiers.
There stands in sight an isle hight Tenedon
Rich, and of fame, while Priams kingdom stood:
Now but a bay, and rode vnsure for ship.
Hether them secretly the Grekes withdrew,
Shrouding themselues vnder the desert shore.
And, wening we they had ben fled and gone,
And with that winde had fet the land of Grece,
Troye discharged her long continued dole:
The gates east vp, we issued out to play,
The Gr[illegible]sh camp desirous to behold,
The places void and the forsaken costes.
Here Pyrrhus band, there ferce Achilles pight:
Here rode their shippes, there did their battells joyne.
Astonnied some the scathefull gift beheld,

Behight by vow vnto the chast Minerve:
All wondring at the hugenesse of the horse.
And fyrst of all Timoetes gan aduise,
Wythin the walles to leade and drawe the same,
And place it eke amidde the palace court:
Whether of guile, or Troyès fate it would.
Capys, wyth some of iudgement more discrete,
Wil'd it to drown, or vnderset with flame
The suspect present of the Grekes deceit,
Or bore and gage the hollow caues vncouth.
So divers ran the giddy peoples minde.
Loe formost of a rout, that followd him,
Kindled Laocoon hasted from the towre,
Crieng far of: O wretched citezens,
What so great kind of frensie freteth you?
Deme ye the Grekes our enemies to be gone?
Or any Grekish giftes can you suppose
Deuoid of guile? Is so Ulysses known?
Either the Grekes are in this timber hid:
Or this an engin is to anoy our walles,
To view our toures, and ouerwhelme our towne.
Here lurkes some craft. Good Troyans geve no trust
Unto this horse, for what so euer it be.
I dred the Grekes, yea when they offer gyftes.
And with that word, with all his force a dart
He launced then into that croked wombe:
Which trembling stack, and shoke within the side,
Wherwith the caues gan hollowly resound.
And but for faites, and for our blind forcast,
The Grekes denise and guile had he discried:
Troy yet had stand, and Priams toures so hie.
Therwyth behold, wheras the Phrygian herdes
Brought to the king, with clamor, all vnknown
A yong man, bound his handes behinde his back:
Whoe willingly had yelden prisoner,
To frame his guile, and open Troyès gates
Unto the Grekes: with courage fully bent,
And minde determed either of the twaine,
To work his feat, or willing yeld to death.
Nere him, to gaze, the Troyan youth gan flock,
And straue whoe most might at the captiue scorne.
The Grekes deceit beholde, and by one profe
Imagine all the rest.
For in the preasse as he vnarmed stood,
Wyth troubled chere, and Phrigian routes beset,
Alas (quod he) what earth nowe, or what seas
May me receyue? Catif, what restes me nowe?
For whom in Grece doth no abode remayne:
The Troians eke offended seke to wreke
Their hainous wrath wyth shedyng of my bloud.
With this regrete our hartes from rancor moued,
The brute appeasde, we askte him of his birth,
What newes he brought, what hope made hym to yeld.
Then he (al dred remoued) thus began.
O kyng: I shall, what euer me betide,
Say but the truth: ne first will me denie
A Grecian borne: for though fortune hath made
Simon a wretche, she can not make him false.
If euer came vnto your eares the name
Nobled by fame, of the sage Palamede,
Whom traitrously the Grekes condemd to dye,
Giltlesse by wrongfull dome, for that he dyd
Dyssuade the warres: whose death the nowe lament:
Underneth him my father bare of wealth
Into his band yong, and nere of his blood,
In my prime yeres vnto the war me sent.
While that by fate his state in stay did stand,
And when his realm did florish by advise,
Of glorie then we bare som fame and brute.
But sins his death, by false Ulysses sleight
(I speak of things to all men wel beknown)
A drery life in doleful plaint I led,
Repining at my gyltlesse frends mischaunce.
Ne could I fool refrein my tong from thretes:
That if my chaunce were euer to return
Victor to Arge, to folowe my reuenge.
With such sharp words procured I great hate.
Here sprang my harm. Ulysses euer sithe
With new formd crimes began me to affray:
In common eares false rumours gan he sowe:
Weapons of wreke his gylty minde gan seke:
Ne rested ay, till he by Calchas meane—
But whereunto these thanklesse tales in vaine
Do I reherse, and lingre fourthe the time?
In like estate if all the Grekes ye price:
It is enough ye here: rid me at ones.
Ulysses (lord!) how he wold this reioise?
Yea and either Atride would bye it dere.
This kindled us more egre to enquire,
And to demaund the cause: without suspect
Of so great mischief thereby to ensue,
Or of Grekes craft. He then with forged words,
And quiuering lims, thus toke hys tale again.
The Grekes oft times entended their return,
From Troyè town, with long warrs all ytired,
For to dislodge: which, would God, they had done,
But oft the winter storms of raging seas,
And oft the boisterous winds did them to stay:
And chiefly when of clinched ribbes of firre
This hors was made, the storms rored in the aire.
Then we in dout to Phebus temple sent
Enripilus, to wete the prophesye:
From whens he brought these woful news again:
With blood (O Grekes) and slaughter of a maid
Ye pleasd the winds, when first ye came to Troy:
With blood likewise you must seke your return.
A Grekish soule must offred be therefore.
But when this sound had pearst the peoples eares,
With sodein fere astonied were their mindes,
The chilling cold did ouerrunne their bones,
To whom that fate was shapte, whom Phebus wold.
Ulysses then amid the preasse bringes in
Calchas with noyse and wil'd him to discusse
The Gods intent. Then some gan deme to me
The cruell wrek of him that framde the craft:
Foreseing secretly what wold ensue.
In silence then, yshrouding him from sight
But dayes twise fiue he whisted, and refused
To death by speche to further any wight.
At last, as forced by false Ulysses crye,
Of purpose he brake fourth, assigning me
To the altar: whereto they graunted all:
And that, that erst eche one dred to himself,
Returned all vnto my wretched death.
And now at hand drew nere the wofull day:
All things preparde wherwyth to offer me,
Salt, corne, fillets my temples for to bind.
I scapte the deth, I graunt, and brake the bands,
And lurked in a marrise all the nyght,
Among the ooze, while they did set their sailes:
If it so be that they indede so dyd.
Now restes my hope my native land to see,
My children dere, nor long desired sire:
On whom parchaunce they shall wreke my escape:
Those harmlesse wights shal for my fault be slayn.
Then by the gods, to whom al truth is known:

By fayth unfiled, if any any where
Wyth mortal folke remaines: I thee beseche
O king thereby, rue on my trauail great:
Pitie a wretch that giftlesse suffreth wrong.
Life to these teres, with pardon eke, we graunt.
And Priam first him self commandes to loose
His gynes, his bands: and frendly to him sayd:
Whose thou art, learn to forget the Grekes:
Hencefourth be oures, and answere me with truth:
Wherto was wrought the masse of this huge hors?
Whoes the deuise? and wherto should it tend?
What holy vow? or engin for the warres?
Then he, instruct with wiles and Grekish craft,
His loosed hands lift upward to the sterrs.
Ye euerlasting lampes I testifye,
Whose powr diuine may not be violate:
Th' altar, and sword, quod he, that I haue scapt:
Ye sacred bandes, I wore as yelden hoste:
Lefull be it for me to breke mine othe
To Grekes, lefull to hate their nacion,
Lefull be it to sparcle in the ayre
Their secretes all, what soe they kepe in close:
For free am I from Grece, and from their lawes.
So be it, Troy: and saued by me from scathe,
Kepe faith with me, and stand to thy behest,
If I speake truth, and opening thinges of weight
For graunt of life requite thee large amendes.
The Grekes whole hope of undertaken war
In Pallas help consisted euermore,
But sith the time that wicked Diomede,
Ulysses eke that forger of all guile,
Auenturde from the holy sacred fane
For to bereue dame Pallas fatall forme,
And slew the watches of the chefest toure,
And then away the holy statue stele:
That were so bold with handes embrued in blood,
The virgin goddesse veiles for to defile:
Sith that, their hope gan fail, their hope to fall
Their powr appeir, their goddesse grace withdraw.
Whych with no doutfull signes she did declare:
Scarce was the statue to our tentes ybroughte,
But she gan stare with sparcled eyes of flame:
Aloft her limes the salt sweate trickled downe:
Yea thrise her selfe (a hideous thinge to tell)
In glaunces bright she glittered from the ground,
Holding in hand her targe and quiuering spere.
Calchas by sea then bad vs hast our flight:
Whoes engins might not break the walles of Troy,
Unlesse at Grece they wold renew their lottes,
Restore the god that they by sea had brought
In warped keles. To Arge sith they be come,
They pease their godds, and war afresh prepare;
And crosse the seas unlokked for eftsones
They wil return: This order Calchas set,
This figure made they for thagreued god,
In Pallas stede, to clense their hainous fault.
Which masse he willed to be reared hye
Toward the skies, and ribbed all with oke:
So that your gates, ne wall might it receiue,
Ne yet your people might defensed be
By the good zele of old deuotion.
For if your hands did Pallas gift defile,
To Priams realm great misehief shold befall:
(Which fate the Gods first on him self return)
But had your owne handes brought it in your town,
Asie should passe, and carrie offred warr
In Grece euen to the walls of Pelops town,
And we and oures that destinie endure.
By such like wiles of Sinon the forsworne
His tale with us did purchace credit: some
Trapt by deceite, some forced by his teres:
Whom neither Diomede, nor great Achille,
Nor ten yeres war, ne a thousand saile could daunt.
Us caitifes then a far more dredful chaunce
Befell, that trobled our vnarmed brestes.
Whiles Laocon, that chosen was by lot
Neptunus priest, did sacrifice a bull
Before the holy altar, sodenly
From Tenedon behold in circles great
By the calm seas come fletyng adders twaine,
Which plied towardes the shore (I lothe to tell)
With rered brest lift vp aboue the seas:
Whoes bloody crestes alofe the waues were seen:
The hinder parte swame hidden in the flood:
Their grisly backes were linked manifold:
With sound of broken waues they gate the strand,
With gloing eyen, tainted with blood and fire:
Whoes waltring tongs did lick their hissing mouthes.
We fled away, our face the blood forsoke,
But they with gate direct to Lacon ran.
And first of all eche serpent doth enwrap
The bodies small of his two tender sonnes:
Whoes wretched limes they byt, and fed thereon.
Then raught they hym, who had his wepen caught
To rescue them, twise winding him about,
With folded knottes, and circled tailes, his wast:
Their scaled backes did compasse twise his neck,
Wyth rered heddes aloft, and streched throtes.
He with his handes straue to vnloose the knottes:
Whose sacred fillettes all besprinkled were
With filth of gory blod, and venim rank:
And to the sterres such dredfull shoutes he sent,
Like to the sound the roring bull fourth loowes,
Which from the altar wounded doth astart,
The swaruing axe when he shakes from his neck.
The serpentes twine, with hasted traile they glide
To Pallas temple, and her towres of heighte:
Under the feete of which the Goddesse stern,
Hidden behinde her targettes bosse they crept.
New gripes of dred then pearse our trembling brestes.
They sayd Laoons desertes had derely bought
His hainous dede, that pearced had with stele
The sacred bulk, and throwen the wicked launce:
The people cried with sondry greeing shoutes,
The bring the horse to Pallas temple bliue,
In hope therby the goddesse wrath tappease.
We cleft the walles, and closures of the towne;
Wherto all helpe: and vnderset the feet
With sliding rolles, and bound his neck with ropes:
This fatal gin thus ouerclambe our walles,
Stuft with armd men: about the which there ran
Children, and maides, that holy carolles sang:
And well were they whoes hands might touch the cordes.
With thretning chere thus slided through our town
The subtil tree, to Pallas temple ward.
O native land, Ilion, and of the goddes
The mansion place! O warrlik walles of Troy!
Four times it stopt in thentrie of our gate:
Four times the harnesse clattred in the womb.
But we goe on, vnsound of memorie.
And blinded eke by rage perseuer still:
This fatal monster in the fane we place.
Cassandra then, inspired with Phebus sprite,
Her prophetes lippes yet neuer of us leeued
Disclosed eft, forespeking thinges to come.
We wretches loe, that last day of our life,
With bowes of fest the town, and temples deck.
With this the skie gan whirle about the sphere:

The cloudy night gan thicken from the sea,
With mantells spred; that cloked earth, and skies,
And eke the treason of the Grekish guile:
The watchemen lay disperst, to take their rest:
Whoes werried limes sound slepe had then oppprest:
When well in order comes the Grecian fleet,
From Tenedon toward the costes well knowne,
By frendly silence of the quiet moone.
When the kinges ship put fourth his mark of fire,
Sinon, preserued by froward destinie,
Let fourth the Grekes enclosed in the womb,
The closures eke of pine by stealth vnpind:
Wherby the Grekes restored were to aire.
With ioy down hasting from the hollow tree,
With cordes let down did slide vnto the ground
The great captaines, Sthenel, and Thesander,
The fierce Ulisses, Athamas, and Choas,
Machaon first, and then king Menolae,
Epeus eke that did the engin forge.
By cordes let fal fast gan they slide adown:
And streight inuade the town yburied then
With wine, and slepe. And first the watch is slain,
Then gates vnfold to let their fellowes in,
They ioyne them selves with the coniured bandes.
It was the time, when graunted from the godds
The first slepe crepes most swete in wery folk.
Loe in my dreame before mine eies, me thought,
With rufull chere I saye where Hector stood:
Out of whoes eies there gushed streames of teares;
Drawn at a cart as he of late had be,
Distained with bloody dust, whoes feet were bowlne
With the streight cordes wherwith they haled him,
Ay me, what one? that Hector how vnlike,
Which erst returnd clad with Achilles spoiles?
Or when he threw into the Grekish shippes
The Trojan flame? so was his beard defiled,
His crisped lockes al elustred with his blood:
With all such wounds, as many he receiued
About the walles of that his natiue town.
Whome franckly thus, me thought, I spake vnto,
With bitter teres and dolefull deadly voice:
O Troyan light, O only hope of thine!
What lettes so long thee staid? or from what costes,
Our most desired Hector, doest thou come?
Whom after slaughter of thy many frends,
And trauail of the people, and thy town,
Alweried, lord! how gladly we behold.
What sory chaunce hath staind thy liuely face?
Or why see I those woundes, alas, so wide?
He answeard nought, nor in my vain demaundes
Abode: but from the bottom of his brest
Sighing he sayd: Flee, flee, O Goddesse son,
And saue thee from the furie of this flame.
Our enmies now ar maisters of the walles;
And Troyè town now falleth from the top:
Sufficeth that is done for Priams reigne:
If force might serue to succor Troyè town,
This right hand well mought haue ben her defense.
But Troyè now commendeth to thy charge
Her holy reliques, and her priuy gods:
Them joyne to thee, as felowes of thy fate:
Large walles rere thow for them: For so thou shalt,
After time spent in thouer-wandred flood.
This said, he brought fourth Uesta in his hands,
Her fillettes eke, and euerlasting flame.
In this meane while with diuerse plaint the town
Throughout was spred: and lowder more and more
The din resounded: with rattling of armes
(Although mine old father Anchises house
Remoued stood, with shadow hid of trees)
I waked: therwith to the house top I clambe
And harkning stood I: like as when the flame
Lightes in the corne, by drift of boisterous winde:
Or the swift stream, that driueth from the hill,
Rootes vp the feldes, and presseth the ripe corne,
And plowed ground, and ouerwhelmes the groue:
The silly herdman all astonnied standes,
From the hye rock while he doth here the sound.
Then the Grekes faith, then their deceit appered.
Of Deiphobus the palace large and great
Felt to the ground, all ouerspred with flash.
His next neighbour Ucalegon afire:
The Sygean seas did glister all with flame.
Upsprang the crye of men, and trumpettes blast,
Then as distraught I did my armure on:
Ne could I tell yet whereto armes auailde.
But with our feres to throng out from the preasse
Toward the toure our hartes brent with desire:
Wrath prickt us fourth; and vnto vs it semed
A semely thing to dye armd in the feld.
Wherwith Panthus scapte from the Grekish dartes,
Otreus sonne, Phebus prest, brought in hand
The sacred reliques, and the vanquist gods:
And in his hand his litle nephew led:
And thus as phrentik to our gates he ran:
Panthus, quod I, in what estate stand we?
Or for refuge what fortresse shall we take?
Scarse spake I this, when wailing thus he sayd:
The later day and fate of Troy is come,
The which no plaint or prayer may auaile.
Troyans we were, and Troyè was sometime,
And of great fame the Teucrian glorie erst:
Fierce Joue to Grece hath now transposed all,
The Grekes ar lordes ouer this fired town.
Yonde huge horse, that stands amid our walles,
Sheds armed men: And Sinon victor now,
With scorne of vs, doth set all things on flame:
And rushed in at our vnfolded gates
Are thousands moe, than euer came from Grece.
And some with weapons watch the narrow stretes;
With bright swerdes drawn to slaughter redy bent:
And scarse the watches of the gate began
Them to defend, and with blinde fight resist.
Through Panthus words, and lightning of the Gods,
Amid the flame and armes ran I in preasse:
As furie guided me, and wher as I had heard
The crye greatest, that made the ayre resound
Into our band then fell old Iphytus,
And Rypheus, that met vs by moonelighte:
Dymas and Hypanis ioyning on our side,
With yong Chorebus Mygdonius son;
Which in those dayes at Troye did ariue
Burning with rage of dame Cassandraes loue,
In Priams ayd and rescue of his town:
Unhappy he that wold no credit geue
Unto his spouses woords of prophecie.
Whom when I saw assembled in such wise,
So desperatly the battail to desire:
Then furthermore thus sayd I vnto them:
O ye yong men, of courage stout in vaine;
For nought ye striue to saue the burning town:
What cruel fortune hath betid, ye see.
The Gods out of the temples all are fled,
Through whoes might long this empire was maintenid;
Their altares eke are left both wast and royd:
But if your will be bent with me to proue

That vttermost, that now may vs befall;
Then let vs dye, and runne amid our foes:
To vanquist folk despeir is only hope.
With this the yong-mens courage did encrease:
And through the dark, like to the rauening wolues,
Whom raging furie of their empty mawes
Drines from their den, leauing with hungry throtes
Their whelpes behinde: among our foes we ran,
Upon their swerdes vnto apparant death,
Holding alway the chiefe strete of the town,
Couerd with the close shadowes of the night.
Who can expresse the slaughter of that night?
Or tell the nomber of the corpses slaine?
Or can in teres bewaile them worthely?
The auncient famous citie falleth down,
That many yeres did hold such seignorie.
With senslesse bodies euery strete is spred,
Eche palace, and sacred porch of the Gods.
Nor yet alone the Troyan blood was shed:
Manhod oft times into the vanquist brest
Returnes, wherby some victors Grekes ar slain.
Cruel complaintes, and terror euery where,
And plentie of grieslie pictures of death.
And first with us Androgeus there met,
Fellowed with a swarming rout of Grekes:
Deming vs, unware, of that feloship:
With frendly words whom thus he cald vnto:
Hast ye, my frendes; what slouth hath taried you?
Your feers now sack, and spoile the burning Troy:
From the tall ships where ye but newly come.
When he had sayd, and heard no answer made
To him againe wherto he might geue trust:
Finding him self chaunced amid his foes,
Mazde he withdrew his foote back with his word:
Like him, that wandring in the bushes thick,
Trades on the adder with his rechlesse foote,
Rered for wrath swelling her speckled neck,
Dismayd, geues back all sodenly for fere.
Androgeus so feard of that sight stept back:
And we gan rush amid the thickest rout:
Where here and there we did them ouerthrow,
Striken with dred, unskilfull of the place.
Our first labour thus lucked well with vs.
Chorebus thus encouraged by his chaunce,
Reioysing sayd: 'Hold fourth the way of health
(My feers) that hap, and manhod hath vs taught:
Change we our shields; the Grekes armes do we on:
Craft, or manhod, with foes what reckes it which?
The slaine to vs their armure they shall yeld.
And with that word Androgeus crested helme,
And the rich armes of his shield did he on:
A Grekish swerd he guided by his side:
Like gladly Dimas, and Ripheus did:
The whole youth gan then clad in the new spoiles.
Mingled with Grekes for no good fuck to vs
We went, and gaue many onsets that night,
And many a Greke we sent to Plutoes court.
Other there fled and hasted to their ships,
And to their costes of saueguard ran againe.
And some there were, for shameful cowardrie,
Clamb vp againe vnto the hugie horse,
And did them hide in his wel-knowen womb.
Ay me, bootelesse it is for any whight
To hope on ought, against the will of the Gods.
Loe where Cassandra, Priams daughter dere,
From Pallas chirch was drawn with sparkled tresse,
Lifting in vain her flaming eyen to heuen:
Her eyen: for fast her tender wrestes were bound.
Which sight Chorebus raging could not bere,
Recklesse of death; but thrust amid the throng:
And after we through thickest of the swerdes.
Here were we first yhatred with the dartes
Of our owne feers, from the hye temples top:
Wherby of ye grete slaughter did ensue,
Mistaken by our Grekish armes and crestes.
Then flockt the Grekes, moued with wrath, and ire,
Of the Urgin from them so rescued;
The fell Ajax, and either Atrides,
And the great band cleped the Dolopes.
As wrastling windes, out of dispersed whirl,
Befight themselues, the west with southern blast,
And gladsome east proud of Auroraes horse:
The woods do whiz; and fomy Nereus,
Raging in furie, with three forked mace
From bottoms depth doth weltre up the seas.
So came the Grekes: And such, as by deceit
We sparkled erst in shadow of the night,
And draue about our town, appered first:
Our fained shields and wepons then they found,
And by sound our discording voice they knew.
We went to wreck with nomber ouerlayd.
And by the hand of Peneleus first
Chorebus fel before the altar dead
Of armed Pallas: and Rypheus eke,
The iustest man among the Troians all,
And he that best obserued equitie;
But otherwyse it pleased now the Gods.
There Hipanis, and Dimas both were slaine,
Through pearced with the wepons of their feers:
Nor thee, Penthus, when thou wast ouerthrown,
Pitie, nor zele of good deuotion,
Nor habit yet of Phebus hid from scathe.
Ye Troyan ashes, and last flames of mine,
I cal in witnesse, that at your last fall
I fled no stroke of any Grekish swerd:
And if the fates wold I had fallen in fight,
That with my hand I did deserue it well.
With this from thence I was recuiled back,
With Iphytus, and Pelias alone:
Iphytus weke and feble all for age,
Pelias lamed by Ulyssez hand.
To Priams palace crye did eal vs then.
Here was the fight right hideous to behold:
As though there had no battail ben but there,
Or slaughter made els-where throughout the town:
A fight of rage and furie there we saw.
The Grekes toward the palace rushed fast
And couered with engines the gates beset,
And rered vp ladders against the walles,
Under the windowes scaling by their steppes,
Fenced with sheldes in their left hands, wheron
They did receiue the dartes, while their right hands
Griped for hold th' embatel of the wall.
The Troyans on the tother part rend down
The turrets hye, and eke the palace roofe:
With such weapons they shope them to defend,
Seeing all lost, now at the point of death:
The gilt sparres, and the beames then threw they down,
Of old fathers the proud and royal workes:
And with drawn swerds some did beset the gates,
Which they did watch and kepe in routes full thick.
Our sprites restorde to rescue the kings house,
To help them, and to geue the vanquisht strength.
A postern with a blinde wicket there was,
A common trade to passe through Priam's house;
On the backside wherof wast houses stood:
Which way eftsithes, while that our kingdome dured,

Th' unfortunate Andromache aloue
Resorted to the parentes of her make,
With yong Astyanax his grandsire to see.
Here passed I vp to the hyest toure,
From whense the wretched Troyans did throw down
Dartes spent in wast. Unto a turret then
We stept, the which stood in a place aloft;
The top wherof did reach well nere the sterres:
Where we were wont all Troye to behold,
The Grekish nauie, and their tents also,
With instruments of iron gan we pick,
To seke where we might finde the ioyning shronk
From that high seat, which we razed, and threw down:
Which falling gaue fourthwith a rushing sound,
And large in breadth on Grekish routes it light.
But sone another sort stept in theyr stede:
No stone vnthrown, nor yet no dart vncast.
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, in the porche,
Reioysing in his dartes, with glittring armes;
Like to the adder with venimous herbes fed,
Whom cold winter all boine hid vnder ground:
And shining bright when she her slough had slong.
Her slipper back doth rowle with forked tong,
And raised brest, lift vp against the sun.
With that together came great Periphas,
Antomedon eke that guided had sometime
Achilles horse, now Pyrrhus armure bare:
And eke with him the warlike Scyrian youth
Assayld the house, and threw flame to the top:
And he an axe before the foremost raught;
Wherwith he gan the strong gates hew, and break:
From whens he bet the staples out of brasse,
He brake the barres, and through the timber pearst
So large a hole wherby they might discerne
The house, the court, the secret chambers eke
Of Priamus, and auncient kings of Troy,
And armed foes in thentrie of the gate.
But the palace within confounded was
With wayling, and with ruful shrikes and cryes:
The hollow halles did howle of womens plaint:
The clamor strake up to the golden sterres.
The frayd mothers, wandring through the wide house,
Embracing pillars, did them hold and kisse.
Pyrrhus assaileth with his fathers might:
Whom the closures ne kepers might hold out.
With often pushed ram the gate did shake:
The postes beat down remoued from their hookes:
By force they made the way, and thentrie brake.
And now the Grekes let in, the formest slew:
And the large palace with soldiars gan to fill.
Nor so fercely doth ouerflow the feldes
The foming flood, that brekes out of his bankes:
Whoes rage of waters beares away what heapes
Stand in his way, the coates, and eke the herdes:
As in thentrie of slaughter furious
I saw Pyrrhus, and either Atrides.
There Hecuba I saw with a hundred moe
Of her sons wyues, and Priam at the altar,
Sprinkling with blood his flame of sacrifice.
Fiftie bed-chambers of his childrens wyues,
With losse of so great hope of his ofspring.
The pillars eke proudly beset with gold,
And with the spoiles of other nations,
Fell to the ground: and whatso that with flame
Untouched was, the Grekes did all possesse.
Parcase yow wold ask what was Priams fate,
When of his taken town he saw the chaunce,
And the gates of his palace beaten down;
His foes amid his secret chambers eke:
Thold man in vaine did on his sholders then,
Trembling for age, his curace long disused:
His bootelesse swerd he girded him about:
And ran amid his foes, redy to dye.
Amid the court vnder the heuen all bare
A great altar there stood, by which there grew
An old laurel tree bowing therunto,
Which with his shadow did embrace the gods.
Here Hecuba, with her yong daughters all,
About the altar swarmed were in vaine:
Like doues, that flock together in the storme:
The statues of the Gods embracing fast.
But when she saw Priam had taken there
His armure, like as though he had been yong:
What furious thought, my wretched spouse, quod she,
Did moue thee now such wepons for to weld?
Why hastest thow? This time doth not require
Such succor, ne yet such defenders now:
No, though Hector my son were here againe.
Come hether: this altar shall saue vs all:
Or we shall dye together. Thus she sayd:
Wherwith she drew him back to her, and set
The aged man down in the holy seat.
But loe Polites, one of Priams sons,
Escaped from the slaughter of Pyrrhus,
Comes fleeing through the wepons of his foes
Searching all wounded the long galleries;
And the voyd courtes: whom Pyrrhus all in rage
Followed fast, to reache a mortal wound;
And now in hand well nere strikes with his spere,
Who fleing fourth, till he came now in sight
Of his parentes, before their face fell down,
Yelding the ghost, with flowing streames of blood.
Priamus then, although he were half ded,
Might not kepe in his wrath, nor yet his words:
But cryeth out: For this thy wicked work,
And boldnesse eke such thing to enterprise,
If in the heauens any iustice be,
That of such things takes any care or kepe,
According thankes the gods may yeld to the:
And send thee eke thy iust deserued hyre,
That made me see the slaughter of my childe,
And with his blood defile the fathers face.
But he, by whom thou fainst thy self begot,
Achilles was to Priam not so stern.
For loe he, tendring my most humble sute,
The right, and faith, my Hectors bloodlesse corps
Rendred, for to be layd in sepulture,
And sent me to my kingdome home againe.
Thus sayd the aged man; and therewithall
Forcelesse he cast his weake vnweldy dart:
Which repulst from the brasse, where it gaue dint
Without sound, hong vainly in the shields bosse.
Quod Pyrrhus, Then thou shalt this thing report:
On message to Pelide my father go:
Shew vnto him my cruel dedes, and how
Neoptolem is swarued out of kinde.
Now shalt thou dye, quod he. And with that word
At the altar him trembling gan he draw,
Wallowing through the blodshed of his son:
And his left hand all clasped in his heare:
With his right arme drewe fourth his shining sword,
Which in his side he thrust vp to the hilts:
Of Priamus this was the fatal fine,
The wofull end that was alotted him:
When he had seen his palace all on flame,
With ruine of his Troyan turrets eke,

That royal prince of Asie, which of late
Reignd ouer so many peoples and realmes,
Like a great stock now lieth on the shore:
This hed and sholders parted ben in twaine:
A body now without renome, and fame.
Then first in me entred the grisly feare:
Dismayd I was. Wherwith came to my mind
The image eke of my dere father, when
I thus beheld the king of equal age
Yeld up the sprite with wounds so cruelly.
Then thought I of Creusa left alone:
And of my house in danger of the spoile:
And the estate of yong Iulus eke.
I looked back to seke what nomber then
I might discern about me of my feeres.
But weried they had left me all alone:
Some to the ground were lopen from aboue;
Some in the flame their irked bodies cast.
There was no moe but I left of them all:
When that I saw in Uestaes temple sit
Dame Helen, lurking in a secret place:
(Such light the flame did giue as I went by,
While here and there I cast mine eyen about)
For she in dred, least that the Troians shold
Reuenge on her the ruine of their walles,
And of the Grekes the cruel wrekes also,
The furie eke of her forsaken make,
The common bane of Troy, and eke of Grece,
Hateful she sate beside the altars hid.
Then boyld my brest with flame, and burning wrath,
To reuenge my town vnto such ruine brought:
With worthy peines on her to work my will.
Thought I: Shall she passe to the land of Spart
All safe, and see Mycene her native land,
And like a quene returne with victorie
Home to her spouse, her parentes, and children,
Folowed with a traine of Troyan maides,
And serued with a band of Phrygian slaues:
And Priam eke with iron murdred thus,
And Troye town consumed all with flame,
Whoes shore hath ben so oft forbathed in blood?
No so: for though on wemen the reuenge
Unsemely is; such conquest hath no fame:
To geue an end vnto such mischief yet
My iust reuenge shall merit worthy praise;
And quiet eke my minde, for to be wroke
On her which was the causes of this flame,
And satisfy the cinder of my feers.
With furious minde while I did argue thus,
My blessed mother then appeard to me,
Whom erst so bright mine eyes had neuer seen,
And with pure light she glistred in the night,
Disclosing her in forme a Goddesse like,
As she doth seme to such as dwell in heuen.
My right hand then she toke, and held it fast,
And with her rosie lips thus did she say:
Son, what furie hath thus prouoked thee
To such vntamed wrath? why ragest thow?
Or where is now become the care of vs?
Wilt thou not first go see where thou hast left
Anchises thy father fordone with age?
Doth Creusa liue, and Ascanius thy son?
Whom now the Grekish bands haue round beset:
And, were they not defensed by my care,
Flame had them raught and enmies swerd ere this.
Not Helens beautie hatefull vnto thee,
Nor blamed Paris yet, but the Gods wrath
Reft yow this wealth, and ouerthrew your town.
Behold (and I shall now the cloude remoue,
Which ouercast thy mortal sight doth dim:
Whoes moisture doth obscure all thinges about:
And fere not thow to do thy mothers will,
Nor her aduise refuse thow to performe)
Here where thow seest the turrets ouerthrown,
Stone bet from stone, smoke rising mixt with dust,
Neptunus there shakes with his mace the walles,
And eke the loose foundations of the same,
And ouerwhelms the whole town from his seat:
And cruell Iuno with the formest here
Doth kepe the gate that Scea cleped is,
Nere wood for wrath, whereas she standes, and calls
In harnesse bright the Grekes out of their ships:
And in the turrets hye behold where standes
Bright shining Pallas, all in warlike wede,
And with her shield where Gorgons hed apperes;
And Iupiter my father distributes
Auayling strength, and courage to the Grekes:
Yet ouermore, against the Troyan power,
He doth provoke the rest of all the gods.
Flee then my son, and geue this trauail end:
Ne shall I thee forsake, in sauegard till
I haue thee brought vnto thy fathers gate.
This did she say: and therwith gan she hide
Her self in shadow of the close night.
Then dredful figures gan appere to me,
And great Gods eke aggreued with our town.
I saw Troye fall down in burning gledes:
Neptunus town clene razed from the soil:
Like as the elm forgrown in mountains hye,
Round hewen with axe, that husbandmen
With thick assaultes striue to teere up, doth threat;
And hact beneath trembling doth bend his top,
Till yold with strokes, geuing the latter crack,
Rent from the heighth, with ruine it doth fall.
With this I went, and guided by a God
I passed through my foes, and eke the flame:
Their wepons, and the fire eke gaue me place.
And when that I was come before the gates,
The auncient building of my fathers house:
My father, whom I hoped to conuey
To the next hils, and did him thearto treat,
Refused either to prolong his life,
Or bide exile after the fall of Troy.
All ye, quod he, in whom yong blood is fresh,
Whoes strength remaines entier and in full powr,
Take ye your flight.
For if the Gods my life wold haue proroged,
They had reserud for me this wonning place.
It was enough, alas, and eke to much,
To see the town of Troy thus razed ones:
To haue lined after the citee taken.
When ye have sayd, this corps layd out forsake:
My hand shall seke my death, and pitie shal
Mine enmies moue, or els hope of my spoile.
As for my graue, I wey the losse but light:
For I my yeres disdainfull to the Gods
Haue lingred fourth, vnable to all nedes,
Sins that the fire of Gods and king of men
Strake me with thonder, and with leuening blast.
Such things he gan reherse, thus firmly bent:
But me bespreut with teres, my tender son,
And eke my swete Creusa, with the rest
Of the houshold, my father gan beseche,
Not so with him to perish all at ones,
Nor so to yeld vnto the cruel fate,
Which he refused, and stack to his entent.
Driuen I was to harnesse then againe,
Miserably my death for to desire.
For what aduise or other hope was left?

Father, thoughtst thow that I may ones remoue
Quod I, a foote, and leaue thee here behinde?
May such a wrong passe from a fathers mouth?
If Gods will be, that nothing here be saued
Of this great town, and thy minde bent to ioyne
Both thee and thine to ruine of this town:
The way is plaine this death for to attaine.
Pyrrhus shall come besprent with Priams blood,
That gored the son before the fathers face,
And slew the father at the altar eke.
O sacred mother, was it then for this,
That you me led through flame, and wepons sharp,
That I might in my secret chaumber see
Mine enmies, and Ascanius my son,
My father, with Creusa my swete wife,
Murdred, alas, the one in thothers blood?
Why seruants then, bring me my armes againe.
The latter day vs vanquished doth call.
Render me now to the Grekes fight againe:
And let me see the fight begon of new:
We shall not all vnwroken dye this day.
About me then I girt my sword again,
And eke my shield on my left sholder cast,
And bent me so to rush out of the house.
Lo in my gate my spouse clasping my feet,
Foregainst his father yong Iulus set.
If thow wilt go, quod she, and spill thy self
Take vs with thee in all that may betide.
But as expert if thow in armes haue set
Yet any hope, then first this house defend,
Whearas thy son, and eke thy father dere,
And I somtime thine owne dere wife, ar left.
Her shrill loud voice with plaint thus filld the house;
When that a sodein monstrous maruel fell:
For in their sight, and woefull parents armes,
Behold a light out of the butten sprang
That in tip of Iulus cap did stand:
With gentle touch whoes harmlesse flame did shine,
Upon his heare, about his temples spred:
And we afraid trembling for dredful fere
Bet out the fire from his blasing tresse,
And with water gan quench the sacred flame.
Anchises glad his eyen lift to the sterres:
With hands his voice to heauen thus he bent.
If by praier, almighty Jupiter,
Inclined thou mayst be: behold, vs then
Of ruth: at least if we so much deserue.
Graunt eke thine ayd, father; confirm this thing.
Scarse had the old man said, when that the heuens
With sodein noise thondred on the left hand:
Out of the skie by the dark night there fell
A blazing sterne, dragging a brand or flame:
Which with much light gliding on the house top,
In the forest of Ida hid her beames:
The which full bright cendleing a furrow shone,
By a long tract appointing vs the way:
And round about of brimstone rose a fume.
My father vanquist, then beheld the skies,
Spake to the Gods, and tholy sterre adored:
Now, now, quod he, no longer I abide:
Felow I shall where ye me guide at hand.
O natiue Gods, your familie defend,
Preserue your live, this warning comes of you,
And Troyè stands in your protection now:
Now geue I place, and wherso that thou goe,
Refuse I not, my sonne, to be thy feer.
Thus did he say: and by that time more clere
The cracking flame was heard throughout the walles,
And more and more the burning heat drew nere.
Why then haue done, my father dere, quod I,
Bestride my neck fourthwith, and sit thereon,
And I shal with my sholders thee susteine:
Ne shal this labor do me any dere.
What so betide, come perill, come welfare,
Like to vs both and common there shal be.
Yong Iulus shall beare me company;
And my wife shal follow far of my steppes.
Now ye my seruantes, mark well what I say:
Without the town ye shall find, on an hill,
And old temple there standes, wheras somtime
Worship was don to Ceres the Goddesse:
Biside which growes an aged cipresse tree,
Preserued long by our forefathers zele.
Behind which place let vs together mete,
And thow father receiue into thy handes
The reliques all, and the Gods of the land:
The which it were not lawfull I should touch,
That come but late from slaughter and bloodshed,
Till I be washed in the running flood.
When I had sayd these wordes, my sholders brode,
And laied neck with garmentes gan I spred,
And theron cast a yellow lions skin,
And therupon my burden I receiue.
Young Iulus, clasped in my right hand,
Followeth me fast with vnegal pace:
And at my back my wife. Thus did we passe,
By places shadowed most with the night.
And me, whom late the dart which enmies threw,
Nor preasse of Argive routes could make amazde,
Eche whispring wind hath power now to fray,
And euery sound to moue my doubtfull mind:
So much I dred my burden and my feer.
And now we gan draw nere vnto the gate,
Right well escapt the daunger, as we thought:
When that at hand a sound of feet we heard.
My father then, gazing throughout the dark,
Cried out on me: Flee, son, they ar at hand.
With that bright sheldes, and shene armours I saw.
But then I knowe not what vnfrendly God
My trobled wit from me biraft for fere:
For while I ran by the most secret stretes,
Eschuing still the common haunted track,
From me catif, alas, bereued was
Creusa then my spouse, I wote not how:
Whether by fate, or missing of the way,
Or that she was by werinesse reteind:
But neuer sithe these eies might her behold:
Nor did I yet perceive that she was lost;
Ne neuer backward turned I my mind,
Till we came to the hill, whereas there stood
The old temple dedicate to Ceres.
And when that we were there assembled all,
She was only away, deceiuing vs
Her spouse, her son, and all her compainie.
What God, or man did I not then accuse,
Nere wood for ire? or what more cruell chaunce
Did hap to me, in all Troies ouerthrow?
Ascanius to my feeres I then betoke,
With Anchises and eke the Troian Gods,
And left them hid within a valley depe.
And to the towne I gan me hye againe,
Clad in bright armes, and bent for to renew
Auentures past, to search throughout the town,
And yeld my hed to perils ones againe.
And first the walles and dark entrie I sought
Of the same gate, wherat I issued out:
Holding backward the steppes wher we had come
In the dark night, loking all round about:
In euery place the ugsyme sights I saw;

The silence selfe of night agast my sprite.
From hense againe I past vnto our house,
If she by chaunce had ben returned home.
The Grekes were there, and had it all beset:
The wasting fire blown vp by drift of wind,
Aboue the roofes the blazing flame sprang up:
The sound wherof with furie pearst the skies.
To Priams palace and the Castel then
I made: and there at Iunous sanctuair
In the void porches Phenix, Ulisses eke,
Sterne guardens stood, watching of the spoile.
The richesse here were set rest from the brent
Temples of Troy: the table of the Gods,
The vessels eke that were of massy gold,
And vestures spoiled, were gatherd all in heap;
The children orderly, and mothers, pale
For fright,
Long ranged on a rowe stode round about.
So bold was I to showe my voice that night;
With clepes and cries to fill the stretes throughout,
With Creuse name in sorrow, with vain teres;
And often sithes the same for to repete.
The town restlesse with furie as I sought,
Th' unlucky figure of Creusaes ghost,
Of stature more than wont, stood fore mine eyen.
Abashed then I waxe: therwith my heare
Gan start right vp: my voice stuck in my throte.
When with such words she gan my hart remoue:
What helps to yeld vnto such furious rage,
Swete spouse, quod she, without wil of the gods
This chaunced not: ne fefull was for thee,
To lead away Creusa hense with thee:
The king of the hye heuen suffreth it not.
A long exile thou art assigned to bere:
Long to furrow large space of stormy seas:
So shalt thou reach at last Hesperian land,
Wher Lidian Tiber with his gentle streme
Mildly doth flow along the frutfull feldes.
There mirthful wealth, there kingdom is for thee,
There a kinges child preparde to be thy make.
For thy beloued Creusa stint thy teres:
For now shal I not see the proud abodes
Of Myrmidons, nor yet of Dolopes:
Ne I a Troyan lady, and the wife
Unto the sonne of Uenus the Goddesse,
Shall goe a slaue to serue the Grekish dames.
Me here the Gods great mother holdes.
And now farwell: and kepe in fathers brest
The tender loue of thy yong son and myne.
This hauing said, she left me all in teres,
And minding much to speake: but she was gone,
And suttly fled into the weightlesse aire.
Thrise raught I with mine armes taccoll her neck;
Thrise did my hands vaine holde thimage escape;
Like nimble windes, and like the fleing dreame.
So night spent out, return I to my feeres:
And ther wondring I find together swarmd
A new nomber of mates, mothers, and men,
A rout exiled, a wreched multitude,
From eche where flockke together, prest to passe,
With hart and goods, to whatsoeuer land
By sliding seas me listed them to lede.
And now rose Lucifer aboue the ridge
Of lusty Ide, and brought the dawning light,
The Grekes held thentries of the gates beset:
Of help there was no hope. Then gaue I place,
Toke up my sire, and hasted to the hill.

THE FOURTH BOKE OF VIRGILES AENÆIS.

But now the wounded Quene, with heuy care
Throughout the veines she norished the playe,
Surprised with blind flame; and to hir mind
Gan eke resort the prowesse of the man,
And honour of his race: while in her brest
Imprinted stuck his wordes, and pictures forme.
Ne to her limmes care graunteth quiet rest.
The next morow, with Phebus laump, the earth
Alighted clere: and eke the dawning day
The shadowes dark gan from the poale remoue;
When all vnsound her sister of like minde
Thus spake she to: O sister Ann, what dreames
Be these, that me tormented thus afray?
What new guest is this, that to our realm is come!
What one of chere? how stout of hart in armes!
Truly I think, ne vain is my belefe,
Of Goddish race some ofspring shold he be:
Cowardry notes hartes swarued out of kind.
He driven, lord, with how hard destiny!
What battailes eke atchieued did he recount!
But that my mind is fixed vnmoucably,
Neuer with wight in wedlock ay to ioyne;
Sith my first loue me left by death disseuered:
If geniall brands and bed me lothed not,
To this one gilt perchaunce yet might I yeld.
Anne, for I graunt, sith wretched Sichees death,
My spouse and house with brothers slaughter staind,
This onely man hath made my sences bend,
And pricked fourth the mind, that gan to slide:
Now feelingly I taste the steppes of mine old flame.
But first I wish, the earth me swalow down:
Or with thunder the mighty Lord me send.
To the pale gostes of hel, and darknes deepe:
Ere I thee staine, shamefastnes, or thy lawes.
He that with me first coppled, tooke away
My loue with him; enjoy it in his graue.
Thus did she say, and with suprised teares
Bained her brest. Wherto Anne thus replied:
O sister, dearer beloued then the lyght:
Thy youth alone in plaint still wilt thou spill?
Ne children swete, ne Uenus giftes wilt know?
Cinders, thinkest thou, mind this? or graued ghostes?
Time of thy doole, thy spouse new dead, I graunt,
None might thee moue: no not the Libyan king,
Nor yet of Tire: Iarbas set to light;
And other princes mo: whom the rich soile
Of Affrick breedes, in honours triumphant.
Wilt thou also gainstand thy liked loue?
Comes not to mind vpon whoes land thou dwelst?
On this side, loe the Getule town behold.
A people bold vnvanquished in warre;
Eke the vndaunted Numides compasse thee;
Also the Sirtes, vnfrendly harbroughe:
On thother hand a desart realme for-thrust,
The Barceans, whose fury stretcheth wide.
What shall I touch the warres that moue from Tire?
Or yet thy brothers threates?
By Gods purueiaunce it blewe, and Iunos helpe,
The Troiaynes shippes, I think, to runn this course.
Sister, what town shalt thou see this become?
Throgh such allie how shall our kingdom rise?
And by the aid of Troiane armes how great?
How many waies shal Carteges glorie grow?
Thou onely now beseech the Gods of grace

By sacrifice: which ended, to thy house
Receue him: and forge causes of abode:
Whiles winter frettes the seas, and watry Orion,
The shippes shaken, vnfrendly the season.
Such wordes enflamed the kindled mind with loue,
Loosed al shame, and gaue the doutfull hope.
And to the temples first they hast, and seeke
By sacrifice for grace, with hogreles of two yeares
Chosen as ought, to Ceres, that gaue lawes,
To Phebus, Bachus, and to Iuno chiefe,
Which hath in care the bandes of mariage.
Faire Dido held in her right hand the cup,
Which twixt the hornes of a white cowe she shed
In presence of the Gods, passing before
The aulters fatte, which she renewed oft
With giftes that day, and beasts debowled;
Gasing for counsell on the entrales warme.
Ay me, vnskilfull mindes of prophesy!
Temples, or vowes, what boote they in her rage?
A gentle flame the mary doth deuoure,
Whiles in the brest the silent wound keepes life.
Unhappy Dido burns, and in her rage
Throughout the town she wandreth vp and down:
Like the stricken Hinde with shaft, in Crete
Throughout the woods which chasing with his darte
Aloofe, the shepheard smiteth at vnwares,
And leaues unwist in her the thirling head:
That through the greues, and landes glides in her fight;
Amid whose side the mortall arrow stickes.
Aeneas now about the walles she leades,
The towne prepared, and Cartage welth to shew;
Offring to speak, amid her voice, she whistes.
And when the day gan faile, new feastes she makes;
The Troies trauailes to heare a-new she listes,
Inraged al: and stareth in his face
That tels the tale. And when they were al gone,
And the dimme mone doth eft withold the light,
And sliding sterres prouoked vnto sleepe;
Alone she mournes within her palace voide;
And sets her down on her forsaken bed:
And absent him she heares, when he is gone,
And seeth eke: oft in her lappe she holdes
Ascanius, trapt by his fathers forme:
So to begile the loue, can not be told.
The turrettes now arise not, erst begonne;
Nether the youth weldes armes, nor they auance
The portes, nor other mete defence for warr:
Broken there hang the workes and mighty frames
Of walles high raised, threatening the skie.
Whom assoone as Ioues deare wife saw infect
With such a plage, ne fame resist the rage:
Saturnès daughter thus burdes Uenus then:
Great praise, quod she, and worthy spoiles you
You and your son: great Gods of memory, [win,
By both your wiles one woman to devower.
Yet am I not deceiued, that foreknew
Ye dread our walles, and bildinges gan suspect
Of high Cartage. But what shal be the ende?
Or whereunto now serueth such debate?
But rather peace, and bridale bandes knit we,
Sith thou hast spede of that, thy heart desired:
Dido doth burne with loue, rage fretes her boones;
This people now as common to vs both,
With equal fauour let vs gouern then;
Lefull be it to serue a Troian spouse;
And Tirianes yeld to thy right hand in dowre.
To whom Uenus replied thus; (that knewe
Her wordes proceded from a fained minde,
To Libian coastes to turne thempire from Rome.)
What wight so fond, such offer to refuse?
Or yet with thee had lener striue in warr?
So bet it fortune thy tale bring to effect:
But destenies I dout: least Ioue will graunt,
That folk of Tire, and such as came from Troie,
Should hold one town; or graunt these nacions
Mingled to be, or ioyned ay in leage.
Thou ar his wife; lefull it is for the
For to attempt his fansie by request:
Passe on before and folow the I shal:
Quene Iuno then thus tooke her tale againe:
This travaile be it mine: but by what meane
Marke, in fewe wordes I shal thee lerne eftsones,
This worke in hand may now be compassed.
Aneas now, and wretched Dido eke
To the forest a hunting minde to wende
To morne, as soon as Titan shall ascend,
And with his beames hath ouerspred the world:
And whiles the winges of youth do swarm about,
And whiles they raunge to ouer-set the groues,
A cloudie showr mingled with haile I shall
Poure down, and then with thonder shake the skies,
Thassemble scattered the mist shall cloke.
Dido a caue, the Troyan prince the same
Shall enter to; and I will be at hand:
And if thy will sticke vnto mine, I shall
In wedlocke sure knit, and make her his own:
Thus shall the maryage be. To whose request
Without debate Uenus did seme to yeld,
And singled soft, as she that found the wyle.
Then from the seas, the Dawning gan arise:
The Sun once vp, the chosen youth gan throng
Out at the gates: the hayes so rarely knit;
The hunting staues with their brod heads of steele:
And of Masile the horsemen fourth they brake;
Of senting houndes a kenel huge likewise.
And at the threshold of her chamber dore,
The Carthage Lords did on the Quene attend.
The trampling steed with gold and purple trapt,
Chawing the fomie bit, there fercely stood.
Then issued she, awayted with great train,
Clad in a cloke of Tyre embradred riche.
Her quyuer hung behind her back, her tresse
Knotted in gold, her purple vesture eke
Butned with gold. The Troyans of her train
Before her go with gladsome Iulus.
Aeneas eke the goodliest of the route
Makes one of them, and ioyneth close the throngs:
Like when Apollo leaueth Lycia
His wintring place, and Xanthus floods likewise,
To viset Delos his mothers mansion;
Repairing eft and furnishing her quire:
The Candians, and folkes of Driopes,
With painted Agathirsies shoute and crye,
Enuironing the altars round about:
When that he walks vpon mount Cynthus top:
His sparkled tresse represt with garlandes soft
Of tender leaues, and trussed vp in gold:
His quiuering dartes clattring behind his back.
So fresh and lustie did Aeneas seme:
Such lordly port in present countenaunce.
But to the hils, and wild holtes when they came:
From the rocks top the driuen sauage rose:
Loe from the hill aboue on thother side,
Through the wyde lawnds, they gan to take their course:

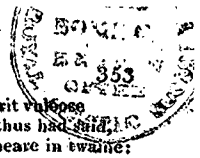
The harts likewise, in troupes taking their flight,
Raysing the dust, the mountains fast forsake.
The child Iulus, blithe of his swift steede,
Amids the plain now pricks by them, now these:
And to encounter wisheth oft in minde
The foming Bore, in steede of ferefull beasts;
Or Lion brown might from the hill descend.
In the mean while the skies gan rumble sore:
In tayle therof, a mingled showr with hayle.
The Tyrian folk, and eke the Troyans youth,
And Uenus nephew the cotages for feare
Sought round about; the floods fell from the hils.
Dido a den, the Troyan prince the same,
Chaunced vpon. Our mother then the Earth,
And Iuno that hath charge of mariage,
First tokens gaue with burning gledes of flame:
And priuie to the wedlock, fightning Skies:
And the Nymphes yelled from the mountains top.
Ay me, this was the first day of their mirth,
And of their harmes the first occasion eke.
Respect of fame no longer her witholdes:
Nor museth now to frame her loue by steith.
Wedlock she cals it: vnder the pretence
Of which fayre name she cloketh now her faut.
Forthwith Fame flieth through the great Lybian towns:
A mischefe Fame, there is none els so swift;
That mouing growes, and flitting gathers force:
First small for dred, sone after climes the skies:
Stayeth on earth, and hides her hed in cloudes.
Whom our mother the Earth, tempted by wrath
Of Gods, begat; the last sister, they write,
To Caeus, and to Enceladus eke;
Spedie of foote, of wyng likewise as swift,
A monster huge, and dredfull to descriue.
In euery plume, that on her body sticks,
A thing in dede much maruelous to heare,
As many waker eyes lurk vnderneath,
So many mouthes to speak, and listning eares.
By night she flies amid the cloudy skie,
Shriking by the dark shadow of the earth,
Ne doth decline to the swete sleepe her eyes:
By day she sits to mark on the house top,
Or turrets hye, and the great towns afraies:
As mindefull of yll and lyes, as blasing truth.
This monster blithe with many a tale gan sow
This rumor then into the common ears:
As well things don, as that was never wrought:
As that there comen is to Tyrians court
Aeneas one outsprong of Troyan blood,
To whom fair Dido wold her self be wed.
And that; the while, the winter long the passe
In foule delight, forgetting charge of reigne;
Led against honour with vnhonest lust.
This in eche mouth the filthie Goddesse spreds,
And takes her course to king Hiarbas straight;
Kindling his minde; with tales she feedes his wrath.
Gotten was he by Ammon Iupiter
Upon the rauisht Nimph of Garamant.
And hundred hugie great temples he built
In his farre stretching realmes to Iupiter;
Altars as many kept with waking flame,
A watche always vpon the Gods to tend:
The floores embrude with yelded blood of beastes,
And threshold spred with garlands of strange hue.
He wood of minde, kindled by bitter brute,
Tofore thaltars, in presence of the Gods,
With reared hands gan humble Ioue entreate:
Almighty God, whom the Moores nacion
Fed at rich tables presenteth with wine,
Seest thou these things? or feare we thee in vain,
When thou lettest flye thy thonder from the cloudes?
Or do those flames with vaine noyse us affray?
A woman, that wandring in our coastes hath bought
A plot for price, where she a citie set;
To whom we gaue the strond for to manure,
And lawes to rule our town; our wedlock lothed,
Hath chose Aeneas to commaund her realme.
That Paris now with his vnmanly sorte,
With mitred hats, with oynted bush and beard,
His rape enioyeth: whiles to thy temples we
Our offrings bring, and folow rumors vaine.
Whom praing in such sort, and griping eke
The altars fast, the mighty father heard:
And writhed his loke toward the royal walls,
And louers eke, forgetting their good name,
To Mercurie then gaue he thus in charge.
Hense son in haste, and call to thee the windes:
Slide with thy plumes, and tell the Troyan prince,
That now in Carthage loytereth, rechlesse
Of the towns graunted him by desteny:
Swift through the skies, see thow these words conuey:
His faire mother behight him not to vs
Such one to be; ne therefore twyse him saued
From Grekish armes; but such a one
As mete might seme great Italie to rule,
Dreedfull in arms, charged with seigniorie,
Shewing in profe his worthy Teucrian race;
And vnder lawes, the whole world to subdue.
If glorie of such things nought him inflame,
Ne he that listes seke honour by som paine:
The towers yet of Rome, being his sire
Doth he enuie to yong Ascanius?
What mindeth he to frame, or on what hope
In enmies land doth he make hys abode?
Ne his ofspring in Italie regardes?,
Ne yet the land of Lauin doth behold?
Bid him make sayle: haue here the sum and end:
Our message thus report. When Ioue had sayd,
Then Mercurie gan bend him to obey
His mighty fathers will: and to his heeles
His golden wings he knits, which him transport
With a light winde aboue the earth, and seas.
And then with him his wande he toke, whereby
He calles from hell pale gostes; and other some
Thether also he sendeth comfortlesse:
Wherby he forceth sleepes, and them bereues;
And mortal eies he closeth vp in deth.
By power wherof he driues the windes away;
And passeth eke amid the troubled cloudes:
Till in his flight he gan descrie the top,
And the stepe flankes of rocky Atlas hill;
That with his crowne sustaines the welkin vp:
Whose head forgrowen with pine, circled alway
With misty cloudes, beaten with wind and storme:
His shoulders spred with snow, and from his chin
The springs descend: his beard frosen with yse.
Here Mercury with equal shining winges
First touched; and with body headling bette
To the water thend took he his discent:
Like to the foule, that endlong costes and strondes
Swarming with fish, flyes sweping by the sea:
Cutting betwixt the windes and Lybian landes,
From his graundfather by the mothers side
Cyllene's child so came, and then alight
Upon the houses with his winged feete:

Tofore the towers when he Aeneas saw
Foundacions cast, arereing lodges new;
Girt with a sweard of lasper starry bright;
A shining parel, flamed with stately eie
Of Tirian purple, hong his shoulders down,
The gift and work of wealthy Didoes hand,
Stripped throughout with a thin thred of gold.
Thus he encounters him: Oh careless wight
Both of thy realme, and of thine own affaires;
A wifebound man now dost thou reare the walles
Of high Cartage, to build a goodly town!
From the bright skies the ruler of the Gods
Sent me to thee, that with his beck commaundes
Both heuen and earth: in hast he gaue me charge
Through this light aire this message thee to say:
What framest thou? or on what hope thy time
In idleness doth wast in Africk land?
Of so great things if nought the fame thee stirr,
Ne list by travail honour to pursue:
Ascanus yet, that waxeth fast, behold;
And the hope of Iulus seede thine heir;
To whom the realm of Italy belonges,
And soile of Rome. When Mercury had said:
Amid his tale, far of from mortal eies
Into light aire, he vanisht out of sight.
Aeneas with that vision stricken down,
Well nere bestraught, vpstart his heare for dread,
Amid his throtel his voice likewise gan stick.
For to depart by night he longeth now,
And the sweet land to leaue, astonied sore
With this advise and message of the Gods.
What may he do, alas? or by what words
Dare he persuade the raging Quene in loue?
Or in what sort may he his tale beginne?
Now here, now there his recklesse mind gan run,
And diuersly him drawes discoursing all.
After long doutes this sentence semed best:
Muestheus first, and strong Cleanthus eke;
He calles to him, with Sergest: vnto whom
He gaue in charge his nauie secretely
For to prepare; and driue to the sea coast
His people: and their armour to addresse:
And for the cause of change to faine excuse:
And that he, when good Dido least foreknew,
Or did suspect so great a loue could break,
Wold wait his time to speke therof most meete;
The nearest way to hasten his entent.
Gladly his wil, and biddings they obey.
Ful soone the Quene this crafty sleight gan smell,
Who can deceiue a louer in forecast?
And first foresaw the motions for to come:
Things most assured fearing: vnto whom
That wicked Fame reported, how to flight
Was armde the fleet, all redy to avale.
Then ill bested of counsell, rageth she;
And whisketh through the town: like Bacchus runne,
As Thias stirres, the sacred rites begon,
And when the wonted third yeres sacrifice
Doth prick her fourth, hering Bachus name
And that the festful night of Citheron [hailowed:
Doth call her fourth with noyes of dauncing.
At length her self bordeth Aeneas thus.
Unfaithfull wight, to cover such a fault
Coldest thou hope? vntwist to leaue my land?
Nor thee our loue, nor yet right hand betrothed,
Ne cruell death of Dido may withhold?
But that thou wilt in winter shippes prepare,
And trie the seas in broile of whorling windes?
What if the land, thou seekest, were not straunge?
If not vnknowen? or auncient Troye yet stoode?
In rough seas, yet should Troye towne be sought?
Shunnest thou me? By these teares, and right hand,
(For nought els haue I wretched lefte my self)
By our spousals and mariage begonne,
If I of thee deserued euer well
Or thing of mine were euer to thee leefe;
Rue on this realme, whoes ruine is at hand:
If ought be left that praier may auaile,
I thee beseche to do away this minde.
The Libians and tirans of Nomadane
For thee me hate: my Tirians eke for thee
Ar wroth: by thee my shamefastnes eke stained,
And good renoume, wherby vp to the starres
Perelesse I clame. To whom wilt thou me leaue
Redy to dye, my swete guest? sithe this name
Is all as now, that of a spouse remaines.
But wherto now shold I prolong my death?
What? vntil my brother Pigmalion
Beate downe my walls? or the Getulian king
Hiarbas yet captiue lead me away?
Before thy flight a child had I ones borne,
Or sene a yong Aeneas in my court
Play vp and down, that might present thy face,
All utterly I could not seeme forsaken.
Thus sayd the Quene: he to the Gods aduise
Unmoued held his eies, and in his brest
Represt his care, and stroue against his wil:
And these few wordes at last then forth he cast.
Neuer shall I desire (Quene) thy deserte,
Greater than thou in wordes may well expresse:
To think on thee, ne irk me aye it shall,
Whiles of my selfe I shall haue memory,
And whiles the spirit these limmes of mine shal rule.
For present purpose somwhat shall I say.
Neuer ment I to clok the same by stelth,
Sclaunder me not, ne to escape by flight:
Nor I to thee pretended mariage
Ne hyther cam to ioine me in such leage.
If desteny at mine own liberty
To lead my life would haue permitted me,
After my wil my sorow to redoub,
Troy and the remainder of our folke
Restore I shold: and with these scaped handes,
The walles again vnto thee vanquished,
And palace high of Priam eke repaire.
But now Apollo, called Grineus,
And prophecies of Licia me aduise
To sease vpon the realme of Italy:
That is my loue, my country, and my land,
If Cartage turrettes thee Phenicien borne,
And of a Libian town the sight deteine:
To vs Troians why doest thou then enuy
In Italy to make our risting seat?
Lefull is eke for vs strange realmes to seeke.
As oft as night doth cloke with shadowes darke
The earth as oft as flaming starres apere
The troubled ghost of my father Anchises
So soft in sleepe doth fray me, and advise:
The wronged hed by me of my deare sonne,
Whom I defraud of the Hisperian crown,
And landes alotted him by desteny.
The messenger eke of the Gods but late
Sent down from Ioue (I sware by eyther hed)
Passing the ayre, did this to me report:
In bright day light the God my self I saw
Entre these walles, and with these eares him heard.

Leue then, with plaint to vexe both the and me:
Against my will to Italy I go.
Whiles in this sort he did his tale pronounce;
With waiward looke she gan him ay behold,
And roling eies, that moued to and fro:
With silence looke discoursing ouer al;
And foorth in rage at last thus gan she brayde:
Faithlesse, forsworn, ne Goddesse was thy dam,
Nor Dardanus beginner of thy race;
But of hard rockes mount Caucase monstruous
Bred thee, and teats of Tyger gaue thee suck.
But what should I disemble now my chere?
Or me reserue to hope of greater things?
Mindes he our teares? or euer moued his eyen?
Wept he for ruth? or pitied he our loue?
What shall I set before? or where begin?
Iuno nor Ioue with iust eyes this beholds.
Faith is no where in suretie to be found.
Did I not him thrown vp vpon my shore
In neede receiue, and fonded eke inuest
Of halfe my realme? his nauie lost, repair?
From deathes daunger his fellowes eke defend?
Ay me, with rage and furies Ioe I driue!
Apollo now, now Lycien prophesies,
Another while the messenger of Gods
(He sayes) sent down from mighty Ioue himself
The dredfull charge amid the skies hath brought.
As though that were the trauail of the Gods,
Or such a care their quietnes might moue.
I hold thee not, nor yet gainsay thy words:
To Italy passe on by helpe of windes,
And through the ffoods go searche thy kingdom new.
If ruthful gods haue any power, I trust,
Amid the rocks, thy guerdon thou shalt finde;
When thou shalt clepe full oft on Didos name.
With burial brandes I absent shall thee trace:
And when cold death from life these limes deuides,
My gost eche where shall still on thee awaite:
Thou shalt abye, and I shall here thereof:
Among the soules below thy brute shall come.—
With such like wordes she cut of half her tale,
With pensiue hart abandoning the light:
And from his sight, her self gan far remoue;
Forsaking him, that many things in fere
Imagined, and did prepare to say.
Her swouning lims her damsels gan releue,
And to her chamber bare of marble stone:
And layd her on her bed with tapets spred.
But iust Aeneas, though he did desire
With comfort swete her sorows to appease,
And with his words to banish all her cares
Wailing her much, with great loue ouercome:
The Gods will yet he woorketh, and resortes
Unto his nauie. Where the Troyans fast
Fell to their worke from the shore to vnstock
High rigged ships: now fleetes the talowed kele:
Their oars with leaues yet grene from wood they bring,
And masts unshaue for last, to take their flight.
You might haue sene them throng out of the town:
Like ants, when they do spoile the bing of corne,
For winters dred, which they beare to their den:
When the black swarm creeps ouer all the fields,
And thwart the grasse by strait pathes drags their pray:
The great graines then som on their shoulders trusse,
Some driue the troupe, some chastice eke the slow:
That with their trauail chafed is eche pathe.
Beholding this, what thought might Dido haue?
What sighes gaue she? when from her towers hye
The large coasts she saw haunted with Troyans workes,
And in her sight the seas with din confounded?
O witlesse Ioue, what thing is that to do
A mortal minde thou canst not force thereto?
Forced she is to teares ay to returne,
With new requestes, to yeld her hart to Ioue:
And least she should before her causelesse death
Leaue any thing vntried: O sister Anne,
Quoth she, behold the whole coast round about,
How they prepare, assembled euery where:
The streming sailes abiding but for wynde:
The shipmen crowne their ships with bows for joy.
O sister, if so great a sorow I
Mistrusted had, it were more light to beare.
Yet nathelesse this for me wretched wight,
Anne, shalt thou do: for faithles, thee alone
He reuerenced, thee eke his secretes tolde:
The metest time thou knewest to borde the man:
To my proud foe, thus sister humbly say;
I with the Grekes within the port Aulide
Coniured not the Troyans to destroy:
Nor to the walles of Troy yet sent my fleete:
Nor cynders of his father Anchises
Disturbed haue out of his sepulture.
Why lettes he not my wordes sinke in his eares
So harde to ouertreate? whither whirles he?
This last boone yet graunt he to wretched Ioue:
Prosperous windes for to depart with ease
Let him abide: the foresayde mariage now,
That he betraied, I do not him require;
Nor that he should faire Italy forego:
Neither I would, he should his kingdom leaue.
Quiet I aske, and a time of delay,
And respite eke my furye to asswage,
Till my mishap teach me, all comfortlesse,
How for to wayle my grief. This latter grace,
Sister, I craue; have thou remorse of me:
Whiche if thou shalt vouchsafe, with heaps I shall
Leaue by my death redoubled vnto thee. [playne:
Moisted with teares, thus wretched gan she
Which Anne reportes, and answere brings againe,
Nought tears him moue, ne yet to any wordes
He can be framed with gentle minde to yelde.
The Werdes withstande, a God stops his meke eares.
Like to the aged boysteous bodied oke,
The which among the Alpes the Northerne windes
Blowyng now from this quarter, now from that,
Betwixt them striue to ouerwhelme with blastes;
The whistlyng ayre among the braunches rores;
Which all at once bow to the earth her croppes,
The stocke once smit: whiles in the rockes the tree [toppe
Stickes fast: and loke, how hye to the heauen her
Reares vp, so deepe her roote sprodes downe to hell.
So was this Lorde now here now there beset,
With wordes, in whose stoute brest wrought many cares:
But still his minde in one remaines, in vaine
The teares were shed. Then Dido frayde of fates,
Wisheth for death, irked to see the skyes.
And that she might the rather worke her will,
And leaue the light (a grisely thing to tell)
Upon the altars burnyng full of cense
When she set giftes of sacrifice, she saw
The holy watir stocks waxe blacke within:

The wine eke shed chaunge into filthy gore.
This she to none, not to her sister told.
A marble temple in her palace eke,
In memory of her old spouse, there stood,
In great honour and worship, which she held,
With snow white clothes deckt, and with bows of feast: [speche
Wherout was heard her husbandes voyce, and
Cleping for her, when dark night hid the earth:
And oft the Owle with rufull song complaind
From the house top, drawing long doiefull tunes:
And many things forespoke by prophets past
With dredfull warning gan her now affray:
And stern Aeneas semed in her slepe
To chase her stil about, distraught in rage:
And stil her thought, that she was left alone
Uncompanied great viages to wende,
In desert land her Tyrian folk to seeke.
Like Pentheus, that in his madnes saw
Swarming in flocks the furies all of hell,
Two suns remoue, and Thebes town shew twaine,
Or like Orestes Agamemnons son:
In tragedies who represented aye
As driuen about, that from his mother fled
Armed with brands, and eke with serpents black;
That sitting found within the temples porche
The vglie furies his slaughter to reuenge.
Yelden to wo, when phrensie had her caught,
Within her selfe then gan she well debate,
Full bent to dye, the time, and eke the meane:
And to her wofull sister thus she sayd,
In outward chere dissembling her entent,
Presenting hope vnder a semblant glad:
Sister reioyce, for I haue found the way
Him to returne, or lose me from his loue.
Toward the end of the great Ocean flood,
Whereas the wandring Sun discendeth hence,
In the extremes of Ethiope, is a place,
Where huge Atlas on his sholders turne
The sphere so round with flaming starres beset.
Borne of Massyle, I heare should be a Nunne;
That of th' Hesperian sisters temple old
And of their goodly garden, keper was;
That geues vnto the Dragon eke his foode,
That on the tree preserues the holy fruit;
That honie moyst, and sleeping poppey castes.
This woman doth auaunt, by force of charme
What hart she list to set at libertie:
And other some to perce with heuy cares:
In running flood to stop the waters course;
And eke the sterres their mouings to reuerse:
Tassemble eke the gostes that walk by night:
Under thy feete, thearth thou shalt behold
Tremble and rore: the okes come from the hill.
The Gods and thee, dere sister, now I call
In witnes, and thy hed to me so sweete,
To magike arts against my will I bend.
Right secretly within our inner court,
In open ayre reare vp a stack of wood;
And hang thereon the weapon of this man,
The which he left within my chamber stick:
His weedes despoiled all, and bridal bed
(Wherein alas, sister, I found my bane)
Charge thereupon: for so the Nunne commandes
To do away what did to him belong,
Of that false wight that might remembraunce bring.
Then whisted she; the pale her face gan staine,
Ne could yet Anne beleue, her sister ment
To cloke her death by this new sacrifice;
Nor in her brest such furie did conceiue:
Neither doth she now dred more greuous thing,
Then followed Sichees death: wherefore
She put her will in vre. But then the Quene,
When that the stak of wood was reared vp
Under the ayre within the inward court
With clouen oke, and billets made of fyrre,
With garlandes she doth all beset the place,
And with grene bows eke crown the funerall,
And thereupon his wedes and sword pleft,
And on a bed his picture she bestowes,
As she that well foreknew what was to come.
The altars stande about, and eke the Nunne
With sparkeled tresse; the which thre hundred Gods
With a loude voice doth thunder out at once,
Erebus the grisely, and Chaos huge,
And eke the threefolde Goddesse Hecate,
And three faces of Diana the virgin:
And sprincles eke the water counterfet
Like vnto blacke Auernus lake in hell:
And springyng herbes reapt vp with brasen sithes
Were sought after the night course of the Moone;
The venim blacke intermingled with milke;
The lumpe of fleshe twene the new borne foales eyen
To reue, that winneth from the damme her loue.
She with the mole all in her handes devout
Stode neare the aulter, bare of the one foote,
With vesture loose, the bandes vnlaced all;
Bent for to dye, calls the Gods to recorde,
And gilty starres eke of her desteny:
And if there were any God that had care
Of louers hartes not moued with loue alike,
Him she requires of iustice to remember.
It was then night; the sounde and quiet slepe
Had through the earth the weried bodyes caught;
The woodes, the ragying seas were falne to rest;
When that the starres had halfe their course declined; [hue,
The feldes whist, beastes, and fowles of diuers
And what-so that in the brode lakes remainde,
Or yet among the bushy thickes of bryar,
Laide downe to slepe by silence of the night
Gan swage their cares, mindlesse of trauels past.
Not so the spirite of this Phenician;
Unhappy she that on no slepe could chance,
Nor yet nightes rest enter in eye or brest:
Her cares redoble; loue doth rise and rage againe,
And ouerflowes with swellyng stormes of wrath.
Thus thinkes she then, this roules she in her minde;
What shall I do? shall I now beare the scorne
For to assaye mine olde woers againe?
And humbly yet a Numid spouse require,
Whose mariage I haue so oft disdayned?
The Troyan nauy, and Teucrian vile commander
Folow shall I? as thou it should auaile,
That whilom by my helpe they were releued;
Or forbecause with kinde, and mindfull folke
Right well doth sit the passed thankefull dede?
Who would me suffer, admit this were my will,
Or we scorned to their proude shippes receiue?
Oh, wo begone! full tittle knowest thou yet
The broken othes of Laomedons kinde.
What then? alone on mery mariners
Shall I waite? or borde them with my power
Of Tyrians assembled me about?
And such as I with trauaile brought from Tyre,
Driue to the seas, and force them saile againe?
But rather dye, euen as thou hast deserued;

And to this wo with iron gene thou ende.
And thou, sister, first vanquist with my teares,
Thou in my rage with all these mischiefes first
Didst burden me, and yelde me to my foe.
Was it not graunted me from spousals free,
Like to wilde beastes, to liue without offence,
Without taste of such cares? Is there no fayth
Reserued to the cinders of Sichee?
Such great complaints brake forth out of her brest.
While Aeneas full minded to depart,
All thinges prepared, slept in the poupe on high.
To whom in slepe the wonted godheds forme
Gan ay appere, returning in like shape
As semed him; and gan him thus aduise:
Like unto Mercury in voice, and hue,
With yelow bushe, and comely lymmes of youth.
O Goddesse sonne, in such case canst thou slepe?
Ne yet, bestraught, the daungers doest foresee
That compasse thee? or hearst the faire windes blowe?
Dido in minde roules uengeance and desceite;
Determd to dye, swells with unstable ire.
Wilt thou not flee whiles thou hast time of flight?
Straight shalt thou see the seas couered with sayles,
The blasyng brondes the shore all spred with flame
And if the morow steale vpon thee here.
Come of, have done, set all delay aside:
For full of change these women be alway.
This sayd, in the dark night he gan him hide.
Aeneas of this sodain uision
Adred starts vp out of his sleepe in hast;
Cals up his feers: Awake, get up, my men,
Abord your ships, and hoyse vp sayl with speede:
A God me wills, sent from aboue againe,
To hast my flight, and writhen cabels cut.
Oh holy God, whatso thow art, we shall
Folow thee, and all blithe obey thy will;
Be at our hand, and frendly vs assist;
Adresse the sterres with prosperous influence.
And with that word his glistening sword unsheathes;
With which drawen, he the cabels cut in twaine.
The like desire the rest embraced all;
All thing in hast they east, and fourth they whurle;
The shores they leave; with ships the seas are spred;
Cutting the feme, by the blew seas they swepe.
Aurora now from Titans purple bed
With new day light had ouerspread the earth;
When hy his windowes the Quene the peping day
Espyed, and nauie with splaid sailes depart
The shore, and eke the porte of vessels voyde.
Her comely brest thrise or fouretimes she smote
With her own hand, and tore her golden tresse.
Oh loue, quoth she, shall he then thus depart,
A straunger thus, and scorne our kingdom so?
Shall not my men do on their armure prest,
And eke pursue them throughout all the town?
Out of the rode some shall the vessel warpe.
Hast on, cast flame, set sayle, and welde your owers.
What said I? but where am I? what phrensie
Alters thy minde? Vnhappy Dido, now
Hath thee beset a froward destenie.
Then it behoued, when thou didst geve to him
His scepter. So his faith and his right hand!
That leades with him (they say) his countrie
That on his back his aged father bore: [goddes,
His body might I not haue caught and rent?
And in the seas drenched him, and his feers?
And from Ascanius his life with iron reft,
And set him on his fathers bord for meate?
Of such debate peychaunce the fortune might
Haue been doutfull; would God it were assaied!
Whom should I feare, sith I my selfe must die?
Might I haue throwen into that nauy brandes,
And filled eke their deckes with flaming fire,
The father, sonne, and all their nacion
Destroied, and faln, my self ded ouer al! [eriest;
Sunne, with thy beames, that mortal workes dis-
And thou Iuno, that wel these trauailes knowest:
Proserpine thou, vpon whom folk do vse
To boule, and call in forked waies by night;
Infernal furies, ye wreakers of wrong:
And Didos Gods, who standes at point of death,
Receiue these wordes, and eke your heauy power
Withdraw from me, that wicked folk deserue:
And our request accept, we you beseche:
If so that yonder wicked head must needes
Recouer port, and saile to lande, of force;
And if Ioues wil haue so resolued it,
And such ende set as no wight can fordoe;
Yet at the least assailed mought he be
With armes, and warres of hardy nacions;
From the boundes of his kingdom farre exiled;
Iulus eke ravyshed out of his armes;
Driuen to call for helpe, that he may see
The giltlesse corpses of his folke lie dead:
And after hard condiciens of peace,
His reame, nor life desired may he brooke;
But fall before his time vngraued amid the sandes.
This I require, these wordes with blood I shed.
And Tirians, ye his flocke and all his race
Pursue with hate; rewarde our cinders so:
Nor loue nor leage betwixt our people be;
And of our bones, some wreaker may there spring,
With sword and flame that Troians may pursue:
And from hencefoorth, when that our powr may
Our costes to them contrary be for aye, [stretch,
I craue of God; and our streames to their fluddes;
Armes vnto armes; and ofspring of eche race
With mortell warr eche other may fordoe.
This said, her mind she writhed on al sides,
Seking with spede to end her irksome life.
To Sichees nurse Barcen then thus she said
(For hers at home in ashes did remaine)
Cal unto me, deare nurse, my sister Anne:
Bid her, in hast in water of the fludde
She sprinekle the body, and bring the beastes,
And purging sacrifice, I did her shewe:
So let her come: and thou thy temples bind
With sacred garlandes: for the sacrifice,
That I to Pluto haue begonne, my mind
Is to performe, and geve end to these cares:
And Trojan statue throw into the flame.
When she had said, redouble gan her nurse
Her steppes, forth on an aged womans trot.
But trembling Dido egerly now bent
Upon her stern determinacion;
Her bloodshot eies roling within her head;
Her quiuering chekes, fleeked with deadly staine,
Both pale and wan to think on death to come;
Into the inward wardes of her palace
She rusheth in, and clam vp, as distraught,
The burial stack, and drew the Troian sword,
Her gift sometime, but meant to no such vse.
Where when she saw his weed, and well knowen
Weping a while in study gan she stay, [bed,
Fell on the bed, and these last wordes she said.



Swete spoiles, whiles God and destenies it wold,
Receiue this sprite, and aid me of these cares:
I liued and ranne the course, fortune did graunt;
And vnder earth my great gost now shall wende:
A goodly town I built, and saw my walles;
Happy, alas too happy, if these costes
The Troyan shippes had neuer touched aye.
This said, she laid her mouth close to the bed.
Why then, quoth she, vnwroken shal we die?
But let vs die: for this! and in this sort
It liketh vs to seeke the shadowes darck!—
And from the seas the cruel Troyans eies
Shal wel discern this flame; and take with him
Eke these vnlucky tokens of my death!
As she had said, her damsells might perceue
Her with these wordes fal pearced on a sword;
The blade embrued and hands besprent with gore.
The clamor rang vnto the pallace toppe:
The brute ranne throughout al thastonied towne:
With wailing great, and womens shrill yelling
The roofes gan roare: the aire resound with plaint:
As though Cartage, or thauncient town of Tyre
With preasse of entred enemies swarmed full:
Or when the rage of furious flame doth take
The temples toppes, and mansions eke of men.
Her sister Anne, spiritelesse for dread to heare
This fearefull sturre, with nailes gan teare her face,
She smote her brest, and rushed through the rout:
And her dieng she cleapes thus by her name:
Sister, for this with craft did you me bourd?
The stak, the flame, the altars, bred they this?
What shall I first complaine, forsaken wight?
Lothest thou in death thy sisters fellowship?
Thou shouldst haue called me to like destiny;
One wo, one sword, one houre mought end vs both.
This funerall stak built I with these handes,
And with this voice cleped our natiue Gods;
And cruel so absentest me from thy death?
Destroyd thou hast, (sister) both thee and me,
Thy people eke, and princes borne of Tyre.
Geue here: I shall with water washe her woundes;
And such with mouth her breath, if odght be left.
This said, vnto the high degrees shee mounted,
Embrasing fast her sister now half dead,
With wailefull plaint: whom in her lap she layd,
The black swart gore wiping dry with her clothes.
But Dido striueth to lift vp againe
Her heauy eyen, and hath no power therto:
Deepe in her brest that fixed wound doth gape.
Thrise leaning on her elbow gain she raise
Her self, vpward: and thrise she ouerthrewe
Upon the bed: ranging with wandring eies
The skies for light, and wept when she it found.
Almighty Iuno hauing ruth by this
Of her long paines, and eke her lingring death:
From heauen she sent the Goddesse Iris downe,
The throwing spirit, and iointed limmes to loose.
For that neither by lot of destiny,
Nor yet by kindly death she perished,
But wretchedly before her fatall day,
And kindled with a sodein rage of flame,
Proserpine had not from her head bereft
The golden heare, nor judged her to hell.
The dewye Iris thus with golden wings,
A thousand hues shewing against the sunne,
Amid the skies then did she flye adowne
On Didos head: where as she gan a light,
This heare (quod she) to Pluto consecrate
Commaunded I reue; and thy spirit vnlose
From this body. And when she thus had said,
With her right hand she cut the heare in twaine:
And therwith al the kindly heat gan quench,
And into wind the life foorthwith resolue.

ECCLESIASTES AND CERTAIN PSALMS.

ECCLESIASTES.

CHAPTER I.

I SALAMON Dauids sonne, king of Jerusalem,
Chosen by God to teache the Jewes, and in his lawes to leade them,
Confesse, vnder the sonne that eury thing is
The world is false, man he is frayle, and all his pleasures payne.
Alas! what stable fruite may Adams childeren
In that they seke by sweate of browes, and trauil of their myude?
We that liue on the earthe, drawn toward our
Ower childeren fill our place a while, and then they fade awaye.
Such chaunges makes the earthe, and dothe remoue for none,
But serues us for a place to play our tragedes vppon.
When that the restlesse sonne westwarde his
Towards the east he hasts as fast, to ryse where he begonne.
When hoarey Boreas hathe blowen his frosen
Then Zephirus with his gentill breathe dissolues the ise as fast:
Fludds, that drinke vpp small broks, and swel by rage of rayne,
Discharge in sees, which them replesse, and swallowe strayte againe.
These worldly pleasures, (Lord,) so swift they
That skarce our eyes may them discerne, they byde so littel space.
What hathe bin, but is now, the like hereafter
What new deuice grounded so suer, that dreadeth not the fall:
What may be called new, but suche things in
As time buryed, and dothe reuiue, and tyme agayne shall waste.
Things past right worthey fame, have now no
Even so shall dey suche things, as now the simple wounders cal.
I, that in Dauides seate sit crowned, and rejoice,
That with my septer rule the Jewes, and teach them with my voyce,
Have serchied long to know all things vnder the
To see how in this mortal lyef a suerty might be wonne:
This kyndled will to knowe, straunge things for
God hathe grafte in our gredye breasts a torment for our hyer.
The end of eache travell furthwith I sought to
I found them vaine mixed with gall, and burdend with muche woo

Defaults of natures worke no mans hand may restore;
Whiche be in nomber like the sandes vpon the salte floods shore. [mynd
Then, vaunting in my witte, I gan call to my
What rewles of wisdom I hadde taught, that elders could not find. [use,
And as by contraries to treye most things we
Mens follies and their errors eke I gan them at peruse: [chine:
Therby with more delight to knowledge for to
But this I found an endles wourke of payne, and losse of tyme. [mynd,
For he to wisdomes skoole, that doth applie hys
The further that he wades therin, the greater doubts shall find; [ure,
And such as enterprise to put newe thiugs in
Of some that shall skorne their deuise may well them selfes assure.

CHAPTER II.

From pensif fanzies then I gau my hart reuoke,
And gaue me to such sporting plaies, as laughter myght prouoke: [blinded me,
But euen suche vain delight, when the moste
Allwayes me-thought with smiling grace a king did yll agre. [muche wine,
Then sought I how to please my belly with
To feede me fatte with costly feasts of rare delights, and fine; [rest,
And other plesures eke too purchace me with
In so great choise to find the thing, that might content me best: [stormes of ire,
But, Lord! what care of mynd, what suddaine
With broken slepes enduryed I, to compasse my desier. [cure
The buylde my howses faier, then set I all my
By princely actes thus straue I still to make my fame indure.
Delicius gardens eke I made to please my sight,
And grafte therin all kindes of frutes that might my mouth delight: [I drewe,
Condits by liuely springs from their owld course
For to refreshe the frutefull trees, that in my gardynes grewe:
Of eatefl great encreace I bred in litteil space;
Bondmen I bought; I gave them wyfes; and saru'd me with ther race:
Greate heapes of shining gold by sparing gan I saue, [to haue
With things of price so furnyshed, as fitts a prince
To heare faier women sing sometyme I did reioyce,
Rauyshed with their pleasaunt tunes, and swetnes of their veyce:
Lemans I had so faier, and of so lively hewe,
That who so gased in their face, myght well their bewty rewe: [seate;
Never erste sat there king so riche in Dauyds
Yet still me thought, for so small gaine, the trauaile was too great.
From my desirous eyes I hyd no pleasaunt sight,
Nor from my hart no kind of myrth, that might geve them delyght: [payne,
Which was the only freute I rept of all my
To feade my eyes, and to reioyce my hart with all my gaine. [care of mynd,
But when I made by compte, with howe great
And herts vnrest, that I had sought, so wastfull frute to fynd:
Then was I streken strayte with that abused fier,
To glorey in that goodly witte, that compast my desyer. [renewe;
But freshe before myne eyes grace did my faults
What gentilt callings I hadd fiedd, my ruyne to pursewe; [eskape:
What raging pleasurs past, perill, and hard
What fancis in my bed had wrought the licor of the grape. [doth moue;
The errours then I sawe, that their fraile hartes
Which striue in vaine for to compare with him that sitts aboue: [peryth playne,
In whose most perfect worcks suche craft ap-
That to the least of them there may no mortal hand attayne.
And lyke as lightsome day dothe shine aboue the night: [beames as bright:
So darke to me did folly seme, and wisdomes
Whose eyes did seme so clere mots to discern and fynde,
But will had closed follies eyes, which greped like the blynde. [worldly fame;
Yet death, and time consume all witt, and
And looke what ende that folly hath, and wisdome hathe the same. [eure
Then sayd I thus, O Lord, may not thy wisdom
The wayfull wrongs, and hard conflicts, that folly doth endure?
To sharpe my witte so fine, then why toke I this payne?
Now finde I well this noble serche maye eke be called vayne. [reward,
As slanders lothsome brute soundes follies iust
Is put to silence all be-time, and brought in smale regard: [fame,
Euin so dothe tyme deuoure the noble blast of
Which showld resounde their glories great, that do deserue the same.
Thus present changes chase away the wonders past: [to last.
Ne is the wise mans fattal thred yet lenger spunne
Then in this wreatched vale our lyef I lothed playne,
When I beheld our frutles paynes to compasse pleasurs vayne;
My trauayll this availe hath me produced, too!
An heire unknowen shall reape the frute that I in sede did sowe;
But whervnto the Lord his nature shall inclyne
Who can fore-knowe, into whoose lands, I must my goods resine?
But Lord, how pleasaunt swete then seamd the idell liefe,
That never charged was with care, nor burdened with stryefe: [sore,
And vile the gredye trade of them, that toil to
To leaue to suche ther trauells frute, that neuer swet therfore. [relief,
What is that pleasant gaine, what is that swet
That showld delay the bitter tast, that we fele of our gref? [gaine,
The gladsome dayes we passe to serche a simple
The quiete nights with broken slepes, to fead a restles brayne. [remayne,
What hope is left us then, what comfort doth
Our quiet herts for to reioyce with the frute of our payne? [call,
Yf that be trew, who may him selfe so happy
As I, whose free and sumptius spence doth shyne beyonde them all?

Sewerly it is a gift, and favour of the Lorde,
Liberally to spende our goods, the grounde of all discorde. [tressures mold,
And wretched herts haue they, that let their
And carrey the rodde that skorgeth them, that glory in their gold.
But I do knowe by proofe, whose ryches heres suche brute, [suche freute.
What stable welth may stand in wast, or keping of

CHAPTER III.

LIKE to the stereles boate, that swarues with every wynde, [prof I finde.
The slipper topp of worldely welthe by creuell
Skarce hathe the seade, whereof that nature formethe man,
Receuid lief, when deathe him yields to earth wher he began: [frute,
The grafted plants with payn, whereof wee hoped
To roote them vpp with blossomes sprede then is our cheif porsute:
That erst we rered vpp we undermyne againe,
And shred the spraies, whose grouthe some-tyme we laboured with paine:
Each froward thretning chere of fortune maiks us playne, [herts againe.
And every pleasant showe reuiues our wofull
Auncient walles to race is our unstable guyse,
And of their wetherbeten stones to buylde some new devyse. [moo;
New fancyes dayly springs which vadde, returning
And now we practyse to obtaine that strayt we must forgoo. [wast;
Some tyme we seke to spare, that afterward we
And that we traveled sore to knitt, for to unlose as fast.
In sober sylence now our quiet lipps we close:
And with unbrydled toungs furthwith our secret herts disclose.
Suche as in folded armes we did embrace, we hate:
Whom strayte we reconsill againe, and banishe all debate. [me;
My sede, with labour sowne, suche frute produceth
To waste my lief in contraries, that never shall agre.
From God these heuy cares ar sent for our unrests,
And with suche burdens for our welth he frauteth full our brests.
All that the Lord hathe wrought, hath bewtey and good grace; [and place;
And to eache thing assined is the proper tyme
And graunted eke to man of all the worldes estate,
And of eache thing wrought in the same to argue and debate: [ledge moste
Which arte though it aproche the heuenly know-
To serche the naturall grounde of things, yet all is labour loste.
But then the wandering eyes, that longe for suertey sought,
Founde that by paine no certayne welth might in this world be bought.
Who liveth in delight, and sekes no gredy thryste,
But frely spends his goods may *thinke* it is a secret gifte.
Fulfilled shall it be what so the Lord intende,
Which no device of mans witt may aduaunce, nor yet defende: [dren might
Who made all things of nought, that Adams chyl-
Lerne how to dread the Lord, that wrought such wonders in their sight.
The gresly wonders past, which tyme wears out of mynde,
To be renewed in our days the Lord hath so assynde.
Lo thus he carfull skourge dothe stele on us vnware, [doth againe repaire,
Which when the fleshe hath clene forgott, he
When I in this vaine serche had wanderyd ore my witt, [should have sitt:
I saw a roiall throne eke where as Justice
In stede of whom I saw, with fyerce and crewell mode [drounke the giltles blode.
Wher Wrong was set, that blody beast, that
Then thought I thus, one day the Lord shall sit in dome [spotted have no rome.
To vewe his flock, and chose the pure; the
Yet be suche skourges sent, that each ageuid mynde,
Lyke the brute beasts that swell in rage, and fury by ther kynde, [longe,
His erroure may confesse, when he hath wreasteled
And then with pacience may him arme, the sure defence of wronge.
For death, that of the beaste the carion doth deuoure, [fatal hower.
Unto the noble kynde of men presents the
The perfitt forme, that God hathe geuen to ether man, [began;
Or other beast, dissolve it shall to earth wher it
And who can tell yf that the sowle of man ascende,
Or with the body if it dye, and to the groun decende: [gayne,
Wherfore each gredy hart, that riches seks to
Gather may he that sauery frute, that springeth of his payne.
A meane conuenient welth, I meane to take in worth, [powre it forth:
And with a hand of larges eke in measure
For treasure spent in lyef, the bodye dothe susteyne; [amassed with muche payne.
The heire shall waste the whourded gold,
Ne may foresight of Man such order geve in lyef,
For to foreknow, who shall rejoyce their gotten good with stryef.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN I bethought me well, under the restles soon [chastyced were doon;
By foolke of power whet crewell wourks un-
I saw wher stoode a heard by power of such oppresst,
Out of whose eyes ran floods of tears, that bayned all ther brest:
Devoyde of comfort clene, in terroure and distresse; [to represse:
In whose defence none wolde aryse, such rigour
Then thought I thus: O Lord, the dead, whose fatal hower
Is clene ronne out, more happy ar; whom that the wormes deuoure:
And happiest is the sede, that neuer did conceue;
That neuer felt the waylfull wrongs, that mortal folke receue. [gayne
And then I saw, that welth, and euery honest
By trauill wonne, and swete of browes, gan growe into disdayne,
Through sloth of careles folke; whom ease so fat doth feade;
Whose idell hands doo nought but waast the frute of other seede:

Which to themselves perswade, that little gott with ease,
More thankefull is then kynddomes won by trauayle and disease.
Another sort I saw without both frend or kynne;
Whose gredy wayes yet neuer sought a faithfull frend to wynne; [could;
Whose wretched corps no toile yet euer wery
Nor glutted euer wer their eyne with heaps of shyning gould:
But yf it might appear to their abused eyne,
To whose auayle they trauill so, and for whose sake they pyne:
Then should they see what cause they haue for to repent
The frutles paynes, and eke the tyme, that they in vayne haue spent.
Then gan I thus resolue: More pleasant is the lyef
Of faythefull frends, that spend their goods in commone without stryef:
For as the tender frend appeasith euery gryef;
So yf he falls that liues alone, who shall be his relyef? [faste;
The frendly feeres ly warme, in armes embraced
Who sleapes aloone at euery tourne dothe feale the winter blast:
What can he doo but yeld, that must resist aloone?
Yf ther be twaine, one may defend the tother ouer-throwne: [dure,
The single twyned cordes may no such stresse in-
As cables brayded thre-fould may, together wrethed sure.
In better far estate stand children poore and wyse,
Then aged kyngs wedded to will, that worke without aduyse.
In prison haue I sene, or this, a wofull wyght,
That neuer knewe what fredom ment, nor tasted of delyght, [mette,
With such unhoped happ, in most despaier, hath
Within the hands, that erst ware gyves, to haue a septure sette; [staate,
And by conjures the seade of kyngs is thrust from
Whereon agreuyd peopie worke ofteymes their hidden haate.
Other, without respect I saw of frend or foo
With feet worne bare in tracing such whereas the honours groo.
And at deth of a prynce great rowtes reuined strange,
Which, faine thear owld yoke to discharge, rejoyced in the change. [more,
But when I thought to theise, as heauy even, or
Shal be the burden of his raigne, as his that went before; [pend:
And that a trayne like great, vpon the dead de-
I gan conclude each gredy gayne hath his uncertayne end.
In humble sprite is set the temple of the Lorde;
Wher yf thow enter, loke thy mouth and conscyence may accorde:
Whose churche is buylte of loue, and decte with hotte desyre;
And simple fayth: the yolden ghoost his marcy doth requyre:
Wher perfectly, for aye, he in his woord doth rest;
With gentill eare to heare thy sute, and grant to thy request.
In boost of outwarde works he takith no delight,
Nor wast of wourds: suche saeryfice unsauereth in his sight.

CHAPTER V.

When that repentant teares hath clensed clere from ilf [amending will:
The charged brest: and grace hath wrought therin
With bold demands then may his mercy well assaile [may none preuayle:
The speche man sayth; without the which request
More shall thy pennytent sighes his endles mercy please, [words Gods wrath appease;
Then their importune suits, which dreame, that
For hart contrite of fault, is gladsome recompence; [synne dispense.
And peuer fruict of faith, wherby God doth with
As ferful broken slepes spring from a restles hedde; [bredde.
By chattering of unholy lippes is frutles prayer
In wast of wyrde, I rede, vowe nought vnto the Lord, [accord:
Whereto thy hart to bynd thy will freely doth not
For humble vowes fullfilld by grace right swetly smoke [God provoke.
But bold behests, broken by lusts, the wrath of
Yet bette, with humble hert, thy frayltye to confesse, [fraude expresse.
Then to bost suche perfitges, whose works such
With fayned wordes and othes, contract with God no gyle; [thy self defile:
Suche craft returns to thyn own harme, and doth
And thoughe the myst of sinne perswad such error light, [his sight.
Therby yet ar thy outward works all dampned in
As sondry broken dreams vs dyuerslye abuse:
So ar his errors manifold, that many words dothe use
With humble secret playnt, fewe words of hotte effect, [neglect.
Honor thy Lord; alowance vaine of voyd desert
Thoughe wronge at times the right, and welthe eke nede oppresse,
Thinke not the hand of justice slowe to followe the redresse: [fired,
For suche unrighteous folke, as rulé withouten
By some abuse, or secret lust, he suffereth to be led. [lent,
The cheif blisse, that in earth to liuing man is
Is moderat welth, to nourish lief, yf he can be content.
He that hath but one felde, and gredely seke the nought [in his thought.
To fence the tillers hand from nede, is king, with
But such as of ther golde ther only idoll make,
Noe treasure may the rauyn of their hungry hands aslake. [gayne,
For he that gapes for good, and hordeth all his
Trauells in vayne to hyde the sweet, that should releue his payne.
Wher is gret welth, there should be many a nedy wight [man's cheife delight.
To spend the same, and that should be the riche
The sweet and quiet slepes that weryd limmes oppresse,
Begile the night in dyet thynne, and feasts of great excesse: [rest
But wakenlye the riche, whose lyuely heat with
Their charged boolks with change of meats cannot so sone dygest.
An other righteous dome, I sawe, of gredy gayne
With busy cares suche treasures oft preseruyed to their bayne:

The plenteous housses sackt, the owners end with shame [should rejoyce the same
Their sparkelid goods; their nedy heyres, that From welth dyspoyled bare; from whence they came they went, [them sent:
Clad in the clothes of pouertè, as nature fyrst Naked, as from the wombe we came, if we depart, [to vex the hart?
What toyle to seeke that we must leue? what bote What lyef leade testey men, they that consume their dayes [sum alwaies.
In inwarde freets, untemperd bates, as stryef with Then gan I prayce all those, in suche a world of stryffe, [in lyffe;
Ar take the profite of the goods, that may be had For sure the liberall hand that hath no hart to spare [vertu rare:
This fading welthe, bnt powres it forthe, it is a That maks welthe slave to nede, and gold becom his thrall, [his chest with all;
Clings not his gutts with niggeshe fare to heape But feeds the lusts of kynde with costly meats and wyne, [that pyne:
And slacks the hunger and the thurst of nedy folke No gluttons feast I meane in wast of spence to stryve, [thus to reuiue
But temprat mealles the dullest spryts, with joye No care may perce where myrth hath tempred such a brest; [may digest.
The bitter gaull, seasond with swete such wysdome

PSALMS.

PROEM.

WHER recheles youthe in a unquiet brest,
Set on by wrath, revenge, and crueltye,
After long warr, pacyens had opprest,
And justice wrought by pryncelye equitie,
My devy then, myne errour depe imprest,
Began to worke dispaire of libertye;
Had not David, the perfyt warriour, tought
That of my fault thus pardon should be sought.

DOMINE DEUS SALUTIS. PSALM LXXXVIII.

OH Lorde uppon whose will dependeth my welfare, [night I spare;
To call uppon thy hollye name syns day nor
Graunt that the just request of this repentaunt mynd,
So perce thyne eares, that in thy sight som favour it may fynd. [past,
My sowle is fraughted full with greif of follies My restles bodye doth consume and death approcheth fast; [in twayne,
Like them whose fatall threde thy hand hath cut Of whome ther is no further brewte, which in their graves remeyne.
Oh, Lorde, thou hast cast me hedlong, to please my fooe, [wooe,
Into a pitt all botomeles, where as I playne my
The burthen of thy wrath it doth me sore oppresse; And sundrye stormes thou hast me sent of terrour and distresse:
The faithfull frends ar fled and bannyshed from my sight: [frendshipp light.
And such as I have held full dere have sett my
My durance doth perswade of fredom such dispaire, [eye sight doth appaire:
That by the teares that bayne my brest, myne
Yet did I never cease thine ayde for to desyre,
With humble hart and stretched hands, for to appease thy yre.
Wherfore dost thou forbeare in the defence of thyne, [Adams lyne;
To show such tokens of thy power in sight of
Wherby eche feble hart with fayth might so be fedd, [might be spredd.
That in the mouthe of thy elect thy mercyes
The fleshe that fedeth wormes can not thy love declare, [land of dispaire;
Nor suche set forth thy faith as dwell in the
In blind endured herts light of thy lovely name
Can not appeare, as can not judge the brightnes of the same:
Nor blasted may thy name be by the mouth of those [may not disclose:
Whom death hath shutt in sylence, so as they
The lively voyce of them that in thy word delight,
Must be the trumppe that must resound the glorye of thy myght:
Wherfore I shall not cease in chief of my distresse,
To call on Thee till that the sleape my weryd tymes oppresse;
And in the morning eke when that the slepe is fledd, [my restles bedd.
With floods of salt repentaunt teres to washe
Within this carefull mynd, bourdnyd with care and greif, [be his relief.
Why dost thou not appere, oh Lord, that sholdest
My wretched state beholde, whom death shall strait assaile, [but waile;
Of one, from youth afflicted still, that never did
The dread, loo! of thyne yre had trod me under feet, [deth seme full sweet.
The scourgis of thyne angrye hand hath made
Like to the roring waves the sunken shippe surrounde, [succour found;
Great heaps of care did swallow me, and I no
For they whom no myschaunce could from my love devyde, [face to hyde.
Ar forced, for my greater greif, from me their

PROEM.

THE soudden stormes that heave me to and froo,
Had wel neare perced faith, my guyding saile,
For I, that on the noble voyage goo
To succher trueth and falshed to assaile,
Constraynéd am to beare my sayles full loo,
And never could attayne some pleasaunt gaile:
For unto such the prosperous winds doo bloo
As roune from porte to porte to seke availe:
This bred dispayre, whereof such doubts did groo,
That I gan faint, and all my courage faile;
But now, my blage, mine error well I see,
Such goodlye light king David giveth me.

QUAM BONUS ISRAEL, DEUS. PSALM LXXIII.

THOUGHE, Lord, to Israell thy graces plenteous be,
I meane to such, with pure intent as fix their trust in The;

Yet whiles the faith did fayntt that shold have
been my guyde, [began to slyde:
Lyke them that walk in slipper pathes my feet
Whiles I did grudge at those that glorey in their
golde, [they wolde.
Whose lothsom pryde rejoyseth welth in quiet as
To se by course of yeres what nature doth ap-
pere, [heire to heire;
The palayces of princely fourme succede from
From all such travailes free as longe to Adams
sede, [nor by dread.
Neither withdrawne from wicked works by daunger
Whereof thire skornfull pryde, and gloried with
their eyes; [clad in vyce:
As garments clothe the naked man, thus are they
Thus, as they wishe, succeds the mischief that
they meane,
Whose glutten chekes slouth feads so fatt, as scant
their eyes be sene. [fayne
Unto whose crewel power most men for dred ar
To bend and bow with loftye looks, whiles they
vawnt in their rayne; [frame.
And in their bloody hands whose creweltye that
The wailfull works that skourge the poore, without
regard of blame,
To tempt the living God they think it no offence,
And perce the symple with their tungs that can
make no defence. [to waver,
Such proofes bifore the just, to cause the harts
Be sett, lyke cupps myngled with gall, of bitter
tast and saver: [foode,
Then saye thy foes in skorne, that tast no other
But sucke the fleshe of thy elect and bath them in
their bloode, [this?
Shold we beleve the Lorde doth know and suffer
Foled be he with fables vayne, that so abused is.
In terrour of the just, thus raignes iniquitye,
Armed with power, laden with gold, and dred for
crueltye, [faythe mayntayne
Then vayne the warr might seme, that I by
Against the fleshe, whose false affects my pure
hart wold distayne. [doon,
For I am scourged still that no offence have
By wrathes children, and from my byrth my
chastening begoon. [thy hand,
When I behelde their pryde, and slackness of
I gan bewaile the wofull state wherin thy chosen
stand;
And as I sought wherof thy sufferaunce, Lord,
shold groo,
I found no witt could perce so far, thy holy domes
to knoo; [trust,
And that no mysteryes nor dought could be dis-
Till I com to the holly place, the mansion of the
just; [prepare,
Where I shall se what end thy justice shall
For such as buyld on worldly welth, and dye their
colours faire, [buylding vayne,
Oh! how their ground is false, and all their
And they shall fall, their power shall faile that did
their pryde mayntayne, [pleasaunt tourne,
As charged harts with eare, that dreme some
Afteer their sleape fynd their abuse, and to their
plaint retourne: [geaunce shall
So shall their glorye faade, thy sword of ven-
Unto their dronken eyes in blood disclose theig
errours all. [yshorne,
And when their golden fleece is from the backe
The spotts that under neth were hidd, thy chosen
shepe shall skorne:
And till that happye daye, my hert shall swell
in care,
My eyes yeld teares, my yeres consume, bitwene
hope and dispayre. [ments darke,
Loo, how my sprits ar dull, and as thy judg-
No mortall hedd may skale so highe, but wunder
at thy warke.
Alas! how oft my foes have framed my decaye,
But when I stode in drede to drenche, thy hands
still did me stay. [synne,
And in eache voyage that I tooke to conquer
Thou wert my guyd, and gave me grace to com-
fort me therin; [did cleue,
And when my withered skyn unto my bones
And flesh did wast, thy grace did then my simple
spirits releue. [trust:
In other succour then, O Lord, why should I
But only thyn, whom I have found in thy behight
so just: [refuse,
And suche for drede or gayne as shall thy name
Shall perishe with their golden godds that did their
harts seduce; [and joye,
Where I, that in thy worde have set my trust
The high reward that longs thereto shall quietlye
enjoye: [grace,
And my unworthye lypps, inspired with thy
Shall thus forespeke thy secret works, in sight of
Adams race.

EXAUDI, DEUS, ORATIONEM MEUM. PSALM LV.

GIVE eare to my suit, Lord, fromward hide not
thy face,
Behelde, sinking in grief, lamenting, how I praye:
My fooes they bray so lowde, and eke threpe on
so fast,
Buckeled to do me scathe, so is their malice bent.
Care perceth my entrayles, and traveyleth my
spryte;
The greslye feare of death envyroneth my brest.
A tremblynge cold of dred cleue overwhelmeth
my hert:
O, thinke I, hadd I wings like to the symple dove,
This peryll might I flye, and seke some place
of rest [cares.
In wylder woods, where I might dwell far from these
What speady way of wing my playnts shold
ther lay on, [me;
To skape the stormye blast that threatned is to
Rayne those unbrydled tungs, breake that con-
jured league,
For I decyphred have amydd our towne the stryfe;
Gile and wrong do kepe the walles, they ward
both day and night: [ket stede,
And myscheif joynd with care doth kepe the mar-
Whilst wickidness with craft in heaps swarme
through the strete.
No my declared foo wrought me all this reproche,
By harme so loked for, yt wayeth halfe the lesse;
For though myne enemyes happ had byn for to
prevaile, [eye:
I cold not have hidd my face from venym of his
It was a frendly foo, by shadow of good will,
Myne old fere and dere frende, my guyde that
trapped me,
Where I was wont to fetche the cure of all my care,
And in his bosome hyde my secreat zeale to
God.
Such soden surprys quicke may hym hell devoure,

Whilst I invoke the Lord, whose power shall me defend: [discend
My prayer shall not cease, from that the sunne
Till he his aulture wynn, and hyde them in the see. [contryte,
With words of hott effect, that moveth from hert
Such humble sute, O Lord, doth perce my pay-cent eare. [of those
It was the Lord that brake the bloody compackts
That preloked on with yre, to slaughter me and myne.
The euerlasting God, whose kingdom hath no end,
Whome by no tale to dred he could diuert from synne. [hand,
The conscyence unquyet he strykes with hevy
And pruves their force in fayth, whome he sware to defend.

Butter fals, not so soft as doth his pacyence longe:
And over passeth fine oyle running not halfe so smothe: [provoks,
But when his suffraunce fynds that hydled wrath
He thremeth wrath, he whets more sharpe than any tool can fyle. [wicked sort,
Friour, whose harme and tounge presents the
Of those false wolves with cooles which doo their ravin hyde; [Lord,
That sweare to me by heaven, the fotestole of the
Who though force had hurt my fame they did not touch my life.
Such patching care I lothe, as feeds the welth with lies:
But in the thother psalme of David find I ease,
Iacta curam tuam super Dominum et ipse te enutriet.

THE

POEMS

OF

SIR THOMAS WYAT,

AND OF

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

THE

LIFE OF SIR THOMAS WYAT.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

A LIFE of sir Thomas Wyat appeared in the second number of lord Orford's Miscellaneous Antiquities, from materials collected in the British Museum, by his friend Gray, the poet; and augmented by his lordship from other writers, particularly Anthony Wood and Lloyd, but not without some inaccuracy. A few notices are now added of more recent authority.

Sir Thomas Wyat, the only son and heir of sir Henry Wyat of Allington Castle in Kent, was born in the year 1503. His mother was the daughter of John Skinner of the county of Surrey. His father was imprisoned in the Tower in the reign of Richard III., when he is said to have been preserved by a cat which fed him while in that place, for which reason he was always pictured with a cat in his arms, or beside him[1]. On the accession of Henry VII. he had great marks of favour shewn him, among which was the honour of knighthood, and a seat in the privy council. One of the last services in which he was employed by that king was conducting to the Tower the unfortunate earl of Suffolk, who was afterwards beheaded by Henry VIII. He was also a member of Henry VIII's privy council, master of the jewel office, and of the van-guard of that army, commanded by the king in person, which fought the memorable *battle of the Spurs*[2]. He died in 1533.

The honour of educating our poet has been claimed for both universities, by Carter for St. John's College, Cambridge, and by Anthony Wood for Oxford, because he resided for some time on the establishment of cardinal Wolsey's new college, now Christ Church. He then set out on his travels according to the custom of that age, and returned after some years, a gentleman of high accomplishments and elegant manners, and of such conversation talents, both as to sense and wit, as to have attracted the admiration of all ranks, and particularly of his sovereign, who bestowed on him the order of knighthood, and employed him in various embassies. Mr. Warton appears offended with Wood for saying that "the king was in a high manner delighted with his witty jests;" while he

[1] Hasted's History of Kent, vol. ii. p. 183.

[2] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 1.

allows that Henry was probably as much pleased with his repartees as his politics. Lloyd, whom Mr. Gray and lord Orford have adopted as an authority, reports enough of his wit to convince us that he might delight a monarch of Henry's fickleness and passionate temper. Persons of this character are often more easily directed or diverted by a striking expression than by a train of argument.

According to Lloyd, Wyat was frequently honoured with the king's familiar conversation, which never put him so much off his guard as to betray him into any follies inconsistent with his character. When urged by the king to dance at one of the court-balls, he replied that, "He who thought himself a wise man in the day-time, would not be a fool at night." His general deportment is said to have been neither too severe for Henry VIII's time, nor too loose for Henry VII's; with whose court, however, he could have little acquaintance. In him also was said to have been combined the wit of sir Thomas More, and the wisdom of sir Thomas Cromwell. It is no small confirmation of this character that his friend Surrey describes him as of "a visage stern and mild;" a contrariety which seems to be very happily preserved in Holbein's incomparable drawing lately published by Mr. Chamberlain.

But his wit was not evanescent. We are told that he brought about the Reformation by a *bon mot*, and precipitated the fall of Wolsey by a seasonable story. When the king was perplexed respecting his divorce from queen Catherine, which he affected to feel as a matter of conscience, sir Thomas exclaimed, "Lord! that a man cannot repent him of his sin without the pope's leave!" A truth thus wittily hinted was afterwards confirmed by the opinion of Cranmer and of the universities; and became a maxim of church and state. The story by which he promoted the fall of Wolsey has not descended to our times. Lloyd merely says that when the king happened to be displeased with Wolsey, "sir Thomas ups with a story of the curs baiting the butchers' dog, which contained the whole method of that great man's ruin." Few readers require to be told that Wolsey was the son of a butcher at Ipswich.

In the early state of the Reformation the clergy were discontented, because afraid of losing their valuable lands. "Butter the rooks nests," said sir Thomas, "and they will never trouble you." The meaning, not very obvious, was that the king should give the church lands to the great families, whose interest it would then be to prevent the re-establishment of popery. The wit, however, of this advice is more remarkable than the wisdom; for notwithstanding the robbery of the church, which has kept her poor ever since, popery was effectually re-established in queen Mary's reign. The liberality of the only other *bon mot* recorded of sir Thomas may be questioned. One day he told the king that he had found out a living of £100 a year more than enough, and prayed him to bestow it on him; and when the king answered that there was no such in England, sir Thomas mentioned "the provost-ship of Eaton; where a man hath his diet, his lodging, his horsemeat, his servant's wages, his riding charge, and an hundred pounds *per annum* besides."

Sir Thomas was a man whose acquaintance was much courted, for his splendid entertainments; his knowledge of the political relations of the kingdom; his discernment in discovering men of parts, and his readiness to encourage them; and for the interest he was known to possess at court. It became a proverb, when any person received preferment, that "he had been in sir Thomas Wyat's closet." To this may be added, that his conversation had that happy mixture of the grave and gay which excludes dulness as well as levity; and his manners were so highly polished that he differed in

opinion with the utmost civility, and expressed his doubts as if he needed the information which he was able to impart.

Amidst this prosperous career, he had the misfortune, like most of the eminent characters of this reign, to fall under the severe displeasure of the king, and was twice imprisoned[3], but for what offences his biographers are not agreed. Fuller says he had heard that he fell into disfavour about the business of queen Anne Bullen. Lloyd insinuates the same, and some have gone so far as to accuse him of a criminal connection with her. But this is in part erroneous. From the oration which he delivered on his second trial, and which lord Orford has printed in his Miscellaneous Antiquities, he expressly imputes his first imprisonment to Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk. "His first misfortune flowed from a court-cabal; the second from the villainy, jealousy, and false accusation of that wretch Bonner, bishop of London, whose clownish manners, lewd behaviour, want of religion, and malicious perversion of truth, sir Thomas paints with equal humour and asperity." Bonner accused him of a treasonable correspondence with cardinal Pole, and this with some treasonable expressions concerning the king, formed the principal charges against him, which he repelled with great spirit, ease, and candour. The words which he was accused of having uttered were, "that the king should be cast out of a cart's a—e: and that by God's blood, if he were so, he was well served, and he would he were so." Sir Thomas acknowledged the possibility of his having uttered the first part of this sentence, and explained his meaning, viz. that between the emperor and the king of France, his master Henry would probably be left in the lurch.

He was tried for this by a jury before a committee of the council, and probably acquitted; as we find that he regained the confidence of the king, and was afterwards sent ambassador to the emperor. His eagerness to execute this commission, whatever it was, proved fatal; for riding fast in the heat of summer he was attacked by a malignant fever, of which he died at Shirebourne in Dorsetshire, 1541, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and was buried in the great conventual church there[4].

Lord Orford informs us, that in Vertue's manuscript collections he found that Vertue was acquainted with a Mr. Wyat, who lived in Charterhouse-yard, and was the representative descendant of that respectable family. In 1721, and at other times, Vertue says, at that gentleman's house he saw portraits of his ancestors for seven descents, and other pictures and ancient curiosities[5].

Our poet has usually been termed sir Thomas Wyat *the Elder*, to distinguish him from sir Thomas Wyat, his son, who suffered death for high treason in the reign of queen Mary. His lady, according to Wood, was Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Brooke, lord Cobham[6]. His son left issue, by Jane his wife, daughter and co-heir of William Hawte of Bourne, knight, a son named George Wyat of Boxley in Kent, restored 13. Elizabeth.

[3] See his Sonnet to sir Francis Bryan. *C.*

[4] Lord Orford contradicts Anthony Wood's account of sir Thomas's death, by playing in his usual way upon words, but unfortunately upon words which are not to be found in the Athenæ. See Misc. Antiquities, p. 18. note, and compare with Wood, vol. i. col. 57. *C.*

[5] "Drayton, in his Verses to Master George Sandys, treasurer for the English colony in Virginia, mentions the name of a Wyat, who probably might be a descendant of our poet's. Sandys was related to the Wyat family." Headley's Beauties, i. lxvi.

[6] She afterwards married sir Edward Warner, bart. Hasted's Kent, vol. ii. p. 183.

Sir Thomas's biographers are in general silent on the subject of his connection with lord Surrey. It is known, however, that they were closely allied by friendship, and similarity of taste and studies. Surrey's character of Wyat is a noble tribute to his memory. The year following his death, Leland published a volume of elegiac verses, some of which are very elegant, and all highly encomiastic, entitled "Næniæ in mortem Thomæ Wiati, equitis incomparabilis, Joanne Lelando Antiquario, Auctore, 4to." This scarce pamphlet has a wood cut of Wyat, supposed to be by Holbein, but representing him as a much older man than he was, and with a huge bushy beard hiding more than half his features. The copy in the British Museum is dated 1552.

His poems were first published by Tottell, along with Surrey's, and the collection by uncertain authors. The authenticity of Surrey's and Wyat's poems seems to be confirmed by this care of Tottell to distinguish what he knew from what he did not know, and what, from the ignorance of an editor of so much taste, I apprehend were not generally known. Mr. Warton has favoured us with a very elaborate and elegant criticism on Wyat, but has found it impossible to revive his poetical fame. He contributed but little to the refinement of English poetry, and his versification and language are deficient in harmony and perspicuity. From a close study of the Italian poets, his imagination dwells too often on puerile conceits and contrarieties, which, however, to some are so pleasing that they are not to this day totally excluded from our poetry. As a lover, his addresses are stately and pedantic, with very little mixture of feeling or passion; and although detached beauties may be pointed out in a few of his sonnets, his genius was ill adapted to this species of poetry. In all respects he is inferior to his friend Surrey, and claims a place in the English series chiefly as being the first moral satirist, and as having represented the vices and follies of his time in the true spirit of the didactic muse.

Lord Surrey, we have seen, praises his version of David's Psalms, a work about the existence of which bibliographers are not agreed. No copy is known to be extant, nor is it noticed in any history of the English press, nor in any library printed or manuscript. In 1549 were published Certayne Psalms, a transcript of which has been made for the present edition, without, I am afraid, adding much to the author's reputation. Mr. Warton observes, that the pious Thomas Sternhold and John Hopkins are the only immortal translators of David's Psalms. But indifferent as they are now thought, there is nothing to be found of a superior kind before their time. In the library of Bene't College, Cambridge, is a manuscript translation of the Psalms into Scotch metre of the fourteenth century.

Tottel's edition of Surrey and Wyat contains also the Poems of UNCERTAIN AUTHORS, on which Mr. Warton has bestowed the whole of sect. xxi. and part of xxii. of his History of Poetry. He notices this collection as the first printed poetical miscellany in the English language, and is of opinion that sir Francis Bryan, George Boleyn, lord Rochford (brother to queen Anne Boleyn), and lord Vaux, "all professed rhymers and sonnet-writers," were large contributors. Sir Francis Bryan's and lord Rochford's shares have not been ascertained. Lord Thomas Vaux[7] is the author of The Image of Death, and of the Assault of Cupide upon the Fort in which the Lover's Heart lay wounded. He has been confounded by some writers with Nicholas Vaux, his father, who was no poet; and with his son William, who wrote several poems in the

[7] See Mr. Park's Life of this nobleman in his edition of the Royal and Noble Authors, vol. I. p. 209.

collection, called The Paradise of Dainty Deuises. Mr. Ritson[8] has produced Churchyard's authority that he also was a contributor of "many things" to this collection, but they are not specified.

Mr. Warton is of opinion that all these pieces were written between the years 1530 and 1550, and most of them, perhaps, within the first part of that period. The Songes written by N. G. at the close of the collection are attributed to Nicholas Grimoald, a man of extensive learning, a critic, and a poet, and the second, after lord Surrey, who wrote in blank verse. Mr. Warton gives him the high praise of having added to Surrey's efforts new strength, elegance, and modulation, and thinks that as a writer of verses in rhyme, he yields to none of his contemporaries, for a masterly choice of chaste expression, and concise elegancies of didactic versification. The remainder of these poems await the researches and conjectures of some future and indefatigable antiquary.

[8] Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica, in art. Churchyard.

POEMS

OF

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

THE LOUER FOR SHAMEFASTNESSE HIDETH HIS DESIRE WITHIN HIS FAITHFUL HEART.

THE long love, that in my thought I harber
And in my hart doth kepe his residence,
Into my face preaseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth, displaying his banner;
She that me learnes to loue, and to suffer,
And willes that my trust, and lustes negligence
Be reined by reason, shame, and reuerence
With his hardinesse takes displeasure.
Wherewith loue to the hartes forest he fleeth,
Leauing his enterprise with paine and crye,
And there him hideth and not appeareth.
What may I do? when my maister feareth,
But in the field with him to liue and dye,
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

THE LOUER WAXETH WISER, AND WILL NOT DYE FOR AFFECTION.

YET was I neuer of your loue agreued,
Nor neuer shall, while that my life doth last;
But of hating my self, that date is past,
And teares continual sore hath me wеried:
I will not yet in my graue be buried;
Nor on my tombe your name haue fixed fast,
As cruel cause, that did my sprite sone hast,
From thunhappy boones by great sighes stirred.
Then if an hart of amorous faith and will
Content your minde withouten doing grief;
Please it you so to this to do relief;
If otherwyse you seke for to fulfyll
Your wrath, you erre, and shall not as you wene;
And you your self the cause thereof have bene.

THE ABUSED LOUER SEETH HIS FOLY AND ENTENDETH TO TRUST NO MORE.

WAS never file yet halfe so well yfiled,
To file a file for any smithes entent,
As I was made a filing instrument,
To frame other, while that I was begiled,
But reason loe, hath at my foly smiled,
And pardoned me, sins that I me repent,
Of my last yeres, and of my time mispent.

For youth led me, and falshod me misguided,
Yet, this trust I haue of great apparance,
Sins that disceit is ay returnable,
Of very force it is agreable,
That therwithall be done the recompence,
Then gile begiled, playnd should be neuer,
And the reward is little trust for ever.

THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING STRIKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOUE.

THE liuely sparkes, that issue from those eyes,
Against the which there vaileth no defence,
Haue perst my hart, and done it none offence,
With quaking pleasure, more than once or twise.
Was neuer man could any thing deuise,
Sunne beames to turne with so great vehemence
To dase mans sight, as by their bright presence
Dased am I, much like vnto the gise,
Of one striken with dint of lightening,
Blind with the stroke, and crying here and there:
So call I for help, I not[1] when or where;
The payn of my fall paciently bearing.
For streight after the blase (as is no wonder)
Of deadly noyse heare I the fearfull thunder.

[1] I know not.

THE WAUERING LOVER WILLETH AND DREADETH TO MOUE HIS DESIRE.

Such vaine thought, as wonted to misleade me,
In desert hope by well assured mone,
Makes me from company to liue alone,
In folowing her, whom reason bids me flee.
And after her my hart would faine be gone,
But armed sighes my way do stop anone,
Twixt hope and dreade lockinge my libertie;
So fleeth she by gentle crueltie.
Yet as I gesse vnder disdainfull brow,
One beam of ruth is in her cloudy looke,
Which comfortes the mind, that erst for fear shooke;
That bolded straight the way; then seke I how
To vtter forth the smart I byde within;
But such it is, I not[1] how to begin.

THE LOUER HAVING DREAMED ENJOYING OF HIS LOUE, COMPLAINETH THAT THE DREAME IS NOT EITHER LONGER OR TRUER.

Unstable dreame, according to the place,
Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true;
By tasted swetnesse, make me not to rew
The sodeyn losse of thy false fayned grace.
By good respect in such a dangerous case,
Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas;
But madest my sprite to liue, my care t' encrease,
My body in tempest her delight t' embrace,
The body dead, the sprite had his desire,
Painless was th' one, the other in delight.
Why then, alas! did it not kepe it right,
But thus returne to leape into the fier;
And where it was at wish, could not remaine?
Such mockes of dreames do turn to deadly payne.

THE LOUER VNHAPPY, BIDDETH HAPPY LOUERS REJOICE IN MAIE, WHILE HE WAILETH THAT MONTH TO HIM MOST UNLUCKLY.

Ye that in loue find lucke and swete abundance,
And liue in lust of joyful jolitie,
Arise for shame, do way your sluggardy;
Arise, I say, do May some observance,
Let me in bed lye, dreamyng of mischaunce,
Let me remember my mishappes vnhappy,
That me betyde in May most commonly.
As one whome loue list little to advance.
Stephan saide true, that my natiuitie
Mischanced was with the ruler of May:
He gest (I prove) of that the veritie,
In May my welth, and eke my wittes, I say,
Haue stand so oft in such perplexitie,
Joy, let me dreame of your felicitie.

THE LOUER CONFESSETH HIM IN LOUE WITH PHILLIS.

If waker care, if sodayn pale colour;
If many sighes with little speche to plaine;
Now joy, now wo, if they my chere distaine;
For hope of smal, if much to feare therefore,
To hast or slacke, my pace to lesse, or more
Be signe of loue, then do I loue againe.
If thou aske whome; sure sins I did refraine,
Brunet, that set my welth in such a rore,
Th' unfained chere of Phyllis hath the place
That Brunet had; she hath and ever shall;
She from my self now hath me in her grace;
She hath in hand, my wit, my will and all:
My hart alone wel woorthy she doth stay,
Without whose helpe skant do I liue a day.

[1] I know not.

OF OTHERS FAINED SOROW, AND THE LOUERS FAINED MIRTH.

Cesar, when that the traytour of Egipt
With t' honorable hed did him present,
Couering his hartes gladnesse, did represent
Plaint with his teares outward, as it is writ.
Eke Hannibal, when fortune him out shit
Clene from his reigne, and from al his entent,
Laught to his folke, whom sorow did torment,
His cruel dispite for to disgorge and quit.
So chaunced me, that euery passion
The minde hideth by colour contrary,
With fained visage, now sad, now mery;
Wherby if that I laugh at any season,
It is because I have none other way
To cloake my care, but vnder sporte and play.

OF CHANGE IN MYNDE.

Eche man me telth, I change most my deuise;
And on my faith, methinke it good reason
To change purpose, like after the season.
For in eche case to kepe still one guise,
Is mete for them, that would be taken wise;
And I am not of such maner condicion;
But treated after a diuers fashion;
And thereupon my diuersenesse doth ryse.
But you, this diuersenesse that blamen most,
Change you no more, but still after one rate
Treate you me well; and kepe you in that state;
And while with me doth dwell this weried ghost,
My word nor I shall not be variable;
But always one, your own both firme and stable.

HOW THE LOUER PERISHETH IN HIS DELIGHT, AS THE FLIE IN THE FIRE.

Some fowles there be that haue so perfite sight,
Against the sunne their eyes for to defende;
And some, because the light doth them offende,
Neuer appere, but in the darke or night:
Other reioyce to see the fire so bright,
And wene to play in it, as they pretende;
But finde contrary of it, that they entende.
Alas, of that sort may I be by right:
For to withstand her loke I am not able;
Yet can I not hide me in no darke place;
So foloweth me remembrance of that face,
That with my teary eyen, swolne, and vnstable,
My desteny to behold her doth me leade,
And yet I know I runne into the gleade.

AGAINST HIS TONG THAT FAILED TO VTTER HIS SUTES.

BECAUSE I still kept thee fro lyes and blame,
And to my power always thee honoured,
Unkinde tongue, to yll hast thou me rendred,
For such desert to do me wreke and shame.
In nede of succour most when that I am,
To ask rewarde, thou standes lyke one afraid;
Alway most cold, and if one woord be said,
As in a dreme, vnperfit is the same;
And ye salt teares, against my wyll eche night,
That are with me, when I would be alone;
Then are ye gone, when I should make my mone,
And ye so ready sighes, to make me shright,
Then are ye slacke, when that ye should out start,
And onely doth my loke declare my hart.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CONTRARIOUS PASSIONS IN A LOUER.

I FINDE no peace, and all my warre is done,
I feare and hope; I burne, and frese lyke yse,
I flye aloft, yet can I not arise,
And nought I haue, and all the world I season,
That lockes nor loseth, holdeth me in prison,
And holdes me not, yet can I scape no wyse:
Nor lettes me live, nor dye, at my deuise,
And yet of death it geueth me occasion.
Without eye I se, without tong I playne:
I wish to perish, yet I aske for helth,
I love another, and I hate my selfe;
I fede me in sorow, and laugh in all my paine.
Lo, thus displeaseth me, both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

THE LOUER COMPARETH HIS STATE TO A SHIPPE IN PERILOUS STORME TOSSED ON THE SEA.

MY gally charged with forgetfulnesse,
Through sharp seas, in winter nightes doth passe,
Twene rocke, and rocke, and eke my foe (alas)
That is my lord, stereth with cruelnesse.
And euery houre, a thought in readinesse,
As though that death were light in such a case,
An endlesse wynde doth teare the sayle apace
Of forced sighes and trusty fearfulnesse:
A rayne of teares, a clowde of darke disdaine,
Have done the weried coardes great hinderance;
Wrethed with errour, and with ignorance,
The starres be hidde, that lead me to this paine.
Drounde is reason that shoulde be my comforte,
And I remayne, dispairing of the porte.

OF DOUBTFUL LOUE.

AVYSING the bright beames of those faire eyes,
Where he abides that mine oft moystes and washeth;
The weried mynde streight from the hart departeth,
To rest within his worldly paradyse;
And bitter findes the swete, under his gise.
What webbes there he hath wrought, well he perceiveth,
Wherby then with himselfe on love he plaineth,
That spurs with fyre, and bridleth eke with yse:
In such extremitie thus is he brought,
Frosen now cold, and now he standes in flame:
Twixt wo and wealth, betwixt earnest and game,
With seldome glad, and many a diuers thought;
In sore repentance of his hardinesse,
Of such a roote, loe, commeth frute frutelesse.

THE LOUER SHEWETH HOW HE IS FORSAKEN OF SUCH AS HE SOMETYME ENIOYED.

THEY flee from me, that sometime did me seke,
With naked fote stalking within my chamber:
Once haue I sene them gentle, tame, and meke,
That now are wilde, and do not once remember.
That sometime they haue put themselves in danger,
To take bread at my hand, and now they range,
Busely seking in continual change.

Thanked be fortune, it hath ben otherwise
Twenty times better; but once especiall,
In thynne aray, after a pleasant gise,
When her loose gowne did from her shoulders fall
And she me caught in her armes long and small;
And therwithall, so swetely did me kisse,
And softly sayd, dear hearte, how like you this?

It was no dreame; for I lay broade awaking:
But all is turnde now through my gentlenesse,
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking:
And I haue leaue to go of her goodnesse;
And she also to use new fangilenesse.
But, sins that I vnkindly so am serued,
How like you this, what hath she now deserued?

THE LADY TO AUNSWERE DIRECTLY WITH YEA OR NAY.

MADAME, withouten many wordes,
Once I am sure, you wyll, or no:
And if you wyll, then leaue your boordes,
And vse your wit, and shew it so.
For with a becke you shall me call;
And if of one, that burnes alway,
Ye haue pitie, or ruth at all,
Aunswere him faire with yea or nay.
If it be, yea; I shall be faine.
If it be nay; frendes as before.
You shall another man obtaine;
And I mine own, and yours no more.

TO HIS LOUE WHOM HE HAD KISSED AGAINST HER WYL.

ALAS, madam, for stealing of a kisse,
Have I so much your mynde therin offended?
Or have I done so greuously amisse,
That by no meanes it may not be amended?
Revenge you then: the readiest way is this;
Another kisse, my life it shall haue ended,
For, to my mouth the first my hart did sucke,
The next shall clene out of my brest it plucke.

OF THE IELOUS MAN THAT LOUED THE SAME WOMAN, AND ESPIED THIS OTHER SITTING WITH HER.

THE wandering gadling in the sommer tide,
Tha findes the adder with his rechlesse foote,

Startes not dismayde so sodeinly aside,
As iealous despite did, though there were no boote:
When that he saw me sitting by her side,
That of my health is very crop and roote.
It plesed me then to haue so faire a graee,
To stynge the hart, that would haue had my place.

TO HIS LOUE FROM WHOM HE HAD HER GLOUES.

WHAT nedes these threatning wordes, and wasted winde?
Al this cannot make me restore my pray.
To robbe your good, ywis is not my mynde:
Nor causelesse your fair hand did I display.
Let loue be judge, or els whom next we finde,
That may both heare what you and I can say.
She reft my hart, and I a gloue from her:
Let us se then, if one be worth the other.

OF THE FAINED FRENDE.

RIGHT true it is, and sayd full yore ago;
Take hede of him that by the back the claweth:
For none is worse than is a frendly fo.
Though thee seme good, all thing that the deliteth,
Yet know it well, that in thy bosome crepeth,
For many a man such fire oft times he kindleth,
That with the blase his beard himself he singeth.

THE LOUER TAUGHT, MISTRUSTETH ALLUREMENTES.

IT may be good like it who list,
But I do doubt: who can me blame?
For oft assured, yet haue I mist;
And now againe I fear the same.
The wordes, that from your mouth last came,
Of sodeine change make me agast,
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

Alas! I tread an endles mase,
That seke t'accord two contraries;
And hope thus still, and nothing base,
Imprisoned in liberties:
As one vnheard, and still that eries;
Always thirsty, and nought doth taste;
For dread to fall, I stand no tfast.

Assured, I dout I be not sure;
Should I then trust unto such suerte;
That oft hath put the profe in ure,
And never yet have found it trustie.
Nay, Sir, in faith, it were great folly:
And yet my life thus do I wast;
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH THAT HIS LOUE DOTH NOT PITIE HIM.

RESOUNDE my voyce, ye woods, that heare me plaine,
Both hils and vales causing reflexion,
And riuers eke, record ye of my payne,
Which have oft forced ye by compassion,
As judges, lo, to heare my exclamacion,
Among whom ruth (I finde) yet doth remayne;
Where I it seke, alas! there is disdaine.

Oft, ye riuers, to heare my wofull sounde
Have stopt your cours, and plainly to expresse
Many a teare by moisture of the ground,
The earth hath wept to heare my heauinesse:
Which causelesse I endure without redresse.
The hugy okes haue roared in the winde:
Eche thing, me thought, complaining in theyr kind.

Why then alas! doth not she on me rew?
Or is her hart so harde that no pitie,
May in it sinke, my joy for to renew?
O stony hart, who hath thus framed thee
So cruel, that art cloked with beautie;
That from thee may no grace to me procede,
But as rewarde, death for to be my mede?

THE LOUER REIOYSETH AGAINST FORTUNE THAT BY HINDERING HIS SUTE HAD HAPPELY MADE HIM FORSAKE HIS FOLLY.

IN faith I wote not what to say,
Thy chaunces ben so wonderous,
Thou Fortune with thy diuers play,
That makst the ioyful dolorous,
And eke the same right ioyous.
Yet though thy chaine hath me enwrapt,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

Though thou hast set me for a wonder,
And sekest by change to doe me paine:
Mens mindes yet mayst thou not so order,
For honestie, if it remaine,
Shall shine for all thy cloudy raine;
In vaine thou sekest to have me trapt;
Spte of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

In hindering me, me didst thou further,
And made a gap, where was a stile,
Cruell willes ben oft put vnder,
Wening to lower, then didst thou smile:
Lord, how thy self thou didst begile,
That in thy cares would haue me wrapt?
But spite of hap, hap hath well hapt.

A RENOUNCING OF HARDLY ESCAPED LOUE.

FAREWELL the hart of crueltie;
Though that with paine my libertie,
Deare haue I bought, and wofully,
Finisht my fearefull tragedy.
Of force I must forsake such pleasure,
A good cause just, sins I indure,
Therby my wo, which be ye sure,
Shall therwith go me to recure.

I fare, as one escapt, that fleeth;
Glad he is gone, and yet still feareth,
Spied to be caught and so dredeth
That he for nought his pain leseth.
In joyful paine, reioyce my hart,
Thus to sustaine of eche apart.
Let not this song from thee astart,
Welcome among my pleasant smart.

THE LOUER TO HIS BED, WITH DESCRIBING OF HIS UNQUIET STATE.

THE restfull place, reuuer of my smart,
The labours salue encreasing my sorow,
The bodies ease, and troubler of my hart,
Quieter of minde, mine unquiet foe,
Forgetter of payne, remembrer of my woe,
The place of slepe, wherein I do but wake,
Besprent with teares, my bed, I thee forsake,
The frosty snowes may not redresse my heat,
Nor, heat of Sunne abate my fervent cold,
I know nothing to ease my paines so great
Eche cure causeth encrease by twenty fold,
Renewing cares upon my sorowes old,
Such ouerthwart effectes in me they make,
Besprent with teares, my bed for to forsake.
But all for nought, I find no better ease
In bed or out: this most causeth my paine,
Where I do seke how best that I may please;
My lost labour (alas) is all in vaine:
My hart once set, I cannot it refraine;
No place from me my grief away can take;
Wherfore with teares, my bed I thee forsake.

COMPARISON OF LOUE, TO A STREAME FALLING FROM THE ALPES.

FROM these hie hilles as when a spring doth fall,
It trilleth downe with still and suttle course,
Of this and that, it gathers aye and shall,
Till it have iust downe flowed to streame and force,
Then at the foote it rageth over all:
So fareth loue, when he hath tane a sourse,
Rage is his raine, resistance vaileth none,
The first eschue is remedy alone.

WYATES COMPLAINT VPON LOUE TO REASON, WITH LOUES AUNSWERE.

MINE old dere enemy, my froward maister,
Afore that quene I causde to be acited,
Which holdeth the diuine part of our nature;
That like as golde in fire he mought be tryed.
Charged with dolour, that I me presented
With horrible feare, as one that greatly dredeth
A wrongfull death, and iustice alway seketh.

And thus I sayd: "Once my left foote, madame,
When I was yong, I set within his raigne;
Whereby other then fyry burning flame,
I neuer felt, but many a grevous paine,
Torment I suffred, anger and disdaine:
That mine oppressed pacience was past,
And I mine owne life hated at the last.

Thus hitherto have I my time passed
In paine and smart; what waies is profitable,
How many pleasant daies have me escaped,
In serving this false lyer so deceauable?
What wit haue wordes so prest and forceable,
That may containe my great mishappinesse?
And iust complaintes of his vngentlenesse?

So small hony, much aloes, and gall,
In bitternesse, my blinde life haue I tasted:
His false semblance, that turneth as a ball,
With faire and amorous daunce, mademe be traced,
And where I had my thought and minde araced
From earthly frailnesse, and from vaine pleasure.
Me from my rest he toke and set in errour.

God made he me regardlesse, than I ought,
And to my self to take right little hede:
And for a woman haue I set at nought,
Al other thoughtes, in this only to spede:
And he was onely counseler of this dede.
Whetting alwaies my youthly fraile desire,
On cruel whetston, tempered with fire.

But (oh alas!) where had I euer wit,
Or other gift geuen to me of nature?
That sooner shal be changed my weried sprite,
Then the obstinate will, that is my rules:
So robbeth he my fredome with displeasure,
This wicked traitour, whom I thus accuse;
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant vse.

He hath me hasted, through diuers regions,
Through desert woodes, and sharpe hye mountaines,
Through froward people, and through bitter passions,
Through rocky seas, and ouer hilles and plaines:
With wery trauel, and with laborous paines,
Alwaies in trouble and in tediousnesse,
All in errour, and daungerous distresse;

But nother he, nor she, my tother foe,
For all my flight did euer me forsake;
That though my timely death hath been to slowe
That *me* as yet, it hath not ouertake:
The heavenly gods of pite doe it slake,
And note they this his cruel tiranny,
That feedes him, with my care, and misery.

Sins I was his, hower rested I never,
Nor looke to do, and eke the waky nightes,
The banished slepe may in no wise recouer,
By guile and force, ouer my thralled sprites.
He is ruler, sins which bell neuer strikes,
That I heare not as sounding to renue
My plaintes. Himself he knoweth that I say true.

For neuer wormes olde rotten stocke have eaten,
As he my hart, where he is resident,
And doth the same with death dayly threaten;
Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter torment,
The sighes, the wordes, and eke the languishment,
That noy both me, and peraventure other,
Judge thou that knowest the one and eke the tother."

Mine adversair with such grevous reproofe,
Thus he began, "Heare lady the other part:
That the plain trouth, from which he draweth aloofe,
This vnkind man may shew, ere that I part:
In his yong age, I tooke him from that art,
That selleth wordes, and make a clattering knight,
And of my wealth I gaue him the deiight.

Now shames he not on me for to complain,
That held him evermore in pleasant game,
From his desire that might haue been his paine,
Yet therby alone I brought him to some frame,
Which now as wretchednes, he doth so blame;
And toward honour quickned I his wit,
Whereas a dastard els he mought haue sit.

He knoweth how great Atride that made Troy
And Hannibal to Rome so troubelous, [freat,
Whom Homer honored, Achilles that great;

And th' Affricane Scipion the famous,
And many other, by much honour glorious,
Whose fame and actes, did lift them vp aboue,
I did let fall in base dishonest loue.

And vnto him, though he vnworthy were,
I chose the best of many a million;
That vnder sunne yet neuer was her pere,
Of wisdom, womanhod, and of discrecion;
And of my grace I gave her such a facion,
And eke such way I taught her for to teache
That neuer base thought his hart so hie might reache.

Euer more thus to content his maistresse,
That was hys only frame of honestie,
I stirred him still toward gentlenesse;
And causde him to regard fidelitie;
Pacience I taught him in adversitie:
Such vertues learned he in my great schoole,
Wherof repenteth now the ignorant foole,

These were the same deceites, and bitter gall,
That I have vsed, the torment and the anger,
Sweter than euer did to other fall;
Of right good sede, ill fruite, lo, thus I gather
And so shall he that the unkinde doth further:
A serpent nourish I vnder my wing,
And now of nature ginneth he to sting.

And for to tell at last, my great seruice,
From thousand dishonesties have I him drawen,
That, by my meanes, him in no maner wyse,
Neuer vyle pleasure once hath overthrowen;
Wher in his dede, shame hath him alwaies gnawen;
Douting report that should come to her eare:
Whom now he blames, her wonted he to feare;

What euer he hath of any honest custome,
Of her, and me, that holds he euery whit:
But lo, yet neuer was there nightly fantome
So farre in errour, as he is from his wit,
To plain on vs: he striveth with the bit,
Which may rule him, and do him ease, and paine,
And in one hower, make al his griefe his gaine.

But one thing yet there is aboue all other:
I gaue him winges, wherewith he might up flie
To honour and fame; and if he woulde to hygher
Then mortal things, aboue the starry skye;
Considering the pleasure, that an eye
Might geue in earth, by reason of the loue;
What should that be, that lasteth still aboue?

And he the same himself hath sayd ere this,
But now, forgotten is both that and I,
That gaue him her, his only wealth and blisse,"
And at this word, with dedly skreke and crye:
" Thou gaue her once (quod I) but by and by
Thou tooke her ayen from me, that woworth the!"
" Not I, but price, more worth than thou," (quod he.)

At last, eche other for himself concluded,
I trembling still, but he, with small reuerence,
" Lo, thus, as we eche other have accused,
Dere lady, now we wayte thine only sentence;"
She smiling, at the whisted audience,
It liketh me, quod she, to haue heard your question,
But lenger time doth aske a resolucion."

THE LOUERS SOROWFULL STATE MAKETH HIM WRITE SOROWFULL SONGES, BUT (SOUCHE,) HIS LOUE MAY CHANGE THE SAME.

Marueil no more altho
The songs, I sing do mone;
For other life then wo,
I neuer proued none.
And in my hart also,
Is grauen with letters depe,
A thousand sighes and mo
A flood of teares to wepe.
How many a man in smart,
Find a matter to rejoyce!
How many a moorning hart,
Sent forth a plesant voice:
Play who so can that part,
Nedes must in me appere,
How fortune ouerthwart
Doth cause my moorning chere.
Perdy there is no man
If he saw neuer sight,
That perfitly tell can,
The nature of the light.
Alas, how shoulde I than,
That never tast but sowre,
But do as I began,
Continually to lowre.
But yet parchance some chance,
May chance to change my tune,
And when (Souch) chance doth chance
Then shall I thanke fortune.
And if I have (Souch) chance,
Perchance or it be long,
For (Souch) a pleasant chance,
To sing some pleasant song.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH HIMSELF FORSAKEN.

Where shall I haue at mine owne will,
Teares to complaine? where shal I fet
Such sighes, that I may sigh my fill,
And then again my plaintes repete?
For though my plaint shall have none end,
My teares cannot suffise my woe
To mone my harme, have I no frend,
For fortunes frend, is mishaps foe.
Comfort (God wot) els haue I none,
But in the wind to wast my wordes;
Nought moueth you my dedly mone,
But still you turn it into bordes:
I speak not now to moue your heart,
That you should rue vpon my pain;
The sentence geuen may not reuert,
I know such labour were but vain.
But sins that I for you (my dere)
Have lost that thing, that was my best,
A right small losse it must appere
To lese these wordes, and all the rest.
But though they sparkle in the winde,
Yet shall they shew your falshed faith,
Which is returned to his kinde;
For like to like, the prouerbe saith.
Fortune, and you did me auance,
Me thought I swam, and could not drown;
Happiest of al; but my mischance,
Did lift me vp, to throw me down.

And you with her, of cruelnesse,
Did set your foote upon my necke,
Me, and my welfare to oppresse;
Without offence your heart to wreke.
Where are your pleasant wordes (alas)
Where is your faith? your stedfastnesse?
There is no more but al doth passe,
And I am left all comfortlesse.
But sins so much it doth you greue,
And also me my wretched life,
Have here my troth: nought shall releue,
But death alone, my wretched strife.
Therfore farewel, my life, my death,
My gaine, my losse, my salue, my sore,
Farewell also, with you my breath,
For I am gone for evermore.

OF HIS LOVE THAT PRICKED HER FINGER WITH A NEDLE.

She sate, and sowed, that hath done me the wrong,
Wherof I plain, and haue done many a day,
And, whilst she heard my plaint, in piteous song,
She wisht my hart the sampler, that it lay.
The blind maister, whom I have serued so long,
Grudging to heare that he did heare her say,
Made her own weapon do her finger blede,
To feele, if pricking were so good indede.

OF THE SAME.

What man hath hearde such cruelty before?
That, when my plaint remembred her my wo,
That caused it, she cruell more and more,
Wished eche stiche as she did sit and sow,
Had prickt my hart, for to encrease my sore;
And as I thinke, she thought it had been so,
For as she thought, this is his hart in dede,
She pricked hard, and made her self to blede.

REQUEST TO CUPIDE FOR REUENGE OF HIS VNKINDE LOVE.

Behold, Loue, thy power how she despiseth,
My greuous pain how little she regardeth:
The solemne othe wherof she takes no cure,
Broken she hath, and yet she bydeth sure.
Right at her ease, and little thee she dredeth:
Weaponed thou art, and she vnarmed sitteth;
To the disdainfull, all her life she leadeth
To me spitefull, without iust cause or measure:
Behold Loue, how proudly she triumpheth.
I am in hold, but if the pitie meueth,
Go, bend thy bow, that stony hartes breaketh,
And with some stroke, reuenge the great displea-
Of thee, and him that sorow doth endure, [sure
And as his lord thee lowly here entreateth.

COMPLAINT FOR TRUE LOVE VNREQUITED.

What vaileth troth? or by it, to take pain?
To striue by stedfastness for to attain
How to be iust, and flee from doublenesse?
Since all alike, where ruleth craftinesse,
Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain.
Soonest he spedes, that most can lye and faine.
True meaning hart is had in hye disdaine.
Against deceit and cloked doublenesse,
What vaileth trouth, or parfit stedfastnesse?
Deceiued is he, by false and craftie train,
That meanes no gile, and faithfull doth remaine
Within the trap, without help or redresse.
But for to love, lo, such a sterne maistresse,
Where crueltie dwelles, alas, it were in vain.

THE LOUER THAT FLED LOVE, NOW FOLOWES IT WITH HIS HARME.

Sometime I fled the fire, that me so brent,
By sea, by land, by water, and by winde;
And now the coales I folow, that be quent,
From Dover to Cales, with willing minde.
Lo how desire is both forth sprong, and spent;
And he may see, that whilome was so blinde,
And all his labour laughes he now to scorne,
Meashed in the breers, that erst was onely torne.

THE LOUER HOPETH OF BETTER CHAUNCE.

He is not dead, that somtime had a fall,
The sunne returnes, that hid was under clowde,
And when fortune hath spit out all her gall,
I trust, good luck to me shal be alowed.
For I have sene a ship in hauen fall,
After that storme hath broke both maste and shroud;
The willow eke, that stoupeth with the winde,
Doth rise againe, and greater wood doth binde.

THE LOUER COMPARETH HIS HART TO THE OUER-CHARGED GONNE.

The furious gonne, in his most raging yre,
When that the boule is rammed in too sore,
And that the flame cannot part from the fire;
Crackes in sunder, and in the ayer do rore
The sheuered peces: so doth my desire,
Whose flame encreaseth ay from more to more;
Which to let out, I dare not loke, nor speake;
So inward force my heart doth all to breake.

THE LOUER SUSPECTED OF CHANGE, PRAIETH THAT IT BE NOT BELEUED AGAINST HIM.

Accused though I be, without desert,
Sith none can proue, beleue it not for true:
For never yet, since that you had my hert,
Intended I to false, or be vntrue.
Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,
Than breake one word of that I promised you;
Accept therfore my seruice in good part:
None is aliue, that can il tonges eschew.
Hold them as false, and let not vs depart,
Our frendship old in hope of any new;
Put not thy trust in such as vse to fayn,
Except thou minde to put thy frend to payn.

THE LOUER ABUSED RENOUNCETH LOVE.

My loue to scorn, my seruice to retaine,
Therin me thought you vsed crueltie,
Since with good wyll I lost my libertie,
Might never wo yet cause me to refraine;
But only this, which is extremitie,
To geue me nought (alas) not to agree
That as I was, your man I might remaine:
But since that thus ye list to order me,
That would have been your seruant true and fast,
Displease you not, my doting time is past,
And with my losse to leaue it must agree;
For as there is a certaine time to rage,
So is there tyme such madnes to asswage.

THE LOUER PROFESSETH HIMSELFE CONSTANT.

Within my brest I neuer thought it gaine
Of gentle mindes the fredome for to lose;
Not in my hart sank neuer such disdaine,
To be a forger, faultes for to disclose.
Nor I can not endure the truth to glose,
To set a glosse vpon an earnest paine,
Nor I am not in nomber one of those,
That list to blow retreate to euery traine.

THE LOUER SENDETH HIS COMPLAINTES AND TEARES TO SUE FOR GRACE.

Passe forth my wonted cryes,
Those cruel eares to pearce,
Which in most hatefull wyse,
Do still my plaintes reuerse.
Do you, my teares, also
So wet her barrein hart
That pitie there may grow,
And crueltie depart.

For though hard rockes among
She semes to haue ben bred,
And of the tigre long
Bene nourished and fed.
Yet shall not nature change,
If pitie once win place;
Whom as vnknowen and strange
She now away doth chase.

And as the water soft,
Without forcing or strength,
Where that it falleth oft,
Hard stones doth perce at length:
So in her stony hart,
My plaintes at last shall graue,
And rigour set apart,
Wynne graunt of that I craue.

Wherfore, my plaintes, present
Stil so to her my sute,
As ye through her assent,
May bring to me some frute.
And as she shall me proue,
So bid her me regarde,
And render loue for loue,
Which is a just rewarde.

THE LOUERS CASE CANNOT BE HIDDEN HOW EUER HE DISSEMBLE.

Your lokes so often cast,
Your eyes so frendly rolde,
Your sight fixed so fast,
Alwayes one to beholde:
Though hide it faine ye woulde,
It plainely doth declare,
Who hath your hart in hold,
And where good will ye bare.

Fayne would ye finde a cloke,
Your brenning fire to hide,
Yet both the flame and smoke,
Breakes out on every side.
Ye cannot loue so guide,
That it no issue winne:
Abrode nedes must it glide,
That brens so hotte within.

Four canse your self do wink,
Ye judge all other blinde,
And secret it you think,
Which euery man dothe finde.
In wast oft spende ye winde,
Your self in loue to quit;
For agues of that kinde,
Wyll show, who hath the fit.

Your sighes you fet from farre,
And all to wry your wo;
Yet are ye ner the narre,
Men are not blinded so.
Depely oft swere ye, No;
But all those othes are vaine,
So well your eye doth shew,
Who puttes your hart to paine.

Thinke not therfore to hide,
That still it self betrayes,
Nor seke meanes to provide
To dark the sunny dayes.
Forget those wonted wayes,
Leave of such frowning chere,
There wyll be found no stayes,
To stoppe a thing so clere.

THE LOUER PRAIETH NOT TO BE DISDAINED, REFUSED, MISTRUSTED, NOR FORSAKEN.

Disdaine me not without desert;
Nor leaue me not so sodenly;
Since well ye wot, that in my hert,
I meane ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why;
Nor think me not to be unjust,
Since that by lot of fantasie,
This careful knot nedes knit I must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be,
That faine woulde spot my stedfastnesse;
Beleue them not, sins that ye se,
The profe is not, as they expresse.

Forsake me not, till I deserue,
Nor hate me not, till I offende,
Destroy me not, till that I swerue,
But sins ye know what I entende.

Disdaine me not, that am your owne,
Refuse me not, that am so true,
Mistrust me not till all be knowne,
Forsake me not now for no new.

THE LOUER LAMENTETH HIS ESTATE WITH SUTE FOR GRACE.

For want of will in wo I plaine,
Under colour of sobernesse;
Renewing with my sute my paine,
My wan hope with your stedfastnesse.
Awake therefore of gentlenesse,
Regard at lenth, I you require,
My swelting paines of my desire.

Betimes who geveth wyllyngly,
Redoubled thanks aye doth deserue,
And I that sue unfeinedly,
In fruitlesse hope, alas! do sterue.
How great my cause is for to swerue,
And yet how stedfast is my sute,
Lo! here ye see: where is the frute?

As hounde that hath his keper lost,
Seke I your presence to obtaine;
In which my hart deliteth most,
And shall delight though I be slaine.
You may release my band of paine;
Lose then the care that makes me crie
For want of helpe, or els I dye.

I dye, though not incontinent;
By processe yet consumingly;
As wast of fire, which doth relent:
If you as wilfull will deny.
Wherefore cease of such cruelty,
And take me wholy in your grace,
Which lacketh will to change his place.

THE LOVER WAILETH HIS CHANGED IOYES.

If euery man might him auaunt,
Of fortunes friendly chere,
It was my self I must it graunt,
For I haue bought it dere:
And derely haue I held also
The glory of her name,
In yielding her such tribute, lo,
As did set forth her fame.

Sometime I stoode so in her grace,
That as I would require,
Ech ioy I thought did me embrace
That furdered my desire;
And all these pleasures lo! had I,
That fansy might support;
And nothing she did me deny,
That was unto my comfort.

I had (what would you more perdie?)
Ech grace that I did craue.
Thus fortunes will was vnto me
All thing that I would haue:
But all to rathe, alas! the while,
She built on such a ground:
In little space, to greate a guile,
In her now haue I found.

For she hath turned so her whele,
That I vnhappy man
May wayle the time that I dyd fele,
Wherewith she fed me than;
For broken now are her behestes,
And pleasant lookes she gaue,
And therfore now al my requestes
From perill cannot save.

Yet would I well it might appere
To her my chiefe regard;
Though my desertes have been to dere
To merite such reward.
Sins fortunes will is now so bent
To plague me thus poore man,
I must my self therwith content,
And bear it as I can.

TO HIS LOUE THAT HAS GIVEN HIM ANSWERE OF REFUSELL.

The answere that ye made to me, my dere,
When I did sue for my poore hartes redresse,
Hath so appalde my countnance, and my chere,
That in this case, I am all comfortlesse,
Sins I of blame no cause can well expresse.

I haue no wrong, where I can claim no right,
Nought tane me fro, where I have nothing had,
Yet of my wo, I cannot so be quite;
Namely sins that another may be glad
With that, that thus in sorow makes me sad.

Yet none can claime (I say) by former graunt,
That knoweth not of any graunt at all;
And by desert, I dare well make auant,
Of faithfull will; there is no where that shall,
Beare you more truth, more ready at your call.

Now good then, call againe that bitter word,
That toucht your frend so nere with pangs of paine;
And say, my dere, that it was said in bord:
Late or to sone, let it not rule the saine,
Wherwith free will doth true desert retaine.

TO HIS LADIE, CRUEL OUER HER YELDEN LOVER.

Such is the course that natures kind hath wrought,
That snakes haue time to cast away their stinges:
Against chainde prisoners what nede defence be sought,
The fierce lyon will hurt no yelden thinges;
Why should such spight be nursed then by thought?
Sith all these powers are prest under thy winges,
And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught,
What mischiefe malice many wayes it bringes:
Consider eke, that spite availeth naught.
Therefore this song thy fault to thee it singes:
Displease thee not, for saying thus my thought
Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth springes,
For furies, that in hell be execrable,
For that they hate, are made most miserable.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH THAT DEADLY SICKNESSE CANNOT HELP HIS AFFECTION.

THE enmy of life, decayer of al kinde,
That with his colde withers away the grene
This other night me in my bed did finde,
And offerd me to rid my fever clene,
And I did graunt so did dispaire me blinde:
He drew his bow with arrowes sharp and kene,
And strake the place where love had hit before,
And drave the first dart deper more and more.

THE LOUER REIOYCETH THE ENIOYING OF HIS LOUE.

ONCE, as methought, fortune me kist,
And bade me aske, what I thought best,
And I should haue it as me list,
Therwith to set my hart in rest.
I asked but my ladies hart,
To haue foreuermore myne owne;
Then at an end were all my smart;
Then should I nede no more to mone.
Yet for all that a stormy blast,
Had ouerturnde this goodly nay:
And fortune semed at the last,
That to her promise she said nay.
But like as one out of dispaire,
To sodeine hope reuiued I;
Now fortune sheweth her selfe so faire,
That I content me wondersly.
My most desire my hand may reach,
My wyll is alway at my hande,
Me nede not long for to besech,
Her that hath power me to commande.
What earthly thing more can I crave,
What would I wishe more at my will?
Nothing on earth more would I haue,
Save that I haue, to haue it still.
For fortune now have kept her promesse,
In graunting me my most desire,
Of my soueraigne I haue redresse,
And I content me with my hire.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH THE VNKINDNES OF HIS LOVE.

MY lute awake perform the last
Labour, that thou and I shall wast:
And end that I haue now begonne,
And when this song is song and past,
My lute be still for I haue done.

As to be heard where eare is none,
As leade to graue in marble stone;
My song may pearse her hart as sone.
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone,
No, no, my lute, for I haue done.

The rockes do not so cruelly
Repulse the waues continually,
As she my sute and affection:
So that I am past remedy,
Wherby my lute and I haue done.

Proude of the spoile that thou hast gotte
Of simple harts through loues shot,
By whome vnkind thou hast them wonne:
Think not he hath his bow forgot;
Although my lute and I haue done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdaine
That makest but game on earnest payne,
Think not alone vnder the sunne
Unquit to cause thy lovers plaine;
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie withered and olde,
In winter nightes that are so colde,
Playning in vaine unto the mone;
Thy wishes then dare not be tolde:
Care then who list, for I haue done.

And then may chaunce thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy louers sighe and swowne;
Then shalt thou know beautie but lent,
And wish and want as I haue done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last
Labour, that thou and I shall wast,
And ended is that we begonne:
Now is this song both song and past;
My lute be still, for I have done

HOW BY A KISSE HE FOUND BOTH HIS LIFE AND DETH.

NATURE, that gaue the bee so feate a grace,
To finde hony of so wondrous fashion,
Hath taught the spider out of the same place
To fetch poyson by straunge alteracion.
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case,
With one kisse by secret operacion
Both these at once in those your lips to finde,
In change wherof, I leaue my hart behinde.

THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING TAKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOUE.

UNWARELY so was neuer no man caught,
With stedfast loke upon a goodly face,
As I of late; for sodeinely me thought,
My hart was tome out of his place.

Thorow mine eye the stroke from hers did slide,
And downe directly to my heart it ranne,
In help whereof the blood therto did glide,
And left my face both pale and wanne.

Then was I like a man for wo amased,
Or like the fowle that fleeth into the fire;
For whyle that I vpon her beautie gased,
The more I burnde in my desire.

Anon the bloud start in my face againe,
Inflamde with heat, that it had at my hart,
And brought therwith throughout in euery vaine,
A quaking heat with pleasant smart.

Then was I like the strawe, when that the flame,
Is driuen therin, by force and rage of wynde;
I can not tell, a lass! what I shall blame,
Nor what to seke, nor what to finde.

But well I wot, the griefe doth hold me sore
In heate and cold, betwixt both hope and dreade,
That, but her help to health do me restore,
This restlesse lyfe I may not leade.

TO HIS LOUER TO LOKE VPON HYM.

All in thy loke my life doth whole depende,
Thou hydest thy self, and I must dye therefore;
But since thou maist so easely helpe thy frend,
Why doest thou stick to salue that thou madest sore?
Why do I dye, since thou maist me defend,
And if I dye thy life may last no more;
For eche by other doth liue and haue reliefe,
I in thy loke, and thou most in my griefe.

THE LOUER EXCUSETH HIM OF WORDES, WHERWITH HE WAS VNJUSTLY CHARGED.

Perdy I said it not,
Nor neuer thought to do:
As well as I ye wot,
I haue no power thereto.
And if I did, the lot,
That first did me enchaine,
May neuer slake the knot,
But straite it to my paine.
And if I did eche thing,
That maie do harme or wo,
Continually maie wring
My hart where so I go.
Report maie alwais ring
Of shame on me for aye,
If in my heart did spring
The words that you doe saye.
And if I did, eche starre
That is in heauen aboue,
May frowme on me to marre
The hope I haue in loue.
And if I did; such warre
As they brought vnto Troy,
Bring all my life as farre
From all his lust and ioy.
And if I did so say,
The beautie that me bounde;
Encrease from day to day
More cruel to my wounde.
With all the mone that may,
To plaint may turne my song;
My life may soone decaye,
Without redresse by wrong.
If I be cleare from thought,
Why do you then complayne?
Then is this thing but sought
To turne my hart to paine.
Then this that you haue wrought,
You must it now redresse;
Of right therfore you ought
Such rigour to represse.
And as I haue deserued,
So grant me now my hyre,
You know I never swarued,
You neuer found me lier.
For Rachel haue I serued,
For Leah carde I neuer,
And her I haue reserued
Within my hart for euer.

OF SUCH AS HAD FORSAKEN HIM.

Lux my faire fawlcon, and thy fellowes all,
How well pleasant it were your libertie,
Ye not forsake me, that fayre mought you fall,
But they that sometime liked my company.
Like lice away from dead bodies they crall,
Loe! what a proof in light adversitie,
But ye my birds I swere by all your belles,
Ye be my frendes and very few elles.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD LOUE.

A face that should content me wonderous well,
Should not be faire, but louely to behold,
Of liuely loke all griefe for to repell;
With right good grace so would I that it should
Speke without word, such wordes as none can tell,
Her tresse also should be of crisped golde;
With wit, and these perchaunce it might be tride,
And knit againe with knot that should not slide.

HOW VMPOSSIBLE IT IS TO FINDE QUIET IN LOUE.

Ever my hap is slack and slow in comyng
Desire encreasing aye my hope vncertaine,
With doubtful loue that but encreaseth paine;
For, tigre like, so swift it is in parting.
Alas! the snow blacke shall it bee and scalding,
The sea waterlesse, and fishe upon the mountaine,
The Temmes shall back retnrne into his fountaine,
And where he rose, the Sunne shall take his lodging.
Ere I in this finde peace or quietnesse:
Or that loue, or my ladie right wisely,
Leaue to conspire against me wrongfully.
And if I haue after such bitternesse
One drope of swete, my mouth is out of taste,
That al my trust and trauell is but waste.

OF LOUE, FORTUNE, AND THE LOUERS MINDE.

Loue, fortune, and my minde whith doe remember
Eke that is now and that, that once hath bene,
Torment my hart so sore that very often
I hate and enuy them beyond all measure.
Love fleeth my hart, while fortune is depriuer
Of all my comfort; the foolish minde than
Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seldam
Liveth in rest. So still in displeasure
My pleasant dayes they flete and passe
And dayly doth myne yll change to the worse,
Whyle more than halfe is runne now of my course.
Alas, not of steele, but of brittle glasse,
I se that from my hand falleth my trust,
And all my thoughtes are dashed into dust.

THE LOUER PRAIYETH HIS OFFRED HART TO BE RECEAUED.

How oft haue I, my deere and cruell foe,
With my great paine to get some peace or truce,
Geven you my hart: but you doe not vse,
Up so hie things, to cast your minde so low.
If any other loke for it, as you trow,
Their vaine weake hope doth greatly them abuse;
And that thus I disdaine, that you refuse,
It was once mine, it can no more be so.

If you it chafe that it in you can finde
In this exile no manner of comforte,
Nor liue alone, nor where he is calde, resort,
He may wander from his natural kinde.
So shall it be great hurt vnto vs twaine,
And yours the losse, and mine the deadly paine.

THE LOUERS LIFE COMPARED TO THE ALPES.

Lyke unto these vnmeasurable mountaines,
So is my painfull life the burden of yre;
For hie be they, and hie is my desire;
And I of teares, and they be full of fountaines.
Vnder craggy rockes they haue barren plaines,
Hard thoughts in me my wofull minde doth tire:
Small frute and many leaues their tops do attire,
With small effect great trust in me remaines.
The boistrous winds oft theire high bowes do blast,
Hott sighes in me continually be shed,
Wilde beasts in them, fierce loue in me is fed:
Unmoueable am I, and they stedfast.
Of singing-birdes, they haue the tune and note,
And I alwayes plaintes passing through my throte.

CHARGING OF HIS LOUE AS VNPITEOUS AND LOUING OTHER.

If amorous faith, or if an hart vnfained,
A swete langour, a greate louely desire,
If honest wyll kindled in gentle fire,
If long errour in a blind mase chained,
If in my visage eche thought distained,
Or my sparkeling voice, lower or hier,
Which feare and shame so wofully doth tyre,
If pale colour which loue alas hath stained,
If to haue another then my self more dere,
If waleing or sighing continually,
With sorowful anger feding busily,
If burning farr, of and if frising nere,
Are cause that I by loue my self destroy,
Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

A RENOUNCING OF LOVE.

Farewell loue, and all thy lawes for ever,
Thy bayted hookes shall tangle me no more:
Seuec, and Plato call me from thy lore,
To parfit welth, my witt for to endeuer.
In blinde errour when I did perseuer,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore
Taught me in trifles that I set no store;
But scapte forth thence since libertie is leuer:
Therefore, farewell, go trouble yonger harts,
And in me claime noe more auctoritie:
With ydle youth goe vse thy propertie,
And theron spend thy many brittle dartes.
For hitherto though I haue lost my time,
Me list no lenger rotten boughs to clime.

THE LOUER FORSAKETH HIS VNKINDE LOUE.

My hart I gaue thee, not to doe it pain,
But to preserue, lo, it to thee was taken,
I serued thee, not that I should be forsaken,
But, that I should receiue reward againe,
I was content, thy seruant to remaine;
And not to be repayed on this fashion.
Now since in thee there is none other reason,
Displease thee not, if that I do refrain.
Unsaciat of my wo and thy desire;
Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault:
But sins it pleaseth thee to fain default,
Farewell I say, departing from the fire.
For he that doth beleue, bearing in hand,
Ploweth in the water, and soweth in the sand.

THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS RESTLESSE STATE.

The flaming sighes that boyle within my breast,
Sometime break forth and they can well declare,
The hartes vnrest, and how that it doth fare,
The paine therof, the griefe, and all the rest.
The waterred eyen from whence the teares do fall,
Do feel some force or elce they would be dry,
The wasted flesh of colour ded can try,
And somtime tell what swetness is in gall.
And he that lust to see, and to discearne,
How care can force within a wered mind,
Come he to me I am that place assinde;
But for all this, no force, it doth no harme,
The wounde, alas, happe in some other place,
From whence noe toole away the skarre can race.

But you that of such like have had your part,
Can best be iudge. Wherefore my friend so dere,
I thought it good my state should now appere
To you, and that there is no great desart.
And wheras you in weighty matters great,
Of fortune saw the shadow that you know,
For trifling thinges I now am stricken so,
That though I fele my hart doth wound and beat,
I sit alone saue on the second day
My feuer comes, with whome I spend my time
In burning heat while that she list assigne.
And who hath helth and libertie alwaie,
Let him thank God, and let him not prouoke,
To haue the like of this my painfull stroke.

THE LOUER LAMENTES THE DEATH OF HIS LOUE.

The piller perisht is wherto I lent,
The strongest stay of mine vnquiet minde;
The like of it no man again can finde,
From east to west still seking though he went,
To mine vnhappe. For happe away hath rent
Of all my ioy the very bark and rinde,
And I (alas!) by chance am thus assinde,
Dayly to moorne till death do it relent.
But sins that thus it is by desteny,
What can I more but haue a wofull hart;
My penne in plaint, my voyce in carefull crye,
My mynde in wo, my body full of smart,
And I my self, my self alwaies to hate,
Tyll dreadfull death doe ease my dolefull state.

THE LOUER SENDETH SIGHES TO MOUE HIS SUTE.

Go burning sighes unto the frosen hart,
Goe breake the yse which pities painfull dart

Might never perce, and if that mortall praier
In heauen be heard at lest yet I desire,
That death, or mercy, end my wofull smart:
Take with thee pain, whereof I haue my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot start.
And leaue me then in rest, I you require.
Goe burning sighes fulfill that I desire,
I must go worke, I see, by craft and art,
For truth and faith in her is laid apart:
Alas I cannot therefore now assaile her,
With pitifull complaint and scalding fier,
That from my brest deceinably doth start.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HIS LOUE.

So feeble is the thred that doth the burden stay,
Of my poor life; in heauy plight that falleth in de-
cay, [succours,
That but it haue elswhere some ayde or some
The running spindle of my fate anon shall end his
course. [part,
For since thunhappy houre that dyd me to de-
From my swete weale one only hope hath stayed
my life apart; [minde,
Which doth perswade such words vnto my sored
Maintaine thy selfe, O wofull wight, some better
luck to finde: [sight,
For though thou be depriued from thy desired
Who can thee tell, if thy returne be for thy more
delight? [couer,
Or who can tell, thy loss if thou mayst once re-
Some pleasant hower thy wo may wrap, and thee
defend and couer. [tained,
Thus in *this trust*, as yet it hath my life sus-
But *now* (alas) I see it faint, and I by trust am
trained. [bend,
The tyme doth flete, and I see how the howres do
So fast, that I haue scant the space to marke my
comming end. [his light,
Westward the Sonne from out the east scant shews
When in the west he hies him strayghte within the
dark of night;
And comes as fast, where he began his path awry,
From east to west, from west to east, so doth his
iourney lye. [here;
The lyfe so short so frayle, that mortall men liue
Soe great a weight, so heauy charge the bodyes
that we bere; [space,
That when I think vpon the distaunce and the
That doth so farre deuide me from my dere desired
face,
I know not how t'attaine the winges that I require,
To lyft me up, that I might fly, to follow my desyre.
Thus of that hope that doth my life something
sustaine,
Alas I feare, and partly fele, full little doth remaine.
Eche place doth bring me grief, where I doe not
behold, [wont the keys to hold.
Those liuely eyes, which of my thoughts, were
Those thoughtes wer pleasant swete whilst I en-
ioyd that grace, [well embrace.
My pleasure past, my present pain, when I might
And for because my want should more my woe
encrease, [doth neuer cease.
In watch and slepe both day and night, my will
That thing to wishe whereof syns I did lose the
sight, [hart delight.
Was neuer thing that mought in ought my wofull
Thuneasy life I leade, doth teach me for to mete,
The floodes, the seas, the land, the hilles, that doth
them entermete. to clere,
Twene me and those shene lights that wonted for
My darked pangs of cloudy thoughts, as bright as
Phebus sphere
It teacheth me also, what was my pleasant state,
The more to fele by such record how that my
welth doth bate.
If such record (alas) prouoke thenflamed minde,
Which sprong that day that I did leaue the best
of me behind.
If loue forget himselfe by length of absence let,
Who doth me guide (O wofull wretch) vnto this
baited net [for me,
Where doth encrease my care, much better were
As dumme as stone, all thing forgot, still absent
for to be. [glasse,
Alas the clear christall, the bright transplendant
Doth not bewray the colours hid which vnderneath
it hase; [throwes discouer,
As doth thaccumbred sprite the thoughtfull
Of feares delite of fervent loue, that in our hartes
we couer. [light;
Out by these eyes it sheweth that evermore de-
In plaint and teares to seek redress, and eke both
day and night. [reioyce,
Those kindes of pleasures most wherein men so
To me they do redouble still of stormy sighes the
voyce, [tent,
For, I am one of them, whom playnt doth well con-
It fittes me well my absent wealth me semes for to
lament; [twaine,
And with my teares tassy to charge mine eyes
Like as my hart aboue the brink is fraughted full
of payne: [treate
And for because thereto, that those fair eyes to
Do me prouoke, I will returne, my plaint thus to
repeat:
For there is nothing els, so toucheth me within,
Where they rule all, and I alone, nought but the
case or skin;
Wherefore I shall returne to them, as well, or spring
From whom descends my mortal woe, aboue all
other thing.
So shall mine eyes in payne accompany my hart,
That were the guides, that did it lead of loue to
feel the smart. [pride,
The crisped gold that doth surmount Appollos
The liuely streames of pleasant starres that vnder
it doth glide. [theire beate,
Wherein the beames of loue doe still increase
Which yet so farre touch me to near in cold to
make me sweat:
The wise and pleasant talke, soe rare or else alone,
That gave to me the curteis gift, that earst had
neuer none.
Be farre from me alas, and euery other thing,
I might forbeare with better will, then this that did
me bring [payne,
With pleasand woord and cheer, redress of lingred
And wonted oft in kindled will to vertue me to
trayne.
Thus am I forst to hear and harken after newes,
My comfort scant, my large desire in doubtful
trust renewes.
And yet with more delight to mone my wofull
case,
I must complaine those hands, those armes, that
firmly do embrace

Me from my self, and rule the sterne of my poor life,
The swete disdaynes, the pleasant wrathes, and eke the lonely strife.
That wonted well to tune in temper iust and mete,
The rage, that oft did make me erre, by furour vndiscrete.
All this is hid fro me with sharp and ragged hilles,
At others will my long abode, my depe dyspayr fulfilles. [dresse,
And if my hope sometime ryse vp by some re-
It stumbleth straight for feable faint my fear hath such excesse.
Such is the sort of hopé, the less for more desyre,
And yet I trust ere that I dye, to se that I require.
The resting place of loue, where virtue dwells and growes, [repose.
There I desire my wery life sometime may take
My song thou shalt attain to find that pleasant place, [to haue this grace,
Where she doth liue by whom I liue: may chance
When she hath read, and seen the griefe wherein I serue, [thee reserue.
Between her brests she shall thee put there shall she
Then tell her, that I come, she shall me shortly see,
And if for waighte the body fayle, the soul shall to her flee.

THE LOUER BLAMETH HIS LOUE FOR RENTING OF THE LETTER HE SENT HER.

Suffised not (Madame) that you did teare,
My wofull hart, but thus also to rent
The weping paper that to you I sent;
Whereof ech letter was written with a tear?
Could not my present paynes (alas) suffise
Your gredy hart, and that my hart doth fele,
Torments that prick more sharper than the steele?
But new and new must to my lot arise.
Vse then my death: soe shall your cruelty,
Spite of your spyte rid me from all my smart,
And I no more such torments of the hart
Fele as I doe. This shall you gain thereby.

THE LOUER CURSETH THE TIME WHEN FIRST HE FELL IN LOUE.

When fyrst mine eyes did view and marke,
Thy fair beawtie to behold,
And when my ears lystned to harke,
The pleasant words that thou me told;
I would as then I had ben free,
From ears to hear, and eyes to see.
And when my lips gan fyrst to moue,
Wherby my hart to thee was knowne,
And when my tong did talke of loue,
To thee that hast true loue downe throwne.
I would my lipps and tong also
Had then bene dum, no deal to go.
And when my hands haue handled ought,
That thee hath kept in memorie,
And when my feet haue gone and sought
To find and get thee companie.
I would eche hand a foot had bene,
And I eche foote a hand had sene.
And when in minde I did consent,
To folow this my fancies will,
And when my hart did first relent,
To taste such bait my life to spill.
I would my hart had bene as thine,
Or els thy hart had been as myne.

THE LOUER DETERMINETH TO SERUE FAITHFULLY.

Since loue will needs that I shall loue,
Of very force I must agree,
And since no chance may it remoue,
In wealth and in adversitie.
I shall alway my selfe apply,
To serve and suffer paciently.

Though for good will I finde but hate,
And cruely my life to wast,
And though that still a wretched state
Should pine my days vnto the last:
Yet I profess it willingly,
To serue and suffer paciently.

For since my hart is bound to serue,
And I not ruler of mine owne,
What soe befall till that I sterue,
By proofe full well it shall be knowne,
That I shall still my selfe apply,
To serue and suffer paciently.

Yet though my griefe finde no redresse,
But still encrease before mine eyes,
Though my reward be cruelnesse,
With all the harme, happe can deuise,
Yet I professe it willingly
To serue and suffer paciently.

Yea though Fortune her pleasant face
Should shew, to set me up aloft,
And straight my wealth for to deface,
Should writhe away, as she doth oft,
Yet would I still my self apply
To serue and suffer paciently.

There is no griefe, no smert, no wo,
That yet I fele, or after shall,
That from this minde may make me go,
And whatsoeuer me befall,
I do profess it willingly
To serue and suffer paciently.

THE LOUER SUSPECTED BLAMETH YLL TONGUES.

Mistrustfull minds be moved,
To haue me in suspect,
The truth it shall be proved,
Which time shall once detect.
Though falshed go about,
Of crime me to accuse,
At length I do not dout,
But truth shall me excuse.
Such sawce, as they haue served,
To me without desart,
Euen as they haue deserued,
Therof God send them part.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH, AND HIS LADIE COMFORTETH.

Louer. It burneth yet, alas, my hartes desire,
Lady. What is the thing, that hath inflam'd thy
Lo. A certaine point as feruent as the fyre. [hert?
La. The heat shall cease if that thou wilt conuert.
Lo. I cannot stop the feruent rageing yre.
La. What may I do, if thy self cause thy smart?
Lo. Heare my request, and rew my weeping chere.
La. With right good will say on: lo, I thee here.
Lo. That thing would I, that maketh two content.
La. Thou seekest, perchaunce of me, that I may not.
Lo. Would God, thou wouldest, as thou mayst, well assent.
La. That I may not the griefe is mine, God wot.
Lo. But I it fele, whatso thy wordes have ment.
La. Suspect me not, my wordes be not forgott.
Lo. Then say, alas! shall I have help or no?
La. I see no time to answere, yea, but no.
Lo. Say yea, dere hart, and stand no more in dout.
La. I may not grant a thing that is so dere.
Lo. Lo with delaies, thou driues me still about.
La. Thou wouldst my death, it plainly doth appere. [out.
Lo. First may my heart his blood, and life blede
La. Then for my sake, alas! thy will forbere.
Lo. From day to day, thus wastes my life away.
La. Yet for the best, suffre some small delay.
Lo. Now good, say yea, do once so good a dede.
La. If I sayd yea, what should therof ensue?
Lo. An hart in payne of succour so should spede,
Twixt yea, and nay, my doute shall still renew;
My swete, say yea, and do away this drede.
La. Thou wilt nedes so; be it so; but then be trew.
Lo. Nought would I els, nor other treasure none.
Thus hearts be wonne by loue, request, and mone.

WHY LOUE IS BLIND.

Of purpose, loue chose first for to be blinde,
For he with sight of that, that I beholde,
Vanquisht had been, against all godly kinde,
His bow your hand, and trusse should haue vnfolde.
And he with me to serue had been assinde,
But, for he blind, and reckless would him holde,
And still, by chance, his dedly strokes bestow,
With such, as see, I serue, and suffer wo.

TO HIS VNKINDE LOUE.

What rage is this? what furor? of what kynde?
What power? what plage doth wery thus mye
Within my bones to rankle is assinde, [minde?
What poyson pleasant swete?

Lo see myne eyes flow with continual teares,
The body still away slepelesse it weares,
My foode nothing my fainting strength repaires
Nor doth my limmes sustaine.

In depe wide wound, the dedly stroke doth turne,
To cureles skarre that never shall returne,
Go to, triumph, reioyce thy goodly turne,
Thy frend thou doest oppresse.

Oppresse thou doest, and hast of him no cure,
Nor yet my plaint no pitie can procure,
Fierce tygre fell, hard rocke without recure
Cruel rebell to loue.

Once may thou loue, neuer beloued again,
So loue thou still, and not thy loue obtain,
So wrathfull loue with spites of iust disdain,
May thret thy cruell hart.

THE LOUER BLAMETH HIS INSTANT DESIRE.

Desire (alas!) my maister, and my fo,
So sore altered thy self, how maist thou see?
Some time thou sekest, and driues me to and fro;
Some time thou leadst, that leadeth thee and mee,
What reason is to rule thy subjectes so,
By forced law and mutabilitie?
For where by thee I douted to haue blame,
Euen now by hate again I dout the same.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH HIS ESTATE.

I see that chance hath chosen me
Thus secretly to liue in payne,
And to another geuen the fee,
Of all my losse to haue the gayne,
By chance assinde thus do I serue,
And other haue that I deserue.

Unto my self some time alone
I do lament my wofull case,
But what auaileth me to mone?
Since troth and pitie hath no place
In them, to whom I sue and serue,
And other haue that I deserue.

To seke by meane to change this mind,
Alas I proue it will not be;
For in my hart I cannot finde,
Once to refraine, but still agree
As bound by force alway to serue,
And other haue that I deserue.

Such is the fortune that I haue,
To loue them most, that loue me lest,
And to my paine to seke and craue
The thing, that other haue possest:
So thus in vaine alway I serue,
And other haue that I deserue.

And till I may appease the heate,
If that my happe will happe so well,
To wayle my wo my heart shall freate,
Whose pensif paine my tong can tell;
Yet thus vnhappy must I serue,
And other haue that I deserue.

OF HIS LOUE CALLED ANNA.

What word is that, that changeth not,
Though it be turnde and made in twaine?
It is mine Anna, God it wot,
The only causer of my paine;
My loue that medeth with disdaine.
Yet is it loued, what will you more?
It is my salue, and eke my sore.

THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EUERY PAINE.

VENEMOUS thornes that are so sharpe and kene,
Beare flowers we se, full fresh and faire of hue,
Poison is also put in medicine,
And vnto man his helth doth oft renue:
The fire that all things eke consumeth clene,
May hurt and heale: then if that this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be my health,
Sins every woe is ioyned with some wealth.

A RIDDLE OF A GIFT GEVEN BY A LADIE.

A LADY gaue me a gyft she had not;
And I receiued her gift which I took not;
She gaue it me willingly, and yet she would not;
And I receiued it albeit I could not.
If she giue it me I force not;
And if she take it againe she cares not.
Conster what this is, and tel not;
For I am fast sworne, I may not.

THAT SPEAKING OR PROFFERING BRINGES ALWAY SPEDING.

SPEAKE thou and spede, where will or power ought helpeth, [welth:
Where power doth want, will must be wonne by
For nede will spede, where will workes not his kinde, [finde.
And gayne thy foes thy frendes shall cause thee
For sute and golde, what do not they obtayne?
Of good and bad the tryers are these twayne.

HE RULETH NOT THOUGH HE RAIGNE OUER REALMES, THAT IS SUBJECT TO HIS OWN LUSTES.

IF thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruell will, and see thou kepe the free
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage;
For though thine empire stretche to Indian sea,
And for thy fear trembleth the fardeth Thylee,
If thy desire haue ouer thee the power,
Subject then art thou, and no gouernour.

If to be noble and high thy mind be moued,
Consider well thy grounde and thy beginning,
For he that hath eche starre in heaven fixed,
And geves the mone her hornes and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made the noble in his working,
So that wretched no way may thou bee,
Except foule lust and vice doe conquer thee.

All were it so thou had a flood of gold
Unto thy thirst, yet should it not suffice;
And though with Indian stones a thousand folde,
More precious then can thy self deuise.
Xcharged were thy backe; thy couetise,
And busy byting yet should neuer let
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profet.

WHETHER LIBERTIE BY LOSSE OF LIFE, OR LIFE IN PRISON AND THRALDOM BE TO BE PREFERRED.

LYKE as the birde within the cage enclosed,
The dore unspared, her foe the hawke without
Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,
Whether for to chose standeth in dout;
Lo so do I, which seke to bring about,
Which should be best by determinacion
By losse of life, libertie, or life by prison.

O mischief by mischief to be redressed,
Where pain is best there lieth but little pleasure,
By short deth better to be deliuered,
Then bide in painfull life, thraldome and doler.
Small is the pleasure where much pain we suffer,
Rather therfore to chuse me thinketh wisdome,
By loss of life libertie, then life by prison.

And yet me thinkes although I line and suffer,
I do but waite a time and fortunes chance;
Oft many thinges do happen in one hower;
That which oppresse me now may me aduance;
In time is trust, which by deathes greuaunce
Is wholy lost. Then wer it not reason
By death to chuse libertie, and not life by prison.

But death wer deliuerance where life lengths paine,
Of these two yfles let see now choose the best,
This bird to deliuer that here doth plain;
What say ye louers, which shal be the best?
In cage thraldome, or by the hawke oppresst;
And which to choose, make plain conclusion
By losse of life libertie, or life by prison.

AGAINST HOURDERS OF MONEY.

(From the Greek Epigram.)

FOR shamefast harme of great and hatefull nede,
In depe dispaire, as did a wretch go,
With ready corde out of his life to spede,
His stumbling foote, did finde an horde, lo,
Of gold, I say, where he preparde this dede
And in eschange, he left the cerde tho.
He that had hid the golde, and found it not,
Of that he found, he shapt his neck a knot.

DISCRIPTION OF A GONNE.

VULCANE begat me, Minerua me taught,
Nature my mother, craft nourisht me yere by yere
Thre bodies are my foode; my strength is in naught. [dere.
Anger, wrath, wast, and noyse, are my children
Gesse frende, what I am, and how I am wraught,
Monster of sea or of lande, or of els where:
Know me, and vse me, and I may thee defend,
And if I be thine enmy I may thy life ende.

WYATE BEING IN PRISON TO BRIAN.

SIGHES are my foode, my drink are my teares;
Clinking of fetters would such musike craue,
Stink, and close ayre, away my life it weares;
Poor Innocence is al the hope I haue,

Rain, winde, or wether, judge I by my eares,
Malice assautes that righteousnesse should haue.
Sure am I, Brian, this wound shall heale againe,
But yet, alas! the skarre shall still remaine.

OF DISSEMBLING WORDES.

THROUGHOUT the world if it were sought,
Faire words ynough a man shall finde;
They be good chepe, they cost right nought,
Their substance is but only winde:
But well to say, and so to mene,
That swete accord is seldom sene.

OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE.

(From Seneca's Chorus.)

STOND who so list upon the slipper wheele,
Of hie estate, and let me here reioyce,
And vse my life in quietnesse eche dele,
Unknowen in court that hath the wanton toyes,
In hydden place my time shall slowly passe,
And when my yeres be past withouten noyse,
Let me die olde after the common trace;
For gripes of death doth he too hardly pass;
That knowen is to all, but to himself, alas!
He dyeth unknowen, dased with dreadfull face.

THE COURTIERS LIFE.

IN court to serue decked with freshe aray,
Of sugred meates feling the swete repast,
The life in bankets and sundry kindes of playe,
Amid the prease of worldly lookes to waste.
Hath with it joynde oft times such bitter taste,
That who so ioyes such kinde of life to hold,
In prison ioyes fettred with cheines of gold.

OF DISAPPOINTED PURPOSE BY NEGLIGENCE.

OF Carthage he that worthy warriour,
Could ouercome, but could not use his chance;
And I likewise of all my long endeauour,
The sharpe conquest though fortune did advance,
Ne could I vse. The hold that is geven over,
Impossesse, so hangeth now in balance
Of warre, my peace, rewarde of all my payne,
At Mountzon thus I restless rest in Spaine.

OF HIS RETURNE FROM SPAINE.

TAGUS farewell, that westward with thy stremes,
Turnes vp the graines of gold already tried;
For I with spurre and saile go seke the Temmes,
Gainward the Sunne that sheweth her welthy pride;
And to the town that Brutus sought by dreames,
Like bended mone that leaues her lusty side,
My king, my countrey I seke, for whom I live,
O mighty loue the windes for this me giue.

OF SODAINE TRUSTING.

DRIUEN by desire I did this dede,
To danger my selfe without cause why,
To trust thuntrue not like to spede,
To speake and promise faithfully:
But now the proofe doth verify,
That who so trusteth ere he know,
Doth hurt himself and please hys foe.

OF THE MOTHER THAT EATE HER CHILD AT THE SIEGE OF IERUSALEM.

IN doutfull brest whiles motherly pity,
With furious famine standeth at debate
The mother saith, O child vnhappy,
Return thy blood where thou hadst milke of late.
Yeld me those limmes that I made vnto thee,
And entre there where thou wer generate,
For of one body against all nature,
To another must I make sepulture.

OF THE MEANE AND SURE ESTATE WRITTEN TO JOHN POINS.

MY mothers maides when they do sowe and spinne,
They sing a song made of a feldishe mouse:
That for bicause her liuelod was but thinne,
Would nedes go se her townish sisters house.
She thought her self endurde to greuous paine,
The stormy blastes her caue so sore did sowse;
That when the furrowse swimmed with the raine,
She must lye colde, and wet in sory plight;
And worse then that, bare meate there did remaine,
To comfort her, when she her house had dight.
Some time a barley corne, sometime a beane,
For which she laboured hard both day and night.
In harvest time, while she might go and gleane.
And when her store was stroyed with the floode,
Then welaway for she vndone was clene:
Then was she faine to take, instede of foode
Slepe if she might, her hunger to begile.
My sister, quod she, hath a liuing good,
And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile;
In colde and storme, she lyeth warme and drye
In bed of downe; the durt doth not defile
Her tender fote, she labours not as I.
Richely she fedes, and at the riche mans cost,
And for her meate she nedes not crane nor cry;
By sea, by land, of delicates the most
Her cater sekes, and spareth for no perell:
She fedes on boyle meate, bake meate and rost
And hath therefore no whit of charge nor travell.
And when she list, the licour of the grape
Doth glad her hart, till that her belly swell.
And at this iourney makes she but a iape,
So forth she goes, trusting of all thys wealth,
With her sister her part so for to shape,
That if she might there kepe herself in health,
To liue a lady while her life doth last.
And to the dore now is she come by stealth,
And with her foote anone she scrapes full fast.
Thother for feare durst not well scarse appeare;
Of euery noyse so was the wretch agast.
At last, she asked softly who was there,
And in her language as well as she could,
Pepe (quod the other) sister, I am here,

Peace (quod the towne mouse) why speakest thou so loude?
And by the hand she toke her faire and well.
Welcome, quod she, my sister by the rode,
She feasted her, that ioye it was to tell,
The fare they had, they drank the wyne so clere.
And as to purpose now and then it fell
She chered her, with, how, sister, what chere?
Amid this ioy befell a sory chance,
That, welaway, the stranger bought full dere,
The fare she had; for as she lookte a skance,
Under a stole she spied two steming eyes
In a rounde head, with sharp eares: in France
Was never mouse so feard, for the vnwise
Had not ysene such a beast before.
Yet had nature taught her after gise
To know her fo, and dread him euermore;
The towne mouse fled, she knew whither to go,
The other had no shift, but wonders sore;
Feard of her life, at home she wisht her tho',
And to the dore, alas! as she did skippe,
The Heaven it would, lo! and eke her chance was so,
At the threshold her sely fote did trippe,
And ere she might recouer it again,
The traytour cat had caught her by the hippe,
And made her there against her wyll remaine,
That hath forgot her power suertie, and rest,
For seking welth, wherein she thought to raigne.
Alas (my Poyns) how men do seke the best,
And finde the worse, by errour as they straye;
And no maruell, when, sight is so opprest,
And blindes the guide, anone out of the way
Goeth guide and all in seking quiet lyfe.
O wretched mindes! there is no golde that may,
Graunt that you seke, no warre, no peace, no strife: [golde,
No, no, although thy head were hoopt with
Serjeant with mace, with hawbart, sword nor knife,
Can not repulse the care that folow should.
Eche kinde of life hath with him his disease,
Line in delites, even as thy lust would,
And thou shalt finde, when lust doth most thee please,
It irketh straight, and by itself doth fade.
A small thing is it, that may thy minde appease?
None of you all there is, that is so madde
To seke for grapes on brambles, or on bryers,
Nor none I trow, that hath a witte so badde
To set his hay for conies ouer riuers;
Nor ye set not a dragge net for an hare;
And yet the thing, that most is your desire,
You do misseke, with more travell and care.
Make plaine thine hart, that it be not knotted
With hope or dreade, and se thy will be bare
From all affectes, whom vice hath never spotted;
Thy self content with that is the assinde,
And vse it well that is to the allotted:
Then seke no more out of thy selfe to fynde
The thing that thou hast sought so long before;
For thou shalt feele it sticking in thy minde.
Made, if ye list to continue your sore,
Let present passe, and gape on time to come,
And depe thy self in trauell more and more.
Henceforth (my Poins) this shall be all and some,
These wretched fooles shall have nought els of me:
But, to the great God, and to his dome,
None other payne pray I for them to be;
But when the rage doth leade them from the right
That loking backward vertue they may see
Euen as she is, so goodly faire and bright;
And whilst they claspe their lusts in armes acrosse, [might,
Graunt them, good Lord, as thou maist of thy
To freat inward, for losing such a losse.

OF THE COURTIERS LIFE, WRITTEN TO JOHN POINS.

Myne own John Poins, since ye delite to know
The causes why that homeward I me draw,
And flee the prease of courtes, where so they go,
Rather then to liue thrall vnder the awe
Of lordly lokes, wrapped within my cloke;
To will and lust learning to set a lawe:
It is not, that because I scorne or mocke
The power of them whom fortune here hath lent
Charge over vs, of right to strike the stroke;
But true it is, that I haue always ment
Lesse to esteme them, then the common sort,
Of outward thinges that iudge in theyr entent
Without regarde what inward doth resort.
I graunt, some time of glory that the fire,
Doth touch my hart. Me list not to report
Blame by honour, and honour to desire.
But how may I this honour now attaine,
That cannot dye the colour blacke a lier?
My Poins, I cannot frame my tune to faine,
To cloke the truth, for praise without desert
Of them that list all vice for to retaine.
I cannot honour them, that set their part
With Venus and Bacchus all theyr life long.
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart.
I cannot crouche nor knele to such a wronge;
To worship them like God on earth alone,
That are as wolves these sely lambes among.
I cannot with my wordes complayne and mone,
And suffer nought; nor smart without complaint:
Nor turne the word that from my mouth is gone.
I cannot speake and loke like as a saint.
Use wyles for wit, and make desceit a pleasure,
Call craft counsaile, for lucre still to paint,
I can not wrest the law to fill the coffer;
With innocent bloud to fede my self fatte,
And do most hurt, where that most helpe I offer.
I am not he, that can allow the state,
Of hie Ceaser, and damne Cato to dye,
That with his death did scape out of the gate,
From Ceasers hands, if Liuy doth not lie.
And would not liue where liberty was lost;
So did his hart the common wealth apply.
I am not he, suche eloquence to bost,
To make the crow in singing, as the swanne;
Nor call the lion of coward beastes the most;
That can not take a mouse, as the cat can;
And he that dyeth for honger of the golde,
Call him Alexander, and say that Pan
Passeth Apollo in musike manifolde,
Praise syr Topas for a noble tale,
And scorne the story that the knight tolde,
Praise him for counsell, that is dronke of ale;
Grinne when he laughes, that beareth all the sway,
Frowne when he frownes, and grone when he is pale;
On others lust to hang both night and day.
None of these pointes would euer frame in me;
My wit is nought, I can not learne the way.
And much the lesse of things that greater be,
That asken helpe of colours to deuise,

To ioyne the meane with eche extremitie,
With nerest vertue ay to cloke the vice:
And, as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
To presse the vertue that it may not rise:
As dronkenness good felowship to call;
The frendly foe with his faire double face,
Say he is gentle, and curties therewithall,
Affirme that Fauel hath a goodly grace
In eloquence; and cruelty to name,
Zeale of justice, and change in time and place:
And he that suffereth offence without blame,
Call him pitifull, and him true and plaine,
That rayleth rechless vnto eche mans shame.
Say he is rude, that can not lye and fayne.
The lecher a louer; and tyranny
To be right of a princes raigne:
I can not I, no no, it wyll not be.
This is the cause that I could neuer yet,
Hang on their sleues that weigh (as thow maist se)
Ach ippe of chaunce, more then a pound of wit;
This maketh me at home to hunt and hawke,
And in fowle weather at my book to sit;
In frost and snow, then with my bowe to stalke;
No man doth marke whereso I ride or go,
In lusty leas at libertie I walke;
And of these newes I fele no weale nor woe;
Save that a clogge doth hang yet at my hele.
No force for that, for that is ordred so,
That I may leape both hedge and dike full wele.
I am not now in Fraunce, to judge the wine,
With sauery sauce those delicates to fele,
Nor yet in Spaine, where one must him incline,
Rather then to be, outwardly to seme.
I meddle not with wittes that be so fine,
Nor Flaunders chere lettes not my sight to deme
Of black and white, nor takes my wittes away,
With beastliness, such doe those beastes esteme.
Nor I am not, where truth is geven in pray
For money, poyson and treason, of some
A common practice, vsed night and day.
But I am here in Kent and Christendome,
Among the Muses, where I reade and rime,
Where if thou list, mine own John Poins to come,
Thou shalt be judge, how I do spende my time.

HOW TO VSE THE COURT AND HIMSELFE THERIN, WRITTEN TO SIR FRAUNCES BRIAN.

A SPENDING hand that alway powreth out,
Had nede to haue a bringer in as fast,
And on the stone that still doth turne about,
There groweth no mosse: these proverbs yet do
Reason hath set them in so sure a place, [last.
That length of yeres their force can never wast.
When I remembre this and eke the case [write
Wherein thou standst, I thought fourthwith to
(Brian) to thee, who knowes how great a grace
In writing is to counsayle man the right.
To thee therfore that trottes still up and downe,
And never restes; but running day and night,
From realme to realme, from citie, strete, and
towne;
Why doest thou weare thy body to the bones?
And mightest at home slepe in thy bedde of downe,
And drinke good ale so nappy for the nones;
Fede thy self fatte, and heape vp pounde by pound.
Lykest thou not this? No. why? for swine so
grones
In stye, and chaw dung moulded on the ground;
And drinet on pearles, with head still in the
maunger:
So of the harpe the asse doth heare the sound,
So sackes of durt be filde. The neat courtier
So serues for lesse then do these fatted swine.
Though I seme leane and drie withouten moister,
Yet will I serue my prince, my lord and thyne;
And let them live to fede the paunch that list,
So may I liue to fede both me and mine.
By God well said. But what and if thou wist
How to bring in, as fast as thou doest spende
That would I learne. And it shall not be mist
To tel the how. Now harke what I intende:
Thou knowest well first, who so can seke to please,
Shall purchase frendes, where trouth shall but
offende;
Flee therfore truth, it is both welth and ease.
For though that trouth of every man hath praise,
Full nere that winde goeth trouth in great mis-
Use vertue, as it goeth now a daies, [ease.
In wordé alone to make thy language swete;
And of thy dede, yet do not as thou sayes,
Els be thou sure, thou shalt be farre vnmete,
To geat thy bread, eche thing is now so skant.
Seke still thy profit vpon thy bare fete.
Lend in no wise, for feare that thou do want,
Unlesse it be, as to a calfe a chese;
But if thou can be sure to win a cant
Of half at least. It is not good to leese.
Learne at the ladde, that in a long white cote,
From under the stall, withouten landes or fees
Hath lept into the shoppe; who knowes by rote
This rule that I haue tolde thee here-before.
Somtime also riche age beginnes to dote;
Se thou when there thy gayne may be the more:
Stay him by the arme where so he walke or go,
Be nere alway, and if he cough to sore,
What he hath spit treade out; and please him so.
A diligent knave that pickes his maisters purse
May please him so, that he withouten mo,
Executour is: And what is he the wurse?
But if so chance, thou get nought of the man,
The widow may for all thy paine disburse:
A riveld skinne, a stinking breath, what than?
A tothelesse mouth shall doe thy lippes no harme;
The gold is good; and though she curse or banne,
Yet where thee list, thou mayst lie good and
Let the old mule bite upon the bridle, [warme;
Whilst there do lie a sweter in thine arme.
In this also se that thou be not idle,
Thy nece, thy cosin, sister or thy daughter
If she be faire, if hansome be her middle,
If thy better hath her loue besought her,
Anaunce his cause and he shalt helpe thy nede:
It is but loue, turne thou it to a laughter.
But ware I say, so gold thee helpe and spede,
That in this case thou be not sb unwise,
As Pandar was in such a like dede;
For he the foole of conscience was so nice,
That he no gaine would haue for all his paine:
Be next thy self, for frendship bears no pryce.
Laughest thou at me? why? do I speak in vaine?
No not at thee, but at thy thrifty iest:
Wouldest thou, I shoulde for any losse or gaine
Change that for golde that I have tane for best
Next godly thinges, to have an honest name?
Should I leaue that? Then take me for a beast.
Nay then farewel, and if thou care for shame
Content the then with honest povertie;

With frce tong, what thee anislykes, to blame
And for thy trouth somtime adversitie,
And therwithall this gyft I shall thee giue,
In this world now litle prosperitie,
And cuoyne to kepe, as water in a sive.

THE SONG OF IOPAS VNFINISHED.

When Dido feasted the wandring Troian knight,
Whom Junos wrath with stormes did force in Libik sands to light.
That mighty Atlas taught the supper lasting long,
With crisped lockes, in golden harpe Iopas sang in song:
That same (quod he) that we the World do call and name,
Of Heauen and Earth with all contentes, it is the very frame: [in one,
Of thus, of heauenly powers by more powre kept
Repugnant kindes, in mids of whom the earth hath place alone; [and nourse,
Firme, rounde, of liuing things the mother, place
Without the which in egall weight this heauen doth hold his course. [heauen,
And it is calde by name the first and moving
The firmament is placed next, conteining other seuen. [thicke,
Of heauenly powers that same is planted full and
As shining lights which we call starres, that therein cleue and sticke. [less sours,
With great swift sway, the fyrst, and with his rest-
Carieth it self, and all those eyght, in euen continual cours.
And of this world so round within that rolling case,
Two points there be that neuer moue, but firmly kepe their place:
The tone we see alway, the tother stands obiect,
Against the same, deuiding just the ground by line direct; [other,
Which by imaginacion, drawne from the one to th'
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none other: [not bright,
And these be calde the poles, descride by starres
Artike the one northward we see, antartike thother hight.
The line, that we deuise from thone to thother so,
As axell is; upon which the heavens about do go;
Which of water nor earth, of ayre nor fyre haue kinde;
Therefore the substance of those same were hard for man to finde;
But they bene uncorupt, simple and pure vnmixt;
And so we say been all those starres, that in those same be fixt;
And eke those erring seuen, in circle as they stray,
So calde, because against that first they have repugnant way;
And smaller bywayes too, skant sensible to man,
To busy worke for my poor harpe; let sing them he that can.
The wydest saue the fyrst of all these nyne abone,
One hundered yere doth aske of space for one degree to mone: [heaven,
Of which decrees we make in the first moving
Three hundred and threscore, in partes justly diuided euen; [two,
And yet there is another between those heauens
Whose mouing is so sly, so slacke, I name it not for now.
The seuenth heauen, or the shell, next to the starry sky,
All those degrees that gatherth vp with aged pace, so sly, [hath bene,
And doth performe the same, as elders count
In nine and twenty yeres complete, and daies almost sixtene;
Do carry in his bowt the starre of Saturne olde,
A threatner of all liuing things with drought, and with his cold. [yonger pase,
The sixt whom this conteins, doth stalke with
And in twelve yere doth somwhat more then thothers viage was, [nigne,
And this in it doth beare the starre of Jove be-
Twene Saturnes malice, and vs men, frendly defending signe:
The fifth beares bloudy Mars, that in three hundred daies,
And twise eleuen with one full yere hath finisht, all those waies. [sixe'
A yere doth aske the fourth, and howers therto
And in the same the daies eye the sune, therein he stickes. [me,
The third that gouernd is by that, that gouerns
And loue for loue, and for no loue prouokes, as oft we see, [the tother,
In like space doth performe that course, that d'yd
So doth the next, unto the same, that second is in order;
But it doth beare the starre, that cald is Mercury;
That many a crafty secret steppe doth treade, as Calcars try. [hath gone
That sky is last, and fixt next us those waies
In seuen and twenty common daies, and eke the third of one;
And beareth with his sway the diuers moone about;
Now bright, now brown, now bent, now ful, and now her light is out: [these seuen,
Thus have they of their own two mouinges all
One, wherin they be carried still, eche in his seueral heauen:
Another of themselues, where their bodies be layd
In bywaies, and in lesser roundes, as I afore haue sayd; [streight,
Saue of them all the sunne doth stray lest from the
The starry sky hath but one course, that we have calde the eight. [to east,
And all these moouinges eight are ment from west
Although they seme to clime aloft, I say from east to west;
But that is but by force of theyr first moving sky,
In twise twelve houres from east to east that carieth them by and by: [seuen,
But marke me well also, these mouinges of these
Be not aboue the axeltree of the fyrst mouing heauen; [the tother, &c.
For they haue their two poles directly tone to

OF LOVE.

Lyke as the wynde with raginge blaste
Doth cawse eche tree to bowe and bende:
Even so do I spende my tyme in waste,
My lyff consumynge unto an ende.

For as the flame by force doth quench the fier,
And runnynge stremes consume the rayne;
Even so do I my self desyer
To augment my greff, and deadly payne.

Whear as I fynde that whot is whott,
And colde is colde by course of kynde,
So shall I knet an endles knott:
Suche fruiete in love, alas! I fynde.

When I forsaw those christall streames,
Whose bewtie dothe cawse my mortall wounde,
I lyttyl thought within those beames
So swete a venym for to have founde.

I fele and se my owne decaye;
As on that bearethe fleme in his brest,
Forgetfull though to put away
The thynge that breadethe my unrest.

Like as the flye dothe seke the flame,
And afterwarde playeth in the fyer,
Who fyndeth her woe, and seketh her game,
Whose greffe doth growe of her owne desyer.

Lyke as the spider doth drawe her lyne,
As labour lost so is my sute;
The gayne is hers the losse is myne:
Of evill sowne seade suche is the frute.

O GOODLY hande
Whearin doth stande
My harte dystraught in payne:
Dere hand, alas!
In lyttel space
My lyf thou dost restrayne.

O fyngers slyght,
Departed ryght,
So long, so small, so rounde!
Goodly begonne,
And yet a bone
Most cruell in my wounde.

With lyllyes whyght,
And roses bryght
Doth strayne thie color fayer:
Nature did lende
Eche fingers ende
A perle for to repayre.

Consent at laste,
Since that thou hast
My hart in thie demayne,
For service trew
On me to rewe,
And reche me love agayne.

And yf not soo
Ther with more woo
Enforce thi self to strayne
This simple hert,
That suffered smert,
And ryd yt owte of payne.

AN EPITAPH OF SIR THOMAS GRAVENER, KNIGHT.

UNDER this stone ther lyeth at rest
A frendlie man, a worthie knight;
Whose hert and mynde was ever prest
To favour truth, to farther ryght

The poores defence, his neighbors ayde,
Most kynde always unto his kynne;
That stynt all stryf, that might be stayed;
Whose gentell grace great love dyd wynne.

A man, that was full ernest sett
To serve his prince at all assayes:
No sycknes could hym from yt lett;
Which was the shortnynge of his dayes.

His lyf was good, he dyed full well;
The bodie here, the sowle in blys
With length of words whie shoulde I tell,
Or farther shewe, that well knowne is:
Sins that the teares of more and less,
Right well declare his worthynes.
Vivit post funera virtus.

SIR ANTONIE SENTLEGER OF SIR T. WYAT.

THUS lyeth the deade, that whilome lived here
Emonge the deade that quicke go on the grounde:
Thoughe he be deade, yet doth he quicke appere
By immortal fame that death can not confounde
His lyf for aye, his fame in trompe shall sounde.
Though he be deade, yet is he thus alive;
No deathe that lyf from Wyat cane deprive.

CERTAYNE PSALMES

CHOSEN OUT OF THE PSALTER OF DAVID COMMONLYE CALLED THEE VII PENYTENTIALL PSALMES, DRAWEN INTO ENGLYSHE METER BY SIR THOMAS WYAT KNYGHT, WHEREUNTO IS ADDED A PROLOGE OF THE AUCTORE BEFORE EVERY PSALME, VERY PLEASANT AND PROFETTABLE TO THE GODLY READER.

Dedication by the Printer

To the right honorable and his singular good lord, William marquesse of Northampton, earle of Essex, barone of Kendal, lord Parre and knight of the most noble ordre of the garter, youre most bounden orator at commaundment, John Harrington, wysheth helth and prosperite wyth encrease of vertue and the mercy of God for ever.

Consydering the manyfolde dueties and aboundant service that I owe unto your good lordeship (right honorable and my singuler good lord) I cannot but see infinite causes, why I chiefly of all others oughte (wyth all cherefull and redy endeavoure) to gratify your good lordshyp by all meanes possyble, and to applye my selfe wholye to thee same, as one that woulde gladly, but can by no meanes be able to do accordinglye as hys bounden duetie requireth: I cannot, I say, but se and acknowledge my selfe bounden, and not able to deo soche service as I owe, both for the inestimable benefites that your noble progenitors, and also your good lordship hath shewed unto my parentes and predycessors; and also to my selfe, as to one least able to do any acceptable service, thoughe the wil be at all tymes most ready. In token wherof, your lordshyp shal at all tymes perceave, by simple thinges that my littel wit shall be able to invent, that yf myne harte could do you any servyce, no labour or travayle shold witholde me

from doynge my duetie, and that yf busy labour and the hart myght be able to paye the duetye that love oweth, your lordshyp shoulde in no point fynde me ingrate or unthankful. And to declare this my ready wyll, I have dedicated unto your name thys littyl treatyse, whyche after I had perused and by thadvice of others (better learned than my self) determined to put it in printe, that the noble fame of so worthy a knighte, as was the auctor hereof, sir Thomas Wyat, should not perish but remayne, as well for hys syngular learning, as valiant dedes in mereyal feates, I thought that I could not find a more worthy patron for such a man's worke than your lordship, whom I have alwayes knowen to be of so godlye a zeale, to thee furtheraunce of God's holy and a sacred Gospel, most humbly besechynge your good lordeshippe herin to accepte my good wyll, and too esteme me as one that wisheth unto the same al honour, helthe, and prosperous successe.

Amen

Your good lordshyppes
most humble at commaundment
John Harrington.

THE PROLOGE OF THE AUCTOR.

Love, to geve lawe unto hys subjectes hartes,
Stode in the eyes of Batsabe the brighte;
And in a looke anone hym selfe converted
Cruelly pleasaunt before king David's syght:
Fyrst dased hys eyes, and further forth he startes
With venemed brethe, as softly as he myghte
Touches his senewes, and overrunnes hys bones
With crepynge fyre, sparkeled for the nones.

And when he sawe that kindeled was the flame,
The noysome poyson in his harte he launced,
So that the soule dyd tremble wyth the same:
And in this brawle, as he stode entraunced,
Yeldynge unto the fygure and the frame,
That those fayre eyes hadde in his presens glaunced:
The forme, that Love had printed in hys breste,
He honoreth as a thing of thynges beste.

So that, forgotte the wysdom and forecaste,
Whyche woe to realms, when that the kynge doth
Forgettinge eke Goddes maiestye as faste, [lacke;
Yea and hys own: forth wyth he dothe to make
Urye to goo into the felde in haste,
Urye, I saye, that was hys jeweles make,
Under pretence of certayne victory,
For the enemys swordes, a ready prey to be.

Whereby he may enjoy her out of doubte,
Whome more then God or himself he myndeth:
And after he hadde broughte thys thynge about,
And of that luste possest hymself, he fyndeth
That hath and dothe reuerse and clene turne out
Kynges from kyngdomes and cytyes undermyndeth;
He blynded thynkes, thys trayne so blynde and close,
To blynde al thynges, that nought maye it disclose.

But Nathan hath spied out this trecherye
With rufui cheare; and settes afore hys face
The greate offence outrage and iniurye,
That he hath done to God, as in thys case,
By murder for to clooke adulterye:
He shewethe eke from heauen the threates, alas!
So sternly sore thys prophete, thys Nathan,
That al amased was thys woful man.

Like him that metes wyth horror and wythe feare;
The heate doth streyght forsake the lymbes colde
The colour eke droppeth down from hys chere;
So dothe he feele hys fyre manyfolde
Hys heate, hys luste, his pleasure all in-fere
Consume and waste: and streyght his crowne of gold,
Hys purple paule, hys scepter he letteth fall,
And to the ground he throweth him self wyth-all.

Then pompous pryde of state, and dignite
Forth-with rebates repentaunt humblenes:
Thinner vyle clothe then clotheth pouertie
Doth scandlye hyde and cladde his nakednes:
Hys fayre hoore bearde of reverente gravitie
Wyth ruffeled heyre, knowyng his wickednes:
More lyke was he the self same repentaunce
Then statelye prynce of worldelye governaunce

Hys harpe he takethe in hand to be his guide,
Wherwyth he offreth playnts his soule to save,
That from his hearte dystylleth on every syde.
Wythedrawynge hymselfe into a dark depe caue
Within the ground, wherein he might hym hyde,
Flyinge the lyghte, as in the pryson or graue;
In which, as sone as Dauid entred had,
The darcke horror dyd make hys soule adrad.

But he, wythout prolongyng or delaye [pease,
Of that, whyche myghte hys Lorde hys God ap-
Falleth on hys knees, and with hys harpe, I saye,
Afore hys breste, yfraughted wythe dysease
Of stormye syghes, depe draughtes of hys decaye,
Dressed vpryghte, sekyng to conterpese
His songe wythe syghes, and touchynge of the stringes,
Wyth tender harte, loo, thus to God he synges.

DOMINE NE IN FURORE. PSALM VI.

O Lord! sins in my mouthe thy myghtie name
Suffereth it selfe, my Lord, to name and call,
Here hath my harpe betaken by the same;
That the repentaunce, whyche I haue and shall,
Maye at thy hande seke merey, as the thynge
Of onely comfort to wreched sinners all:
Whereby I dare with humble bemonynge,
By thy goodnes, this thynge of thee requyre;
Chastyce me not for my deseruinge
According to thy iuste conceaued yre.
O Lord, I dreade: and that I did not dreade
I me repente; and euermore desyre
Thee, thee to drede. I open here, and sprede
My faulte to thee: But thou, for thy goodnes,
Measure it not in largenes, nor in breade:
Punishe it not, as asketh the greatnes
Of thy furor, prouoked by myne offence.
Temper, O Lord, the harme of my excesse,
Wyth meadyng wyll that I for recompence
Prepare agayne: and rather pytye me;
For I am weake, and cleane wythout defence:
More is the nede I have of remedye.
For of the whole the leche taketh no cure: [see,
The shepe, that strayeth, the sheparde seekes to
I, Lord, am strayed: and, sick without recure,
Fele all my lymbs, that have rebelled, for feare
Shake in despayre, unlesse thou me assure:

My fleshe is troubled, my harte doth feare the speare:
That drede of deathe, of deathe that ever lastes,
Theateth of right, and draweth nere and neare.
Moch more my soule is troubled by the blastes
Of these assautes, that come as thick as hayle,
Of worldly vanities, that temptation castes
Agaynst the bulwerke of the fleshe frayle.
Wherin the soule in greate perplexitie
Feeleth the sences wyth them that assayle
Conspire, corrupte by pleasure and vanitie:
Whereby the wretche doth to the shade resorte
Of hope in the, in thys extremytie.
But thou, O Lorde, how longe after thys sorte
Forberest thou to see my myserye?
Suffer me yet, in hope of some comforte
Feare, and not feele that thou forgettest me.
Returne, O Lord: O Lorde, I thee beseche!
Unto thy olde wonted benygnitye.
Reduce, reuive my soule: be thou the leche;
And reconcyle the greate hatred, and stryfe,
That it hathe tane agaynste the fleshe: the wretche,
That styrred hathe thy wrath by fylthy lyfe.
Se howe my soule doth freate it to the bones:
Inward remorse so sharpeth it lyke a knyfe,
That but thou helpe the caitife, that bemones
Hys greate offence, it turneth anon to duste.
Here hathe thy mercye matter for the nones;
For yf thy righteouse hande, that is so juste,
Suffre noo synne, or stryke wyth dampnation,
Thy infynite mercye wante nedes it muste
Subiect matter for hys operatyon:
For that in deathe there is no memorye
Amonge the dampned, nor yet no mencyon
Of thy greate name, grounde of all glorye.
Then yf I dye, and goo where as I feare
To thynke ther on, howe shall thy great mercye
Sounde in my mouthe unto the worldes eare?
For ther is none, that can thee laude and loue,
For that thou wilt no loue among them there.
Suffer my cryes the mercye for to moue,
That wonted is a hundred yeares offence
In a moment of repentaunce to remoue.
Howe ofte have I called up with dyligence
Thys slouthfull fleshe long afore the daye
For to confes hys faulte, and negligence:
That to the deune, for oughte that I coulde saye,
Hathe styll returned to shroude hymselfe from colde?
Wherby it suffreth nowe for soche delaye,
By myghtye playntes instede of pleasures olde.
I washe my bedde with teares continuall
To dull my syghte, that to be never bolde
To stere my harte agayne to soche a fall.
Thus drye I up, among my foes, in woo,
That wythe my fall doo ryse, and growe withall,
And me besett even nowe where I am, so
Wyth secret trappes, to trouble my penaunce.
Some do presente to my wepinge eyes, lo,
The chere, the manner, bewtye, or countenance
Of her, whose looke, alas! dyd make me blynde:
Some other offer to my remembraunce
Those pleasaunt wordes, now bytter to my mynde:
And some shewe me the power of my armoure,
Triumph, and conquest, and to my head assynde
Dooble diademe: Some shew the favoure
Of people frayle, palace, pompe and riches.
To these meremaydes, and theyr baytes of errour
I stoppe my eares, wyth helpe of thy goodnes.
And for I fele, it commeth alone of thee
That to my harte these foes haue none accesce
I dare them bid, Auoyde, wretches, and flee;
The Lorde hathe hearde the voyce of my complaynte;
Your engynes take no more effect in me:
The Lord hathe heard, I saye, and sene me fayute
Under your hand, and pytyeth my dystresse.
He shall too make my senses, by constraynte,
Obeye the rule, that reason shall expresce:
Where the disceyte of that youre glosing bayte
Made them vsurpe a power in al excesse.
Shamed be they all, that so do lye in wayte
To compasse me, by myssynge of theyre praye!
Shame and rebuke redownd to soche dysceyte!
Soden confusion, as stroke without delaye,
Shall so deface theyr craftye suggestion,
That they to hurte my helth noo more assaye
Sense I, O Lorde, remayne in thy protection.

THE AUCTOR.

WHOSO hathe sene the sycke in his fevour
After truce taken with the heate or colde,
And that the fytte is past of hys fervour,
Drawe fayntinge syghes: let hym, I saye, beholde
Sorowfull Dauid, after hys languor, [rollde,
That wyth his teares, that from his eyn downe
Paused his playnte, and layd adown hys harpe,
Faythfull recorde of all hys sorowes sharpe.

Yt semed nowe that of hys faulte the horrour
Dyd make aferde no more hys hope of grace:
The threates whereof in horrible terrour
Dyd holde hys harte as in despaire a space,
Tyll he had wyll to seke for hys succoure:
Hymselfe accusynge, beknowynge hys case,
Thynkynge so beste hys Lorde to appease,
And not yet healed he feelethe hys dysease.

Nowe semeth feareful no more the darke caue,
That erste dyd make his soule for to tremble:
A place deuoute of refuge for to saue
The succurles it rather dyd resemble:
For who had sene so kneeling within the graue
The chiefe pastoure of the Hebrewes assemble,
Wolde judge it made by teres of penytence
A sacred place worthy of reucrence.

Wythe vapored eyes he loketh heare and there,
And when he hath a whyle himself bethoughte,
Gatherynge his spirites, that were dismayde for feare,
His harpe agayne into hys hand he rought,
Tunynge accorde by judgment of hys eare,
His hartes botome for a syghe he soughte:
And there withall upon the holowe tree
With strayned voyce againe thus eryeth he.

BEATI. QUORUM REMISSI SUNT INIQUITATES. PSALM XXXII.

OH! happy are they, that haue forgiueness
Of their offence, not by theyr penytence [gotte
As by merite, which recompenceth not:
Althoughe that yet pardon hathe not offence
Wythoute the same; but by the goodnesse
Of hym that hathe perfytte intelligence
Of harte contrite, and couerth the greatnesse
Of synne wythin a mercyfull discharge.
And happye are they, that have the wylfulnesse
Of lust restrayned afore it went at large,
Prouoked by the drede of Gods furor:
Whereby they haue not on their backes the charge

Of others faultes to suffer the dolor:
For that theyr faulte was never executte
In open syghte, example of error.
And happy is he to whome God doth impute
No more hys faulte, by knowledgynge hys synne:
But clensed nowe the Lorde dothe hym repute;
As adder freshe newe strypped from hys skynne:
Nor in hys sprete is oughte undiscouered.
I, for bycause I hydde it styll wythin,
Thynckyng by state in fault to be preferred,
Do fynde by hyding of my fault my harme:
(As he, that fyndeth his healthe hyndered
By secrete wounde concealed from the charme
Of leches cure, that else had had redresse:)
And fele my bones consume, and waxe unferme
By daylye rage, rorynge in excesse.
Thy heauy hand on me was so encreaste
Both daye and nyght, and held my harte in presse,
Wyth prickinge thoughtes byreuinge me my reste;
That wythered is my lustynes awaye,
As somer heates that haue the greyne oppreste,
Wherfore I dyd another waye assaye,
And sought forthwyth to open in thy syght
My faulte, my feare, my fylthines, I say,
And not to hyde from the my great vnryghte.
I shall, quoth I, agaynst myselfe confesse
Unto thee, Lorde, all my synfull plyghte:
And thou forthwith diddest wash the wyekednesse
Of myne offence. Of truthe ryght thus it is
Wherfore they that haue tasted thy goodnesse,
At me shall take example, as of thys,
And praye, and seke in tyme for tyme of grace.
Then shall the stormes and fluddes of harme hym
mysse,
And hym to reche shall never haue the space.
Thou art my refuge, and only sauegarde
From the troubles that compas me the place.
Such joyes, as he that scapeth his enemyes warde
With losed bandes, hath in his libertye;
Suche is my joye, thou haste to me preparde.
That, as the see-man in his jeopardye
By soden lyght perceaued hath the porte,
So by thy great mercyful propertye
Within thy boke thus reade I my comforte:
" I shall the teache, and geve understandynge
And point to thee what way thou shalte resorte
For thy addresse, to kepe the from wanderynge:
Myne eyes shall take the charge to be thy guyde:
I ask therto of the onlye thys thynge,
Be not lyke horse, or mule, that men do ryde,
That not alone doth not his master knowe,
But for the good thou dost him must be tide,
And brideled lest hys guyde he byte or throwe."
Oh! diverse are the chastesinges of sinne [blowe,
In meate, in drinke, in brethe, that man dtoh
In slepe, and watch, in fretynge styl within:
That neuer suffer rest unto the mynde
Filde wythe offence; that rewe and new begynne
Wyth thousand feares the harte to strayne and
But for al thys, he that in God doth trust! [bynde:
Wythe mercy shall hymselfe defended fynde
Joye, and rejoyce, I say, you that be iuste
In hym, that maketh and holdethe you so styll:
In hym youre glorye always set you muste,
All you that be of upryght hart and wyll.

THE AUCTOR.

THYS songe endyd, Dauid dyd stynte hys voice;
And in that whyle he aboute with hys eye
Dyd seke the darcke caue; with whyche, without noyce,
Hys sylence semed to argue, and replye
Uppon hys peace thys peeee, that dyd reioyce
The soule with mercye, that mercye so dyd call,
And founde mercye at plentifull mercyes hand,
Neuer denied, but where it was wythstande.

As the seruante that in hys marsters face
Fyndynge pardon of hys passed offence,
Consyderynge his greate goodnes and hys grace,
Gladde teares dystylles, as gladsome recompence:
Ryghte so Dauid semed in the place
A marble image of syngular reuerence,
Carued in the rocke, with eyes and hande on hyghe
Made as by craft to playne, to sobbe, to syghe.

Thys whyle a beame that bryght sonne forth sendeth,
That sonne, the whyche was never cloude could hyde,
Perceth the caue, and on the harpe descendethe:
Whose glaunsing lyght the cords dyd ouer glyde,
And suche luyster upon the harpe extendethe,
As lyght of lampe upon the golde cleane tryed
The lome whereof into his eyes did sterte,
Supprysed with ioye by pennaunce of the harte.

He then enflamed with farre more hote affecte
Of God, then he was erste of Batsabè,
His left foot dyd on the earthe erecte,
And juste thereby remaynethe the other knee:
To the lefte syde hys wayght he doth dyrect:
For hope of helthe hys harpe agayne taketh he;
Hys hande, hys tuyne, hys mynde, eke soughte thys laye,
Whyche to the Lord with sober voyce did saye,

DOMINE, NE IN FURORE TUO. PSALM XXXVIII.

O LORD, as I have the both prayed, and praye,
(Although in the be no alteracyon,
But that we men, like as our selfes, we saye,
Mesuryng thy justice by our mutacyon)
Chastice me not, oh Lord! in thy furor,
Nor me correct in wrathful castygacion:
For that thy arrowes of feare, of terror,
Of sword, of sycknes, of famine, and of fyre
Sticke depe in me: I, loo, from myne errour,
Am plonged up; as horse out of the myre
With stroke of spurre; such is thy hande on me,
That in my fleshe, for terrour of thy yre,
Is not one poynt of ferme stabilytye;
Nor in my bones ther is no stedfastnes:
Suche is my dreade of mutabylytye:
For that I knowe my frayfull wyckednes.
For why? my synnes aboue my head are bounde,
Lyke heuy weighte, that doth my force oppresse:
Under the whych I stoupe and bowe to the grounde,
As wyllow plante haled by vyolence.
And of my fleshe eche not well cured wounde,
That festered is by folye and neclygence,
By secrete luste hath rankled under skynne,
Not only cured by my penytence.
Perceyuynge thus the tyrannye of synne,
That with hys weyght hath humbled and deprest
My pryde: by gnawyng of the worme within,
That neuer dyeth, I lyue withouten rest.
So are myne entrayles infect with feruent sore,
Fedynge the harme that hath my welth oppreste,
That in my fleshe is lefte no helthe therfore.
So wonderous great hath ben my vexacyon,
That it hath forste my harte to cry and rore.

O Lorde! thou knowest thinwarde contemplacyon
Of my desire: thou knowest my sighes and plaintes:
Thou knowest the teares of my lamentacyon
Cannot expresse my hartes inwarde restrayntes.
My harte pantethe, my force I feel it quayle;
My sight, my eyes, my loke decayes and fayntes.
And when myne enemyes dyd me most assayle,
My frendes most sure, wherein I set most trust,
Myne owne vertues, soonest then dyd fayle
And stood aparte; reason and wytt unjuste,
As kyn unkynde, were fardeste gone at nede:
So had they place ther venome out to thruste,
That sought my death by naughty worde and dede.
Ther tonges reproche, their wit dyd frawde applye,
And I, lyke deafe and dom, forthe my waye yede,
Lyke one that heres not, nor hath to replye
One worde agayne: knowyng that from thyne hande [plye
These thynges procede, and thou, Lord, shalte sup-
My trust in that, wherein I stycke and stande.
Yet have I had greate cause to dreade and feare,
That thou wouldeste geve my foes the ouer hande;
For in my fal they shewed suche pleasaunte chere.
And therewythal I alway in the lashe
Abyde the stroke; and with me every where
I beare my faulte, that greately doth abashe
My doleful cheare; for I my faulte confesse,
And my deserte dothe al my comforte dashe.
In the mene whyle mine enemies still increase;
And my prouokers hereby doo augmente,
That without cause to hurt me do not cease:
In cuell for good agaynste me they be bente.
And hynder shal my good persuyte of grace.
Loo! now, my God, that seest my whole entente!
My Lord, I am, thou knowest, in what case;
Forsake me not, be not far from me gone.
Haste to my helpe: haste, Lord, and haste apace,
O Lord, the Lord of al my helth alone.

THE AUCTOR.

LYKE as the pylgrime, that in a longe way
Faintinge for heate, prouoked by some wynde,
In some freshe shade lyeth downe at middes of day:
So dothe of Dauid the wery voyce and mynde
Take breathe of syghes, when he had songe thys laye,
Under suche shade as sorowe hath assynde:
And as the one styll myndes hys vyage ende,
So dothe the other to mercy styll pretende.

On sonour cordes hys fingers he extendes,
Without hearyng the judgement of the sounde:
Downe from hys eyes a streame of teares diseendes,
Wythout felynge, that tryckell on the grounde.
As he that bledes in vayne ryghte so intendes
Thaitred sences to that they are bounde.
But syghe and wepe he can none other thynge,
And loke up styll vnto the heavens kynge.

But who had ben wythoute the caue mouthe
And hearde the teares and syghes that hym dyd strayne,
He wold have sworne there had out of the southe
A luke-warme wynde brought forth a smoky rayne.
But that so close the caue was and unknowth
That none but God was record of hys payne,
Els hadde the wynde blowen in all Israell eares
Of theyr kynge the wofull playnte and teares.

Of whych some part when he up supped had,
Lyke as he, whome hys owne thoughte affrayes,
He turnes hys loke: hym semyth that the shade
Of hys offence agayne hys force assayes
By vyolente dispayre on hym to lade;
Stertynge lyke hym, whom sodayn feare dismayes,
His voyce he straynes, and from his harte oute bringes
Thys songe, that I note whether he cryeth or synges.

MISERERE MEI, DEUS. PSALM LI.

RUE on me, Lord, for thy goodnes and grace,
That of thy nature arte so bountifull;
For that goodness that in the worlde dothe brace
Repugnant natures in quiet wonderfull;
And for thy mercyes nomber withoute ende
In heauen and earth perceaued so plentifull,
That euer al they do themselfes extende,
For those mercyes moche more then man can synne
Do away my synnes, that so thy grace offende
Ofte tymes agayne. Washe, washe me well wythin,
And from my synne, that thus makes me afrayde,
Make thou me cleane, as aye thy wonte hath bene.
For unto thee on nombre can be layde
For to prescribe remyssyons of offence
In hartes returned, as thou thy selfe haste sayde:
And I beknowe my fault, my neglygence:
And in my syght my synne is fixed faste,
Therof to have more perfect penytence.
To the alone, to the have I trespaste:
For none can measure my faulte but thou alone:
For in thy syghte, I have not been agaste
For to offend: judging thy sight as none,
So that my faulte were hydde from syghte of man:
Thy maiestye so from my mynde was gone,
This knowe I, and repent: pardon thou than:
Wherby thou shalte kepe stylle thy worde stable,
Thy iustyce pure and cleane, because that whan
I pardoned am, that forthwith iustlye able
Iuste I am iudged by iustice of thy grace.
For I myselfe, loo! thynge moste vastable.
Formed in offence, conceaued in lyke case,
Am noughte but synne from my natyuytie.
Be not these sayde for myne excuse, alas!
But of thy helpe to shewe necessitie:
For, loo! thou louest truthe of the inwarde harte,
Whych yet dothe lyue in my fidelitie
Thoughe I have fallen by frayltie ouerthwarte:
For wylfull malyce ledde me not the waye
So moche as hathe the fleshe drawen me aparte.
Wherefore, O Lorde, as thou haste done alwaye,
Teach me the hydden wysdom of thy lore;
Since that my faythe dothe not yet decaye.
And, as the juyce to heale the kypper sore,
Wythe isoppe clense, clense me and I am clene.
Thou shalt me washe, and more then snowe therefore
I shal be whyte, howe fowle my faulte hath bene.
Thou of my health shalt gladsome tydinges bringe,
When from aboue remission shal be sene.
Descende on earth: then shalle for ioye upsprynge
The bones, that were before consumed to duste.
Loke not, O Lord! vppon myne offendynge,
But do away my dedes, that are unjuste.
Make a cleane harte in the middell of my breste
Wyth spyryte upryghte voyded from fylthye luste.
From thyne eyes cure easte me not in vnreste,
Nor take from me thy spyryte of holynesse.

Render to me joye of thy helpe and heste: [nesse:
My wylle confyrme wythe the spirite of stedfast-
And by thys shall these godlye thynges ensue,
Synners I shall into thy wayes addresse;
They shall returne to the, and thy grace sue.
My tongue shall prayse thy justification:
My mouthe shall spreade thy glorious praises true.
But of thy selfe, O God, thys operation
It must procede; by purgynge me from bloode,
Amonge the inste that I maye have relatyon:
And of thy laudes for to let out the floode,
Thou muste, oh Lorde, my lyppes fyrste unlose.
For yf thou haddeste estemed pleasaunt good
The outwarde dedes, that outwarde men disclose,
I wold have offered unto thee sacrifice:
But thou delytest not in soche glose
Of outeward dede, as men dreame and deuyse.
The sacrifice that the Lorde lyketh moste
Is spirite contryte: lowe harte in humble wyse
Thou doest accept, O God, for pleasaunt hoste.
Make Syon, Lorde, accordynge to thy wyll
Inward Syon the Syon of the ghoste:
Of hartes Jerusalem strengthethe walles styll;
Then shalte thou take for good the outwarde dedes,
As a sacrifice thy pleasure to fulfyll.
Of thee alone thus all our good precedes.

THE AUCTOR.

Of deape secretes, that Dauid then dyd synge,
Of mercye, of fayth, of frayltie, of grace;
Of Goddes goodnesse, and of justyfyinge
The greatnes dyd so astony hym apace, [thynge?
As who myghte saye, Who hath expressed thys
I synner, I, what have I saide? alas!
That Gods goodnesse wold in my songe entreate,
Let me agayne consyder and repeate.
And so he doth, but not expressed by worde:
But in hys harte he turneth oft and prayseth
Eche word, that erste hys lyppes mygth ferth aforde:
He pantes, he pawseth, he wondreth, he prayseth
The mercy, that hydethe of justyce the sworde:
The justyce, that so hys promyse complysheth
For hys wordes sake to worthyies deserte,
That gratis hys grace to men doth departe.

Here hath he comfort when he doth measure
Measureles mercye to measurcles faulte,
To prodygable synners infinyte treasure,
Treasure celestyall, that never shall defaulte:
Ye, when that synne shall fayle, and may not dure, [assaute
Mercy shall reigne, gaynste whome shall no
Of hell preuayle: by whome, loe! at thys daye
Of heaven gates remyssyon is the kaye.

And when Dauid had pondered wel and tryed,
And seeth hymself not outterly depryued
From lygth of grace, that darke of synne dyd hyde,
He fyndeth hys hope moch therewith reuyued;
He dare importune the Lorde on every syde,
(For he knoweth wel that to mercy is ascribed
Respecteles labor) importune, cry, and call;
And thus begynneth hys song there wythall.

DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM. PSALM CII

Lord, heare my praier, and let my crye passe
Unto thee, Lord, without impediment.
Do not from me tourne thy mercyful face,
Unto myselfe leauynge my gouernment.
In time of trouble and aduersytye
Enclyne unto me thyne eare and thyne entente;
And when I call, helpe my necessytye;
Redely graunte theffecte of my desyre:
These bold demaundes do please thy majestye:
And eke my case soch haste doth well requyre.
For lyke as smoke my dayes are past awaye,
My bones dryed up, as fornace with the fyre:
My harte, my mynde is wythered up lyke haye:
Because I have forgott to take my breade,
My breade of lyfe, the worde of truth, I saye.
And for my playntful syghes and for my dreade,
My bones, my strength, my very force of mynde
Cleued to the fleshe, and from the spirit were fledde,
As desperate thy mercye for to fynde.
So made I me the solen pellycane,
And lyke the owle, that fleyth by proper kynde
Lygth of the day, and hath herself betane
To ruine lyfe oute of all companye,
Wyth waker care, that with this woo beganne,
Lyke the sparrowe was I solyterrye,
That syttes alone under the houses eaves.
This whyle my foes conspyred contynually,
And dyd prouoke the harme of my dysease.
Wherefore lyke ashes my bread dyd me savor;
Of thy iust word the tast might not me please:
Wherefore my drynk I tempered with lycor
Of wepynge teares, that from myne eyes dyd rayne,
Because I knowe the wrath of thy furour,
Prouoked by right, had of my pryde dysdayne.
For thou dyddest lyfte me up to throwe me downe:
To teach me howe to knowe my selfe agayne:
Wherby I knewe that helpeles I shuld drowne.
My dayes like shaddow declyne, and I doo cry:
And the for ever eternitie dothe crowne;
Worlde wythoute ende doth last thy memory.
For thys frayltie, that yoketh all mankynde,
Thou shalt awake, and rue this mysereye:
Rue on Syon. Syon that as I fynde
Is the people that lyue under thie lawe.
For now is tyme, the tyme at hande assynde,
The tyme so longe that thy servantes drawe
In great desyre to se that pleasaunte daye:
Daye of redemynge Syon from synnes awe.
For they have ruthe to see in suche decaye
In duste and stones thys wretched Syon lore.
Then the Gentiles shall dreade thy name alwaye:
All earthly kynges thy glorye shall honour,
Then when thy grace thy Syon thus redemeth,
When thus thou hast declared thy myghtie power.
The Lorde his servauntes wyshes so estemeth,
That he hym turnethe vnto the poores request,
To our dyscent this to be written semeth.
Of all compforts as consolacyon beste:
And they, that then shalbe regenerate,
Shall prayse the Lord therfore both moste and leste.
For he hath lokte from the height of hys estate,
The Lorde from heaven in earth hath lookte on us,
To heare the mone of them that are a' gate
In fowle bondage: to lose and to discus
The sonnes of deathe oute frome theyre deadly bonde;
Two gyre thereby occasion glorious [pray
In thys Syon hys holye name to stonde,
And in Jerusalem hys landes lastynge aye,
When in one churche the people of the londe
And realmes her gathered to serve, to laude, to
The Lorde above so juste and mercyful.
But to this samble runninge in the waye,
My strengthe fayleth to reache it at the ful.
He hath abreged my dayes, they may not dure

To se that terme, that terme so wonderfull:
All though I have with hartie will, and eure,
Prayed to the Lord, Take me not, Lord, awaye
In middes of my yeares; thoughe thyne ever sure
Remayne eterne, whome tyme can not decaye.
Thou wroughtste the earth; thy handes the heauens
dyd make:
They shall peryshe, and thou shalt laste alwaye:
And all thinges age shall were and ouertake,
Lyke clothe, and thou shalt chaunge them lyke
apparell,
Tourne, and translate, and thou in wroth it take;
But thou thy selfe thy self remaynest well
That thou wast erste, and shalt thy yeares extende.
Then, sens to thys there maye no thynge rebelle,
The greateste comforte that I can pretende,
Is that the children of thy seruantes deare,
That in thie word are gotte, shall wythout ende
Before thy face be stabliste all in fere.

THE AUCTOR.

When Dauid hadde perceaued in hys breste
The spyrite of God retourne, that was exyled,
Because he knewe he hath alone expreste
These same great thynges, that greater spyryte
compyled:
As shawme or pipe lettes out the sounde impreste,
By musykes arte forged to-fore and fyled:
I saye when Dauid hadde perceaued this,
The spirite of compfort in hym reuyued is.
For thereupon he maketh argumente
Of reconsylyng vnto the Lordes grace:
Al thoughe somtyme to prophecy have lente
Bothe brute beastes, and wycked hartes a place.
But oure Dauid iudgeth in hys entente
Hym selfe by pennaunce cleane oute of thys case,
Whereby he hathe remyssyon of offence,
And gynneth to alowe hys payne and penitence.

But when he wayeth the fault, and recompence,
He dampneth this hys dede and fyndeth playne
Atwene them two no whytt equiualence:
Whereby he takes all outwarde dede in vayne
To beare the name of ryghtfull penitence:
Whych is alone the harte returned agayne,
And sore contryte, that doth hys fault bemone;
And outward dede the sygne or frute alone.

Wyth thys he dothe defende the slye assaulte
Of vayne aloweance of hys owne deserte:
And all the glorye of hys forgeuen faulte
To God alone he dothe it hole converte:
Hys owne meryte he fyndethe in defaulte:
And whyles he pondreth these thinges in hys harte,
Hys knee, hys arme, hys hande susteyned hys
chinne,
When he hys songe agayne thus dyd begynne.

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI AD TE, DOMINE.
PSALM CXXX.

From depth of synne, and from a depe dispayre,
From depth of deeth, from depth of hartes sorrowe,
From this depe caue, of darknes depe repayre,
Thee have I calde, O Lorde, to be my borowe.
Thou in my voyce, O Lorde, perceaue and heare
My harte, my hope, my playnte, my ouerthrowe,
My wyll to ryse: And let by graunte appeare,
That to my voyce thyne ears do well attende:
No place so farre, that to the is not near;
Noo depthe so depe, that thou ne mayste extende
Thyne eare therto; heare then my wofull playnte:
For, Lord, yf thou observe what men offende,
And putte thy natyue mercye in restreynte:
Yf juste exactyon demaunde recompence:
Who maye endure, O Lorde? Who shall not fainte
At soche accompte? so drede, not reuerence
Should reigne at large. But thou sekest rather
For in thy hande is mercyes resydence: [loue;
By hope whereof thou doeste oure hartes eke moue.
I in the Lorde haue sette my confydence:
My soule soche truste doth euermore approue:
Thy holye worde of eterne excellence,
Thy mercyes promyse, that is all-waye iuste,
Haue ben my staye, my piller, and defence.
My soule in God hath more desyrous truste,
Then hath the watchmen leking for the daye,
For his relief, to quenche of slepe the thurst.
Lette Israell truste vnto the Lord alwaye;
For grace and fauor are hys propertie:
Plenteouse ransome shall come with hym, I saye,
And shall redeme all our iniquitie.

THE AUCTOR.

Thys worde Redeme, that in his mouthe dyd
Dyd putte Dauid, it semeth unto me, [sounde,
As in a traunce, to star uppon the grounde,
And with hys thoughte the hyghte of heaven to see:
Where he beholdes the Worde that sholde confounde
The worde of death, by humility to be
In mortall Mayde, in mortall habite made,
Eternitye in mortal vayle to shade.

He seyeth that worde, when ful rype tyme
shulde come,
Doo awaye that vayle by feruente affection,
Torne off wyth deathe, for deathe shulde have her
And lepeth lyghter from soche corruption: [dome,
The glute of lyghte, that in the ayre dothe foure,
Man redeemeth, death hathe her destruction:
That mortall vayle hathe immortalitie;
To Dauid assuraunce of hys iniquitie.

Wherby he frames thys reason in hys harte:
That goodnes, which doth not forbeare hys sonne
From death for me, and can therby converte
My death to lyfe, my synne to salvation,
Bothe can and wyll a smaller grace departe
To hym, that sueth by humble supplication;
And syns I haue hys larger grace assayde,
To aske thys thinge why am I then affrayde?

He graunteth most to them that most do craue,
And he delyghtes in suit wythoute respect.
Alas! my sonne pursues me to the graue,
Suffered by God my synne for to correcte.
But of my synne, syns I may pardon haue,
My sonnes pursuyte shall shortelye be reiecte:
Then will I craue wyth sured confydence.
And thus begynneth the sute of hys pretence.

DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM.
PSALM CXLIII.

Heare my prayer, O Lord: heare my requeste:
Complyshe my boone: answer to my desyre.
Not by desert, but for thyne owne behest:
In whose firme truth thou promist myne empyre
To stande stable: and after thy iustyce,
Performe, O Lorde, that thynge that I requyre.
But not of law after the forme and guise
To enter iudgment wythe thie thrall-bonde slaue,
To plede hys right; for in soch maner wyse
Before thy syghte noo man hys ryghte shall saue.

For of my self, lo! thys my ryghteousnesse
By scorge, and whyppe, and prickynge spurres, I
Scant rysen up, such is my beastfines: [haue
For that myne enemye hathe pursued my lyfe,
And in the duste hathe soyled my lustynes;
To forreyne realmes, to flee hys rage so ryfe,
He hathe me forste: as deade to hyde my heade.
And for bycause, within my self at strife, [fledde,
My harte, and spirite, wythe all my force, ware
I had recourse to times that have ben paste,
And dyd remember thy deades in al my drede,
And dyd peruse thy worckes that euer last:
Wherby I knew above these wonders al
Thy mercyes were; then lyfte I up in hast
My handes to thee; my soule to the dyd call,
Lyke barren soyle, for moyster of thy grace.
Haste to my helpe, O Lord, afore I fall:
For sure I fell my spyrite doth fainte apace.
Turne not thy face from me that I be layde
In count of them that headlyng downe doo passe
Into the pyt: Shewe me betimes thyne ayde;
For on thy grace I wholly do depende:
And in thy hand since all my health is stayed,
Do me to know what way, thou wylte, I bende:
For vnto the I have raisde up my mynde,
Rydde me, oh Lorde, from them that do entende
My foes to be; for I have me assigned
Alwaye wythin thy secret protectyon.
Teache me thy wyl, that I by the may fynde
The waye to worke the same in affectyon:
For thou, my God, thy blessed spirite upryght
In laude of truthe shall be my dyrectyon.
Thou, for thy name, Lord, shalte reuiue my spryte
Wythin the ryghte, that I receiue by the:
Whereby my lyfe of daunger shall be quyte.
Thou haste fordone the great iniquytye,
That vext my soule: thou shalt also confounde
My foes, oh Lorde, for thy benignitie;
For thyne am I, thy servaunte aye most bounde.

END OF SIR THOMAS WYAT'S POEMS.

THE POEMS OF VNCERTAINE AUCTORS.

THE COMPLAINT OF A LOUER WITH SUTE TO HIS LOUE FOR PITIE.

If euer woefull man might moue your hartes to ruthe, [shall try his truth;
Good ladies heare his woful plaint, whose deth
And rightful iudges be on this his true report,
If he deserue a lover's name among the faithfull sort. [in the west;
Fiue hundred times the sunne hath lodgde him
Since in my hart I harbred first of all the goodliest gest, [fayre,
Whose worthiness to shew, my wittes are all to
And I lacke cunning of the scoales, in colours her to payne.
But this I briefly say in wordes of egall weight,
So voide of vice was neuer none, nor with such vertues freight. [her warres,
And for her beauties prayse, no wight that with
For where she comes, she shews her self, as sun among the starres. [parfitenesse,
But Lord, thou wast to blame, to frame such
And putte no pitie in her hart, my sorowes to redresse. [past,
For if ye knew the paines and panges that I haue
A wonder would it be to you, how that my life hath last. [bowe
When all the gods agreed, that Cupide with his
Should shote his arrowes from her eies, on me his might to show.
I knew it was in vaine my force to trust vpon,
And well I wist it was no shame to yield to such a one: [mynde,
Then did I me submit with humble hart and
To be her man for euermore, as by the gods assinde.
And since that day, no wo, wherewith loue might torment,
Could moue me from this faithfull band, or make me once repent:
Yet haue I felt full oft the hottest of his fyre,
The bitter teares, the scalding sighs, the burning hote desire; [hart;
And with a sodain sigh the tremblyng of the
And how the blood doth come and go, to succour euery part: [ayer,
When that a pleasant looke hath lyft me in the
A frowne hath made me fall as fast into a depe despayer. [hart,
And when that I e're this, my tale could well by
And that my tong had learned it, so that no word might start, [stay,
The sight of her hath set my wittes in such a
That to be lord of all the world, one word I could not say. [pinched so,
And many a sodayn crampe my hart hath
That for the time my sences all, felt neither weale nor wo. [content,
Yet saw I neuer thing that might my minde
But wisht it hers, and at her will, if she could so consent: [please,
Nor neuer heard of wo that did her will dis-
But wisht the same vnto my self, so it might do her ease. [face,
Nor neuer thought that fayre, nor neuer liked
Unless it did resemble her, or some part of her grace.
No distance yet of place could us so farre deuide,
But that my hart, and my good will did still with her abide.

Nor yet it neuer lay in any fortunes powre,
To put that swete out of my thought one minute of an howre. [wynde:
No rage of drenching sea, nor woodnesse of the
Nor cannons with their thundring cracks could put her from my minde; [set,
For when both sea and land asunder had vs
My whole delite was only then, my self alone to get; [gesse,
And thitherward to looke, as nere as I could
Where as I thought that she was then, that might my wo redresse. [winde,
Full oft it did me good that waies to take my
So pleasant ayre in no place els methought I could not finde;
I saying to myself my life is yonder way;
And by the winde I haue her sent a thousand sighes aday; [geven thee,
And sayd unto the sunne, great giftes are
For thou mayst see mine earthly blisse, where-ever that she be. [thy might
Thou seest in euery place, woulde God I had
And I the ruler of my self, then should she know no night. [been at stryfe,
And thus from wish to wish, my wittes have
And wanting all that I haue wisht, thus haue I led my life,
But long it cannot last, that in such wo remaines;
No force for that, for death is swete to him that feles such paines: [graue,
Yet most of all me greves, when I am in my
That she shall purchase by my death a cruel name to haue. [it see
Wherefore all you that hear this plaint, or shall
Wish that it may so perce her hart that she may pitie me; [best
For and it were her will, for both it were the
To saue my life, to kepe her name, and set my hart at rest.

OF THE DEATH OF MASTER DEVOROX, THE LORD FERRES SONNE.

Who iustly may reioyce in ought vnder the skye,
As life or lands, as frendes, or fruites which only live to dye? [are vaine,
Or who doth not well know all worldly workes
And geveth nought but to thee lendes to take the same again?
For though it lift some vp as we long vpward all,
Such is the sort of slipper welth, all thinges do rise to fall.
Thuncertaintie is such, experience teacheth so,
That what thinges men do couet most them sonest they forgo. [so dere,
Lo Devorox where he lieth, whose life men held
That now his death is sorowed so, that pitie it is to heare. [fame,
His birth of auntient blood his parents of great
And yet in vertue farre before the formost of the same. [gayne,
His king and countrye bothe he serude to so great
That with the Brutes record doth rest, and euer shall remaine.
No man in warre so mete an enterprise to take;
No man in peace that pleasurde more of enmies frends to make.
A Cato for his counsell, his hed was surely such,
Ne Theseus frendship was so great, but Devorox was as much. [to bring,
A graffe of so small grothe, so much good frute
Is seldome hearde, or neuer sene, it is so rare a thing.
A man sent vs from God, his life did well declare,
And now sent for by God again, to teach us what we are. [that liue,
Death and the graue, that shall accompany all
Hath brought him heuen, though somewhat sone, which life could neuer give,
God graunt wel all that shall professe as he profest,
To liue so well, to dye no worse; and send his soule good rest.

THEY OF THE MEANE ESTATE ARE HAPPIEST.

If right be rackt and overrone,
And power take part with open wrong:
If feare by force do yelde to soone,
The lack is like to last to long.

If God for goodes shal be vnplaced,
If right for riches lose his shape,
If world for wisedome be embraced;
The gesse is great, much hurt may hap.

Among good thinges I proue and finde
The quiet life doth most abound:
And sure to the contented minde
There is no riches may be found.

For riches hates to be content;
Rule is enmy to quietnesse,
Power is most part impacient,
And seldom likes to liue in peace.

I heard a herdman onee compare,
That quiet nights he had mo slept,
And had mo mery daies to spare,
Then he which ought the beastes he kept.

I would not haue it thought hereby,
The dolphin swimme I meane to teache,
Nor yet to learne the faulcon fly:
I row not so farre past my reache.

But as my part aboue the rest,
Is well to wish and well to will;
So tyll my breath shall fail my brest,
I will not cease to wish you still.

COMPARISON OF LIFE AND DEATH.

The life is long, that lothsomly doth last,
The dolefull dayes draw slowly to their date;
Th epresent panges and painfull plagues forepast
Yelde griefe aye grene to stablish this estate.
So that I feele, in this great storme and strife,
The death is swete that endeth such a life.

Yet by the stroke of this strange ouerthrowe,
At which conflict in thraldome I was thrust,
The Lord be praised, I am well taught to know
From whence man came, and ekewhereto he must.
And by the way, vpon how feble force,
His terme doth stand, till death doth end his course.

The pleasant yeres that seme so swift that runne,
The mery dayes to end so fast that flete,
The ioyfull nightes of which day daweth so soone,
The happy howers which mo do miss then mete,
Do all consume as snowe against the sunne,
And death makes end of all that life begonne.

Since death shall dure, till all the world be wast,
What meaneth man to dred death then so sore?
As man might make that life should alway last,
Without regarde the Lord hath led before
The daunce of death, which all must runne on row
Though how, or when the Lord alone doth know.

If man would minde what burthens life doth bring
What greuous crimes to God he doth commit;
What plages, what panges, what perilles, therby
With no sure bower in all his daies to sit: [springe
He would sure think as with great cause I do,
The day of death wer better of the two.

Death is a port wherby we pass to ioy,
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in payn,
Death is so dere it ceaseth all annoy,
Life is so leude that all it yeldes is vayn:
And as by life to bondage man is brought,
Even so likewise by death was fredom wrought.

Wherefore, with Paul, let all men wish and pray
To be dissolvde of this foule fleshly masse;
Or at least be armde against the day,
That they be found good souldiers prest to passe
From life to death, from death to life again,
To such a life, as ener shall remain.

THE TALE OF PYGMALION, WITH CONCLUSION VPON THE BEAUTIE OF HIS LOUE.

In Grece somtime there dwelt a man of worthy fame, [his name.
To graue in stone his cunning was, Pigmalion was
To make his fame endure, when death had him bereft, [work were left.
He thought it good of his own hand some filed
In secrete study then such work he gan devise
As might his cunning best commend, and please the lookers eyes.
A courser faire he thought to graue, barbed for the field [spear and shield.
And on his back a semely knight well arm'd with
Or els some foule or fish to graue he did deuise
And still within his wandring thoughtes new fancies did arise.
Thus varied he in minde what enterprise to take
Till fancy moued his learned hand a woman fayre to make, [fourme to frame
Whereon he stayde, and thought such perfite
Whereby he might amaze all Grece, and winne immortal name.
Of yvorie white he made so faire a woman than
That nature scorn'd her perfitness so taught by craft of man. [face,
Wel shaped were her lims, full comly was her
Eche little vain most lively coucht, eche part had semely grace. [great stiffe
Twixt nature and Pigmalion, there might appere
So semely was this ymage wrought, it lackt nothing but life.
His curious eye beheld his own deuised work,
And gasing oft thereon, he found much venome there to lurk;
For all the feature shape so did his fancie moue
That with his idoll whom he made, Pigmalion fell in loue; [garlandes swete
To whom he honour gaue, and decked with
And did adourn with iewells rich, as is for louers mete. [would cry,
Somtimes on it he fawn'd, somtime in rage
It was a wonder to behold, how fansy bleard his eye.
Since that this ymage dumme enflamed so wise a man, [than;
My dere, alas, since I you loue, what wonder is it
In whom hath nature set the glory of her name
And brake her moulde in great dispaire, your like she coulde not frame.

THE LOUER SHEWETH HIS WOFULL STATE AND PRAIETH PITIE.

Lyke as the larke within the Marlians foote,
With piteous tunes doth chirp her yelden lay:
So sing I now, seyng no other boote
My rendering song and to your will obey.
Your vertue mountes aboue my force so hye,
And with your beautie seased I am so sure,
That there auailes resistance none in me,
But paciently your pleasure to endure.
For on your will my fansy shall attend,
My life, my death, I put both in your choyce;
And rather had my life by you to end,
Then liue, by other alwayes to reioyce:
And if your crueltie do thirst my blood,
Then let it forth if it may do you good.

VPON CONSIDERATION OF THE STATE OF THIS LIFE HE WISHETH DEATH.

The lenger life, the more offence;
The more offence, the greater paine;
The greater paine, the lesse defence;
The lesse defence, the lesser gaine;
The losse of gaine long yll doth trye,
Wherfore come death and let me dye.

The shorter life, lesse count I finde,
The lesse account, the sooner made;
The count soon made, the merier mind,
The mery mynd doth thought exade;
Short life in truth this thing doth trye,
Wherfore come death, and let me dye.

Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care, the flood of lyfe,
The flood of life, the ioyful fare,
The ioyful fare, the end of strife:
The end of strife, that thing wishe I.
Wherefore come death, and let me dye.

THE LOUER THAT ONCE DISDAINED LOUE, IS NOW BECOME SUBIECT BEING CAUGHT IN HIS SNARE.

To this songe geve eare who list
And mine intent iudge as ye wyll,
The time is come that I haue mist
The thing wheron I hoped styll,
And from the toppe of all my trust,
Mishap hath throwen me in the dust.

The time hath bene and that of late,
My hart and I might leap at large,
And was not shut within the gate
Of loue's desire, nor toke no charge
Of any thing that did pertaine,
As touching loue in any payn.

My thought was free, my hart was lyght,
I marked not, who lost, who saught,
I playd by day, I slept by nyght,
I forced not, who wept, who laught,
My thought from all such thinges was free,
And I my self at libertie.

I toke no hede to tauntes nor toys
As deef to see them frowne as smyle,
Where fortune laught I scornde their ioyes
I found their fraudes and euery wyle,
And to my selfe oft times I smiled,
To see how loue had them begiled.

Thus in the net of my conceit,
I masked still among the sort
Of such as fed vpon the bayte,
That Cupide laide for his disport;
And euer as I saw them caught
I them beheld and thereat laught.

Tyll at the length when Cupide spied
My scorneful wyll and spitefull vse,
And how I past not who was tyed
So that my self myght still liue lose,
He set him selfe to lye in waite
And in my way he threw a baite.

Such one as nature neuer made
I dare well say saue she alone;
Such one she was as would inuade
A hart more hard then marble stone;
Such one she is, I know it right,
Her nature made to shew her might.

Then as a man euen in a maze
When vse of reason is away,
So I began to stare and gaze,
And sodeinly, without delay
Or euer I had the wit to loke
I swalowed vp both bait and hoke.

Which dayly greues me more and more
By sundry sortes of careful wo;
And none aliue may salue the sore
But onely she that hurt me soe:
In whom my lyfe dothe now consist
To saue or slay me as she list.

But seing now that I am caught,
And bounde so fast, I cannot flee;
Be ye by mine ensample taught
That in your fansies fele you free;
Despise not them that louers are
Lest you be caught within his snare.

OF FORTUNE AND FAME.

The plage is great, where Fortune frownes,
One mischief bringes a thousand woes,
Where trumpets geue their warlike sownes,
The weake sustaine sharp ouerthrowes:
No better life they tast and fele
That subiect are to Fortunes whele.

Her happy chaunce may last no time;
Her pleasure threatneth paines to come.
She is the fall of those that clime;
And yet her whele auanceth some:
No force, where that she hates or loues,
Her fickle minde so oft remoues.

She geues no gift, but craues as fast;
She soone repentes a thankful dede;
She turneth after euery blast;
She helpes them oft, that haue no nede;
Where power dwelles, and riches rest,
False Fortune is a common gest.

Yet some affirme and proue by skyll,
Fortune is not a fleing Fame,
She neither can do good nor yll;
She hath no fourme, yet beares a name,
Then we but striue against the streames,
To frame suche ioyes on fansies dreames.

If she haue shape or name alone;
If she do rule or beare no sway;
If she haue bodie, life or none,
Be she a sprite I can not say:
But well I wot, some cause there is,
That causeth wo, and sendeth blisse.

The causes of thinges I will not blame,
Lest I offende the prince of peace:
But I may chide, and braule with Fame,
To make her crye and neuer cease:
To blowe the trumpe within her eares,
That may apease my wofull teares.

AGAINST WICKED TONGES.

O euil tonges, which clap at euery winde,
Ye slea the quicke, and eke the dead defame,
Those that liue well, some faute in them ye fynde;
Ye take no thought in slaundring their good name,
Ye put iust men oft times to open shame:
Ye rynge so loude, ye sounde vnto the skyes,
And yet in proofe, ye sow nothing but lyes.

Ye make great warre, where peace hath been of long;
Ye bring rich realmes to ruine and decay,
Ye pluck downe right, ye do enhaunce the wrong;
Ye turne swete mirth to wo and well away;
Of mischiefes all ye are the grounde I say.
Happy is he that liues on such a sort,
That needs not fear such tonges of false report.

HELL TORMENTETH NOT THE DAMNED GHOSTES SO SORE AS VNKINDNESS THE LOUER.

The restlesse rage of depe deuouring hell;
The blasing brandes, that neuer doe consume;
The roryng route, in Plutoes den that dwell,
The fiery breath, that from those ympes doth fume,
The dropsy drowth, that Tantale in the flood
Endureth ay, all hopeless of relefe,
He hongersteruen, where fruite is ready foode;
So wretchedly his soule doth suffer grief:

The liuer gnawne of gylefull Promethus,
Which vultures felt with strained talant tyre,
The labour lost of weried Sisiphus,
These hellish houndes with paines of quenchless fire
Can not so sore the silly soules torment,
As her vntruth my hart hath all to rent.

OF THE MUTABILITIE OF THE WORLDE.

By fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to finde
Such fansies, as my careful thought had brought into my mind.
And when eche one was gone to rest full soft in stil myne eye:
I would have slept, but then the watch did follow bed to lye
And sodeinly I saw a sea of woful sorowes prest
Those wicked waies of sharp repulse bred mine unquiet rest.
I saw this world, and how it went, eche state in his degree
And that from wealth ygranted is, both life and libertee.
I saw how Enuy it did raine, and bear the greatest price,
Ye greater poyson is not founde within the cocka-trice;
I saw also, how that Disdaine oft times to forge my woe
Gaue me the cuppe of bitter swete to pledge my mortall fo:
I saw also, how that Desire, to rest no place could finde,
But still constrainde in endlesse paine to follow natures kinde.
I saw also most straunge of all, how Nature dyd forsake
The bloud, that in her wombe was wrought, as doth the lothed snake.
I saw how Fansie would retayne no lenger then her lust,
And as the wind how she doth chaunge, as is not for to trust.
I saw how Stedfastnes did flee with winges of often change
A flyeing bird, but seldome sene, her nature is so strange.
I saw how pleasant times did passe, as flowres do in the mede,
To daie that riseth red as rose, to morowe falleth glasse,
ded.
I saw my time how it dyd runne, as sande out of the
Euen as eche howre appointed is, from time and tide to passe.
I saw the yeres that I had spent, and losse of all
my gayne,
And how the sport of youthful playes my foly did
retayne.
I saw how that the little ant in somer still doth
ronne
To seek her foode, wherby to live in wynter for
to come.
I saw eke Vertue how she sate the threde of lyfe to spinne
Which sheweth the end of euery worke before it
doth beginne.
And when all these I thus beheld, with many mo pardy
In me, me thought, eche one had wrought a per-
fite propertie.
And then I sayde unto my selfe a lesson this shall be
For other, that shall after come, for to beware by
me.
Thus all the night I did deuise, which way I might constraine
To forme a plot, that wit might worke these
branches in my brain.

HARPALUS COMPLAINT OF PHYLIDAES LOUE BESTOWED ON CORIN, WHO LOUED HER NOT, AND DENIED HIM THAT LOUED HER.

[This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the Songs and Sonnettes of the earl of Surrey, &c. 4to. 1574, in that part of the collection which consists of pieces by Uncertain Auctours. These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII: but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of sir Thomas Wyat in 1541. See Surrey's Poems, 4to. fol. 19. 49.

Though written perhaps near half a century before the Shepherd's Calendar[4], this will be found far superior to any of those eclogues in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all the beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.—PERCY.]

PHILLIDA was a faire maide,
As fresh, as any flower;
Whom Harpalus the heard-man praide
To be his paramoure.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phillida would twist and spinne,
And thereto sing ful clere.

But Phillida was al to coye,
For Harpalus to winne:
For Corin was her only joye,
Who forst her not a pinne.

How often would she flowers twine?
How often garlants make
Of cowslips and of culumbine?
And al for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had hawkes to lure,
And forced more the fielde:
Of lovers law he tooke no cure;
For once he was beguilde.

Harpalus prevayled nought,
His labour all was lost;
For he was farthest from her thought,
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore wax he both pale and leane,
And dry as clod of clay:
His fleshe it was consumed cleane;
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave;
His heare long al unkempt:
A man most fit even for the grave,
Whom spiteful love had shent.

His eyes were red, and all forwacht;
His face besprent with teares:
It seemed unhap had him long hatcht,
In middes of his dispaires.

[4] First published in 1579.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare;
As one forlone was he;
Upon his head alwayes he ware
A wreathe of wyllow tree.

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,
And he sate in the dale;
And thus with sighes and sorrows shril,
He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus! thus would he say;
Unhappiest under sunne!
The cause of thine vnhappie day,
By loue was first begunne.

For thou wentest first by sute to seeke
A tygre to make tame,
That settes not by thy loue a leeke;
But makes thy griefe her game.

As easy it were for to convert
The frost into the flame;
As for to turne a frowarde hert,
Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.

Corin he liueth carèlesse:
He leapes among the leaues:
He eates the frutes of thy redresse:
Thou reapes, he takes the sheaues.

My beastes a while your foode refraine,
And harke your herdmans sounde:
Whom spitefull loue, alas! hath slaine,
Through girt with many a wounde.

O happie be ye, beastès wilde,
That here your pasture takes:
I se that ye be not begilde
Of these your faithful makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde:
The bucke hard by the do:
The turtle doue is not vnkinde
To him that loues her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme:
The yong cow hath the bull:
The calfe with many a lusty lambe
Do fede their hunger full.

But, wel-a-way! that nature wrought
Thee, Phylida, so faire:
For I may say that I haue bought
Thy beauty all tò deare.

What reason is that crueltie
With beautie should have part?
Or els that such great tiranny
Should dwell in womans hart?

I se therefore to shape my death
She cruelly is prest
To th' end that I may want my breath:
My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide, graunt this my request,
And do not stoppe thine eares;
That she may feele within her breste
The paines of my dispaires.

Of Corin that is carèlesse,
That she may crave her fee:
As I have done in great distresse,
That loued her faithfullye.

But since that I shal die her slaue;
Her slaue, and eke her thrall:
Write you, my frendes, upon my graue
This chaunce that is befall.

"Here lieth vnhappy Harpalus"
By cruell loue now slaine:
Whom Phylida vnjustly thus,
Hath murdred with disdaine."

VPON SYR JAMES WYLFORDES DEATH.

Lo here the ende of man! the cruell sisters three
The web of Wylfordes lyfe uneth had half ysponne,
When rashe upon misdede they all accorded be
To breake vertues course ere half the race were ronne;
And trip him on his way that els had wonne the game,
And holden highest place within the house of fame.

But yet though he be gone, though sence with him be past
Which trode the euen steppes that leaden to renowne.
We that remaine aliue ne suffer shall to waste
The fame of his desertes, so shall he lose but sowne;
The thing shall aye remaine, aye kept as fresh in store
As if his eares should ring of that he wrought before.

Waile not therfore his want, sith he so left the stage
Of care and wretched lyfe, with ioy and clap of hands,
Who plaieth lenger partes, may wel haue greater age,
But few so well may passe the gulfe of fortunes sandes,
So triedly did he trede, ay prest at vertues beck,
That fortune found no place to geue him once a check.

The fates haue rid him hence, who shal not after go?
Though earthed be his corps, yet florish shall his fame,
A gladsome thing it is, that ere he stept us fro,
Such mirrours he us left our lyfe therby to frame,
Wherefore his praise shall last aye freshe in Britons sight,
'Till sun shall cease to shine and lend the earth his light.

OF THE WRETCHEDNES IN THIS WORLD.

Who list to live vpright, and hold himself content,
Shall se such wonders in this world, as neuer erst was sent,
Such groping for the swete, such tasting of the sower,
Such wandering here for worldly welth that loste is in one houre.
And as the good or badde get up in hie degree,
So wades the world in right or wrong, it may none other be;
And loke what lawes they make, eche man must them-obay,
And yoke himself with paciant heart, to driue and draw that way.
Yet such as long ago, great rulers wer assinde,
Both liues and lawes are now forgot, and worne clene out of minde.
So that by this I se no state on earth may last,
But as their tymes appointed be, to rise and fall as fast.

The goodes that gotten be by good and iust desart;
Yet vse them so that ready handes may helpe to
spend the part: [store,
For looke what heape thou hordest of rusty gold in
Thine enemies shall waste the same, that neuer
swat therfore.

THE REPENTANT SINNER IN DURANCE AND ADUERSITIE.

UNTO the liuing Lord for pardon do I pray,
From whom I graunt, euen from the shell, I have
run still astray; [clare)
And other liues there none (my death shall well de-
On whom I ought to grate for grace, as faulty
folkes do fare:
But thee, O Lord, alone, I haue offended so,
That this small scourge is much to scant for mine
offence I know. [best,
I ranne without returne the way the world lykte
And what I ought most to regard, that I respected
lest.
The throng wherein I thrust, hath throwen me in
such case, [grace.
That Lord my soule is sore beset without thy greater
My giltes are growne soe great, my power doth
so appaire, [much dispaire.
That with great force they argue oft, and mercy
But then with faith I flee to thy prepared store,
Where there lyeth helpe for euery hurt, and salve
for euery sore,
My lost time to lament, my vaine wais to bewaile,
No day, no night, no place, no hower, no moment
I shall faile,
My soule shall neuer cease with an assured faith,
To knocke, to craue, to call, to crye, to thee for
helpe, which sayth; [it is;
Knocke and it shal be heard, but aske, and giuen
And all that lyke to kepe this course, of mercy
shall not misse:
For when I call to minde how the one wandring
shepe [flock did kepe:
Did bring more joy with his returne, than all the
It yeldes full hope and trust, my strayed and
wandring ghost [were neuer lost.
Shal be receiued and held more dere, then those
O Lord my hope behold, and for my helpe make
haste [past,
To pardon the forepassed race that carelesse I haue
And but the day draw neare that death must pay
the det
For loue of life which thou hast lent and time of
paiment set, [is at hande,
From this sharpe showre me shielde, which threatned
Wherby thou shalt great power declare, and I the
storme withstand.
Not my will Lord but thine, fulfilde be in eche case,
To whose gret will and mighty power all powers
shall once geue place.
My faith, my hope, my trust, my God, and eke
my guyde [the body bide:
Stretch forth thy hande to saue the soule, what so
Refuse not to receiue that thou so deare hast
bought, [sought.
For but by thee alone I know all safetie in vain is
I know and knowledge eke, albeit very late,
That thou it is I ought to loue and dreade in eche
estate,
And with repentant hart, to laude thee, Lorde on
hye
That hast so gently set me straight, that erst
walkte so awry.
Now graunt me grace my God, to stande thine
strong in sprete,
And let the world then worke such waies, as to
the world semes mete.

THE LOUER HERE TELLETH OF HIS DIUERS JOIES, AND ADVERSITIES IN LOUE, AND LASTLY OF HIS LADIES DEATH.

SYTH singing gladdeth oft the harts,
Of them that fele the panges of loue;
And for the while doth ease their smarts,
My self I shall the same way proue.

And though that loue hath smit the stroke
Wherby is lost my libertye
Which by noe meanes I may reuoke,
Yet shall I sing, how pleasantly:

Nye twenty years of youth I past,
Which al in libertie I spent;
And so from first vnto the last,
Ere aught I knew what louing ment.

And after shall I sing the wo,
The paine, the grief, the deadly smart;
When loue this life did ouerthrowe,
That hiden fyes within my hart.

And then, the joyes that I did feele,
When fortune lifted after this;
And set me hye vpon her whele,
And changde my wo to pleasant blisse.

And so the sodein fall againe,
From al the joyes that I was in;
All you that list to hear of paine,
Geue care, for now I doe beginne.

Loe first of all when loue began
With hote desires my heart to burne,
Me thought, his might auailde not than,
From libertie my heart to turne.

For I was free, and did not know
How much his might mans heart may greue,
I had profest to be his fo,
His law I thought not to beleue.

I went vntyed in lusty leas;
I had my wish alwaies at will;
Ther was no wo, might me displease,
Of pleasant ioyes I had my fill.

No painful thought did pass my hart,
I spilt no teare to wet my brest;
I knew no sorow, sigh, nor smart,
My greatest grief was quiet rest.

I brake no slepe, I tossed not,
Nor did delite to sit alone;
I felt no change of colde and hote,
Nor nought a nightes could make me mone.

For al was joy that I did fele,
And of voyde wandring I was free;
I had no clogge tyde at my hele,
Thus was my life at libertie.

That yet me thinks it is a blisse,
To think vpon that pleasure past;
But forth withall I finde the misse,
For that it might no lenger last.

Those dayes I spent at my desire,
Without wo or aduersitie;
Till that my hart was set a fire,
With loue, with wrath, and ielousie.

For on a day (alas the while)
Lo, heare my harme how it began;
The blinded Lord, the God of guile
Had list to end my fredome than.

And through mine eye into my hart,
All sodeinly I felt it glide;
He shot his sharped fiery dart,
So hard, that yet vnder my side

The head (alas) doth still remaine;
And yet since could I neuer know
The way to wring it out againe;
Yet was it nie thre yere ago.

This sodein stroke made me agast,
And it began to vexe me sore;
But yet I thought it would haue past,
As other such had done before.

But it did not, that (wo is me)
So depe imprinted in my thought
The stroke abode, that yet I see
Methinkes my harme how it was wrought.

Kinde taught me straight that this was loue
And I perceiued it perfectly,
Yet thought I thus; nought shall me moue
I wil not thrall my libertie.

And diuers wayes I did assay,
By flight, by force, by frend, by fo
This fierie thought to put away;
I was so loth for to forgo

My libertie, that me was leuer
Then bondage was; where I hard say,
Who once was bound, was sure neuer
Without great paine to scape away.

But what for that, there is noe choice
For my mishap was shapen so;
That those my dayes that did rejoyce,
Should turne my bliss to bitter wo.

For with that stroke my blisse toke ende,
Instede wherof forthwith I caught
Hotte burning sighes, that sins haue brend
My wretched hart almost to nought.

And sin that day, O Lord, my life,
The misery that it hath felt,
That nought hath had, but wo and strife
And hotte desires my hart to melt.

O Lord, how sodein was the change,
From such a pleasant liberty;
The very thraldome semed strange,
But yet there was no remedy.

But must yeld and geve up all,
And make my guide my chefest fo;
And in this wise became I thrall,
Lo loue and happe would haue it so.

I suffred wrong and held my peace,
I gaue my teares good leaue to ronne
And neuer would seke for redresse,
But hopte to liue as I begonne.

For what it was that might me ease,
He liued not that might it knowe;
Thus drank I all myne own disease,
And all along bewaylde my wo.

There was no sight that might me please,
I fled from them that did reioyce;
And oft alone, my hart to ease,
I would bewaile with woful voyce

My life, my state, my misery;
And curse my selfe and all my daies:
Thus wrought I with my fantasie,
And sought my help none other waies.

Saue sometime to my self alone,
When farre of was my helpe, God wot,
Lowde would I crie, My life is gone,
My dere, if that ye helpe me not.

Then wisht I streight that death might end
These bitter panges, and al this grief;
For nought, me thought, might it amend
Thus in dispaire to haue reliefe.

I lingred forth, till I was brought
With pining in so piteous case,
That al, that saw me, sayd, me thought,
Lo death is painted in hys face.

I went no where, but by the way
I saw some sight before mine eyes
That made me sigh, and ofttimes say,
My life, alas, I thee despise.

Thys lasted well a yere, and more,
Which no wight knew, but onely I;
Soe that my life was nere forlore,
And I dispaired vtterly.

Till, on a day, as fortune would,
(For that, that shall be nedes must fal)
I set me down, as though I should
Haue ended them my life and al.

And as I sat to write my plaint,
Meaning to shew my great vnrest,
With quaking hand, and hart ful faint
Amid my playntes among the rest,

I wrote with ynk, and bitter teares,
I am not mine, I am not mine;
Behold my life, away that weares,
And if I dye the losse is thine.

Herewith a little hope I caught
That for a while my life did stay;
But in effect, all was for nought;
Thus liued I still, til on a day

As I sat staring on those eyes,
Those shining eyes, that first me bound,
My inward thought tho cryed, Aryse,
Lo, merey, where it may be found.

And therewith all I drew me nere,
With feble hart, and at a braide
(But it was softely in her eare)
Mercy, madame, was all I saide.

But woe was me, when it was told,
For therwithall fainted my breath,
And I sate still for to beholde
And hear the iugment of my death.

But loue nor hap would not consent
To end me then, but well away
There gaue me blisse, that I repent
To thinke I liue to see this day.

For after this I plained still,
So long, and in so piteous wise,
That I my wish had at my will
Graunted, as I would it deuise.

But Lord whoeuer hard or knew
Of half the joy that I felt than?
Or who can think it may be true
That so much blisse had euer man?

Lo, fortune thus set me aloft;
And more my sorowes to releue,
Of pleasant ioyes I tasted oft
As much as loue or happe might geue.

The sorowes old, I felt before
About my hart, were driuen thence;
And for eche grief, I left afore,
I had a blisse in recompence.

Then thought I all the time wel spent
That I in plaint had spent so long;
So was I with my life content
That to my selfe I sayd among;

Sins thou art ridde of all thine ill,
To shew thy ioyes set forth thy voice,
And sins thou hast thy wish at will
My happy hart, reioyce, reioyce.

Thus felt I ioyes a great deale mo
Then by my song may well be tolde:
And thinking on my passed wo
My blisse did double manifolde.

And thus I thought with mannes blood
Such blisse might not be bought to deare;
In such estate my ioyes then stoode
That of a change I had no feare.

But why sing I so long of blisse?
It lasteth not, that will away;
Let me therfore bewayle the misse,
And sing the cause of my decay.

Yet all this while there liued none
That led his life more pleasantly,
Nor vnder hap there was not one,
Methought, so well at ease, as I.

But O blinde ioy, who may thee trust?
For noe estate thou canst assure:
Thy faithful vowes prove al vniust,
Thy fair behestes be full vnsure.

Good proofe by me, that but of late
Not fully twenty daies ago,
Which thought my life was in such state,
That nought might worke my hart this wo.

Yet hath the enemy of mine ease,
Cruel mishappe, that wretched wight,
Now when my life did most me please
Deuised me such cruel spight,

That from the hiest place of all
As to the pleasing of my thought,
Downe to the deepest am I fall,
And to my helpe auaileth nought.

Lo, thus are al my joyes quite gone,
And I am brought from happinesse
Continually to waile and mone;
Lo, such is fortunes stablenesse.

In welth I thought such suertie
That pleasure should haue ended neuer,
But now alas, aduersitie
Doth make my singing cease for euer.

O! brittle ioye! O! welth vnstable!
O fraile pleasure, O sliding blisse
Who feles the most, he shall not misse
At length to be made miserable.

For all must end as doth my blisse.
There is none other certeintie,
And at the end the worst is hys
That most hath known prosperitie.

For he that never blisse assayed
May wel away with wretchednesse,
But he shall finde that hath it sayd
A pain to part with pleasantnesse;

As I do now; for ere I knew
What pleasure was, I felt no grief
Like unto this, and it tis treu
That blisse hath brought me al this mischief.

But yet I haue not songen how
This mischief came, but I intend
With woful voice to sing it now,
And therewithal I make an end.

But Lord, now that it is begon
I fele my sprites are vexed sore;
Oh! geue me breth till this be don,
And after let me liue no more.

Alas the enmy of this life,
The ender of al pleasantnesse,
Alas he bringeth all this strife,
And causeth all this wretchednesse.

For in the middes of all the welth
That brought my hart to happinesse,
This wicked death he came by stelth
And robde me of my ioyfulnesse.

He came, when that I little thought
Of ought that might me vexe so sore,
And sodeinly he brought to nought
My pleasantnesse for euer more.

He slew my ioy, alas the wretch!
He slew my ioy, ere I was ware;
And now alas, no might may stretch
To set an end to my great care.

For by this cursed deadly stroke
My blisse is lost, and I forlore;
And no help may the losse reuoke,
For lost it is for euermore.

And closed vp are those faire eyes
That gaue me first the signe of grace,
My faire swete foes, mine enemies
And earth doth hide her pleasant face.

The loke which did my life vphold,
And all my sorowes did confound,
With which more blisse then may be told,
Alas, now lieth it vnder ground.

But cease, for I will sing no more,
Since that my harm hath no redresse;
But as a wretche for euermore
My life will waste with wretchednesse.

And ending thys my wofull song,
Now that it ended is and past,
I would my life were but as long
And that this word might be my last.

For lothsome is that life (men say)
That liketh not the liuers minde;
Lo, thus I seke mine owne decay
And will, till that I may it finde.

OF HIS LOUE NAMED WHITE.

Full faire and white she is, and White by name,
Whose white doth striue the lilies white to staine;
Who may contemne the blast of black defame,
Who in darke night can bring day bright againe;
The ruddy rose impreaseth with clere heew
In lips and chekes, right orient to behold,
That the nerer gaser may that bewty reew,
And fele disparst in limmes the chilling cold,
For white, all white his bloodless face will be,
The ashey pale so alter will his cheare.
But I that do possesse in full degree
The harty love of this my hart so deare,
So oft to me as she presents her face
For ioy do fele my hart spring from hys place.

OF THE LOUERS VNQUIET STATE.

What thing is that which I both haue and lacke,
With good will graunted, yet it is denied;
How may I be receiued and put a backe;
Alwaye doing, and yet vnoccupied:
Most slow in that which I haue most aplied,
Still thus to seke, and lese all that I win
And that was doon is newest to begin.
In riches finde I wilful pouertie,
In great pleasure, liue I in heauinesse;
In much fredome I lacke my libertie,
Thus am I both in ioy and in distresse;
And in few wordes, if that I shall be plaine
In paradise I suffer all this paine.

WHERE GOOD WYLL IS, SOME PROFE WYLL APPERE.

It is no fire that geues no heate
Though it appere neuer so hot;
And they that runne and cannot sweate
And very leane and drie, God wot.

A perfect leche applieth his wittes
To gather herbes of all degrees,
And feuers with there feruent fittes
Be cured with their contraries.

New wine will search to finde a vent,
Although the cask be sett so strong;
And wit wyll walke when wyll is bent,
Although the way be neuer so long.

The rabbetes ranne under the rockes,
The snailes doe clime the highest towers,
Gunpouder cleaues the sturdy blockes;
A fervent will all things deuoures.

When Wyt with Will and Diligent
Applie themselves, and match as mates,
There can no want of resident
From force defend the castell gates.

Forgetfulnesse makes little haste,
And slouth delightes to lye full soft;
That telleth the deaf, his tale doth wast,
And is full drye that craues full oft.

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE PICTURE OF SIR IAMES WILFORD, KNT.

Alas that euer death such vertues should forlet,
As compast was within his corps, whose picture is
here set!
Or that it euer lay in any fortunes might,
Through depe disdaine to end his life, that was so
worthy a wight!
For sythe he first began in armour to be clad,
A worthier champion than he was, yet England
neuer had.
And though recure be past, his life to haue againe;
Yet would I wish his worthines in writing to
remaine, [exceil
That men to mind might call, how farre he did
At all assaies to winne the fame, which were to
long to tell. [runne
And eke the restlesse race that he full oft hath
In painful plight from place to place, where seruice
was to don. [trouth,
Then should men well perceiue, my tale to be of
And he to be the worthiest wight that euer nature
wrought.

THE LADYE PRAYETH THE RETURNE OF HER LOUER ABIDYNG ON THE SEAS.

Shall I thus euer long, and be no whit the nere?
And shall I still complaine to thee, the which me
will not here?
Alas, saie nay, saie nay, and be no more so dome,
But open thou thy manly mouth, and saie that
thou wilt come. [a liues man bee.
That thou wilt come, thy word so sware, if thou
The roaring hugy waues, they threaten my pore
ghost, [be lost,
And toss thee vp and downe the seas, in danger to
Shall they not make me feare that they haue
swallowed thee? [to me,
But as thou art most sure aliue, so wilt thou come
Wherby I shall go se thy shippe ride on the strand,
And think and say, lo, where he comes, and sure
here wyll be land.

And then I shall lift vp to thee my little hand,
And thou wilt thinke thine heart in ease, in
helth to see me stand.
And if thou come indede (as Christ thee sende to
doe) [brace thee to.
Those arms which misse thee yet, shall then em-
Eche vain to euery joint, the liuely blood shal
spread, [full pale and dead.
Which now for want of thy glad sight, doth shew
But if thou slip thy trouth, and do not come at
all [I shall;
As minutes in the clock do strike, so call for death
To please both thy false hart, and rid my selfe
from wo, [so.
That rather had to dye in trouth then liue forsaken

THE MEANE ESTATE IS BEST.

THE doutfull man hath feuers strange,
And constant hope is oft diseasde;
Dispaire cannot but brede a change,
Nor fleting hartes cannot be pleasde;
Of all these bad, the best I think,
Is wel to hope, though fortune shrink.

Desired thinges are not ay prest,
Nor thinges denide left al unsought;
Nor new thinges to be loued best,
Nor all offers to be set at nought;
Where faithful hart hath ben refusde,
The chosers wit was there abusde.

The wofull ship of careful sprite,
Fleting on seas of wailinge teares,
With sailes of wishes broken quite,
Hanging on waues of dolefull feares
By surge of sighes at wreck nere hand
Maie fast on anker holde on land.

What helps the dial to the blinde,
Or els the clocke without it sound;
Or who by dreames doth hope to finde
The hidden golde within the grounde,
Shal be as free from cares and feares
As he that holdes a wolfe by th' eares.

And how muche mad is he that thinks
To clime to heauen by the beames?
What ioy alas, hath he that winks
At Titan or his golden streames?
His ioyes not subiect to reasons lawes,
That ioyeth more than he hath cause.

For as the phenix that climeth hye
The sunne lightly in ashes burneth;
Againe, the faulcon so quick of eye,
Sone on the grounde the net masheth:
Experience therfore the meane assurance
Prefers before the doutfull pleasance.

THE LOUER THINKES NO PAINE TO GREAT, WHERBY HE MAY OBTAINE HIS LADIE.

SITH that the way to welth is wo,
And after paine is pleasure prest,
Why should I than despaire so,
Ay bewailing mine vnrest,
Or let to lead my life in paine,
So worthy a lady to obtaine?

The fisherman doth count no care
To cast his nets to wracke or wast,
And in reward of eche mans share,
A gogen gift is much imbrast:
Should I then grudge in griefe or gall,
That loke at length to whelme a whall?

The pore man ploweth his ground for graine,
And soweth his seede increase to craue,
And for thexpence of all his paine,
Oft holdes it hap his sede to saue:
These pacient paines my part doth show
To long for loue ere that I know

And take no scorne to scape from skill,
To spend my sprites to spare my speche,
To win for welth the want of will,
And thus for rest to rage I reche,
Running my race as reet vpright,
Till teares of truth appease my plight.

And plant my plaint within her brest,
Who doutlesse may restore againe
My harmes to helth, my ruth to rest,
That lased is within her chaine;
For earst ne are the griefes so great
As is the ioy when loue is met.

For who couets so high to clime
As doth the bird that pitfoll toke?
Or who delightes so swift to swim,
As doth the fishe that scapes the hoke?
If these had neuer entred wo,
How mought they have reioised so?

But yet, alas, ye louers all
That here my joyelesse thus rejoyce,
Judge not amiss what so befall;
In me there lieth no power of choyse:
It is but hope that doth me moue,
Who standerd bearer is to loue.

On whose ensigne, when I behold,
I see the shadow of her shape,
Within my faith so fast I fold,
Through drede I die, through hope I scape:
Thuse ease and wo full oft I finde,
What will you more? she knoweth my minde.

OF A NEW MARIED STUDIENT THAT PLAIED FAST OR LOSE.

A STUDIENT at his boke so plast,
That welth he might have wonne;
From boke to wife did flete in hast,
From welth to wo to runne.
Now who hath plaied a feater cast
Since iugling first begonne?
In knitting of himselfe so fast,
Himselfe he hath vndoone.

THE MEANE ESTATE IS TO BE ACCOMPTED THE BEST.

(From Horace.)

WHO craftly wastes to stere his boate,
And safely skours the flattring flood,

He cutteth not the greatest waues;
For why, that way were nothing good:
Ne seeketh on the croked shore,
Lest harme him happe a wayting lest,
But windes away betwene them both,
As who woulde say, the meane is best?
Who waiteth on the golden meane,
He put in point of sickernes,
Hides not his head in sluttish coates,
Ne shroudes himselfe in filthines.
Ne sittes aloft in high estate,
Where hatefull hartes enuie hys chance,
But wisely walkes betwixt them twaine
Ne proudly doth himselfe auance.
The highest tree in all the wood,
Is rifest rent with blustering windes;
The higher hall the greater fall,
Such chance haue proude and lofty mindes.
When Jupiter from hye doth threat
With mortall mace and dint of thunder,
The hiest hilles bene battred eft,
When they stand still that stoden vnder.
The man whose hed with wit is fraught
In welth will feare a worser tide;
When fortune failes dispaireth naught,
But constantly doth stil abide.
For he that sendeth grisely stormes,
With whisking windes and bitter blastes,
And fowlth with haile the winters face,
And frotes the soile with hory frostes;
Euen he adawth the force of cold,
The springe in sendes with somer hote:
The same full oft to stormy hartes
Is cause of bale, of ioy the roote.
Not alwaies ill though so be now,
When cloudes ben driuen, then rides the racke;
Phebus the freshe ne shooteth still,
Somtime he harpes his muse to wake.
Stand stif therefore, pluck vp thy hart;
Lose not thy port though fortune faile;
Againe whan winde doth serue at will,
Take hede too hie to hoyse thy saile.

THE LOUER REFUSED, LAMENTETH HIS ESTATE.

I LENT my loue, to losse, and gaged my life in vaine, [gaine:
If hate for loue and death for life of louers be the
A curse I may by course the place eke tyme and howre, [creature.
That nature fyrst in me dyd fourme to be a lives
Sith that I must absent my self so secretly,
In place desert, where never man my secretes shall discry: [brute,
In doling of my dayes among the beastes so
Who with their tonges may not bewray the secrets of my sute. [mynde,
Nor I in like to them may once to moue my
But gase on them, and they on me, as beasts are wont of kinde.
Thus ranging as refusde, to reache some place of rest,
And ruffe of heare, my nayles unnoclit, as to such seemeth best,
That wander by their wittes, deformed so to be,
That men may say, such one may curse the time he fyrst gan see
The beauty of her face, her shape in such degree, [mended to be.
As God himselfe may not discerne one place
Nor place it in like place, my fansy for to please,
Who would become a heardsmans hyre, one howre to haue of ease; [nes,
Whereby I might restore to me some stedfast-
That have mo thoughtes heapt in my hed, then life may long disges: [colde,
As oft to throwe me downe vpon the earth so
Wheras with teares most rufully, my sorowes do vufold:
And in beholding them I chiefly call to minde,
What woman could finde in her hart, such bondage for to binde. [eare,
Then rashly forth I yede, to cast me from that
Lyke as the birde for foode doth flye, and lighteth in the snare. [be roon,
From whence I may not meue, untill my race
So trained is my truth through her that thinkes my life wel woon.
Thus tosse I too and fro, in hope to haue reliefe,
But in the fine I finde not so, it doubleth but my greife;
Wherefore I will my want a warning for to be
Vnto all men, wishing that they a myrrour make of me.

THE FELICITIE OF A MINDE IMBRACING VERTUE, THAT BEHOLDETH THE WRETCHED DESIRES OF THE WORLDE.

WHEN dredful swelling seas, through boysterous windy blastes,
So tosse the ships, that all for nought serves ancor, saile, and mastes: [rest,
Who takes not pleasure then safely on shore to
And see with drede and depe dispayre, how shipmen are distrest? [smart,
Not that we pleasure take, when others felen
Our gladnes groweth to see their harmes, and yet to feele no part.
Delight we take also, well ranged in aray
When armies meete, to see the fight, yet free be from the fray. [this,
But yet among the rest, no ioy may match with
T'aspyre unto the temple hye where wisdome throned is.
Defended with the sawes of hory heads expert,
Which clere it keep from errours mist, that might the truth peruert. [under foote,
From whence thou maist loke downe, and see as
Mans wandring will and doutful life from whence they take their roote. [fryse,
How some by wit contend, by prowes some to
Riches and rule to gaine and holde, is all that men deuise.
O miserable myndes, O hartes in folly drent,
Why see you not what blindnesse in this wretched life is spent?
Body deuoyde of griefe, minde free from care and drede,
Is all and some that nature craues, wherewith our lyfe to feede:
So that for natures turne fewe thinges may well suffice, [surprice.
Dolour and grief clene to expell, and some delight

Yea and it falleth oft, that nature more content
Is with the lesse, then when the more to cause delight is spent.

ALL WORLDLY PLEASURES VADE.

(From Horace.)

THE winter with his griesly stormes ne lenger
dare abide, [hath newly dide.
The pleasant grasse with lusty grene, the earth
The trees have leues, the bowes don spred, new
changed is the yere;
The water brokes are clean sonk down, the pleasant banks apere;
The spring is come, the goodly nimphes now
daunce in euery place,
Thus hath the yere most pleasantly of late
ychaungde his face.
Hope for no immortalitie, for welth will weare
away, [euery day.
As we may learn by euery yere, yea howers of
For Zephirus doth mollify the cold and blustering
windes, [of our mindes.
The somers drought doth take away the spring out
And yet the somer cannot last, but once must step
aside,
Then autumn thinkes to kepe his place, but autumn cannot bide;
For when he hath brought furth his fruits, and
stuft the barnes with corn,
Then winter eates and empties all, and thus in
autumn worn.
Then hory frostes possesse the place, then tempestes work much harm,
Then rage of stormes done make al cold, which
somer had made so warm.
Wherfore let no man put his trust in that, that
will decay, [weare away.
For slipper wealth will not continue, pleasure will
For when that we haue lost our lyfe, and lye under
a stone, [pleasure gone.
What are we then; we are but earth, then is our
No man can tell what God almight of every wight
doth cast, [shall last.
No man can say, to day I live, till morne my life
For when thou shalt before thy judge stand to receiue thy dome, [of thee become.
What sentance Minos doth pronounce that must
Then shall not noble stocke and bloud redeme thee
from his handes, [from his bandes:
Nor sugred talke with eloquence shall loose thee
Nor yet thy life vprightlye led can helpe there
out of hell,
For who desendeth downe so depe, must there
abide and dwell.
Diana could not thence deliuer chast Hypolitus,
Nor Theseus could not call to lyfe his frend
Perithous.

A COMPLAINT OF THE LOSSE OF LIBERTIE BY LOVE.

IN seking rest, vnrest I finde,
I fynde that welth is cause of wo.
Wo worth the time that I inclinde
To fixe in minde her beauty so.

That day be darkned as the night;
Let furious rage it cleane deuour;
Ne sunne nor moone therin giue light,
But it consume with streame and showre.

Let no small birds strayne forth their voyce,
With pleasant tunes, ne yet no beast
Finde cause whereat he may reioyce
That day when chaunced mine vnrest.

Wherin alas, from me was raught
Myne owne free choyce and quiet minde,
My lyfe, my death in balance braught,
And reason rasde through barke and rinde.

And I as yet in flower of age,
Both wit and will did still aduaunce,
Ay to resist that burning rage:
But when I darte then did I glaunce.

Nothing to me did seme so hye,
In minde I could it strait attaine;
Fansy perswaded me therby,
Loue to esteme a thing most vaine.

But as the bird upon the bryer
Doth pricke and proyne her without care,
Not knowing alas (poore foole) how nere
She is unto the fowlers snare:

So I amid deceitfull trust
Did not mistrust such woful happe;
Till cruel loue, ere that I wist,
Had caught me in his carefull trappe.

Then did I fele and partly know
How little force in me did raigne,
So soon to yelde to ouerthrowe,
So frayle to flit from ioy to paine.

From when in welth will did me leade,
Of libertie to hoyse my saile,
To hale at shete, and cast my leade,
I thought free choyce would still preuaile.

In whose calme streames I sailde so farre,
No raging storme had in respect,
Untill I raisde a goodly starre,
Wherto my course I did direct.

In whose prospect in doolfull wise,
My tacle failde, my cumpasse brake
Through hote desires such stormes did rise,
That stern and top went all to wrake.

Oh cruell hap, oh fatall chaunce,
O fortune why wert thou vnkinde,
Without regard thus in a traunce,
To reue from me my ioyful minde?

Where I was free now must I serue,
Where I was lose now am I bound;
In death my life I do preserue,
As one through girt with many a wound.

A PRAISE OF HIS LADYE.

GEUE place you ladies and be gone,
Boast not your selues at all,
For here at hande approcheth one,
Whose face will staine you all.

The vertue of her liuely lokes
Excels the precious stone,
I wishe to haue none other bokes
To reade or loke vpon.

In eche of her two christall eyes,
Smileth a naked boye;
It would you all in hart suffice
To see that lampe of joye.

I think nature hath lost the moulde,
Where she her shape did take;
Or els I doubt if nature could
So faire a creature make.

She may be well comparde
Vnto the phenix kinde,
Whose like was neuer sene nor hard,
That any man can finde.

In life she is Diana chast
In trouth Penelopey,
In word and eke in dede stedfast;
What will you more we sey?

If all the world were sought so farre,
Who could finde suche a wight?
Her beuty twinkleth like a starre
Within the frosty night.

Her rosiall colour comes and goes
With such a comly grace,
More ruddier too, then doth the rose,
Within her liuely face.

At Bacchus feast none shall her mete,
Ne at no wanton play,
Nor gasing in an open strete,
Nor gadding as astray.

The modest myrth that she doth vse,
Is mixt with shamefastnesse,
All vyce she doth wholy refuse,
And hateth ydlenesse.

O lord it is a world to see,
How vertue can repaire,
And decke in her such honestie,
Whom nature made so faire.

Truely she doth as farre excede,
Our women now adayes,
As doth the ielifloure, a wede,
And more a thousand wayes.

How might I do to get a graffe
Of this vnspotted tree?
For all the rest are plaine but chaffe
Which seme good corne to bee.

This gyft alone I shall her geue,
When death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever liue
Within the mouth of man.

THE PORE ESTATE TO BE HOLDEN FOR BEST.

EXPERIENCE now doth shew what God vs taught before.
Desired pompe is vaine, and seldome doth it last:
Who climbes to raigne with kinges, may rue his fate full sore;
Alass the wofull end that comes with care full fast;
Reiect him doth renoune, his pompe full low is cast,
Deceiued is the byrd by swetenesse of the eall,
Expell that pleasant taste, wherin is bitter gall.

Such as with oten cakes in poor estate abides,
Of care haue they no cure, the crab with myrth they rost;
More ease fele they then those, that from their height down slides,
Excesse doth brede their wo, they saile in Scilias cost,
Remayning in the stormes tyll shyp and all be lost.
Serue God therefore thou pore, for lo, thou liuest in rest,
Eschue the golden hall, thy thatched house is best

THE COMPLAINT OF THESTILIS AMID THE DESERT WOOD.

THESTILIS a sely man, when loue did him forsake,
In mourning wise, amid the wods thus gan he plaint to make:
Ah woful man (quod he) fallen is thy lot to mone,
And pine away with careful thoughtes, vnto thy loue vnknowen.
Thy lady thee forsakes whom thou didst honor so,
That ay to her thou wert a frend, and to thy self a fo. [choyse,
Ye louers that have lost your heartes desired
Lament with me my cruel happe, and help my trembling voice.
Was neuer man that stoode so great in fortune's grace, [place;
Nor with his swete, alas, to deare, possest so high a
As I whose simple hart aye thought himself full sure. [endure.
But now I see hye springing tides they may not ay
She knowes my giltlesse heart, and yet she lets it pine.
Of her vntrue professed loue, so feble is the twine.
What woonder is it than, if I berent my heares,
And craving death continually do bathe myself in tears? [bandes,
When Cresus king of Lide was cast in cruel bandes, [handes,
And yelded goodes and life also into his enmies
What tongue could tell his wo? yet was his grief much lesse
Then mine, for I have lost my loue, which might my wo redresse.
Ye woodes that shroude my lims, giue now your hollow sound, [me confound.
That ye may help me to bewaile the cares that
Ye riuers rest a while and stay the streames that runne, [the sunne,
Rew Thestilis, most woful man, that lives under
Transport my sighs, ye wyndes, unto my pleasant foe, [cruell woe.
My trickling tears shal witnesse beare of this my
O happy man wer I, if al the goddes agreed,
That now the sisters three should cut in twaine my fatall threde. [joy,
Till life withe loue shall ende, I here resigne al
Thy pleasant swete I now lament, whose lacke bredes mine annoy;

Farewell, my deare therfore, farewell to me wel knowne,
If that I die it shal be said that thou hast slaine thine owne.

AN ANSWERE OF COMFORT.

THESTILIS, thou sely man, why dost thou so complayne?
If nedes thy loue will thee forsake, thy mourning is in vayne.
For none can force the streames against their course to runne,
Nor yet vnwilling loue with tears or wailing can be wonne.
Cease thou therefore thy plaintes, let hope thy sorowes ease,
The shipmen though their sails be rent, yet hope to scape the seas.
Though strange she seme a while, yet thinke she will not change.
Good causes drive a ladies loue, sometime to seme full strange.
No louer that hath wit, but can foresee such happe,
That no wight can at wish or will slepe in his ladies lappe.
Achilles for a time faire Brises did forgo,
Yet did they mete with ioy againe; then think thou maist do so.
Though he, and louers al, in loue sharpe stormes do finde,
Dispair not thou, pore Thestilis, though thy loue seme vnkind,
Ah think her graffed loue cannot so sone decay,
Hie springes may cease from swelling still, but never drye away.
Oft stormes of louers yre, do more their loue encrease
As shyning sunne refreshe the frutes, when raining gins to cease.
When springes are waxen lowe, then must they flowe again,
So shall thy hart aduanced be, to pleasure out of peres,
When lacke of thy delight most bitter grief ap-paine.
Thinke on Etrascus worthy loue, that lasted thirty yeres, syred choyce.
Which could not long atcheue, his hartes de-
Yet at the ende he found rewarde, that made him to reioyce. maine,
Since he so long in hope with pacience did re-
Cannot thy feruent loue forbeare thy loue a month or twaine? forgo,
Admit she minde to chaunge, and nedes will thee
Is there no mo may thee delight, but she that paynes thee so? done,
Thestilis draw to the towne, and loue as thou hast
In tyme thou knowest by faithfull loue, as good as she is wonne. alone,
And leaue the desert woodes and wayling thus
And seke to salue thy sore elsewhere, if all her loue be gone.

THE LOUER PRAIETH PITY, SHOWING THAT NATURE HATH TAUGHT HIS DOG, AS IT WERE, TO SUE FOR THE SAME BY KISSING HIS LADIES HANDES.

NATURE that taught my sely dog, God wat
Euen for my sake to licke where I do loue,
Inforced him, wheras my lady sat,
With humble sute before her falling flat,
As in his sorte he might her pray and moue
To rue vpon his lord and not forget
The stedfast faith he beareth her, and loue
Kissing her hand: whome she coulde not remoue.
Away, that would, for frowning nor for threte,
As though he would haue sayd in my behoue,
Pity my lord your slave that doth remaine,
Lest by his death, you giltlesse slay us twaine.

OF HIS RING SENT TO HIS LADIE.

SINCE thou, my ring, maist go, where I ne may;
Since thou maist speake where I must holde my peace,
Say vnto her that is my lives stay,
Grauen within which I do here expresse;
That soner shall the sunne not shine by day,
And with the raine the floodes shall waxen lesse,
Sooner the tree the hunter shall bewray,
Then I for change, or choice of other loue,
Do euer seke my fansy to remoue.

THE CHANGEABLE STATE OF LOUERS.

FOR that a restlesse hed must somwhat haue in vre, lure.
Wherwith it may acquainted be, as falcon is with
Fansy doth me awake out of my drowsy slepe,
In seing how the little mouse, at night begins to crepe.
So the desirous man, that longes to catch his pray,
In spying how to watche his time, lyeth lurking styl by day.
In hoping for to haue, and fearing for to finde
The salue that shoulde recure his sore, and sor-roweth but the minde.
Such is the guise of loue, and the vncertayn state,
That some should haue their hoped hap, and other hard estate. had,
That some should seme to ioy in that they neuer
And some again shall frowne as fast, where cause-lesse they be sad. large,
Suche trades do louers use, when they be most at
That guyd the stere when they themselves lye fettred in the barge.
The greuesse of my youth cannot therof expresse
The processe, for by profe vnknowen all this is but by gesse. peace,
Wherefore I hold it best, in time to holde my
But wanton will it cannot holde, or make my pen to cease.
A pen of no auayle, a fruitles labour eke,
My troubled hed with fansies fraught, doth paine it selfe to seke:
And if perhaps my wordes of none auaile do pricke
Such as do fele the bidden harmes, I would not they should kicke, no harme,
As causelesse me to blame which thinketh them
Although I seme by others fire, sometime my self to warme,
Which clerely I deny, as giltlesse of that crime,
And though wrong demde I be therin, truth it wyll trie in time.

A PRAISE OF AUDLEY.

When Audley had run out his race, and ended wer his dayes, [some worthy praise.
His fame stept forth and bad me write of him
What lyfe he lad, what actes he did, his vertues and good name, [same.
Wherto I calde for true report, as witness of the
Wel borne he was, wel bent by kind, whose mind did never swarue [sarue.
A skilfull head, a valiant hart, a ready hand to
Brought up and trainde in feates of warre long time beyond the seas,
Calde home againe to serue his prince, whom still he sought to please.
What tornay was there he refusde, what seruice did he shoon? [exploit was doon?
Where he was not nor his aduice, what great
In town a lambe, in field full fierce, a lyon at the nede,
In sobre wit a Solomon, yet one of Hector's sede.
Then shame it were that any tong should now defame his dedes, [succedes,
That in his life a mirrour was to all that him
No poore estate nor hye renowne his nature could peruart, [his constant hart;
No hard mischance that him befell could moue
Thus long he liued, loued of all, as one mislykte of none, [paragon?
And where he went, who cald him not the gentle
But course of kinde doth cause eche frute to fall when it is ripe, [greuous gripe.
And spitefull death will suffer none to scape his
Yet though the grounde receiued haue his corps into her wombe, [his tombe,
This epitaphe ygrave in brasse, shal stand upon
Lo! here he lies that hated vice, and vertuous life imbrast, [be well plast.
His name in earth, his sprite aboue, deserues to

TYME TRYETH TRUETH.

Eche thing I see hath tyme, which tyme must trye my trouth,
Which truth deserues a special trust, on trust gret frendship groweth; [found;
And frendship may not faile where faithfulnesse is
And faithfulnesse is full of fruite, and frutful thinges be sounde. [of prayse,
And sound is good at proofe, and proofe is prince
And precious praise is such a pearle, as seldome nere decayes. [must abide,
All these thinges time tries fourth, which time I
How should I boldly credite craue till time my truth haue tride;
For as I found a time to fall in fansies frame,
So I do wishe a lucky time for to declare the same.
If hap may answere hope, and hope may haue his hire,
Then shall my hart possesse in peace, the time that I desire.

THE LOUER REFUSED OF HIS LOUE, EMBRACETH DEATH.

My youthfull yeres are past,
My ioyfull dayes are gone,
My lyfe it may not last,
My graue and I am one.

My mirth and ioyes are fled,
And I a man in wo;
Desirous to be ded,
My mischief to forgo.

I burne and am a colde,
I freze amids the fire,
I se she doth withold
That is my most desire.

I see my helpe at hande,
I see my life also,
I see where she doth stande
That is my deadly fo.

I see how she doth see,
And yet she wyll be blinde,
I see in helping me,
She sekes and wyll not finde.

I se how she doth wry,
When I begin to mone,
I see when I come nye,
How faine she would be gone.

I see, what wyll ye more?
She wyll me gladly kyll;
And you shall see therfore
That she shall have her wyll.

I cannot liue with stones,
It is to hard a food,
I will be dead at ones
To do my lady good.

THE PICTURE OF A LOUER.

Behold my picture here wel portrayed for the nones, [very bones.
With hart consumed and falling flesh, behold the
Whose cruel chaunce alas, and desteny is such,
Onely because I put my trust in some folke all to much.
For since the time that I did enter into this pine,
I neuer saw the rising sunne but with my weping eyen;
Nor yet I neuer heard so swete a voice or sound,
But that to me it did encrease the dolour of my wounde.
Nor in so soft a bedde, alas I neuer lay,
But that it semed hard to me or euer it was day.
Yet in this body bare, that nought but life retaines, [yet still remaines,
The strength whereof clene past away, the care
Like as the cole in flame doth spend it self you se, [sumed be.
To vaine and wretched cinder dust till it con-
So doth this hope of mine enforce my feruent sute, [eate the frute;
To make me for to gape in vayne, whilst other
And shall do tyll that death doth geue me such a grace, [case.
To rid this sely wofull sprite out of this doulfull
And then would God were writ in stone or els in leade, [dead.
This epitaph vpon my graue, to shew why I am
Here lyeth the louer lo, who for the loue he aught,
Aliue vnto his ladie dere, his death thereby he caught.

And in a shield of blacke, lo here his armes appears, [all with teares.
With weping eyes as you may see, well poudred
Lo here you may beholde, aloft vpon his brest
A womans hand straining the hart of him that loued her best.
Wherefore all you that see this corps, for loue that starues,
Example make vnto you all, that thanklesse louers sarues.

OF THE DEATH OF PHILLIPS.

BEWAILE with me all ye that haue profest
Of musicke tharte, by touch of corde or winde;
Lay downe your lutes and let your gitternes rest,
Phillips is dead, whose like you cannot finde,
Of musicke much exceding all the rest;
Muses, therfore of force now must you wrest
Your pleasant notes into another sounde:
The string is broke, the lute is dispossest,
The hand is colde, the body in the grounde,
The lowring lute lamenteth now therfore,
Phillips her frend, that can her touche no more.

THAT AL THINGS SOM TIME FINDE EASE OF THEIR PAINE, SAUE ONLY THE LOUER.

I SEE there is no sort
Of thinges that liue in griefe,
Which at sometime may not resort
Wheras they haue reliefe.

The striken dere by kynde
Of death that standes in awe,
For his recure an herbe can finde,
The arrow to withdraw.

The chased dere hath soile,
To coole him in his heate;
The asse after his wery toile,
In stable is vp set.

The cony hath its caue,
The little bird his nest,
From heate and colde themselues to saue,
At all times as they list.

The owle with feble sight,
Lyes lurking in the leaues,
The sparrow in the frosty night
May shroude her in the eaues.

But wo to me, alas,
In sunne nor yet in shade,
I cannot find a resting place,
My burden to unlade.

But day by day still beares
The burden on my backe,
With weping eyen and watry teares
To holde my hope abacke.

All things I se have place
Wherein they bow or bende,
Saue this, alas, my woful case,
Which no where findeth ende.

THASSAULT OF CUPIDE UPON THE FORT WHERE THE LOUERS HART LAY WOUNDED, AND HOW HE WAS TAKEN.

WHEN Cupide scaled first the fort
Wherin my hart lay wounded sore,
The batry was of such a sort
That I must yelde or die therfore.

There saw I loue upon the wall,
How he his banner did display:
Alarme, alarme, he gan to call,
And bade his souldiours kepe aray.

The armes the which that Cupide bare,
Were pearced hartes with teares besprent,
In siluer and sable to declare
The stedfast loue he alwayes ment.

There might you se his band all drest,
In colours, like to white and blacke:
With powder and with pelletes prest,
To bring the fort to spoyle and sacke.

Good Will the maister of the shot,
Stode in the rampire braue and proude,
For spence of pouder he spared not,
Assault, assault, to erye aloude.

There might you heare the cannons rore,
Eche pece discharged a louers loke,
Which had the power to rent, and tore
In any place wheras they toke.

And euen with the trumpetts sowne,
The scaling ladders were vp set,
And Beauty walked vp and downe,
With bow in hand and arrowes whet.

Then first Desyre began to scale
And shrowded him vnder his targe,
As one the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to geue the charge.

Then pushed souldiers with their pikes,
And holbarders with handy strokes,
The hargabushe in fleshe it lightes,
And dims the ayre with misty smokes.

And as it is souldiers vse,
When shot and powder gins to want,
I hanged up my flag of truce,
And pleaded for my liues graunt.

When Fansy thus had made her breche,
And Beauty entred with her band,
With bag and baggage sely wretch,
I yelded into Beauties hand.

Then Beauty bad to blowe retrete,
And euery souldier to retire,
And Mercy wylld with spede to set
Me captiue bound as prisoner.

Madame (quod I,) sith that this day
Hath serued you at all assayes,
I yeld to you without delay,
Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

And sith that I haue ben the marke,
At whom you shot at with your eye,
Nedes must you with your handy warke,
Or salue my sore, or let me dye.

THE AGED LOUER RENOUNCETH LOUE.

[The grave-digger's song in HAMLET, A. 5. is taken from three stanzas of the following poem, though somewhat altered and disguised, probably as the same were corrupted by the ballad-singers of Shakspeare's time. The original is preserved among Surrey's Poems, 1559, and is attributed to lord VAUX, by Geo. Gascoigne, who tells us, it "was thought by some to be made upon his death-bed:" a popular error which he laughed at. (See his Epist. to Yong Gent. prefixed to his Posies 1575. 4to.) Lord Vaux was remarkable for his skill in drawing feigned manners, &c. for so I understand an ancient writer. "The lord Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the aptnesse of his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to make, namely in sundry of his Songs, wherein he showeth the counterfait action very lively and pleasantly." Arte of Eng. Poesie, 1589. p. 51. See also vol. 2. p. 45.—PERCY.]

I LOTHE that *I* did love,
In youth that I thought swete:
As tyme requires for my behove,
Me thinkes they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave,
My fancies all be fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
Gray heares upon my hed.

For age with stealing steps,
Hath clawed me with his crowch,
And lusty life away she leapes,
As there had ben none such.

My muse doth not delight
Me as she did before,
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have ben of yore.

For reason me denyes,
This youthly ydle rime
And day by day to me she cryes,
Leave off these toyes in tyme.

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrowes in my face
Say, limping age will lodge him now,
Where youth must geve him place.

The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride,
The cough, the colde, the gasping breath,
Doth bid me to provyde

A pikeax and a spade,
And eke a shrowding shete,
A howse of clay for to be made,
For such a guest most mete.

Me thinkes I heare the clarke,
That knowles the carefull knell,
And bids me leave my woful warke,
Ere nature me compell.

My kepers knit the knot,
That youth did laugh to skorne,
Of me that clene shal be forgot,
As I had not been borne.

Thus must I youth geve up,
Whose badge I long did weare,
To them I yield the wanton cup
That better may it beare.

Lo here the bar-hed skull,
By whose balde signe I know,
That stouping age away shall pull,
Which youthful yeres did sow.

For beauty with her band,
These croked cares hath wrought,
And shipped me into the lande,
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that byde behinde,
Have ye none other trust:
As ye of clay wer cast by kinde,
So shall ye wast to dust.

OF THE LADY WENTWORTH'S DEATH.

To liue to dye, and dye to liue againe,
With good renowne of fame well led before,
Here lyeth she that learned had the lore;
Whom if the parfect vertues wolden daine,
To be set forth with foyle of worldly grace,
Was noble borne, and matcht in noble race,
Lord Wentworthes wife, nor wanted to attaine
In natures giftes, her praise among the rest:
But that that gaue her praise aboue the best,
Not fame, her wedlockes chastnes durst distain
Wherin with child, deliuering of her wombe
Thuntimely birth hath brought them both in tombe;
So left she life by death to liue againe.

THE LOUER ACCUSING HIS LOUE FOR HER VNFAITHFULNESSE PURPOSETH TO LIUE IN LIBERTIE.

THE smoky sighes, the bitter teares,
That I in vaine haue wasted,
The broken slepes, the wo and feares,
That long in me haue lasted;
The loue and al I owe to thee,
Here I renownce, and make me free.

Which fredome I have by thy guilt,
And not by my deseruing,
Since so vnconstantly thou wilt
Not loue, but still be swerving,
To leaue me of, which was thyne owne,
Without cause why, as shal be knowne.

The fruites were faire, the which did grow
Within thy garden planted,
The leaues were grene of euery bough,
And moysture nothing wanted;
Yet or the blosoms gan to fall,
The caterpillar wasted all.

Thy body was the garden place,
And sugred wordes it beareth;
The blossomes all thy faith it was,
Which as the canker wereth,
The caterpiller is the same,
That hath wonne thee and lost thy name.

I mean the louer loued now
By thy pretenced folye,
Which will proue like, thou shalt find how,
Unto a tree of holly,
That barke and bery bears alwaies,
The one, birdes fedes, the other slayes.

And right wel mightest thou haue thy wish,
Of thy loue new acquainted,
For thou art like vnto the dish,
That Adrianus painted,
Wherin were grapes portraid so fayre,
That fowles for foode did there repaire.

But I am like the beaten fowle,
That from the net escaped,
And thou art like the rauening owle,
That al the night hath waked,
For none intent but to betray
The sleping foule before the day.

Thus hath thy loue been vnto me,
As pleasant and commodious,
As was the fire made on the sea
By Naulus hate so odious,
Therwith to train the Grekish host
From Troyes return, where they were lost.

THE LOUER FOR WANT OF HIS DESIRE, SHEWETH HIS DEATH AT HAND.

As cypres tree that rent is by the roote,
As branche or slippe better from whence it growes,
As well sowen sede for drought that cannot sprout
As gaping ground that raines cannot close,
As moules that want the earth to do them bote,
As fishe on land to whom no waters flowes,
As chameleon that lackes the ayre so sote,
As flowers do fade when Phebus rarest showes.
As salamandra repulsed from the fire;
So wanting my wish I die for my desire.

A HAPPY END EXCEDETH ALL PLEASURES AND RICHES OF THE WORLD.

The shining season here to some,
The glory in the worldes sight,
Renowmced fame though fortune wonne
The glittering golde the eyes delight,
The sensual life that semes so swete,
The heart with ioyfull dayes replete,
The thing whereto ech wight is thral
The happy ende excedeth all.

AGAINST AN VNSTEDFAST WOMAN.

O temerous tauntresse that delights in toyes,
Tumbling cockboat totring too and fro,
Jangling iestres, depravresse of swete ioyes,
Ground of the graffe whence all my grief doth grow
Sullen serpent, cnuironed with despite,
That ill for good at all times doest requite.

A PRAISE OF PETRARKE AND OF LAURA HIS LADIE.

O Petrarke, hed and prince of poets al,
Whose liuely gift of flowing eloquence
Wel may we seke, but find not how or whence,
So rare a gift with thee did rise and fal;
Peace to thy bones, and glory immortal
Be to thy name; and to her excellence,
Whose beauty lighted in thy time and sence,
So to be set forth as none other shall.
Why hath not our pens rimes so parfit wrought?
Ne why our time fuith bringeth beauty such?
To trye our wittes as gold is by the touch,
If to the style the matter ayded ought?
But there was neuer Laura more then one,
And her had Petrarke for his paragone.

THAT PETRARK CANNOT BE PASSED BUT NOTWITHSTANDING THAT, LAURA IS FARRE SURPASSED.

With Petrarke to compare ther may no wight,
Nor yet attain vnto so high a stile:
But yet, I wot, full well where is a file,
To frame a learned man to praise aright:
Of stature meane, of semely forme and shape,
Eche line of iust proporcion to her height,
Her colour fresh, and mingled with such sleight,
As though the rose sat in the lilies lap;
In wit and tong to shew what may be sed,
To euery dede she ioynes a parfit grace;
If Laura liude, she would her cleane deface:
For I dare say, and lay my life to wed,
That Momus could not, if he downe discended,
Once iustly say, Lo! this may be amended.

AGAINST A CRUELL WOMAN.

Cruel vnkinde, whom mercy cannot moue,
Herbour of vnhappe where rigours rage doth raigne,
Ground of any grief where pitie cannot proue:
Trikle to trust, of all vntruth the traine,
Thou rigorous rocke that truth cannot remoue;
Daungerous delph, depe dungeon of disdaine,
Sacke of self-will, the chest of craft and change,
What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?

Ah! pitieles plaint whom plaint cannot prouoke,
Den of disceit, that right doth still refuse;
Causeles unkinde, that cariest vnder cloke
Cruelty and craft, me onely to abuse:
Stately and stubborne withstanding Cupides stroke,
Thou marueilous mase that makest men to muse;
Swollen by self-will, most stony stiffe and strange,
What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?

Slipper and sceret where suretie cannot sow;
Net of neweltie, neest of newfanglenesse,
Spring of al spite, from whence whole fluddes doe flow,
Thou caue and cage of care and craftinesse,
Wauering willow that euery blast doth blow,
Graffe without groth and cause of carefulnesse;
Heape of mishap of all my greif the graunge,
What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?

Hast thou forgot that I was thyne infeft
By force of loue, hadst thou no hart at all?
Sawest thou not other for thy loue were left?
Knowest thou, unkinde, that nothing mought befall
From out of my hart that could haue thee bereft?
What meanest thou then, at ryot thus to range;
And leauest thine owne that neuer thought to change?

THE LOUER SHEWETH WHAT HE WOULDE HAUE, IF IT WERE GRAUNTED HIM TO HAUE WHAT HE WOULD WISHE.

If it were so that God would graunt me my request,
And that I might of earthly thinges haue that I liked best;
I would not wish to clime to princely hye estate,
Which slipper is and slides so oft, and hath so fickle fate:
Nor yet to conquer realmes with cruel swords in hand;
And so to shed the giltless blood of such as would withstand:
Nor would I not desire in worldly rule to raigne,
Whose frute is al vnquietnesse, and breaking of the braine.
Nor richesse in excesse of vertue so abhorde,
I would not craue which bredeth care, and causeth all discorde.
But my request should be more worth a thousand folde,
That I might haue and her enioy that hath my heart in holde.
Oh God, what lusty life should we liue then for ever,
In pleasant ioy, and perfect blisse, to length our liues together.
With wordes of frendly chere, and lokes of liuely loue,
To utter all our hote desyres, which neuer should remoue.
But grosse and gredy wittes, which grope but on the ground,
To gather muck of worldly goodes which oft do them confound,
Cannot attaine to knowe the misteries deuine,
Of parfit loue whereto hye wittes of knowledge do encline.
A nigard of his golde such ioy can neuer haue,
Which gettes with toyle and kepes with care and is his moneys slaue,
As they enioy alwaies, that tast loue in his kinde,
For they do holde continually a heauen in their minde,
No worldly goodes could bring my heart so great an ease,
As for to finde or do the thing that might my lady please.
For by her onely loue my hart should haue all joy,
And with the same put care away, and all that could annoy.
As if that any thing should chance to make me sadde
The touching of her corall lippes would straight waies make me gladde:
And when that in my hart I fele that did me greue,
Which one imbracing of her armes she might me sone releue.
And as the angels al, which sit in heauen hie,
With presence and the sight of God, haue their felicitie,
So likewise I on earth, should haue all earthly blisse,
With presence of that paragon, my goddes in earth that is.

THE LADIE FORSAKEN OF HER LOUER PRAIETH HIS RETURNE, OR THE END OF HER OWN LIFE.

To loue, alas, who would not feare,
That seeth my woful state,
For he to whom my heart I beare,
Doth me extremely hate:
And why therfore I cannot tell,
He will no lenger with me dwell.

Did you not sue and long me serue,
Ere I you graunted grace?
And will you thus now from me swarue,
That neuer did trespace?
Alas, pore woman! then alas!
A wery life here must I passe:

And shall my faith haue such refuse
Indede and shall it so?
Is there no choyse for me to chuse
But must I leue you so?
Alas, pore woman! then alas!
A wery life hence must I passe.

And is there now no remedy
But that you will forget her?
There was a time when that perdy
You would haue heard her better:
But now that time is gone and past,
And all your loue is but a blast,

And can you thus breake your behest
Indede and can you so?
Did you not sweare you loued me best,
And can you now say no?
Remember me pore wight in paine,
And for my sake turne once againe.

Alas, poore Dido, now I fele
Thy present painfull state,
When false Eneas did him stele
From thee at Carthage gate:
And left thee sleping in thy bed,
Regarding not what he had sed.

Was neuer woman thus betraied,
Nor man so false forsworne:
His faith and troth so strongly tied,
Vntruth hath al to torne.
And I haue leaue for my good will,
To waile and wepe alone my fill.

But since it will not better be
My teares shall neuer blin,
To moyst the earth in such degree,
That I may drowne therein,
That by my death al men may say,
Lo! women are as true as they.

By me al women may beware,
That se my wofull smart:
To seke true loue let them not spare,
Before they set their hart,
Or els they may become as I,
Which for my truth am like to dye.

THE LOUER YELDEN INTO HIS LADIES HANDES, PRAIETH MERCY.

In fredome was my fantasie,
Abhorring bondage of the minde,
But now I yelde my libertie,
And willingly my selfe I binde
Truely to serue with al my hart,
Whiles lyfe doth last not to reuert.

Her beutie bounde me first of all,
And forst my will for to consent;
And I agree to be her thrall,
For as she list I am content:
My will is hers in that I may,
And where she biddes I will obay.

It lyeth in her my woe or welth,
She may do that she liketh best;
If that she list I haue my helth,
If she list not, in wo I rest:
Sins I am fast within her bandes
My woe and welth lye in her handes.

She can no lesse then pitie me
Sith that my faith to her is knowne:
It were to much extremitie
With crueltie to use her owne:
Alas, a sinful enterprise
To slay that yeldes at her deuise.

But I thynke not her hart so hard,
Nor that she hath such cruel lust:
I doubt nothing of her reward
For my desert, but well I trust
As she hath beauty to allure
So hath she a hart that will recure.

THE NATURE WHICH WORKETH ALL THINGES FOR OUR BEHOFE, HATH MADE WOMEN ALSO FOR OUR COMFORT AND DELIGHT.

Among dame natures workes such perfite law is wrought, [as they ought;
That thinges be ruide by course of kind in order
And serueth in their state, in such iust frame and sort, [thereof report.
That slender wits may iudge the same, and make
Behold what secret force the wynde doth easily show, [beilowes blowe,
Which guides the shippes amid the seas, if he his
The waters waxen wilde where blustering blastes do rise, [that deuise:
Yet seldome do they passe their boundes, for nature
The fire which boiles the leade, and tryeth out the gold, [force vnfolde,
Hath in his power both helpe and hurt, if he his
The frost which kils the fruite, doth knit the brused bones,
And is medicin of kinde, prepared for the nones.
The earth in whose entrails the foode of man doth liue, [doth she giue?
At euery springe and fall of leafe, what pleasure
The ayre which life desires, and is to helth so swete, [fortes euery sprite.
Of nature yeldes such liuely smelles, that com-
The sunne through natures might, doth draw away the dew, [princely face to shew.
And spredes the flowers where he is wont, his
The moone, which may be cald the lanterne of the night, [her light,
Is halfe a guide to traueling men, such vertue hath
The starres not vertuelesse are beauty to the eyes
A ledes man to the mariner, a signe of calmed skyes.
The flowers and fruitful trees, to man do tribute pay, [they fade away:
And when they have their duety done, by course
Ech beast, both fishe and fowle, doth offer life and all [at his call,
To nourish man and do him ease, yea serue him
The serpents venomous whose ugly shapes we hate, [in their state,
Are soueraigne salues for sundry sores, and needful
Sith nature shewes her power, in eche thing thus at large, [natures charge?
Why shoulde not man submit himselfe to be in
Who thinkes to flee her force, at length becomes her thrall; [gouerns all.
The wisest cannot slippe her snare, for nature
Lo, nature gaue vs shape, lo, nature fedes our liues, [her force that striues.
Then they are worse then mad, *I think*, against
Though some do vse to say, which can do nought but faine, [to paine,
Women wer made for this entent, to put vs men
Yet sure I think they are a pleasure to the minde, [assinde,
A joy which man can neuer want, as nature hath

WHEN ADUERSITIE IS ONCE FALLEN IT IS TO LATE TO BEWARE.

To my mishap, alas, I finde
That happy hap is dangerous
And fortune worketh but her kinde,
To make the ioyful dolorus;
But all to late it comes to minde,
To waile the want that makes me blinde.

Amid my myrth and pleasantnesse,
Such chaunce is chaunced sodainly,
That in despaire without redresse
I find my cheifest remedy;
No new kinde of vnhappinesse,
Should thus have left me comfortlesse.

Who would haue thought that my request
Should bring me furth such bitter frute?
But now is hapt that I feard least,
And al thys harme comes by my sute.
For when I thought me happiest
Euen then hapt all my chief vnrest.

In better case was neuer none,
And yet vnwares thus am I trapt,
My chief desire doth cause me mone,
And to my harme my welth is hapt:
There is no man but I alone,
That hath such cause to sigh and mone.

Thus am I taught for to beware,
And trust no more such pleasant chance;
My happy hap bred me thys care,
And brought my mirth to great mischance;
There is no man whom help wil spare,
But when she list his welth is bare.

OF A LOUER THAT MADE HIS ONLY GOD OF HIS LOUE.

ALL you that frendship do professe,
And of a frend present the place,
Geue eare to me that did possesse,
As frendly frutes as ye imbrace:
And to declare the circumstance,
There were themselues that did aduance,
To teach me truly how to take,
A faithful frende for vertues sake.

But I as one of little skill
To know what good might grow therby,
Unto my welth I had no wyll,
Nor to my nede I had none eye:
But as the chylde doth learne to go,
So I in time did learne to knowe,
Of all good frutes the world brought forth,
A faithful frend is thing most worth.

Then with all care I sought to finde
One worthy to receiue such trust,
One onely that was riche in minde
One secret, sober, wise and iust,
Whom riches could not raise at all,
Nor pouertie procure to fall:
And to be short in few wordes plaine,
One such a frend I did attaine.

And when I did enjoy this welth,
Who liued, lord, in such a case?
For to my frendes is was great helth,
And to my foes a fowle deface,
And to my selfe a thing so riche,
As seke the worlde and finde none such;
Thus by this frend I set such store,
As by my selfe I set no more.

This frende so much was my delight,
When care had clene orecome my hart,
One thought of her rid care as quite,
As neuer care had causde my smart.
Thus ioyed I in my frend so dere,
Was neuer frende sat man so nere:
I carde for her so much alone,
That other God I carde for none.

But as it doth to them befall,
That to themselues respect haue none;
So my swete graffe is growen to gall;
Where I sowed mirth I reaped mone:
This ydoll that I honorde so,
Is now transformed to my fo;
That me most pleased, me most paines
And in dispaire my heart remaines.

And for iust scourge of suche desart,
Thre plages I may my selfe assure,
First of my frende to lose my part,
And next my life may not endure,
And last of all the more to blame,
My soule shall suffer for the same:
Wherfore ye frendes I warne you all,
Sit fast for feare of such a fall.

VPON THE DEATH OF SIR ANTONY DENNY.

DEATH and the king[1], did as it were contend,
Which of them two bare Denny greatest loue;
The king to shew his loue gan farre extende,
Did him aduance his betters farre aboue,
Nere place, much welth, great honor cleane in gaue,
To make it known what powre gret prince haue.

But when death came with his triumphant gift,
From worldly carke he quit his weried ghost,
Free from the corps, and straight to heauen it lift.
Now deme that can, who did for Denny most,
The kinge gaue welth but fading and vnsure,
Death brought him blisse that euer shall endure.

[1] Edward VI. *C.*

A COMPARISON OF THE LOUERS PAINES.

LYKE as the brake within the riders hande,
Doth straine the horse, nye woode with grief of paine,
Not vsed before to come in such a band,
Striueth for griefe, although God wot in vain,
To be as erst he was at libertie,
But force of force doth straine the contrarie.

Euen so since band doth cause my deadly grief,
That made me so my wofull chaunce lament,
Like thing hath brought me into paine and mis-
Saue willingly to it I did assent [chiefe
To bind the thing in fredome which was fre,
That now full sore, alas, repenteth me.

OF A ROSEMARY BRANCHE SENT.

SUCH grene to me as you haue sent,
Such grene to you I send againe;
A flowing hart that will not feint,
For drede of hope or losse of gaine:
I stedfast thought all wholy bent,
So that he may your grace obtaine,
As you by proofe haue alwayes sene,
To liue your owne and alwayes grene.

TO HIS LOUE, OF HIS CONSTANT HEART.

As I haue bene, so will I euer be
Unto my death, and lenger if I might:
Haue I of loue the frendly loking eye?
Haue I of fortune fauour or despyte?
I am of rock by profe as you may see
Not made of waxe, nor of no mettal light:
As leefe to dye, by change as to deceaue,
Or breake the promise made, and so I leaue.

OF THE TOKEN WHICH HIS LOUE SENT HIM.

THE golden apple that the Troyan boy
Gaue to Venus the fayrest of the thre,
Which was the cause of all the wrack of Troy,
Was not receiued with a greater ioy,
Then was the same (my loue) thou sent to me:
It healed my sore, it made my sorows free,
It gaue me hope, it banisht mine annoy:
Thy happy hand full oft of me was blist,
That can geue such a salue when that thou list.

MANHODE AVAILETH NOT WITHOUT GOOD FORTUNE.

THE coward oft, whom deinty viandes fed,
That bosted muche his ladies eares to please,
By help of them whom vnder him he led,
Hath reapt the palme that valiance cold not seize.
The unexpert that shores unknowen nere sought,
Whom Neptune yet apaled not with feare,
In wandering shippe on trustles seas hath tought,
The skill to fele that time to long doth leare.
The sporting knight that skorneth Cupides kinde,
With fained chere the pained cause to brede,
In game unhides the leden sparkes of minde,
And gaines the gole, where glowing flames should spede.
Thus I se proofe the trouth and manlie hart
May not auayle, if fortune chaunce to start.

THAT CONSTANCY OF AL VERTUES IS MOST WORTHY.

THOUGH in the waxe a perfect picture made,
Doth shew as faire as in the marble stone;
Yet do we see it is estemed of none,
Because that fire or force the forme doth fade,
Whereas the marble holden is full dere,
Since that endures the date of lenger dayes:
Of diamondes it is the greatest praise,
So long to last and always one tappere.
Then if we do esteme that thing for best
Which in perfection lengest time do last,
And that most vaine that turnes with euery blast,
What iewel then with tong can be exprest
Like to that hert where love hath framde such feath,
That cannot fade but by the force of death.

THE VNCERTAYNE STATE OF A LOUER.

LIKE as the rage of raine
Filles riuers with excesse,
And as the drought againe,
Doth draw them lesse and lesse,
So I both fall and clime,
With no and yea sometime.

As they swell hye and hie,
So doth encrease my state;
As they fall drye and drye,
So doth my welth abate.
As yea is mixt with no,
So mirth is mixt with wo.

As nothing can endure,
That liues and lackes reliefe;
So nothing can stande sure,
Where change doth raigne as chiefe.
Wherfore I must intende
To bowe when others bende.

And when they laugh to smile,
And when they wepe to waile,
And when they craft, begile,
And when they fight, assaile,
And thinke there is no change
Can make them seme to strange,
Oh, most vnhappy slaue!
What man may leade this course?
To lacke he would faynest haue,
Or els to do much worse.
These be rewards for such,
As liue and loue to much.

THE LOUER IN LIBERTY SMILETH AT THEM IN THRALDOME, THAT SOMETIME SCORNED HIS BONDAGE.

AT libertie I sit and see
Them that haue earst laught me to scorne,
Whipt with the whip that scourged me,
And now they banne that they were borne.

I see them sit full sobrelye
And think their earnest lokes to hide:
Now in themselues they cannot spye,
That they or this in me haue spide.

I see them sitting al alone,
Marking the steppes, ech worde and loke,
And now they treade where I haue gone
The painful pathe that I forsoke.

Now I see well, I saw no whit
When they saw well that now are blinde;
But happy hap hath made me quit,
And iust iudgment hath them asinde.

I see them wander al alone,
And treade full fast in dredfull dout,
The selfe same path that I haue gone:
Blessed be hap that brought me out.

At libertie all this I see,
And say no word but earst among,
Smiling at them that laught at me,
Lo such is hap, marke well my song.

A COMPARISON OF HIS LOVE WITH THE FAITHFUL AND PAINFUL LOVE OF TROYLUS TO CRESIDE.

I REDE how Troylus serued in Troy
A lady long and many a day,
And how he bode so great anoy,
For her as all the stories say,
That halfe the paine had neuer man,
Which had this wofull Trojan than.

His youth, his sport, his pleasant chere,
His courtly state and company,
In him so strangely altred were,
With such a face of contrary,
That euery ioy became a wo,
This poyson new had turnde him so.

And what men thought might most him ease,
And most that for his comfort stode,
The same did most his mind displease
And set him most in furious mode,
For all his pleasure euer lay,
To thinke on her that was away.

His chamber was his common walke,
Wherein he kept him secretly,
He made his bed the place of talke,
To heare his great extremity,

In nothing els had he delight,
But euen to be a martir right.

And now to call her by her name,
And straight therwith to sigh and throbbe:
And when his fansies might not frame,
Then into teares and so to sobbe;
All in extremes; and thus he lyes,
Making two fountaines of his eyes.

As agues have sharpe shiftes of fits
Of colde and heat successiuely;
So had his head like change of wits,
His pacience wrought so diuersly:
Now up, now down, now here, now there,
Like one that was he wist not where.

And thus though he were Pryams sonne,
And comen of the kings hye bloode,
This care he had ere he her wonne,
Till she that was his maistresse good,
And lothe to se her seruant so,
Became physicion to his wo.

And toke him to her handes and graee,
And said she would her minde apply,
To helpe him in his wofull case,
If she might be his remedy;
And thus they say, to ease his smart,
She made him owner of her hart.

And truth it is (except they lye)
From that day forth her study went
To shew to loue him faithfully,
And his whole mynde full to content:
So happy a man at last was he,
And eke so worthy a woman she.

Lo, lady, then iudge you by this,
Mine ease, and how my case doth fall;
For sure betwene my life and his,
No difference there is at all:
His care was great, so was his paine,
And mine is not the lest of twaine.

For what he felt in seruice true,
For her whome that he loued so,
The same I fele as large for you,
To whom I doe my seruice owe;
Ther was that time in him no paine,
But the now same in me doth raigne.

Which if you can compare and waigh,
And how I stand in euery plight,
Then this for you I dare well say,
Your heart must nedes remorce of right,
To graunt me grace and so to do,
As Creside then did Troylus to.

For well I wot you are as good,
And euen as faire as euer was she,
And comen of as worthey blood,
And haue in you as large pitie,
To tender me your owne true man,
As she did him her seruant than.

Which gift I pray God, for my sake,
Full sone and shortly you me send,
So shall you make my sorowes slake,
So shall you bring my wo to ende
And set me in as happy case
As Troylus with his lady was.

TO LEADE A VIRTUOUS AND HONEST LYFE[1].

Flee from the prease and dwell with sothfastness,
Suffise to thee thy good though it be small;
For horde hath hate, and clyming ticklenes,
Praise hath enuy, and weall is blinde in all:
Fauour no more then thee behoue shall,
Rede well thy self, that others well canst rede,
And trouth shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.

Paine thee not eche croked to redresse,
In hope of her that turneth as a ball;
Great rest standeth in litle businesse,
Beware also to spurne against a nall.
Strive not as doth a crock against a wall,
Deme first thy selfe, that demest others dede;
And trath shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.

That thee is sent receiue in buxomnesse,
The wrestling of this world asketh a fal;
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,
Forth pilgrime, forth, beast out of thy stall.
Looke vp on hye, geve thanks to God of all,
Weane well thy lust, and honest life aye leade,
So trouth shall thee deliuer, it is no dreade.

THE WOUNDED LOUER DETERMINETH TO MAKE SUTE TO HIS LADY FOR HIS RECURE.

Sins Mars first moued warre, or stirred men to strife, [scape with lyfe:
Was neuer sene so fearce a fight, I scarse could
Resist so long I did, till death approach'd so nye,
To saue my self I thought it best with spede away to flye.
In danger still I fled, by flight I thought to 'scape
From my deare foe; it vayled not; alas it was to late.
For Venus from her campe brought Cupide with his bronde [thee in every londe
Who sayd, now yielde, or els desyre shall chase
Yet would I not streight yelde, 'till fansy fiercely stroke, [me with this yoke.
Who from my will did cut the raines and charged
Then all the dayes and nightes mine eare might here the sound [it self so bound.
What carefull sighs my hart wolde steale, to feele
For though within my brest, thy care I worke (he sayd) [eye displayde?
Why for good will didst thou beholde her persing
Alas! the fish is caught through baite that hides the hooke, [her looke.
Euen so her eye me trained hath, and tangled with
But, or that it be long, my hart thou shalt be fayne [when I complain:
To stay my life, pray her forth throw sweet lokes
When that she shall deny to do me that good turne, [body burne,
Then shall she see to ashes-gray by flames my
Desert of blame to her, no wight may yet impute,
For fear of nay I neuer sought the way to frame my sute.
Yet hap that what hap shall, delay I may to long;
Assay I shall, for I heare say, the stil man oft hath wrong.

[1] Among Chaucer's Poems. C.

THE LOUER SHEWING OF THE CONTINUAL PAINES THAT ABIDE WITHIN HIS BREST, DETERMINETH TO DYE BECAUSE HE CANNOT HAUE REDRESSE.

THE doleful bell that still doth ring
The wofull knell of all my ioyes,
The wretched hart doth perce and wringe
And filles myne eare with deadly noyes.

The hongry viper in my brest
That on my hart doth lye and gnaw,
Doth daily brede me new vnrest,
And deper sighes doth cause me draw.

And though I force both hande and eye
On pleasant matter to attend,
My sorowes to deceiue therby,
And wretched life, for to amend;

Yet goeth the mill within my hart,
Which grindeth nought but paine and wo,
And turneth all my ioy to smart,
The euil corne it yeldeth so.

Though Venus smile with yelding eyes,
And swete musike doth play and sing,
Yet doth my spretes feele none of these,
The clacke doth at mine care so ring.

As smallest sparks uncared for,
To greatest flames do sonest grow;
Euen so did this mine inward sore,
Begin in game, and end in woe.

And now by vse so swift it goeth,
That nothing can mine eares so fill;
But that the clacke it ouergoeth,
And plucketh me backe into the mill.

But since the mill will nedes about,
The pinne whereon the wheele doth go
I will assay to strike it out,
And so the mill to ouerthrow.

THE POWER OF LOUE OUER GODS THEMSELUES.

FOR loue Apollo (hys godhed set aside)
Was seruant to the king of Thessaly,
Whose daughter was so pleasant in his eye,
That both his harp and sawtrey he defide,
And bagpipe, solace of the rurall bride,
Did puffe and blow, and on the holtes hye
His catteil kept with that rude melody.
And oft eke him, that doth the heauens gide,
Hath loue transformed to shapes for him to base:
Transmuted thus, sometime a swan is he,
Leda to coy; and eft Europe to please.
A milde white bull, unwrinckled front and face
Suffreth her play till on his back lepes she;
Whom in great care he ferieth through the seas.

THE PROMISE OF A CONSTANT LOUER.

As lawrell leaues that cease not to be grene
From parching sunne, nor yet from winters threte;
As hardened oke that feareth no swerde so kene;
As flint for toole in twaine that will not freate:
As fast as rocke, or piller suerly set;
So fast am I to you, and ay haue bene,
Assuredly whome I cannot forget;
For joy, for payne, for torment nor for tene;
For losse, for gaine, for frowning, nor for thret;
But euer one, yea both in calme, and blast,
Your faithfull frende, and will be to my last.

AGAINST HIM THAT HAD SLAUNDERED A GENTLEWOMAN WITH HIMSELFE.

FALSE may be, and by the powers aboue,
Neuer haue he good spede or luck in loue
That so can lie, or spot the worthy fame
Of her, from whom thou R. art to blame.
For chast Diane that hunted still the chace,
And all her maids that sue her in the race,
With fair bowes bent, and arrowes by their side,
Can say that thou in this hast falsly lide:
For neuer hong the bow vpon the wall
Of Dianes temple, no nor neuer shall,
Of broken chaste the sacred vow to spot
Of her whom thou dost charge so large I wot.
But if ought be wherof her blame may rise,
It is in that she did not well advise
To marke thee right, as now she doth thee know
False of thy dede, false of thy talke also;
Lurker of kind, like serpent layd to bite,
As poyson hid vnder the suger white.
What danger such? so was the house defilde
Of Collatine; so was the wife beguiled.
So smarted she, and by a trayterous force;
The Cartage quene, so she fordid her corse.
So strangled was the Rhodopeian mayde.
Fye traytour fye, to thy shame be it saide:
Thou dounghil crow, that crockest against the rain,
Home to thy hole, brag not with Phebe again;
Carrion for thee, and lothsome be thy voyce,
Thy song is fowle, I weary of thy noyse:
Thy blacke fethers, which are thy wearing wede
Wet them with teares and sorow for thy dede:
And in dark caues, where irkesome wormes do crepe,
Lurke thou all day, and flye when thou shouldst slepe,
And neuer light where liuing thing hath life,
But eat and drink, where stinche and filth is rife,
For she that is a fowl of fethers bright,
Admit she toke some pleasure in thy sight,
As foule of state some times delight to take
Foule of mean sort, their flight with them to make,
For play of wing, or solace of their kinde
But not in sort as thou dost break thy minde;
Not for to treade with such foule fowle as thou.
No, no, I swear, and dare it here avow,
Thou neuer setst thy foot within her nest:
Boast not so broade then to thine own vnrest;
But blushe for shame, for in thy face it standes,
And thou canst not unspot it with thy handes:
For all the heauens against thee recorde beare,
And all in earth against thee eke will sweare,
That thou in this art euen none other man
But as the judges were to Susan than;
Forgers of that wherto their lust them prickt
Bashe, blaser then, the truth hath thee conuict:
And she a woman of her worthy fame
Vnspotted stands, and thou hast caught the shame:
And there I pray to God that it may rest,
False as thou art, as false as is the best

That so canst wrong the noble kinde of man,
In whom all trouth first flourish'd and began.
And so hath stand, till now thy wretched part
Hath spotted us; of whose kinde one thou art,
That all the shame that euer rose or may
Of shameful dede, on thee may light I say.
And on thy kinde, and this I wish thee rather
That all thy seede may like be to their father:
Vntrue as thou, and forgers as thou art,
So as al we be blameless of thy part,
And of thy dede. And thus I do thee leaue
Still to be false, and falsely to deceaue.

A PRAISE OF MISTRES R.

I HEARD when fame with thundring voice did summon to appere [placed here.
The chief of nature's children, all that kind hath
To view what brute by virtue got their liues could justly craue; [worthy were to haue:
And bad them shew what praise by truth they
Wherwith I saw how Venus came and put her self in place, [plead their cause:
And gaue her ladies leaue at large to stand and
Ech one was called by name a row, in that assemblie there, [or other where:
That hence are gone or here remaines, in court
A solemn silence was proclaimd, the judges sat and herd [who should be preferd:
What truth could tell, or craft could fain, and
Then beauty stept before the barre, whose brest and neck was bare, [gold she ware.
With heare trust up, and on her head a caul of
Thus Cupids thralles began to flock, whose houngry eyes did say, [were that day.
That she had stained all the dames that present
For ere she spake, with whispering words, the prease was fild throughout, [a shout.
And fancy forced common voice, thereat to giue
Which cried to fame, take forth thy trump, and sound her praise on hye
That glads the hart of euery wight, that her beholdes with eye.
What stirre and rule (quod order than) do these rude people make? [vertues sake.
We hold her best that shall deserue a praise for
This sentence was no soner said, but beauty therewith blusht [thing was husht.
The noise did cease, the hal was still and euery
Then fineness thought by training talk to win that beauty lost, [for no cost;
And whet her tongue with ioly words, and spared
Yet wantonesse could not abide, but brake her tale in hast, [nedes be hiest plast.
And peuish pride for pecocks plumes would
And therwithall came curiousnesse and carped out of frame, [beheld the same.
The audience laught to hear the strife, as they
Yet reason sone apesde the brute, her reverence made and doon, [tale begoon.
She purchased fauour for to speak, and thus her
Sins bounty shall the garlond wear, and crouned be by fame, [same.
O happy iudges call for her, for she deserues the
Wher temperance gouerns beauties flowers, and glory is not sought,
And shamfaced mekenesse mastreth pride, and vertue dwels in thought:
Bid her come forth, and shew her face, or els assent eche one, [marble stone
That true report shall graue her name in gold or
For all the world to read at will what worthines doth rest, [here possest.
In perfect pure vnspotted life, which she hath
Then Skil rose vp and sought the prease, to find if that he might, [praise of right:
A person of such honest name, that men should
This one I saw full sadly sit, and shrink her self a side, [grace did hide.
Whose sober lokes did shew what gifts her wifely
Lo here (quoth Skill, good people all) is Lucrece left aliue, [praise did striue.
And she shall most accepted be, that least for
No longer Fame could hold her peace, but blew a blaste so highe, [through the skie;
That made an eccho in the ayre, and sowning
Thy voice was loud, and thus it said, come R. with happy dayes, [thee with praise.
Thy honest life hath won thee fame, and crowned
And when I heard my maistres name, I thrust amids the throng, [might prosper long.
And clapt my hands and wisht of God, that she

OF ONE VNJUSTLY DEFAMED.

I NE can close in short and cunning verse
Thy worthy praise of bountie by desart,
The hatefull spite and sclaunder to reherse
Of them that see, but know not what thou art.
For kinde by craft hath wrought thee so to eye,
That no wight may thy wit and virtue spye;
But he haue other fele than outward sight;
The lacke wherof doth hate and spigte to trye:
Thus kinde by craft is let of vertues light.
She how the outward shew the wittes may dull
Not of the wise, but as the most intend,
Minerua yet might neuer perce their scull,
That Circes cup and Cupides brand hath blend,
Whose fond affects now stirred haue the brain;
So doth thy hap thy hue with colour staine,
Beauty thy foe thy shape doubleth thy sore
To hyde thy wit, and shew thy vertue vain;
Fell were thy fate, if wisdome were not more.
I mean by thee euen G by name,
Whom stormy wyndes of enuy and disdaine
Do tosse with boistrous blastes of wicked fame;
Where stedfastnesse as chiefe in thee doth raigne.
Pacience thy setled mind doth guide and stere;
Silence and shame with many resteth there.
Tyll tyme thy mother, list them forth to call,
Happy is he that may enioy them all.

OF THE DEATH OF THE LATE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE.

YET once againe, my Muse, I pardon pray,
Thine intermitted song if I repeate,
Not in such wise, as when loue was my pay;
My ioly wo, with ioyfull verse to treate.
But now (unthank to our desert be geven,
Which merit not a heauens gift to kepe)
Thou must with me bewaile that fate hath reven,
From earth a iewel laide in earth to slepe.

A jewel, yea a gemme of womanhed,
Whose perfect vertues linked as in chaine,
So did adorne that humble wiuely hed,
As is not rife to finde the like againe.
For wit and learning framed to obey,
Her husbandes wyll that wylled her to use,
The loue he bare her chiefly as a stay
For all her frends that would her furtherance chuse.
Wel said therfore a heauens gift she was
Because the best are sonest hence bereft;
And though herselfe to heauen hence did passe
Her spoile to earth from whence it came she left;
And to vs teares her absence to lament,
And eke his chaunce, that was her make by law;
Whose loss to lose so great an ornament,
Let them esteme, which true loues knot can draw.

THAT ECHE THING IS HURT OF IT SELFE.

Why fearest thou the outward fo,
When thou thy selfe thy harm dost fede,
Of grief or hurt, of paine or wo;
Within eche thing is sowen the sede.
So fine was neuer yet the cloth,
No smith so hard his yron did beate,
But thone consumed was with moth,
Thother with canker all to freate.
The knotty oke and waynscot old,
Within, doth eate the selly-worme,
Euen so a minde in enuy rold
Alwayes within it selfe doth burne.
Thus euery thing that nature wrought,
Within it selfe his hurt doth beare,
No outward harme nede to be sought,
Where enemies be within so near.

OF THE CHOISE OF A WIFE.

The flickering fame that flieth from eare to eare,
And aye her strength increaseth with her flight,
Geues first the cause why men to heare delight
Of those whom she doth note for beautie bright:
And with this fame that fleeth on so fast,
Fansy doth hye, when reason makes no hast.
And yet not so content they wishe to see
And thereby know if fame haue said aright,
More trusting to the trial of their eye,
Then to the brute that goes of any wight;
Wise in that point that lightly will not leue
Vnwise to seke that may them after greue.
Who knoweth not, how sight may loue allure
And kindle in the hart a hot desire?
The eye to worke that fame could not procure,
Of greater cause there cometh hotter fire.
For ere he wete himselfe he feleth warme
The fame and eye the causers of his harme.
Let fame not make her knowen whom I shall know,
Nor yet mine eye therin to be my gyde,
Suffiseth me that vertue in her grow;
Whose simple life her fathers walls do hide.
Content with this I leaue the rest to go
And in such choise shall stand my wealth and wo.

DESCRIPTION OF ANVNGODLY WORLDE.

Who loues to live in peace and marketh euery change
Shall hear such newes from time to time, as seme [right wondrous strange,
Such fraud in frendly lokes, such frendship all for gaine;
Such cloked wrath in hateful hartes, which worldly men retain,
Such fayned flattering faith, amongs both high and low;
Such great deceit, such subtil wits, the poore to ouerthrow,
Such spite in sugred tonges, such malice full of pride,
Such open wrong, such great vntruth, which cannot goe unspide.
Such restless sute for rowms, which bringeth men to care,
Such sliding down from slippery seats, yet can we not beware.
Such barking at the good, such bolstring of the ill.
Such threatning of the wrath of God, such vice embraced still,
Such strining for the best, such clyming to estate,
Such great dissembling euery where, such loue all mixt with hate,
Such traines to trap the iust, such prolling faults to pike,
Such cruel words for speaking trouth, whoeuer heard the like?
Such strife for stirring strawes, such discord dayly wrought,
Such forged tales dul wits to blind, such matters made of nought.
Such trifles told for trouth, such crediting of lyes,
Such silence kept when fools do speak, such laughing at the wise:
Such plenty made so scarce, such cryeng for redresse,
Such feared signes of our decay, which tong dares not expresse,
Such changes lightly markt, such troubles still apperes,
Which never were before this time, no not this thousand yeres.
Such bribing for the purse, which euer gapes for more,
Such hording vp of worldly welth, such keping muck in store,
Such folly founde in age, such will in tender youth,
Such sundry sortes among great clerkes, and few all for wretchednesse?
that speake the truth,
Such falshed vnder craft, and such vnstedfast wayes,
Was neuer seen within mens harts, as is found now a dayes,
The cause and ground of this, is our vnquiet minde,
Which thinkes to take those goodes away, which we must leue behind.
Why do men seke to get which they cannot possess?
Or breke their slepes with careful thoughts, and
Though one amonges a skore, hath welth and ease a while,
A thousand want which toileth sore, and trauaile many a mile:
And some although they slepe, yet wealth falles
Thus some be riche and some be poore, as fortune geves the hap;
Wherfore I holde him wise, which thinkes himself
And is content in simple state, both God and man at ease,
For those that liue like gods, and honoured are to please,
Within short time their glory falls, as flowers do
Uncerteine is their liues, on whom this world wyll fade away.
For though they sit aboue the starres, a storm
may strike them down.

In welth who feares no fall, may slide from joy ful sone; [as the moon.
There is no thing so sure on earth, but changeth
What pleasure hath the rich, or ease more than the poore? [the more,
Although he haue a pleasant house, his trouble is
They bowe and speake him fair, which seek to suck his blood, [his good;
And some do wish his soul in hell, and all to haue
The coueting of the goodes, doth nought but dull the sprite. [eth for the sweet.
And some men chance to tast the sower, that grop-
The rich is still enuied by those which eat his bread, [are daily fed;
With fawning speche and flattring tales, his ears
In fine I see and proue the rich haue many foes,
He slepeth best and careth least that little hath to lose.
As time requireth now, who would auoide much strife, [prince's life;
Were better liue in poore estate, than lead a
To passe those troublesome times I see but little choise, [when they rejoice.
But helpe to waile with those that wepe, and laugh
For as we se to day our brother brought in care,
To morrow may we haue such chaunce, to fall with him in snare.
Of this we may be sure, who thinks to sit most fast,
Shall soonest fall like withered leaues, that cannot bide a blast;
Though that the flood be great, the ebbe as low doth runne; [shal be done.
When euery man hath played his part, our pageint
Who trusts this wretched world, I hold him worse then madde, [to bad.
Here is not one that feareth God, the best is all
For those that seme as saints, are deuilles in their dedes, [it beareth many wedes.
Though that the earth bringes forth some flowers
I see no present helpe from mischiefe to preuail,
But flee the seas of worldly care or beare a quiet sayle:
For who that medleth least, shall saue himself from smart: [foolish part.
Who stirres an oar in euery boate shall play a

THE DISPAIRING LOUER LAMENTETH.

WALKING the path of pensiue thought
I askt my heart how came this wo,
Thine eye (quod he) this care me brought,
Thy mind, thy witte, thy will also,
Enforceth me to loue her euer,
This is the cause ioy shall I neuer.

And as I walkt as one dismaide,
Thinking that wrong this wo me lent,
Right sent me word by wrath, which said,
This iust iudgment to thee is sent,
Neuer to die but dying euer;
Till breath thee fail, ioy shalt thou neuer.

Sith Right doth iudge this wo tendure
Of health, of wealth, of remedy,
As I haue done, so be she sure
Of faith and truth vntil I dye,
And as this paine cloke shall I euer,
So inwardly ioy shall I neuer.

Griping of gripes greue not so sore.
Nor serpentes sting causeth such smart,
Nothing on earth may pain me more,
Then sight that perst my wofull hart;
Drowned with cares still to perseuer,
Come death betimes, ioy shall I neuer.

O libertie! why dost thou swerue
And steal away thus all at ones?
And I in prison like to sterue,
For lack of food do gnaw on bones.
My hope and trust in thee was euer,
Now thou art gone, ioy shall I neuer.

But styll as one all desperate,
To leade my life in misery,
Sith feare from hope hath lockt the gate
Where pity should graunt remedy;
Dispaire this lot assigns me euer
To liue in paine, ioy shall I neuer.

THE LOUER PRAIETH HIS SERUICE TO BE ACCEPTED, AND HIS DEFAULTES PARDONED.

PROCRIN, that sometime serued Cephalus,
With hart as true as any louer might;
Yet her betid in louing this vnright;
That as in hart with loue surprised thus,
She on a day to see this Cephalus,
Where he was wont to shrowde him in the shade
When of his hunting he an ende had made,
Within the woodes with dredful fote forth stalketh,
So busily loue in her hed it walketh,
That she to see him, may her not restraine.
This Cephalus that heard one shake the leaues,
Uprist all egre, thrusting after pray,
With dart in hand him list to further daine
To see his loue, but slew her in the greaues,
That ment to him but perfect loue alway.
So curious bene alas the rites all
Of mighty loue, that vnnethes may I thinke,
In his high seruice how to loke or winke;
Thus I complaine that wretchedst am of all
To you my loue and soueraign lady dere,
That may my hart with death or life stere,
As ye best list, that ye vouchsafe in all
Mine humble seruice: And if me misfall
By negligence, or els for lacke of wit,
That of your mercy you do pardon it;
And thinke that loue made Procrin shake the leues,
When with vnright she slaine was in the greues.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOUE.

LIKE the phœnix, a bird most rare in sight,
That nature hath with gold and purple drest;
Such she me semes in whom I most delight.
If I might speak for enuy at the least,
Nature I thinke first wrought her in despite,
Of rose and lilly that sommer bringeth first,
In beauty sure exceding all the rest.
Under the bent of her brows iustly pight,
As diamondes or saphires at the leust,

Her glistring lights the darkness of the night.
Whose little mouth and chin like all the rest;
Her ruddy lippes excede the coral quite;
Her yuery teeth where none excedes the rest,
Fautlesse she is from foot vnto the wast;
Her body small, and straight as mast vpright,
Her armes long in iust proporcion cast,
Her hands depaint with veines all blew and white:
What shall I say for that is not in sight?
The hidden parts I iudge them by the rest,
And if I were the foreman of the quest,
To give a verdict of her beautie bright,
Forgeve me Phœbus thou sholdst be dispossest;
Which doth vsurp my ladies place of right,
Here wyll I cease least enuy cause despite,
But nature when she wrought so faire a wight,
In this her worke she surely did entend
To frame a thing that God could not amend,

THE LOUER DECLARETH HIS PAINES TO EXCEDE FARRE THE PAINES OF HELL.

THE soules that lacked grace
Which lye in bitter paine,
Are not in suche a place,
As foolishe folke do faine;

Tormented all with fyre,
And boyle in leade againe,
With serpents full of yre
Stong oft with deadly paine;

Then cast in frosen pites,
To freze there certein howres,
And for their painful fittes
Appointed tormentours.

No, no! it is not so,
Their sorow is not such;
And yet they haue of wo,
I dare say twise as much.

Which comes because they lacke
The sight of the Godhed,
And be from that kept backe
Wherwith are angels fed.

This thing know I by loue,
Through absence crueltie,
Which makes me for to proue
Hell paine before I die.

There is no tong can tell
My thousand part of care;
There may no fire in hell
With my desire compare;

No boiling leade can pas
My scalding sighes in hete,
No snake that euer was,
With stinging can so frete.

A true and tender hart,
As my thoughtes dayly doe,
So that I know but smart,
And that which longes therto.

O Cupid, Venus sonne,
As thou hast shewed thy might,
And hast this conquest woon,
Now end the same aright:

And as I am thy slaue,
Contented with al this,
So help me soone to haue
My perfect earthly bliss.

OF THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYAT THE ELDER.

LO, dead! he liues, that whilome liued here
Among the dead that quick go on the ground.
Though he be dead, yet doth he quick apere;
By liuely name, that death cannot confound:
His life for ay of fame the trump shall sound;
Though he be dead, yet liues he here aliue,
Thus can no death from Wyat life depriue.

THE LENGTH OF TIME CONSUMETH ALL THINGES.

WHAT harder is then stone, what more than water soft?
Yet with soft water drops hard stones be persed oft.
What geues so strong impulse
That stone ne may withstand?
What geues more weke repulse
Than water prest with hand?
Yet weke though water be,
It holowith hardest flint:
By proofe whereof we see,
Time geves the greatest dint.

THE BEGINNING OF THE EPISTLE OF PENELOPE TO ULISSES, MADE INTO VERSE.

O LINGRING make, Ulysses dere, thy wife lo sendes to thee, [self to me.
Her driry plaint: write not againe, but come thy
Our hateful scourge, that woman's foe, proud Troy is now fordon; [kingdome won.
We buy it dere, though Priam slaine, and al his
O that the raging surges great that lechers bane had wrought [demon sought.
When first with ship he forowed seas, and Lace-
In desert bed my shiuering coarse then shold not haue sought rest, [to west.
Nor take in grief the chereful sunne so slowly fall
And whiles I cast long running nights, how best I might begile, [made the while:
No distaf should my widowish hand haue weary
When dread I not more daungers great then are befall in dede?
Loue is a careful thing (god wot) and passing ful of drede.

THE LOUER ASKETH PARDON OF HIS PASSED FOLLIE IN LOUE.

YOU that in play peruse my plaint, and read in rime the smart, [boured in my hart
Which in my youth with sighes full cold, I har-

Know ye that loue in that frail age draue me to that distresse,
When I was half another man, then I am now to gesse.
Then for this work of wauering words, where I now rage now rew;
Tost in the toys of troublous loue as care or comfort grew,
I trust with you, that loues affairs by proofe haue put in ure,
Not only pardon in my plaint, but pity to procure:
For now I wot that in the world a wonder haue I be,
And where to long loue made me blind, to late shame makes me se:
Thus of my fault shame is the fruite, and for my youth thus past,
Repentance is my recompence, and thus I learne at last.
Looke what the world hath most in price, as sure it is to kepe,
As is the dream which fancy driues, whiles sense and reason slepe.

THE LOUER SHEWETH THAT HE WAS STRIKEN BY LOUE ON GOOD-FRIDAY.

It was the day on which the sunne depriued of hys light, [unto the night.
To rew Christ's death amids course gave place
When I amid mine ease did fall to such distemperate fits, [bereft my wits.
That for the face that hath my hart, I was
I had the bait, the hooke and all, and wist not loues pretence; [no defence.
But farde as one, that feard no ill, nor forst for
Thus dwelling in most quiet state, I fell into this plight, [wept in sight.
And that day 'gan my secret sighs, when all folke
For loue that vewed me void of care, approcht to take his pray, [lay the way.
And stept by stelth from eye to hart, so open
And strait at eyes brake out in tears, so salt that did declare [of care,
By token of their bitter taste that they were forgde
Now vaunt thee, loue, which fleest a maid defenst with virtues rare,
And wounded hast a wight unwise, unweaponed and unware.

THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS WHOLE STATE UNTO HIS LOUE, AND PROMISING HER HIS FAITHFUL GOOD WILL, ASSURETH HIMSELF OF HER AGAINE.

The sunne when he hath spread his raies,
And shewde his face ten thousand waies;
Ten thousand thinges do then begin
To shew the life that they are in.
The heaven shews lively art and hue,
Of sundry shapes and collours nue,
And laughes upon the earth anone.
The earth as cold as any stone;
Wet in the teares of her own kinde,
'Gins then to take a joyful minde:
For well she feeles that out and out,
The sunne doth warme her rounde about;
And dries her children tenderly,
And shewes them forth full orderly.
The mountaines hye and how they stand,
The valleies and the great maine land;
The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,
The castles and the riuers long:
And euen for joy thus of this heate
She sheweth furth her pleasures great;
And slepes no more but sendeth forth,
Her clergions her own dere worth.
To mount and fly up to the ayre,
Where then they sing in ordre faire;
And tell in song full merrily,
How they haue slept full quietly,
That night about their mother sides,
And when they haue song more besides,
Then fall they to their mothers brestes,
Where els they fede or take their restes.
The hunter then soundes out his horne,
And rangeth straite through wood and corne.
On hilles then shew the ewe and lambe,
And every yong one with his dambe;
Then louers walk and tell their tale,
Both of their blisse and of their bale;
And how they serve and how they doe,
And how their ladie loues them to.
Then tune the birdes their armonie,
Then flock the foule in companie;
Then every thing doth pleasure finde
In that that comforts all their kinde.
No dreames do drench them of the night,
Of foes that would them slea or bite.
As houndes to hunt them at the taile,
Or men force them through hill and dale;
The shepe then dreams not of the woulf;
The shipman forces not the goulf:
The lambe thinkes not the butchers knife
Should then bereue him of his life;
For when the sunne doth once runne in,
Then all their gladnes doth begin;
And then their skips, and then their play,
So falls their sadnes then away:
And thus all thinges have comforting,
In that that doth them comfort bring;
Save I, alas! whom neither sunne
Nor ought that God hath wrought and don
May comfort ought, as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here.
For being absent from your sight,
Which are my joy and whole delight,
My comfort and my pleasure to,
How can I joy? how should I do?
May sick men laugh that rore for pain?
Joy they in song that that do complain?
Are martyrs in their torments glad?
Doe pleasure please them that are mad
Then how may I in comfort be,
That lack the thing should comfort me?
The blind man oft that lackes his sight,
Complains not most the lack of light;
But those that knew their perfectnes,
And then do misse their blissfulnes;
In martirs tunes they sing and waile
The want of that which doth them faile;
And herof comes that in my braines,
So many fansies work my paines;

For when I wayghe your worthines,
Your wisdome and your gentlenes,
Your virtues and your sundry grace,
And mind the countenance of your face;
And how that you are she alone,
To whom I must both plaine and mone;
Whom I doe loue, and must do still,
Whom I embrace and ay so will;
To serue and please you as I can,
As many a wofull faithful man;
And find my self so far you fro,
God knowes what torment and what wo
My rufull hart doth then embrace;
The blood then chaungeth in my face;
My sinnews dull, in dompes I stand,
No life I feele in foote or hand;
As pale as any clout and ded,
Lo sodeinly the blood ore spred;
And gone again, it nill so bide;
And thus from life to death I slide;
As cold sometimes as any stone,
And then again as hot anone.
Thus comes and goes my sundry fits,
To giue me sundry sortes of wits;
Till that a sigh becomes my frende,
And then to all this wo doth end;
And sure, I think, that sigh doth roon
From me to you, where ay you woon;
For wel I finde it easeth me,
And certes much it pleaseth me;
To think that it doth come to you;
As would to God, it could so do;
For then I know you would soone finde
By sent and favour of the winde;
That even a martirs sigh it is,
Whose joy you are, and his blis;
His comfort and his pleasure eke,
And even the same that he doth seke;
The same that he doth wish and craue,
The same that he doth trust to haue,
To tender you in all he may,
And all your likinges to obay;
As farre as in his powre shall lye
Till death shall dart him for to dye;
But welaway mine owne most best,
My joy, my comfort, and my rest;
The causer of my wo and smart,
And yet the pleaser of my hart;
And she that on the earth aboue,
Is even the worthiest for to loue,
Heare now my plaint, heare now my wo,
Heare now his paine that loues you so;
And if your hart do pity beare
Pitie the cause that you shall heare;
A doleful foe in all this dout,
Who leaues me not, but sekes me out,
Of wretched form and lothsome face,
While I stand in this woful case;
Comes forth and takes me by the hand,
And saies, Frend hark and understand;
I see well by thy port and chere,
And by thy lokes and thy manere,
And by thy sadnes as thou goest,
And by the sighs that thou out throwest,
That thou art stuffed full of wo,
The cause, I think, I do well know;
A fantaser thou art of some,
By whom thy wits are ouercome;
But hast thou red old pamphlets aught?
Or hast thou known how bokes haue taught,
That loue doth use to such as thou,
When they do think them safe enow;
And certein of their ladies grace,
Hast thou not sene oft times the case
That soddenly their hap hath turnde,
As things in flame consumde and burnde?
Some by deceite forsaken right,
Some likewise changed of fansie light?
And some by absence sone forgot?
The lots in love; why, knowest thou not?
And tho' that she be now thine own,
And knowes thee well, as may be knowne,
And thinks the to be such an one
As she likes best to be her owne;
Thinkes thou that others haue not grace
To shew and plain their woful case?
And chose her for their lady now,
And swere her trouth as well as thou?
And what if she do alter minde;
Where is the loue that thou wouldest find?
Absence my frend works wonders oft,
Now bringes full low that lay ful loft,
Now turnes the mind, now to, now fro,
And where art thou, if it were so?
If absence (quod I) be marueilous,
I find her not so daungerous;
For she may not remoue me fro
The pore good will, that I do owe
To her, whom unneth I loue and shall,
And chosen haue aboue them all,
To serue and be her own as far,
As any man may offer her;
And will her serue, and will her loue,
And lowly as it shall behove,
And die her own, if fate be so:
Thus shall my hart nay part her fro.
And witnes shall my good will be,
That absence takes her not from me;
But that my loue doth still increase,
To minde her still and neuer cease.
And what I feele to be in me,
The same good wil, I think, hath she;
As firm and fast to biden ay,
Till death depart us both away.
And as I have my tale thus told,
Steps unto me with countenance bold
A stedfast frend, a counsellour,
And named is Hope my comfortour;
And stoutly then he speaks and saies,
Thou hast said trouth withouten naies;
For I assure the euen by othe,
And thereon take my hand and trothe;
That she is one the worthiest,
The truest and the faithfullest,
The gentlest and the meekest minde,
That here on earth a man may finde;
And if that loue and trouth were gone,
In her it might be founde alone;
For in her minde no thought there is,
But how she may be true, I wis:
And tenders thee, and all thy heale,
And wisheth both thy health and weale
And loues thee euen as far forth than
As any woman may a man;
And is thyne own, and so she saies,
And cares for thee ten thousand waies:
On thee she speakes, on thee she thinkes,
With thee she eates, with thee she drinkes,
With thee she talkes, with thee she mones,
With thee she sighes, with thee she grones,

With thee she saies, farwel, mine own,
When thou, God knowest, full farre at gon;
And euen to tell thee all aright,
To thee she saies full oft, good night;
And names thee oft her own most dere,
Her comforte weal, and all her chere;
And telles her pillow al the tale
How thou hast don her wo and bale;
And how she longes and plaines for the,
And saies, Why art thou so from me?
Am I not she that loues thee best?
Do I not wish thine ease and rest?
Seke I not how I may thee please?
Why art thou then so from thine ease?
If I be she for whom thou carest,
For whom in torments so thou farest;
Alas! thou knowest to find me here,
Where I remain thine owne most dere;
Thine own most true, thine own most iust,
Thine own that loues thee stil, and must;
Thine owne that cares alone for the,
As thou, I think, dost care for me;
And euen the woman, she alone
That is full bent to be thine owne.
What wilt thou more? what canst thou craue,
Since she is as thou wouldst her haue?
Then set this driuel out of dore,
That in thy braines such tales doth poure;
Of absence and of chaunges straunge,
Send him to those that use to chaunge;
For she is none, I thee auow,
And well thou maiest beleue me now;
When Hope hath thus his reason said,
Lord, how I feel me well a paide?
A new blood then ore spredes my bones,
That al in ioy I stand at ones;
My handes I throw to heauen aboue,
And humbly thank the god of loue;
That of hys grace I should bestow
My loue so well, as I it owe;
And al the planets as they stand,
I thank them to with hart and hand;
That their aspects so frendly were,
That I should so my good will bere
To you that are the worthiest,
The fairest, and the gentilest,
And best can say, and best can do
That longes, me thinks, a woman to;
And therfore are most worthy farre
To be beloued as you are.
And so says Hope in al his tale,
Wherby he easeth all my bale;
For I beleve, and thinke it true,
That he doth speake or say of you:
And thus contented, lo! I stand
With what, that Hope beares me in hand;
That I am yours, and shal so be,
Which Hope I kepe full sure in me;
As he that all my comfort is,
On you alone which are my blis;
My pleasure chief which most I finde,
And euen the whole ioy of my minde;
And shall so be until the death
Shall make me yeld vp life and breath:
Thus good mine own, lo! here my trust,
Lo! here my truth, and seruice just;
Lo! in what case for you I stand,
Lo! how you haue me in your hand;
And if you can requite a man,
Requite me as you finde me than.

OF THE TROUBLED COMMONWELTH RESTORED TO QUIET BY THE MIGHTY POWER OF GOD.

The secret flame that made all Troy so hot,
Long did it lurk within the woden horse:
The machine huge Trojans suspected not,
The guile of Greeks, nor of their hiden force:
Till in their beds their armed foes them met,
And slew them there, and Troy on fire set.

Then rose the rore of treason round about,
And children could of treason cal and cry,
Wiues wrong their hands, the whole fired town throughout,
When that they saw their husbands slain them by,
And to the gods, and to the skies they shright
Vengeance to take for treason of that night,

Then was the name of Sinon spred and blowne,
And whereunto his filed tale did tende,
The secret starts and metings then were knowne
Of Trojan traitours tending to this end,
And every man could say as in that case,
Treson in Anthenor and Eneas.

But all to long such wisdom was in store,
To late came out the name of traitour than
When that their king the aultar lay before,
Slaine there alas, that worthy noble man;
Ilium on flame, the matrons cryeng out,
And all the stretes, in streames of blood about.

But such was fate, and such was simple trust,
That king and all should thus to ruine roon,
For if our stories certein be and iust,
There were that saw such mischief should be done,
And warning gaue, which compted were in sort,
As sad devines in matter but of sport.

Such was the time, and so in state it stood,
Troy trembled not, so carelesse were the men,
They brake the walls, they took this horse for good;
Thee demed Grekes gone, they thought all suerty then,
When treason start, and set the towne on fire,
And stroyed Troyans, and gaue Grekes their desire.

Like to our time, wherin hath broken out
The hidden harme that we suspected least,
Wombed within our walles and realme about,
As Grekes in Troy were in the Grekeish beast;
Whose tempest great of harnes, and of armes
We thought not on, till it did noise our harmes.

Then felt we well the piller of our welth,
How sore it shoke; then saw we euen at hand
Ruine how she rusht to confound our helth,
Our realme and us with force of mighty band,
And then we heard how treason loude did rore,
Mine is the rule, and raigne I wyll therfore.

Of treason marke the nature and the kynde,
A face it beares of all humilitie,
Truth is the cloke and frendship of the minde,
And depe it goes, and worketh secretly,
Like to a mine, that crepes so nye the wall,
Till out breakes sulphure, and oreturneth all.

But he on hye that secretly beholdes
The state of things, and times hath in his hand,
And pluckes in plages, and them again unfoldes,
And hath apointed realmes to fall and stand;
He in the midst of all this sturre and rout,
Gan bend his browes, and moue himself about.

As who should say, and are ye minded so?
And thus to those, and whom you know I loue?
Am I such one, as none of you do know?
Or know you not that I sit here aboue,
And my handes doe hold your welth and wo,
To raise you now, and now to ouer throw,

Then thinke that I, as I haue set you all
In places where your honours lay, and fame;
So now my selfe shall geue you eche your fall
Where eche of you shall have your worthy shame;
And in their handes I wyll your fall shall be,
Whose fall in yours you sought so sore to see,

Whose wisdome hye as he the same fore saw,
So it is wrought, such lo! his iustice is,
He is the Lord of man, and of his law,
Praise therfore now his mighty name in this;
And make accompt that this our case doth stande;
As Israell free from wicked Pharaos hand.

THE LOUER TO HIS LOUE HAUING FORSAKEN HIM, AND BETAKEN HER SELFE TO AN OTHER.

THE birde that somtime built within my brest
And there as then chiefe succour did receiue;
Hath now elswhere built her another nest,
And of the old hath taken quite her leaue.
To you mine oste that harbour mine old guest,
Of such a one, as I can now conceiue.
Sith that in change her choise doth chief consist,
The hauke may check, that now comes faire to fist.

THE LOUER SHEWETH THAT IN DISSEMBLING HIS LOUE OPENLY HE KEPETH SECRET HIS SECRET GOOD WILL.

NOT like a God came Jupiter to woo,
When he the faire Europa sought unto:
Another forme his godly wisdome toke,
Such in effect, as writeth Ouides boke;
As on the earth no liuing wight can tell,
That mighty Jove did loue the quene so well,
For had he come in golden garmentes bright,
Or so as men mought haue stared on the sight;
Spred had it bene, both through earth and aire,
That Joue had loued the lady Europa fair.
And then had some bene angry at the hart,
And some againe as ielous for their part.
Both which to stop, this gentle god toke mind,
To shape himselfe into a brutish kind;
To such a kinde as hid what state he was,
And yet did bring him, what he sought to passe.
To both their ioyes, to both their comfort sone,
Though knowen to none, till all the thing was done;
In which attempt, if I the like assay,
To you, to whom, I do my selfe bewray:
Let it suffice that I do seke to be,
Not counted yours, and yet for to be he.

THE LOUER DISCEIUED BY HIS LOUE REPENTETH HIM OF THE TRUE LOUE HE BARE HER.

I THAT Ulysses yeres haue spent
To finde Penelope,
Finde well that folly I haue ment
To seke that was not so,
Since Troylus case hath caused me
From Cressed for to go,

And to bewaile Ulysses truth,
In seas and stormy skies,
Of wanton will and raging youth,
Which me haue tossed sore,
From Scylla to Charibdis cliues,
Upon the drowning shore.

Where I sought hauen, there found I hap,
From danger unto death;
Much like the mouse that treades the trap
In hope to finde her foode,
And bites the bread that stops her breath,
So in like case I stoode.

Till now repentance hasteth him,
To further me so fast,
That where I sanke there now I swim,
And have both streame and winde,
And lucke as good, if it may last,
As any man may finde.

That where I perished, safe I passe,
And finde no perill there,
But stedy stone, no grounde of glasse,
Now am I sure to saue,
And not to flete from feare to feare,
Such anker holde I haue.

THE LOUER HAUING ENIOYED HIS LOUE HUMBLY THANKETH THE GOD OF LOUE, AND AVOWING HIS HART ONELY TO HER FAITHFULLY PROMISETH VTTERLY TO FORSAKE ALL OTHER.

THOU Cupid god of loue, whom Venus thralles do serue [well deserue;
I yelde thee thankes upon my knees, as thou dost
By the my wished ioyes haue shaken off dispaire,
And all my storming dayes be past, and wether waxeth faire;
By the I haue received a thousand times more ioy
Then euer Paris did possesse, when Helen was in Troy.
By the haue I that hope, for which I longde so sore,
And when I thinke vpon the same, my hart doth leape therfore.
By the my heauy douts and trembling feares are fled, [thoughts are fed:
And now my wits that troubled wer, with plesant
For dread is banisht clene, wherein I stood full oft,
And doubt to speak, that lay full low, is lifted now aloft,
With armes bespred abrode, with opende handes and hart, [my smart.
I have enjoyed the frute of hope, reward of all
The seale and signe of loue, the key of trouth and trust, [the louers lust.
The pledge of pure good will haue I, which makes

Such grace sins I haue founde, to one I me betake,
The rest of Venus derlinges all, I utterly forsake;
And to performe this vow, I bid my eyes beware,
That they no straungers do salute, nor on their beauties stare.
My wits, I warne ye all, from this time forth take hede,
That ye no wanton toyes devise, my fansies new to fede.
My eares be ye shut up, and heare no woman's voice,
That may procure me once to smile, or make my hart rejoice.
My feete full slow be ye, and lame when ye should moue,
To bring my body any where, to seke another loue:
Let all the gods above, and wicked sprites below,
And every wight in earth accuse, and curse me where I go;
If I do false my faith, in any point or case,
A sodein vengeance fall on me, I aske no better grace;
Away then sily ryme, present mine earnest faith,
Unto my lady where she is, and mark thou what she saith;
And if she welcome thee, and lay thee in her lap,
Spring thou for joy, thy maister hath his most desired hap.

TOTUS MUNDUS IN MALIGNO POSITUS.

Complaine we may, much is amisse,
Hope is nie gone to haue redresse,
These daies ben ill, nothing sure is,
Kinde hart is wrapt in heavinesse.

The sterne is broke, the saile is rent,
The ship is geven to winde and waue,
All helpe is gone, the rocke present,
That will be lost, what man can saue?

Thinges hard, therfore, are now refused,
Labour in youth is thought but vaine:
Duty by will-not is excused,
Remoue the stop, the way is plaine.

Learning is lewd, and held a foole;
Wisdome is shent, counted to raile,
Reason is banisht out of schole,
The blinde is bold, and wordes prevaile.

Power without care slepeth at ease,
Will without law, runneth where he list,
Might without mercy cannot please,
A wise man saith not, had I wist.

When power lackes care and forceth not,
When care is feble and may not,
When might is slothful and will not,
Weedes may grow where good herbs cannot.

Take wrong away, law nedeth not,
For law to wrong is bridle and paine;
Take feare away, law booteth not,
To strive against streame, it is but vaine.

Wyly is witty, brainsick is wise,
Trouth is folly, and might is right,
Wordes are reason, and reason is lies,
The bad is good, darknesse is light.

Wrong to redresse wisdome dare not,
Hardy is happy, and ruleth most,
Wilfull is witlesse, and careth not
Which end go first, till al be lost.

Few right do loue, and wrong refuse,
Pleasure is sought in every state,
Liking is lust, there is no chuse,
The low geve to the hye checke mate.

Order is broke in thinges of weight,
Measure and mean who doth not flee?
Two thinges preuaile, money and sleight,
To seme is better than to be.

The bowle is round, and doth downe slide,
Eche one thrusteth, none doth uphold,
A fall failes not, where blinde is guide,
The stay is gone, who can him hold?

Folly and falshod prateth apace,
Trouth under bushel is faine to crepe,
Flattery is treble, pride sings the base,
The meane the best part, scant doth pepe.

This fiery plage the world infectes,
To vertue and trouth it geves no rest,
Mens harts are burnde with sundry sectes,
And to eche man, his way is best.

With flodes and stormes thus be we tost,
Awake, good Lord, to thee we crye,
Our ship is almost sonk and lost,
Thy merey help our misery.

Mans strength is weake; mans wit is dull,
Mans reason is blinde, these thinges t'amend,
Thy hand (O Lord) of might is full,
Awake betyme, and helpe us send.

In thee we trust, and in no wight,
Save us, as chickens under the hen;
Our crokedness thou canst make right,
Glory to thee for aye. Amen.

THE WISE TRADE OF LYFE.

Do all your dedes by good advise,
Cast in your minde alwaies the end;
Wit bought is of to dere a price,
The tryed trust, and take as frend.
For frendes I find there be but two,
Of countenance, and of effect:
Of thone sort there are inowe,
But few been of thother sect.
Beware also the venym swete,
Of crafty wordes and flattery;
For to deceiue they be most mete,
That best can play hypocrisy.
Let wisdome rule your dede and thought,
So shall your workes be wisely wrought.

THAT FEW WORDES SHEW WISDOME, AND WORK MUCH QUIET.

Who list to lende a quiet life,
Who list to ride him self from stryfe,
Give eare to me, marke what I say,
Remember well, beare it away.

Holde backe thy tong at meate and meale,
Speak but few wordes, bestow them well;
By wordes the wise thou shalt espye,
By wordes a foole sone shalt thou trye,
A wise man can his tongue make cease,
A foole can never holde his peace.
Who loveth rest, of wordes beware,
Who loveth wordes, is sure of care:
For wordes oft many have been shent,
For silence kept, none hath repent.
Two eares, one tong, onely thou hast,
Me thinges to heare then wordes to wast.
A foole in wise can forbeare,
He hath two tonges, and but one eare.
Be sure thou kepe a stedfast brayne,
Lest that thy wordes put thee to payne;
Wordes wisely set are worth much gold,
The price of rashness is sone told.
If time require wordes to be had,
To hold thy peace I count thee mad.
Talke only of nedeful verities,
Striue not for trifling fantasies;
With sobernesse the truth boult out,
Affirme no thing, wherin is doute.
Who to this lore will take good hede,
And spend no mo wordes, than he nede,
Though he be a foole, and have no braine,
Yet shall he a name of wisdom gaine.
Speake while time is, or hold thee still,
Wordes out of time, do oft things spill;
Say well, and do well, are things twaine,
Twice blest is he in whome both raigne.

THE COMPLAINT OF A HOT WOER DELAYED WITH DOUBTFULL COLD ANSWERS.

A KIND of coal is as men say,
Which have assaied the same?
That in the fire, will wast away,
And outward cast no flame.

Unto my self may I compare
These coales, that so consume,
Where nought is sene, though men do stare,
Instede of flame but fume.

They say also, to make them burne,
Cold water must be cast,
Or els to ashes they will turne,
And half to sinder waste.

As this is wonder for to se,
Cold water warm the fire,
So hath your coldnesse caused me
To burne in my desire.

And as this water, cold of kinde,
Can cause both heat and cold;
And can these coales both break and binde,
To burne, as I have told;

So can your tong of frozen yse,
From whence cold answers come,
Both coole the fire, and fire entice,
To burn me al: and some;

Lyke to the corne that stands on stacke,
Which mowen in winter sunne,
Full fayre without, within is black,
Such heate therin doth runne;

By force of fire this water cold
Hath bred to burne within;
Even so am I that heate doth hold,
Which cold did first begin.

Which heat is stint, when I do striue,
To have some ease sometime;
But flame a freshe I do reuiue,
Wherby I cause to clyme

Instede of smoke a sighing breath,
With sparks of sprinkled teares,
That I should live this living death,
Which wastes and never weares.

THE ANSWERE.

YOUR borrowed meane to moue your mone, of fume withouten flame,
Being fet from smithy smoaking coale, ye seeme so by the same
To shew is what such coals use, taught by such as have assayde,
As I, that most do wish you well, and so right well appayd,
That you have such a lesson learnde, how either to maintaine, [in vaine;
Your fredome of unkindled coale, upheaped all
Or how most frutfully to frame, with worthy workmans art, [of heated hart;
That cunning piece may pass therefro, by help
Out of the forge, wherin the fume of sighes doth mount aloft, [mettal soft.
That argues present force of fire, to make the
To yield unto the hammer hed, as best the workman likes, [temper strikes;
That the yron glowing after blast in time and
Wherin the use of water is, as you do seme to say,
To quench no flame, ne hinder heat, ne yet to wast away;
But that which better is for you, and more deliteth me, [like to be;
To saue you from the sodeyne wast, vain cinder-
Which lasting better likes in love, as you your semble ply, [teth by and by:
Then doth the baven blase, that flames and flet-
Sith then you know each use, wherein your cole may be applide, [bide,
Either to lye and last on hoorde, in open ayre to
Withouten use to gather fat by falling of the raines, [in his veines,
That makes the pitchy juyce to grow, by soking
Or lye on fornace in the forge, as is his use of right, [yelde her might;
Wherein the water trough may serue, and enter
By work of smiths both hand and hed, a cunning key to make, [undertake;
Or other pece as cause shall craue, and bid him
Do as you deme most fit to do, and whereupon may grow [know.
Such joy to you, as I may joy your joyful case to

AN EPITAPH MADE BY W. G. LYING ON HIS DEATH BED, TO BE SET UPON HYS OWNE TOMBE.

Lo here lyeth G. under the grounde,
Among the gredy wormes,
Which in his life tyme never found
But strife and sturdy stormes.

And namely through a wicked wife,
As to the worlde apperes,
She was the shortnyng of his life,
By many dayes and yeres;

He might have liued long, god wot,
His yeres they were but yong,
Of wicked wiues, this is the lot
To kill with spitefull tong.

Whose memory shall still remayne
In writing here with me,
That men may know, whom she hath slayne,
And say this same is she.

AN ANSWERE.

If that thy wicked wife had spon the thread,
And were the weauer of thy wo,
Thou art then double happy to be dead,
As happely dispatched so;

If rage dyd caussesse cause thee to complayne,
And mad moode, mouer of thy mone,
If frensy forced on thy testy brayne,
Then blest is she to liue alone.

So whether were the ground of others grefe,
Because so doubtful was the dome,
Now death hath brought your payne a right re-
And blessed be ye both become: [lefe;

She that she liues no longer bound to beare
The rule of such a froward hed,
Thou, that thou liuest no longer fayne to feare
The restless ramp, that thou hadst wed;

Be thou as glad therfore that thou art gone,
As she is glad she doth abide,
For so ye be a sonder, all is one,
A badder match cannot betide.

EN EPITAPH OF MAISTER HENRY WILLIAMS.

From worldly wo, the ende of misbeliefe,
From cause of care that leadeth to lament,
From vayne delight the ground of greater grefe,
From fear for frendes, from matter to repent:
From painfull pangs; last sorrow that is sent,
From drede of death, sith death doth set us free,
With it the better pleased should we be.

This lothsome life, where lyking we do finde
Thencreaser of our crimes doth us bereue,
Our bliss that alway ought to be in minde.
This wily world, whiles here we breath aliue,
And flesh our fyned fo, do stifly striue,
To flatter us, assuring here the joy,
Where we alas, do find but great annoy.

Untold heapes though we haue of worldly wealth,
Though we possess the sea and frutful ground
Strength, beauty, knowledge, and unharmed health,
Though at a wish, all pleasure do abound,
It were but vaine, no frendship can be founde,
When death assaulteth with his dredful darte,
No raunsome can stay the home hasting harte.

And sith thou cut the liues-line in twaine,
Of Henry, sonne to sir John Williams knight,
Whose manly hart and prowes none could staine,
Whose godly lyfe to vertue, was our light,
Whose worthy fame shall flourish long by right,
Thou in this lyfe so cruel mightest thou be,
His sprite in heaven shall triumph over thee.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

Stay gentle frend that passest by,
And learne the lore that leadeth all,
From whence we come with hast to hye,
To lyne to dye, and stand to fall:

And learne that strength and lusty age,
That wealth, and want of worldly woe
Cannot with stand the mighty rage
Of death, our best unwelcome foe.

For hopefull youth had hight me health,
My lust to last till time to dye,
And fortune found my virtue wealth,
But yet, for all that, here I lye.

Learne also this, to ease thy mynde
When death on corps hath wrought his spight,
A time of triumph shalt thou finde
With me to scorne him in delight.

For one day shall we mete again,
Mauger deathes dart, in life to dwell;
Then will I thank thee for thy paine,
Now marke my wordes and fare thou well.

AGAINST WOMEN EITHER GOOD OR BAD.

A man may liue thrise Nestor's life,
Thrise wander out Ulysses race,
Yet never finde Ulysses wife,
Such change hath chanced in this case,

Lesse age will serve then Paris had,
Small pein (if none be small inough)
To finde good store of Helenes trade,
Such sap the root doth yelde the bough;

For one good wife Ulysses slew
A worthy knot of gentle blood;
For one yll wife Greece overthrew
The town of Troy. Sith bad and good;
Bring mischief, Lord let be thy will
To keep me free from either ill.

AN ANSWER.

The vertue of Ulysses wife,
Doth liue, though she hath ceast her race,
And far surmounts old Nestor's life;
But now in moe than then it was,
Such change is chanced in this case.

Ladies now liue in other trade,
Farre other Helenes now we see,
Then she whom Trojan Paris had.
As vertue fedes the roote, so be
The sap and roote of bough and tre.

Ulysses rage, not his good wife,
Spilt gentle blood. Not Helenes face,
But Paris eye, did raise the strife,
That did the Trojan buylding race;
Thus sith ne good, ne bad do yll:
Them all, O Lord maintaine my will,
To serue with all my force, and skill.

AGAINST A GENTIL WOMAN BY WHOM HE WAS REFUSED.

To false report and flying fame,
Whilest my minde gaue credit light,
Beléeuing that her bolstred name
Had stuffe to shew that praise did hight.
I find well now I did mistake,
Upon report my ground to make.

I heard it said, such one was she,
As rare to finde as paragon,
Of lowly chere, of hart so free,
As her for bountie could passe none.
Such one were faire, though form and face
Were meane to passe in second place.

I sought it neare thinking to finde
Report and dede both to agree,
But chaunge had tried her suttle minde,
Of force I was enforced to see,
That she indede was nothing so:
Which made my will my hart forego:

For she is such, as geason none,
And what she most may boast to be;
I find her matches more then one,
What nede she so, to deale with me?
Ha flering face, with scornful hart,
So ill reward for good desert?

I will repent that I haue done,
To ende so well the losse is small;
I lost her loue, that lesse hath won,
To vaunt she had me as her thrall;
What though a gillot sent that note,
By cocke and pye, I meant it not.

THE ANSWERE.

Whom fansy forsed first to love,
Now frensy forceth for to hate,
Whose minde erst madness 'gan to moue,
Inconstance causeth to abate.
No minde of meane, but heat of braine,
Bred hate loue like heate hate agayne;

What hurdle your hart in so greate heat?
Fansy forced by fained fame,
Belike that she was light to get,
For if that vertue, and good name,
Moued your minde, why changed your will,
Sith vertue the cause abideth still?

Such fame reported her to be,
As rare it were to find her peere
For vertue or for honestie,
For her free hart, and lowly cheere;
This laud had lyed, if you had sped,
And fame bene false, that hath been spred.

Sith she hath so kept her good name,
Such praise of life and giftes of grace,
As Brute selfe blusheth for to blame,
Such fame as fame fears to deface,
You slander not; but make it plain,
That you blame Brute, of brutish train,

If you have found it, loking nere,
Not as you toke the brute to be,
Belyke you ment by lowly chere,
Bountie and hart, that you call free:
But leud lightnesse easy to frame,
To winne your will against her name.

Nay she may deme your deming so,
A mark of madnesse in his kinde,
Such causeth not, good name to go,
As your fond folly sought to finde:
For brute of kinde bent ill to blase,
Alway saith ill, but forced by cause.

The mo there be such as is she,
More should be Gods thanke for his grace,
The more is her ioy it to see;
Good should by geason earne no place,
Nor nomber make nought, that is good,
Your strange lusting hed wants a hood.

Her dealing greveth you (say ye)
Besides your labour lost in vaine,
Her dealing was not as we see;
Sclaunder the end of your great paine:
Ha lewd lying lips, and hateful hart,
What canst thou desire in such desart?

Ye wyll repent, and right, for done
Ye haue a dede deseruing shame,
From reasons race far have ye ronne,
Hold your railing, kepe your tong tame;
Her loue! ye lye, ye lost it not,
Ye neuer lost that ye neuer got.

She reft ye not your libertie
She vaunteth not she had you thrall,
If oft have done it, let it lye
On rage, that reft you wit and all,
What though a varlets tale you tell,
By cocke and pye, you do it well.

THE LOUER DREDDING TO MOVE HIS SUTE FOR DOUT OF DENIALL, ACCUSETH ALL WOMEN OF DISDAINE AND FICKLENESSE.

To walk on doutful ground where danger is unsene,
Doth double men that carelesse be in depe despair I wene;
For as the blinde doth fear, what footing he shall finde,
So doth the wise, before he speake, mistrust the strangers minde;
For he that blontly runs, may light among the breers,
And so be put unto his plunge, where danger least apperes.
The bird, that selly foole, doth warne us to beware,
Who lighteth not on every bushe, he dreadeth so the snare.

The mouse that shons the trap, doth shew what harm doth lye;
Within the swete betraying bait that oft' deceiues the eye.
The fish auoids the hook, though hunger bids him bite, [delite.
And houereth still about the worme, wheron is his
If birdes and beastes can see, where their undoing lies,
How should a mischief scape our heads that haue both wit and eyes?
What madnesse may be more, than plow the barren fielde? [unweilde?
Or any frutfull wordes to sow, to eares that are
They heare, and then mislike, they lyke, and then they lothe;
They hate, they loue, they scorn, they praise, yea sure they can do both.
We see what falles they haue that clime on trees unknowne; [ouerthrowne;
As they that trust to rotten bowes, must nedes be
A smart in silence kept, doth ease the hart much more, [the sore.
Then for to plaine where is no salue, for to recure
Wherfore my griefe I hide within a hollow hart,
Until the smoke thereof be spred, by flaming of the smart

AN ANSWERE.

To trust the fayned face, to rue on forced tears,
To credit finely forged tales, wherein there oft appeares, [smart,
And breathes as from the brest, a smoke of kyndled
Where only lurkes a depe deceit, within the hollow hart; [minde
Betrayes the simple soule, whom plaine deceitlesse
Taught not to feare that in itselfe itselfe did neuer finde.
Not every trickling teare doth argue inwarde paine,
Not euery sigh doth surely shew the sigher not to faine;
Nor euery smoke doth proue a presence of the fire;
Not euery glistring geues the gold that gredy folk desire;
Not euery wailing word is drawen out of the depe;
Not griefe, for want of granted grace, enforceth all to wepe:
Oft malice makes the minde to shed the boyled brine, [eyen:
And enuious humour oft unlades by conduites of the
Oft craft can cause the man, to make a seming shew
Of hart with dolour all distreind, where griefe did neuer grow.
As cursed crocodile most cruelly can tole
With truthlesse teares unto his death the silly pitieng soule.
Blame neuer those therfore, that wisely can beware
The guilefull man, that sutly saith himself to dread the snare: [song:
Blame not the stopped eares, against the syrens
Blame not the mind not moued with mone of falsheds flowing tong.
If guile do guide your wit, by silence so to speak,
By craft to craue and faine by fraude the cause that you wold break. [same,
Great harme your suttle soule shall suffer for the
And mighty loue will wreke the wrong so cloked with his name;
But we, whom you haue warnde, this lesson learne by you, [rotten bow;
To know the tree before we clime; to trust no
To view the limed bushe, to look afore we light;
To shunne the perilous baited hooke, and use a further sight,
As do the mouse, the bird, the fish, by sample fitly shew, [simples wo.
The wily wits and ginnes of men do worke the
So simple sith we are, and you so suttle be,
God help the mouse, the birde, the fish, and us your sleightes to flee.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH HIS FAULTE, THAT WITH UNGENTLE WRITING HAD DISPLEASED HIS LADY.

Ah! loue, how waiward is his wit? what panges do perce his breast [his rest,
Whom thou to wait upon thy will hast reued of
The light, the darke, the sunne, the mone, the day and eke the night:
His daily dyeng life, himselfe, he hateth in despight. [in thrall,
Sith first he light to loke on her that holdeth him
His mouing eyen, his moued wit, he curseth, hart and all.
From hungry hope to pining fear, each hap doth hurle his hart; [into smart.
From panges of plaint, to fits of fume, from aking
Eche moment so doth change his chere, not with recourse of case,
But with sere sortes of sorowes still he worketh as the seas: [ruly wise,
That turning windes, not calme returnde rule in un-
As if their holds of hills uphurlde, they brasten out to rise;
And puffe away the power that is unto their king assignde,
To pay that, sith theyr prisonment, they deme to be behinde.
So doth the passions long represt within the wofull wight,
Breake down the bankes of all his wittes, and out they gushen quite [rule, and stay,
To reare uprores; now they be free from reasons
And hedlong hales the unruly race his quiet quite away. [rage,
No measure hath he of his ruth; no reason in his
No bottom ground where stayes his griefe, thus wears away his age.
In wishing wants, in wailing woes. Death doth he dayly call [at all.
To bring release, when of reliefe he seeth no hope
Thence comes that oft in depe despeire to rise to better state, [of all his fate:
On heauen and heauenly lampes he layeth the faut
On God and Gods decreed dome crieth out with cursing breath,
Eche thing that gaue and saues him lyfe he damneth of his death.
The wombe him bare, the brestes he suckt, each star that with their might
Their secret succour brought to bring the wretch to worldly light.
Ye that to his soules perile is most haynous harme of all,
And craues the cruellest revenge that may to man befall;

Her he blasphemes, in whom it lieth in present as
she please, [heauens ease.
To dampne him down to depth of hell, or plant in
Such rage constrainde my strayned hart to guyde
thunhappy hand
That sent unfiting blots to her on whom my lyfe
doth stand.
But graunt, O God, that he for them may beare the
worthy blame, [the same:
Whom I doe in my depe distresse finde guilty of
Even that blind boy that blindly guides the faut-
lesse to their fall;
That laughes when they lament, that he hath
throwen into thrall.
Or Lord, saue louring lokes of her; what penance
els thou please, [ease.
So her contented will be wonne, I count it all mine
And thou, on whom doth hang my will, with hart,
with soul, and care,
With lyfe, and all that lyfe may have, of well or
evyll fare, [of saltish brine,
Graunt grace to him that grates therefore, with sea
By extreme heat of boiling brest, distilled through
his eyen;
And with thy fansy render thou my selfe to me
againe, [paine.
That daily then we duly may employ a painlesse
To yelde and take the joyful frute that harty loue
doth lend [happy end.
To them that meane by honest meanes to come to

THE LOUER WOUNDED OF CUPIDE, WISHED HE HAD RATHER BEN STRICKEN BY DEATH.

THE blinded boy, that bendes the bow
To make, with dynt of double wounde
The stoutest state to stoupe, and know
The cruel craft that I have founde;

With death I would had chopt a change,
To borow, as by bargaine made,
Eche others shaft; when he did range
With restlesse rouing to invade

Thunthralled myndes of simple wightes;
Whose giltles ghostes deserued not
To fele such fall of their delightes;
Such pangs, as I have past, God wot.

Then both in new unwonted wise,
Should death deserue a better name,
Not (as tofore hath ben his guise)
Of crueltie to bear the blame.

But contrary be counted kinde,
In lending life and sparing space,
For sicke to ryse, and seke to finde,
Away to wish their wery race

To drawe to some desired end;
Their long and lothed life to ryd,
And so to fele how like a frend,
Before the bargain made he did.

And loue should eyther bring againe,
To wounded wightes theyr owne desire;
A welcome end of pining paine,
As doth their cause of ruth require:

Or when he meanes the quiet man
A harme, to hasten him to grefe:
A better dede he should do then,
With borrowd dart to geue reliefe.

That both the sicke well demene may,
He brought me rightly my request,
And eke the other sort may saye,
He wrought me truely for the best.

So had not fansye forced me
To bear a brunt of greater wo
Then leauing suche a life may be;
The grounde where only griefes do grow.

Unlucky liking linkt my hart
In forged hope and forced feare,
That oft I wisht the other dart
Had rather perced me as neare.

A fained trust, constrained care,
Most loth to lack, most hard to finde;
In sunder so my judgment tare,
That quite was quiet out of minde.

Absent in absence of mine ease,
Present in presence of my paine,
The woes of want did much displease
The sighes I sought did greue againe.

Oft grief that boyled in my brest,
Hath fraught my face with saltish teares,
Pronouncing proues of mine unrest,
Whereby my passed paine appeares.

My sighes full often have supplied,
That fayne with wordes I would have said;
My voice was stopt, my tong was tyed,
My wittes with wo wer over waid.

With trembling soule and humble chere,
Oft grated I for graunt of grace,
On hope, that bountie might be there,
Where beautie had so pight her place.

At length I founde that I did feere,
How I had labourde all to losse;
My selfe had been the carpenter;
That framed me the cruell crosse.

Of this to come, if dout alone,
Though blent with trust of better spede,
So oft hath moued my minde to mone,
So oft hath made my hart to blede.

What shall I say of it indede,
Now hope is gone, mine old releife,
And I enforced all to fede
Upon the frutes of bitter griefe?

OF WOMENS CHANGEABLE WYLL.

I WOLD I found not, as I fele,
Such changing chere of womens will,
By fickle flight of fortunes whele,
By kinde or custom never still.

So should I finde no fault to lay
On fortune for their mouyng minde;
So should I know no cause to lay
This change to chaunce by course of kinde;

So should not loue so work my wo,
To make death surgeon for my sore;
So should their wittes not wander so;
So should I recke the lesse therfore.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH THE LOSSE OF HIS LADY.

No joy have I, but liue in heauinesse,
My dame of price bereft by fortunes cruelnesse;
My hap is turned to unhappinesse;
Unhappy I am, unless I find relesse.

My pastime past, my youthlike yeres are gone;
My monthes of mirth, my glistring dayes of gladsomenesse,
My times of triumphe turned into mone,
Unhappy I am unlesse I find relesse.

My wonted winde to chaunt my chereful chaunce [lesse;
Doth sigh, that song somtimes the balade of my
My sobbes, my sore, and sorow to advance,
Unhappy I am, unlesse I find relesse.

I mourne my mirth, for griefe that it is gone,
I mourne my mirth, wherof my musing mindfulnesse,
Is ground of greater griefe that growes theron,
Unhappy I am, unlesse I finde relesse.

No joy haue I; for fortune frowardly [nesse;
Hath bent her browes, hath put her hand to cruel-
Hath reft my dame, constrained me to crye;
Unhappy I am, unlesse I finde relesse.

OF THE GOLDEN MEANE.

The wisest way, thy boate in waue and wind to guie,
Is neither still the trade of middle streame to trye,
Ne (warely shunning wrecke by wether) aye to nie,
To presse upon perillous shore.

Both clenely flees he filth, ne wonnes a wretched wight, [spite,
In calish coate; and carefull court aye thrall to
With port of proude estate, he leues, who doth delite,
Of golden meane to hold the lore.

Stormes riefest rende the sturdy stoute pine apple tree,
Of lofty ruing towers the falles the feller be,
Most fers doth lightning light, where furthest wee do se
The hilles the valley to forsake.

Well furnisht brest to byde eche chanses changing chere, [full feare
In woe hath cherefull hope, in weale hath ware-
One selfe Joue winter makes with lothfull lokes appeare,
That can by course the same aslake.

What if into mishap thy case now casten be?
It forceth not such forme of lucke to last to thee;
Not alway bent is Phebus bowe, his harpe and he
Ceast siluer sound sometime doth raise.

In hardest hap use helpe of hardy hopefull hart,
Some bolde to beare the front of fortune ouerthwart,
Eke wisely when forewinde too full breathes on thy part,
Swage swelling saile, and doubt decayes.

THE PRAISE OF A TRUE FRENDE.

Whoso that wisely wayes the profite and the prise
Of thinges wherein delight by worth is wont to rise,
Shall find no jewel is so rich, ne yet so rare,
That with the frendly hart in value may compare.

What other welth to man by fortune may befall;
But fortunes changed chere may reue a man of all?
A frend no wracke of welth, no cruel cause of wo
Can force his frendly faith unfrendly to forgoe.

If fortune frendly fawne, and lend thee welthy store,
Thy frendes conjoyned joy doth make thy joy the more:
If frowardly she frown, and driue thee to distresse,
His ayde releues thy ruthe, and makes thy sorow lesse.

Thus fortunes pleasant frutes by frendes encreased bee,
The bitter, sharpe, and sowre, by frendes alayde to thee:
That when thou doest rejoyce, then doubled is thy joy,
And eke in cause of care, the lesse is thy anoy.

Aloft if thou do liue, as one appointed here
A stately part on stage of worldly state to bere,
Thy freind, as only free from fraude, wil thee aduise,
To rest within the rule of meane, as do the wise.

Hee seeketh to foresee the peril of thy fall;
He findeth out thy faultes, and warnes thee of them all. [case,
Thee, not thy lucke, he loues, what euer be thy
Hee is thy faithfull frend, and thee he doth embrace.

If churlish cheare of chance have thrown thee into thrall,
And that thy nede aske aid for to releue thy fall:
In him thou secret trust assured art to haue,
And succour not to seke, before that thou can craue.

Thus is thy frend to thee, the comfort of thy paine,
The stayer of thy state, the doubler of thy gaine;
In welth and wo thy frend, an other self to thee,
Such man to man a god, the proverb saith to bee.

As welth will bring thee frendes in louring wo to proue,
So wo shall yeld thee frendes in laughing welth to loue:
With wisedome chuse thy frend; with vertue him retaine:
Let vertue be the ground, so shall it not be vaine.

THE LOUER LAMENTETH OTHER TO HAVE THE FRUTES OF HIS SERUICE.

Some men would think of right to haue,
For their true meaning, some reward:
But while that I do cry and craue,
I see that others be preferd.
I gape for that I am debard:
I fare as doth the hound at hatch,
The worse I spede, the lenger I watch.

My wastefull wille is tried by trust;
My fond fansie is mine abuse;
For that I would refraine my lust,
For mine auaile I cannot chuse
A will, and yet no power to use:
A will no will, by reason just,
Sins my will is at others lust.

They eate the hony, I hold the hiue;
I sow the sede, they repe the corne;
I waste, they winne; I draw, they driue;
Theirs is the thank, mine is the scorne;
I seke, they spede: in wast my winde is worne;
I gape, they get, and gredely I snatche,
Still worse I spede, the lenger I watche.

I fast, they fede; they drink, I thurst;
They laugh, I waile; they joy, I mourne;
They gaine, I lose, I have the wurst;
They whole, I sicke; they cold; I burne;
They leape, I lye; they slepe, I tosse and turne;
I would, they may; I craue, they have at will;
That helpeth them; lo cruelty doth me kill.

OF THE SUTTELTIE OF CRAFTY LOUERS.

Such waiward waies have some when folly stirres their braines,
To fain and plain full oft of loue, when least they fele his paines;
And for to shew a grief, such craft have they in store,
That they can halt, and lay a salue, wheras they fele no sore:
As hound unto the foote, or dog unto the bow,
So are they made to vent her out, whom bent to loue they know,
That if I should describe one hundred of their driftes,
Two hundred wits besides mine own, I should dere,
put to their shiftes:
No woodman better knowes how for to lodge his
Nor shipman on the sea that more hath skill to
guide the stere;
Nor beaten dogge to herd can warer chose his game,
Nor scholeman to his fansie can a scholler better
frame,
Then one of these which have old Ouids are in ure,
Can seke the waies unto their minde, a woman to
allure.
As round about a hiue the bees do swarme alway,
So round about the house they prese wherin they
seke their pray:
And whom they so besege, it is wonderous thing,
What crafty engins to assault these wily warriers
bring: fro,
The eye as scout and watch to stirre both to and
Doth serue to state her here and there, where she
doth come and goe; hart;
The tong doth pleade for right, as herauld of the
And both the handes, as oratours, do serue to
point their part:
So shewes the countenance then with these fowre
to agree, sworne bee:
As though in witnes with the rest it would hers
But if she then mistrust, it woulde turne blacke to
white:
For that the woorier lokes most smoth, when he
would fainest bite,
Then wit, as counceller, a helpe for this to finde,
Straight makes the hand, as secretair, forthwith
to write his minde:
And so the letters straight embassadours are made,
To treate in haste for to procure her to a better
trade;
Wherin if she do think al this is but a shewe,
Or but a subtile masking cloke to hide a crafty
shrewe. the field:
Then come they to the larme, then shewe they in
Then muster they in colours strange, the waies
to make her yield: in;
Then shoote they batry off, then compasse they her
At tilt and turney oft they striue this selly soul to
win; forth their song,
Then sound they on their lutes, then strain they
Then rumble they with instruments to lay her
quite along: and watch;
Then borde they her with giftes, then do they woo
Then night and day they labour hard this simple
hold to catch,
As pathes within a wood, or turnes within a mase,
So then they shewe of wiles and craftes they can a
thousand waies.

OF THE VANITY OF MANS LIFE.

Vayne is the fleting welth
Wheron the world stayes,
Sith stalking time by priuy stelth
Enerocheth on our dayes.

And elde which creepeth fast,
To taint us with her wounde,
Will turne eche blisse unto a blast,
Which lasteth but a staunde.

Of youth the lusty floure,
Which whilome stode in price,
Shall vanish quite within an houre,
As fire consumes the ice.

Where is become that wight,
For whose sake Troy towne
Withstode the Grekes till ten yeres fight
Had rasde their walls adowne?

Did not the wormes consume
Her carion to the dust?
Did dreadfull death forbeare his fume
For beauty, pride, or lust?

THE LOUER NOT REGARDED IN EARNEST SUTE, BEING BECOME WISER, REFUSETH HER PROFRED LOUE.

Do way your physike, I faint no more;
The salue you sent, it comes too late:
You wist well al my grief before,
And what I suffred for your sake:
Hole is my hart, I plaine no more,
A new the cure did undertake,
Wherefore do way, you come too late.

For whiles you knew I was your own,
So long in vaine you made me gape,
And tho' my faith it were well knowne,
Yet small regard thou toke thereat;
But now the blast is overblowne,
Of vaine phisicke a salue you shape,
Wherfore do way, you come to late.

How long to this have I bene faine
To gape for mercy at your gate;
Untill the time I spide it plaine,
The pitie and you fell at debate:
For my redresse, then was I faine
Your service cleane for to forsake,
Wherfore do way, you come too late.

For when I brent in endlesse fire,
Who ruled then but cruel hate?
So that unneth I durst desire
One looke my feruent heate to slake:
Therfore another doth me hyre,
And all the profer that you make,
Is made in vaine, and comes to late.

For when I asked recompence,
Which cost you nought to graunt, God wat:
Then said disdaine, too great expence
It were for you to graunt me that:
Therfore do way your rere pretence
That you would binde that erst you brake,
For lo your salue comes all too late.

THE COMPLAINT OF A WOMAN RAUISHED, AND ALSO MORTALLY WOUNDED.

A CRUEL tiger al with teeth bebled,
A bloody tirantes hand in eche degree;
A lecher that by wretched lust was led,
(Alas) deflowred my virginitee:
And not contented with this villanie,
Nor with thoutragious terrour of the dede,
With bloudy thirst of greater crueltie,
Fearing his heinous gilt should be bewraied,
By crying death and vengeance openly.
His violent hand forthwith, alas, he layd
Upon my guiltles sely childe and me:
And like the wretche, whom no horrour dismayde,
Drownde in the sinke of depe iniquitie,
Misusing me the mother for a time,
Hath slain us both for cloaking of his crime.

THE LOUER BEING MADE THRALL BY LOUE, PECEIUETH HOW GREAT A LOSSE IS LIBERTIE.

AH! libertie! now haue I learned to know,
By lacking thee, what iewell I possest,
When I receiued first from Cupids bow
The deadly wound that festreth in my brest.

So farre (alas) forth strayed were mine eyes,
That I ne might refraine them back; for, lo,
They in a moment all earthly thinges despise,
In heauenly sight now are they fixed so.

What then for me, but stil with mazed sight,
To wonder at that excellence diuine,
Where loue (my freedome hauing in despight)
Hath made me thral, through errour of mine eyen,
For other guardon hope I not to haue,
My foltring tong so basheth ought to crane.

THE DIUERSE AND CONTRARIE PASSIONS OF THE LOUER.

HOLDING my peace, alas! how loud I crie,
Pressed with hope and dread euen both at ones,
Strained with death, and yet I cannot die:
Burning in flame, quaking for cold that grones;
Unto my hope, withouten winges I flie;
Pressed with despair, and breaketh all my bones;
Walking as if I were, and yet am not:
Faining with mirth, most inwardly with mones.

Hard by my help, unto my helth not nie,
Mids of the calme my ship on rock it rones.
I serve unbound, fast fettred yet I lie,
Instede of milke that fede on marble stones;
My most wil is, that I do espie,
That workes my ioyes and sorowes both at ones:
In contraires standeth al my losse and gaine,
And lo the giltlesse causeth al my paine.

THE TESTAMENT OF THE HAWTHORNE.

I SELY haw, whose hope is past.
In faithful, true, and fixed minde;
To her whom that I serued last,
Haue all my ioyfulness resignde;
Because I know assuredly,
My dieng day approacheth ny.

Dispaired hart, the carefull nest
Of all the sighes that kept in store,
Conuey my carefull corps to rest,
That leaues his ioy for euermore.
And when the day of hope is past,
Geue up thy sprite and sigh thy last.

But, or that we depart in twaine,
Tell her I loued with all my might,
That though the corps in clay remaine,
Consumed to ashes, pale and white;
And though the vitall powres do ceasse,
The sprete shall loue her nathelesse.

And pray my liues, lady dere,
During this litle time and space
That I haue to abiden here,
Not to withdraw her wonted grace,
In recompensing of the paine
That I shal haue to part in twaine.

And that at least she will witsaue
To graunt my iust and last request;
When that she shal behold his graue,
That lyeth of life here dispossest,
In record that I once was hers,
To bathe the frosen stone with teares.

The service tree here do I make,
For my executour and my frende;
That liuing did not not me forsake,
Nor will I trust vnto my end,
To see my body well conueide,
In ground where that it shal be layde;

Tombed vnderneth a goodly oke,
With iuy grene that fast is bound:
There this my graue I haue bespoke,
For there my ladies name doth sound;
Beset euen as my testament tels,
With oken leaues and nothing els.

Grauen whereon shal be exprest,
" Here lyeth the body in this place,
Of him, that liuing neuer cest
To serue the fairest that ever was:
The corps is here, the hart he gaue
To her for whom he lieth in graue."

And also set about my herse
Two lamps to burne, and not to queint,
Which shal betoken and rehersse,
That my good will was neuer spent,
When that my corps was layd alow,
My spirit did swear to serue no mo.

And if you want of ringing bels,
When that my corps goth into graue,
Repete her name and nothing els,
To whom that I was bonden slaue:
When that my life it shalt unframe,
My sprete shal ioy to heare her name.

With dolefull note and piteous sound,
Wherwith my hart did cleaue in twaine;
With such a song lay me in ground;
My sprete, let it with her remaine
That had the body to command,
Till death therof did make an end.

And euen with my last bequest,
When I shall from this life depart,
I geve to her I loued best
My iust, my true, and faithful hart;
Signed with hand as cold as stone,
Of him that liuing was her owne.

And if he here might liue againe
As Phenix made by death anew,
Of this she may assure her plaine,
That he will still be iust and true.
Thus farewell she on liue my owne,
And send her ioy when I am gone.

THE LOUER IN DESPAIRE, LAMENTETH HIS CASE.

Adieu, desert, how art thou spent?
Ah! dropping tears, how do ye waste?
Ah! scalding sighes, how be ye spent,
To pricke them forth that will not haste?
Ah! pained hart, thou gapst for grace,
Euen then where pitie hath no place.

As easy it is the stony rocke
From place to place for to remoue,
As by thy plaint for to prouoke
A frosen hart from hate to loue:
What should I say? Such is thy lot,
To fawne on them that force thee not.

Thus mayst thou safely say and sweare,
That rigour raigneth and ruth doth faile,
In thanklesse thoughts thy thoughtes do weare;
Thy truth, thy faith may nought availe
For thy good will, why should thou so
Still graft, where grace it will not grow?

Alas! pore hart, thus hast thou spent
Thy flowring time, thy pleasant yeres:
With sighing voice wepe and lament;
For of thy hope no frute apperes:
Thy true meaning is paide with scorne,
That euer soweth and repeth no corne.

And where thou sekes a quiet port,
Thou dost but weigh against the winde;
For where thou gladdest woldst resort,
There is no place for thee assinde:
Thy desteny hath set it so,
That thy true hart should cause thy wo.

OF HIS MAISTRESSE, M. BAYES.

In Bayes I boast, whose braunch I beare,
Such ioy therin I finde,
That to the death I shall it weare,
To ease my carefull minde.

In heat, in cold, both night and day,
Her vertue may be sene,
When other frutes and flowers decay,
The Bay yet growes full grene;

Her beries fede the birdes full oft;
Her leues swete water make,
Her bowes be set in euery loft
For their swete savours sake:

The birds do shrowd them from the cold,
In her we daily see;
And men made arbers as they wold,
Under the pleasant tree.

It doth me good when I repaire
There as these Bayes do grow,
Where oft I walke to take the aire,
It doth delight me so.

But lo I stand, as I were dume,
Her beauty for to blase,
Wherwith my sprites be ouercome,
So long thereon I gase.

At last I turne vnto my walk,
In passing to and fro,
And to my self I smile and talk,
And then away I go.

Why smilest thou? say lokers on,
What pleasure hast thou found?
With that I am as cold as stone,
And ready for to swunde.

Fie, fie for shame, sayth Fansie than,
Pluck up thy fainted hart,
And speak thou boldly like a man
Shrink not for litle smart,

Wherat I blush and change my chere
My senses waxe so weake,
O God, think I, what make I here,
That neuer a word may speake:

I dare not sigh, lest I be heard,
My lokes I slyly cast,
And still I stand, as one were scard,
Until my stormes be past.

Then hapy hap doth me reuiue,
The blood comes to my face;
A merier man is not aliue,
Then I am in that case.

Thus after sorow seke I rest;
When fled is fancies fit:
And though I be a homely gest,
Before the Bayes I sit;

Where I do watche till leaues do fall:
When winde the tree doth shake,
Then, though my branche be very small,
My leafe away I take,

And then I go and clap my handes,
My hart doth leap for ioy.
These Bayes do ease me from my bandes,
That long did me anney;

For when I do beholde the same,
Which makes so fair a show,
I finde therin my maistres name,
And se her vertues grow.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH HIS HARTY LOUE NOT REQUITED.

When Phœbus had the serpent slaine,
He claymed Cupids boe,
Which strife did turne him to great paine;
The story well doth proue;
For Cupide made him fele much woe,
In seking Daphnes loue.

This Cupide hath a shafte of kinde,
Which wounded many a wight;
Whose golden hed had power to binde
Eche hart in Venus bandes;
This arrow did on Phebus light,
Which came from Cupides handes.

Another shaft was wrought in spight,
Which headed was with lead;
Whose nature quenched swete delight
That louers most embrace.
In Daphnes brest this cruel head
Had founde a dwelling place.

But Phebus, fond of his desire,
Sought after Daphnes so;
He burnt with heat, she felt no fire,
Full fast she fled him fro:
He gate but hate for his good wyll,
The gods assigned so.

My case with Phebus may compare;
His hap and mine are one:
I cry to her that knowes no care,
Yet seke I to her most:
When I approche, then is she gone:
Thus is my labour lost.

Now blame not me, but blame the shaft,
That hath the golden head;
And blame those gods that with their craft,
Such arrowes forge by kinde;
And blame the cold and heavy lead,
That doth my ladies minde.

A PRAISE OF M. M.

In court as I beheld the beautie of eche dame,
Of right, me thought, from all the rest should M. steale the same;
But er I ment to judge, I vewed with such advise,
As retchlesse dome should not inuade the boundes of my deuise: [within,
And whiles I gased long, such heate did brede
As Priamus towne felt not more flame, when did the bale begin.
By reasons rule, ne yet by wit perceiue I could,
That M. face of earth y founde, enjoy such beautie should;
And fansie doubted that from heauen had Venus come, [yet doth blome;
To norish rage in Britaines heartes, while corage
Her native hue so stroue with colour of the rose,
That Paris would haue Helene left, and M. beauty chose.
A wight farre passing all, and is more fair to sene,
Then lusty May the lodge of loue, that clothes the earth in grene;
So angel like she shines, she semeth no mortal wight, [selfe to spight:
But one whom Nature in her forge, did frame her
Of beauty princesse chief; so makelesse doth she rest; [paine in breast:
Whose eye would glad an heauy wight, and prison
I waxe astonied to see the feator of her shape,
And wondred that a mortall hart such heauenly beames could scape.
Her limmes so answering were the mould of her faire face; [beauties grace:
Of Venus stocke she semde to spring the roote of
Her presens doth pretend such honour and estate,
That simple men might gesse her birth, if folly bred debate:
Her lokes in hartes of flint would such affects impresse, [yeres increase.
As rage of flame, not Nilus stremes, in Nestors
Within the subtile seat of her bright eyen doth dwell [freedome sel.
Blind Cupide with the pricke of paine, that princes
A paradice it is, her beauty to behold,
Where natures stuffe so full is founde, that natures ware is solde.

AN OLD LOUER TO A YONG GENTLEWOMAN.

Ye are to yong to bring me in;
And I too old to gape for flies;
I haue too long a louer been:
If such yong babes should bleare mine eyes;
But trill the ball before my face,
I am content to make you play;
I wyll not see, I hide my face,
And turne my backe and runne away.

But if you folow on so fast,
And crosse the wayes where I should go,
Ye may waxe wery at the last,
And then at length your selfe orethrow:
I meane where you and all your flocke,
Devise to pen men in the pound:
I know a key can picke your locke,
And make you rounne your selfes on ground

Some birdes can eat the strawie corne,
And flee the lime that fowlers set;
And some are ferde of euery thorne,
And so thereby they scape the net:
But some do light, and neuer loke,
And seeth not who doth stand in waite,
As fishe that swallowe up the hoke,
And is begiled through the baite.

But men can loke before they leape,
And be at price for euery ware,
And peniworthes cast to bye good cheape;
And in eche thing have eye and care:
But he that bluntly runnes on hed,
And seeth not what the race shal be,
Is like to bring a foole to bed;
And thus ye get no more of me.

THE LOUER FORSAKETH HIS VNKIND LOUE.

FAREWELL thou frosen hart, and eares of hardned stele:
Thou lackest yeres to understand the griefe that I did fele;
The gods revenge my wrong with equal plage on thee,
What pleasure shal prick forth thy youth to learn what loue shal be:
Perchance thou prouest now to scale blind Cupides holde, thy cardes are told:
And matchest where thou maiest repent when all
But blush not thou therfore, thy betters haue done so,
Who thought they had retainde a doue, when they but cought a crow:
And some do lenger time with lofty lokes wee see,
That lightes at length as low or worse then doth the betell bee.
Yet let thy hope be good, such hap may fall from hie,
That thou maist be, if fortune serue, a princesse er thou die;
If chaunce preferre the so, alas pore sely man,
Where shall I scape thy cruel handes, or seke for succour than? flesse blood,
God shild such greedy wolues should lap in gilt-
And send short hornes to hurtfull heds that rage like lions wood,
I seldome see the day but malice wanteth might,
And hatefull hartes have neuer hap to wreke their wrath aright.
The madman is unmete a naked sword to gide,
And more unfit are they to clime that are orecome with pride.
I touch not thee herein, thou art a fawcon sure,
That can both soer and stoup sometime, as men cast up the lure. list;
The pecock hath no place in thee, when thou shalt
For some no soner make a signe, but thou perceiuest the fist: gilde;
They haue that I do want, and that hath thee be-
The lacke that thou dost see in me doth make the loke so wilde:
My luring is not good, it liketh not thine eare;
My call it is not halfe so swete, as would to God it were.
Well wanton, yet beware thou do no tiring take
At euery hand that woulde thee fede, or to thee frendship make.
This councell take of him that ought thee once his love;
Who hopes to mete thee after this among the saintes aboue. place,
But here within this worlde, if he may shonne the
He rather asketh present death, then to behold thy face.

THE LOUER PREFERRETH HIS LADY ABOUE ALL OTHER.

RESIGNE, you dames, whom likeling brute delight,
The golden praise the flatteries tromp doth sound,
And vassels be to her that claims by right,
The tytle just that first dame beauty found,
Whose dainty eyes such sugred baites do hide,
As poyson harts where glims of love do glide.

Come eke, and see how heauen and nature wrought
Within her face, where framed is such ioy,
As Priams sonne in vaine the seas had sought,
If halfe such light had had abode in Troy;
For as the golden sonne doth darke ech starre,
So doth her hue the fayrest dames as farre.

Ech heauenly gift, ech grace that nature could,
By art of witt my lady lo retaines;
A sacred head so heapt with heares of gold;
As Phæbus beames for beauty farre it staines:
A sugred tong where eke such swetnesse snowes,
That well it semes a fountain where it flowes.

Two laughing eyes so linked with pleasing lokes,
As would entice a tygers hart to serue;
The baite is swete, but eager be the hookes,
For Dyane sekes her honour to preserue:
Thus Arundell sits throned still with fame,
Whom enmies tromp cannot attaint with shame.

My dased head so daunted is with heapes
Of gifts divine that harber in her brest;
Her heauenly shape; that lo my verses leaps,
And touch but that wherin she clowdes the rest:
For if I should her graces all recite,
Both time should want, and I should wonders write.

Her chere so swete, so cristal is her eyes,
Her mouth so smal, her lips so liuely red,
Her hand so fine, her wordes so swete and wise,
That Pallas semes to soiourne in her hed:
Her vertues great her form as far excedes,
As sunne the shade that mortall creatures leades.

Would God that wretched age would spare to race
Her liuely hew, that as her graces rare
Be goddesse like, even so her goddesse face
Might neuer change, but still continue faire,
That eke in after time ech wight may see
How vertue can with beauty beare degree.

THE LOUER LAMENTETH THAT HE WOULD FORGEAT LOUE, AND CANNOT.

ALAS when shall I ioy?
When shall my wofull heart
Cast forth the folish toy
That bredeth all my smart?

A thousand times and mo
I have attempted sore
To rid this restlesse wo,
Which raigneth more and more.

But when remembrance past
Hath laid dead coals together,
Olde loue renewes his blast,
That cause my ioyes to wither:
Then sodainly a spark
Startes out of my desire,
And lepes into my hart,
Setting the coals a fire.

Then reason runnes about
To seke forgetful water
To quench and cleane put out
The cause of all this matter,
And saith, dede flesh must nedes
Be cut out of the core;
For rotten wither'd wedes
Can heale no greuous sore.

But then euen sodainly
The feruent heat doth slake,
And cold then straineth me,
That makes my bodie shake:
Alas, who can endure
To suffer al this paine,
Sins her that should me cure,
Most cruel death hath slaine.

Well, well, I say no more,
Let dead care for the dead;
Yet wo is me therfore,
I must attempt to leade
One other kynde of life
Then hitherto I haue,
Or els this paine and strife,
Will bring me to my graue.

SONGES WRITTEN BY N. G.[1] *OF THE NINE MUSES.*

Imps of kyng Jove, and queen Remembrance lo
The sisters nine, the poets pleasant feres.
Caliope doth stately stile bestow,
And worthy praises paintes of princely peres.

Clion in solem songes reneweth all day,
With present yeres conjoyning age bypast,
Delightful talke loues comical Thaley,
In fresh grene youth who doth lyke lawrel last.

With voyces tragicall soundes Melpomen
And as with cheynes thallured eare she byndes.
Her strinages when Terpsicor doth touch, euen then
She toucheth hartes, and raigneth in mens myndes:

Fine Erato, whose looke a liuely chere
Presents, in dancing kepes a comely grace.
With semely gesture doth Polymnie stere,
Whose wordes whole routes of rankes do rule in place.

Uranie her globes to view all bent,
The ninefold heauen obserues with fixed face;
The blastes Euterpe tunes of instrument, [chase.
With solace sweet, hence my heauy dumpes to

Lord Phebus, in the myds, (whose heauenly sprite
These ladyes doth inspire) embraceth all.
The graces in the muses weed, delite,
To lead them forth, that men in maze they fall.

MUSONIUS THE PHILOSOPHERS SAYING.

In working well, if travell you sustaine,
Into the winde shall lightly passe the paine;
But of the dede the glory shall remaine,
And cause your name with worthy wights to raigne.
In working wrong, if pleasure you attaine,
The pleasure soon shal vade, and voide as vaine:
But of the dede throughout the life the shame
Endures, defacing you with fowle defame;
And stil torments the minde both night and day;
Scant length of time the spot can wash away.
Flee then yl-suading pleasures, baites untrue,
And noble vertues faire renown pursue.

DESCRIPCION OF VERTUE.

What one art thou, thus in torne weed yclad?
Vertue, in price whom auncient sages had.
Why porely rayd? for fading goodes past care.
Why double faced? I marke ech fortunes fare.
This bridle what? Mindes rages to restraine.
Tooles why beare you? I love to take great payne.
Why winges? I teach aboue the starres to flye.
Why tread you death? I onely cannot dye.

PRAISE OF MEASURE-KEPING.

The auncient time commended not for nought
The mean: what better thinge can there be sought?
In meane is virtue placed; on either side,
Both right and left, amisse a man shall slide.
Icar, with Sire hadst thou the midway flown,
Icarian beck by name had no man known.
If middle path kept had proud Phaeton
No burning brand this earth had falne upon:
Ne cruel power, ne none too soft can raigne;
That kepes a meane, the same shall stil remaine.
Thee Julie once did too much mercy spill;
Thee Nero stern, rigor extreme did kill.
How coulde August so many yeres well passe?
Nor overmeke nor overfierce he was:
Worship not Joue with curious fancies vain,
Nor him despise; hold right atwene these twain.
No wastfull wight, no gredy groom is praizd,
Stand largesse just in egall ballance paizd.
So Catoes meal surmountes Antonius chere,
And better fame his sober fare hath here.
Too slender building bad, as bad too grosse;
One an eye sore, the tother falles to losse.
As medcines helpe in measure, so (God wot)
By overmuch the sicke their bane have got.
Unmete me semes to utter this mo waies;
Measure forbids unmeasurable praise.

MANS LIFE, AFTER POSSIDONIUS OR CRATES.

What path list you to tread? what trade will you assay?
The courts of plea by braule and bate drive gentle peace away.

[1] Nic. Grimoald.

In house, for wife and child, there is but eark and care,
With trauel and with toyl ynough in fields we use to fare.
Upon the seas lieth dread; the riche in foreign land [sers porely stand,
Doo feare the losse: and there the poore like my-
Strife with a wife; without your thrift full harde to see: [to be.
Yong brats a troble, none at all, a mayme it semes
Youth fonde, age hath no hart, and pincheth all to nie; [to die.
Choose then the leefer of these two, no life, or soon

METRODORIUS MINDE TO THE CONTRARIE.

WHAT race of lyfe ronn you? what trade will you assay? [day.
In courts is glory got, and witt increased day by
At home we take our ease, and beak our selves in rest:
The fieldes our nature do refresh with pleasures of the best.
On seas is gain to get; the straunger he shall be
Estemed, having much, if not, none knoweth his lack but he.
A wife will trim thy house; no wyfe then art thou free. [to thee.
Brood is a loucly thing: without, thy lyfe is loose
Young bloodes be strong; olde syres in double honour dwel: [all is well.
Do way the choyse, "No lyfe or soon to dye," for

OF FRENDSHIP.

OF all the heauenly gifts that mortal men commend, [a friende?
What trusty treasure in the world can counteruaile
Our helth is soon decayed; goodes easual, light, and vain;
Broke have wee sene the force of powre, and honour suffer stain.
In bodies lust man doth resemble but base brute,
True vertue gets and kepes a frende: good guyde of our pursute; [ease:
Whose harty zeale with ours accords in euery
No terme of time, no space of place, no storme can it deface.
When fickle fortune failes, this knot endureth still.
Thy kin out of their kind may swerve, when frendes owe thee good will:
What sweter solace shall befall, then one to finde,
Upon whose brest thou mayst repose the secrets of thy minde?
He waileth at thy wo; his teares with thine be shed;
With thee doth he all ioys inioy, so lefe a lyfe is led.
Behold thy frende, and of thy selfe the paterne see,
One soul a wonder shall it seeme in bodies twaine to be; [sound,
In absence present; rych in want; in sicknesse
Yea after death aliue maist thou by thy sure frende be found.
Eche house, eche towne, eche realme by stedfast loue doth stande;
Where fowle debate bredes bitter bale in eche diuided lande,
O frendship, flowr of flowers, O liuely sprite of lyfe, [stanch of strife:
O sacred bond of blissful peace, the stalworth
Scipio with Lelius didst thou conjoyn in care;
At home, in warres, for weale and wo, with eqall faith to fare.
Gesippus eke with Tite, Damon with Pythias;
And with Menethus sonne Achill by thee combined was:
Euryalus and Nisus gaue Virgil cause to sing:
Of Pylades doo many rimes and of Orestes ring.
Downe Theseus went to hell, Pirith his frend to finde; [mates so kynd.
O that the wiues in these our daies wer to their
Cicero the frendly man, to Atticus, his frende,
Of frendship wrote, such couples lo, doth lot but seldom send. [there see,
Recount thy race now ronne, how few shalt thou
Of whom to say, This same is he that neuer failed mee?
So rare a jewell then must nedes be holden dere:
And as thou wilt esteme thy selfe, so take thy chosen fere.
The tirant in dispaire no lacke of gold bewayls,
But out, I am undone (saith he) for all my frendships failes: [kinde,
Wherfore sins nothing is more kyndly for our
Next wisdome thus that teacheth us, love wee the frendfull minde.

THE DEATH OF ZOROAS, AN EGIPTIAN ASTRONOMER, IN THE FIRST FIGHT THAT ALEXANDER HAD WITH THE PERSIANS.

NOw clattering armes, now raging broyls of warre,
Gan passe the noyes of dredfull trompetts clang,
Shrowded with shafts the heauen; with cloude of darts
Covered the ayre. Against full fatted bulls
As foreeth kyndled yre the lyons keen;
Whose greedy gutts the gnawing honger pricks:
So Macedons against the Persians fare.
Nor corpses hyde the purpurde soyle with blood;
Large slaughter on eche side; but Perses more:
Moyst fieldes bebled, theyr hartes and numbers bate;
Fainted while they geue backe, and fall to flighte.
The lightening Macedon by swordes, by gleaves,
By bands and troupes of fotemen, with his garde,
Speedes to Darie, but hym his nerest kyn,
Oxate preserues, with horsemen on a plump
Before his carr, that none the charge should geve:
Here grunts, here groans, echewhere strong youth is spent:
Shaking her bloudy hands, Bellone, among
The Perses soweth all kind of cruel death.
With throte yent he roores; he lyeth along,
His entrailes with a launce through girded quite,
Hym smites the club: him woundes farre stryking bow:
And him the sling; and him the shining swoord;
He dieth, he is all dead, he pantes, he restes.
Right ouer stood, in snow white armor braue,
The Memphite Zoroas, a cunning clarke,
To whom the heauen lay open, as his boke;
And in celestiall bodies he could tell
The mouing, meting, light, aspect, eclips,

And influence, and constellacions all;
What earthly chances would betide; what yere
Of plenty storde, what signe forewarned derth,
How winter gendreth snow; what temperature
In the primetyde doth season well the soyl;
Why somer burnes; why autumne hath ripe grapes,
Whither the circle quadrate may become,
Whether our tunes heauens harmony can yelde,
Of four biggins among themselues howe great
Proporcion is; what sway the erring lightes
Doth send in course, gayne that fyrst mouing heauen;
What grees one from another distant be,
What starr doth lett the hurtfull Sire to rage,
Or him more mylde what opposition makes,
What fyre doth qualifye Mauorses fyre,
What house eche one doth seke, what planett raignes
Within this hemis sphere, or that small things
I speake, whole heauen he closeth in his brest.
This sage then in the starres had spyed the fates
Threatned him death without delay; and, sithe
He saw he could not fatall order change,
Foreward he prest in battaile, that he might
Mete with the rulers of the Macedoins;
Of his right hand desirous to be slaine,
The boldest beurne, and worthiest in the feilde;
And as a wight, now wery of his lyfe,
And seking death; in fyrst front of his rage,
Comes desperately to Alexanders face;
At him with darts one after other throwes;
With reckles words and clamour him prouokes,
And sayth, Nectanabs bastard, shamefull stayne
Of mothers bed, why losest thou thy strokes
Cowardes among? Turne thee to me, in case
Manhod there be so much left in thy hart:
Come fight with me, that on my helmet weare
Apolloes laurell both for learnings laude,
And eke for martiall praise; that in my shield
The seuen fold sophie of Minerue contein,
A match more mete, syr king, then any here.
The noble prince amoued takes ruthe upon
The wilfull wight, and with soft wordes ayen,
O monstrous man (quoth he) what so thou art,
I pray thee liue, ne do not with thy death
This lodge of lore, the Muses mansion marre;
That treasure house this hand shall neuer spoyle,
My sword shall neuer bruse that skilfull brayne,
Long gather'd heapes of science sone to spill;
O how fayre frutes may you to mortall men
From wisdoms garden geve?—How many may
By you the wiser and the better proue?
What error, what mad moode, what frenzy thee,
Perswades to be downe sent to depe Averne,
Where no artes flourish, nor no knowledge vailes
For all these sawes? When thus the souereign said,
Alighted Zoroas, with sword unsheathed,
The careless king there smote above the greue,
At th'opening of his quishes wounded him,
So that the blood down rayled on the ground:
The Macedon perceiuing hurt, gan gnash,
But yet his mynde he bent, in any wise
Him to forbear: sett spurrs unto his stede,
And turnde away, lest anger of his smarte
Should cause reuenger hand deale balefull blowes.
But of the Macedonian chieftaines knights,
One Meleager could not beare this sight,
But ran upon the said Egyptian reuk,
And cut him in both knees: He fell to ground
Wherewith a whole rout came of souldieurs sterne,
And all in pieces hewed the sely seg.
But happily the soule fled to the starres,
Where, under him, he hath full sight of all,
Wherat he gased here with reaching looke.
The Persians wailde such sapience to forgo,
The very fone, the Macedonians, wisht
He would haue liued: king Alexander self
Deemde him a man vnmete to dye at all;
Who won like praise for conquest of his yre,
As for stout men in field that day subdued:
Who princes taught how to discerne a man,
That in his hed so rare a jewel beares.
But oues all those same Camenes, those same,
Deuine Camenes, whose honour he procurde,
As tender parent doth hys daughters weale,
Lamented, and for thankes, all that they ean,
Do cherish him deceast, and set him free,
From dark obliuion of deuouring death.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICEROE'S DEATH.

THERFORE, when restless rage of wynde and waue,
He saw: By fates, alas, ealde for, (quod he)
Is hapless Cicero; sayle on, shape course
To the next shore, and bring me to my death.
Perdy these thankes, reskued from ciuill sword,
Wilt thou my country pay? I see myne end:
So powers diuine so bid the gods aboue,
In citie saued that consul Marcus shend.
Speaking no more, but drawing from depe hart
Great grones, euen at the name of Rome rehearst;
His eies and chekes with showres of teares he washt;
And (though a route in daily daungers worne)
With forced face the shipmen held their teares;
And strivyng long the seas rough flood to passe,
In angry windes and stormy showres made way.
And at the last safe anered in the rode.
Came heauy Cicero a land; with pain,
His fainted lyms the aged sire doth draw,
And round about their master stood his band,
Nor greatly with their own hard hap dismayd,
Nor plighted faith proue in sharpe time to breake.
Some swordes prepare; some theyr dere lord assist:
In littour laid, they lead him unkouth wayes.
If so deceave Antonius cruell gleaues,
They might, and threats of following routs escape:
Thus lo, that Tullie went, that Tullius,
Of royal robe and sacred senate prince.
When he a far the men approche espieth;
And of his fone the ensignes doth acknowe,
And with drawn swords Popilius threatning death;
Whose life and hole estate, in hazard once
He had preserude, when Rome, as yet too free,
Herd him, and at his thundring voice amazde:
Herennius eke, more eyger than the rest,
Present, enflamde with furie, him pursues.
What might he do? Should he use in defence
Dysarmed handes, or pardon ask for mede?
Should he with wordes attempt to turne the wrath
Of th' armed knight, whose safeguard he had wrought?
No; age forbids, and fixt within depe brest
His countreys loue, and falling Romes ymage;
The charret turn, sayth he, let loose the raines,
Ronn to the undeserved death; me, lo,

Hath Phebus fowle, as messenger forewarnde,
And Jove desires a new heauens man to make.
Brutus and Cassius souls, liue you in blisse?
In case yet all the fates gainstriue us not,
Neither shall wee, perchaunce, dye unreuenged.
Now haue I liued, O Rome! ynough for me;
My passed life nought suffereth me to dout
Noysome obliuion of the lothsome death.
Slea me: yet all the offspring to come shall know,
And this deceas shall bring eternal life;
Yea, and (unlesse I fayle, and all in vaine:
Rome, I somtime thy augur chosen was)
Not euermore shall frendly fortune thee
Favour, Antonius: once the day shall come,
When her dear wights, by cruel spight thus slaine,
Victorious Rome shall at thy hands require:
Me likes therwhile, go se the hoped heauen.
Speche had he left, and therwith, he, good man,
His throte prepard, and held his hed unmov'd.
His hasting to those fates the very knightes
Be loth to see, and rage rebated, when
They his bare necke beheld, and his hoare heares;
Scant could they hold the teares that furth gan burst,
And almost fell from bloody hands the swordes;
Only the sterne Herennius, with grym looke,
Dastards, why stand you still? he sayeth: and straight
Swaps of the hed with his presumptuous yron.
Ne with that slaughter yet he is not filde:
Fowl shame on shame to heape, is his delite,
Wherefore the handes also doth he off smyte,
Which durst Antonius life so liuely paint.
Him yelding strained ghost, from welkin hie,
Whith lothy chere lord Phebus gan behold,
And in black clowd, they say, long hid his hed.
The Latine muses and the graces they wept,
And for his fall eternally shall wepe:
And lo, hert percing Pitho, (strange to tell)
Who had to him suffisde both sense and wordes.
When so he spake; and drest with Nectar soote
That flowing tong, when his swand pipe disclosde,
Fled with her fleing frend, and (out alas)
Hath left ther earth, ne will no more returne:
Popilius flieth therwhile, and leauing there
The senseless stock, a griezely sight doth beare,
Unto Antonius boord, with mischief fed.

OF M. T. CICERO.

For Tullie late a tomb I gan prepare,
When Cynthie, thus, bad me my labour spare:
Such maner thinges become the dead, quoth hee,
But Tully liues, and still aliue shall bee.

N. G.

THE.

POEMS

OF

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

THE

LIFE OF GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE life of this ingenious poet has long been involved in obscurity. Most of his biographers have either not seen his works, or have not read them with attention, and the rarity of all the editions for many years past has prevented curious inquirers from an opportunity of resolving their doubts. Anthony Wood's life of Gascoigne is, upon the whole, more free from errors than might have been expected in a biographer who was wont to undervalue the sons of the Muses. Bishop Tanner's and Dr. Berkenhout's accounts are abridged from Wood, but a very judicious sketch may be seen in the first volume of the Censura Literaria, and in addition to that, and other notices scattered over the same useful publication, I am now enabled to avail myself of a manuscript life written by the late Richard Gough, Esq. for the Biographia Britannica, and, what probably may be considered as of more importance, of a pamphlet of uncommon rarity, which has lately been brought to light, after a concealment of nearly a century.

Bishop Tanner is the first who notices this pamphlet, under the title of "A Remembrance of the well employed life, and godly end of George Gascoigne, Esq. who deceased at Stamford in Lincolnshire, 7th October 1577, reported by George Whetstone." But it is very extraordinary that the learned prelate should inform us of this pamphlet being in his possession, and at the same time express his doubt, "*Vita an nostri an alius Geo. Gascoignii?*" when a very slight inspection must have convinced him that it could be no other, and that, in its principal facts, it agreed with the account he had just transcribed from Wood. Since the antiquities of poetry have become a favourite study, many painful inquiries have been made after this tract, but it could not be found in Tanner's library, which forms part of the Bodleian, or in any other collection, private or public, and doubts were entertained[1] whether such a pamphlet had ever existed.

[1] This ought not to have been the case, as Herbert mentions that Aggas had a licence to print it, which I find, by the books of the Stationers' Company, was granted on the fifteenth of November 1577. *C.*

About three years ago, however, it was discovered in the collection of a deceased gentleman, a Mr. Voight of the Custom-house, London, and was purchased at his sale by Mr. Malone. It consists of about thirteen pages small quarto, black letter, and contains, certainly not much *life*, but some particulars unknown to his biographers, which are now incorporated in the following sketch, and a transcript of the whole is subjoined.

George Gascoigne was born of an ancient and honourable family in Essex, and was son and heir of sir John Gascoigne, who, for some reason not assigned in Whetstone's account, chose to disinherit him. Previously to this harsh step, he had been privately educated under a clergyman of the name of Nevinson, perhaps Stephen Nevinson, L.L.D. prebendary and commissary of the city and diocese of Canterbury. After this he was removed either to Oxford or Cambridge. Wood says, he "had his education in both the universities, though chiefly, as he conceives, in Cambridge;" but Gascoigne himself, in his Steele-Glasse, informs us that he was a member of the university of Cambridge, without mentioning Oxford. His progress at Cambridge is unknown; but he removed from it to Gray's Inn, for the purpose of studying the law. It is probable that in both places he wrote a considerable number of his poems, those of the amatory kind particularly, as he seems to include them among his youthful follies.

Wood now informs us, that Gascoigne, "having a rambling and unfixed head, left Gray's Inn, went to various cities in Holland, and became a soldier of note, which he afterwards professed as much, or more, as learning, and therefore made him take this motto, *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*. From thence he went to France to visit the fashions of the royal court there, where he fell in love with a Scottish dame." In this there is a mixture of truth and error. The story of the Scottish dame has no better foundation than some lines in his Herbes, written probably in an assumed character. His being in France is yet more doubtful, and perhaps the following is nearly the fact. While at Gray's Inn he incurred the expences of a fashionable and courtly life, and was obliged to sell his patrimony, whatever that might be; and it would appear that his father, dissatisfied with his extravagance, refused him any farther assistance, and, probably about this time, disinherited him.

Without blaming his father, unless by calling his disinheritance "a froward deed," he now resolved to assume the airs of independence, in hopes that his courtly friends would render him in reality independent; but he soon found, what is no uncommon case, that their favours were not to be obtained without solicitations incompatible with a proud spirit. A more honourable resource then presented itself. William, prince of Orange, was at this time endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the tyranny of the Spanish monarch, and Gascoigne, prompted by the hope of gaining laurels in a field dignified by patriotic bravery, embarked on the 19th of March 1572, for Holland. The vessel being under the guidance of a drunken Dutch pilot was run aground, and twenty of the crew who had taken to the long boat were drowned. Gascoigne, however, and his friends, remained at the pumps, and being enabled again to put to sea, landed safe in Holland. The drunkenness of the pilot he never forgot:

"Wel plaste at length, among the drunken Dutch."

Having obtained a captain's commission under the prince of Orange, he "acquired

considerable military reputation; but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel retarded his career. Conscious of his deserts, he repaired immediately to Delf, resolved to resign his commission to the hands from which he received it; the prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between his officers.

"While this negociation was mediating, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life. A lady at the Hague (then in the possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait in her hands (his "counterfayt," as he calls it), and resolving to part with it to himself alone, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp; from this paper they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty; but upon its reaching his hands, Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, laid it immediately before the prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports for visiting the lady at the Hague; the burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "the Green Knight." Although disgusted with the ingratitude of those on whose side he fought, Gascoigne still retained his commission, till the prince coming personally to the siege of Middleburg, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, when the prince rewarded him with 300 guilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion. He was, however, surprised soon after by 3000 Spaniards when commanding, under captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden. The jealousy of the Dutch was then openly displayed by their refusing to open their gates; our military bard with his band were in consequence made captives. At the expiration of twelve days his men were released, and the officers, after an imprisonment of four months, were sent back to England."

These particulars, so accurately gleaned from his works by the intelligent correspondent of the Censura Literaria[2], are confirmed in some measure by the information he gave to Whetstone. In this he adverts to his heroic spirit in volunteering his services for the Dutch, appeals to "his slender gaine," as a proof what little share avarice had in his conduct, and insinuates that after he

"Cacht by sly hap, in prison vile was popt,"

his life would have been in danger, had he not exerted his utmost eloquence with his foe, which, we are told, he was enabled to do by his familiarity with the Latin, Italian, French, and Dutch languages[3].

On his return to England, he resided partly in Gray's Inn, and partly at Walthamstowe. In his Flowers he informs us, that he had, in the midst of his youth, determined to abandon all vain delights, and to return to Gray's Inn, there to undertake *again* the study of the common law; and that at the request of five gentlemen of the Inn, namely, Francis and Anthony Kinwelmersh, Messrs. Vaughan, Nevile, and Courtop, he wrote what he calls his Memories. These tasks, however, may have been per-

[2] Vol. I. p. 109. &c. *C.*

[3] In the dedication of the Hermit's Tale to queen Elizabeth, hereafter mentioned, he says, "Such Italian as I have learned in London, and such Latin as I forgot at Cambridge, such French as I borrowed in Holland, and such English as I stole in Westmoreland, even such and no better have I here poured before you." From this last expression, the writer of his life in the Censura thinks he may have been a native of Westmoreland. *C.*

formed at an earlier period of life, if it can be proved that he left the Inn twice before this time; but his general design now was to trust to his wit, and to "ope the windows of his Muse;" in other words, to publish his early poems, and those other works, written in his more serious moments, that were intended to counteract the licentious tendency of his amatory verses. As a general apology for the latter, he asserts that they "do showe

"The woes of love, but not the wayes to love."

In the summer of 1575, he accompanied queen Elizabeth in one of her stately progresses, and wrote for her amusement, in the month of July, a kind of mask, entitled The Princely Pleasures of Kenelworth Castle[4]. Some of the verses were not only written, but spoke by him on this occasion; but the whole of the entertainment, owing to the unfavourable weather, was not performed. This piece was first printed in the posthumous edition of his works.

On his return from this progress, his principal residence, while preparing his works, was at Walthamstowe. Here, it appears by Whetstone's account, he wrote The Steele Glasse, The Glass of Government, The Delicate Diet, a Book of Hunting[5], and the Doom's Day Drum, which last was not published until after his death. He left other pieces behind him, some of which were afterwards printed in various collections, but without his name.

Although he enjoyed the esteem of many of his poetical contemporaries, and the patronage of lord Grey of Wilton, the earl of Bedford, sir Walter Rawleigh, and other persons of distinction, yet during this period he complains bitterly of what poets in all ages have felt, the envy of rivals and the malevolence of critics, and seems to intimate that, although he apparently bore this treatment with patience, yet it insensibly wore him out, and brought on a bodily distemper which his physicians could not cure. In all his publications, he takes every opportunity to introduce and bewail the errors of his youth, and to atone for any injury, real or supposed, which might have accrued to the public from a perusal of his early poems, in which, however, the proportion of indelicate thoughts is surely not very great.

His biographers, following the Oxford historian, have hitherto placed his demise at Walthamstowe in the year 1578; but Whetstone, on whom we can more certainly rely, informs us that he died at Stamford in Lincolnshire, Oct. 7, 1577. He had perhaps taken a journey to this place for change of air, accompanied by his friend Whetstone, who was with him when he died, so calmly that the moment of his departure was not perceived. He left a wife and son behind him, whom he recommended to the liberality of the queen, whether successfully, or what became of them, cannot now be known. The registers of Stamford and of Walthamstowe have been examined without success[6].

Although his age is not mentioned by any of his biographers, yet from various expressions in his works, it may be conjectured that it did not exceed forty years, and

4 See many curious particulars of this entertainment in Nichols' Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, vol. I. *C.*

5 This is not known. He has commendatory verses before Turbervile's Art of Venerie. *C.*

6 By the author of his life in the Censura Literaria. *C.*

even a much shorter period might be fixed upon with great probability. His stay at Cambridge was perhaps not long; in 1566[7], when his comedy of the Supposes was acted at Gray's Inn, he was denominated *one of the students*. In one of his prefaces, he calls himself of middle age; his exploits in the army are consistent with the prime of life; and it is certain that he did not survive these above five years.

As the editions of Gascoigne's works are all extremely scarce, and often imperfect, it may be necessary to give a more particular account of them than has yet been published.

The first, and by far the most rare edition of Gascoigne's works, is a quarto volume printed in 1572, and entitled "A Hundreth sundrie Flowres bounde vp in one small Poesie. Gathered partely (by translation) in the fyne outlandish Gardins of Euripides, Ouid, Petrarke, Ariosto, and others: and partly by inuention, out of our owne fruitefull Orchardes in Englande: Yelding sundrie sweete sauors of Tragical, Comical, and Morall Discourses, bothe pleasaunt, and profitable to the well smellyng noses of learned Readers. Meritum petere, graue. At London, Imprinted for Richarde Smith."

This volume contains, "First an excellente and pleasante Comedie entituled Supposes. The second, the wofull tragedie of Jocasta, conteining the vtter subuersion of Thebes. Thirdly, a pleasant discourse of the aduentures of master F. J. conteyning excellent letters, sonets, Lays, Ballets, Rondlets, Verlays and verses. Fourthly, diuers excellent deuises of sundry Gentlemen. Fifthly, certayne deuises of master Gascoyne, conteyning his anothamie, his arrignement, his prayse of mistresse Bridges now Lady Sands, then his praise of Zouche late the lady Grey of Wilton. Gascoyne his passion; libell of diuorce; praise of his mistresse; Lullabie; Recantation; five notable deuises upon fiue sundry theames giuen to him by fiue sundry Gentlemen in fiue sundry meeters; gloze vpon *Dominus iis opus habet;* good morrowe; good night; counsell to Douglas Diue; counsell to Bartholomew Wythipole; Epitaph vpon Captaine Bourcher lately slayne in Zelande, called the tale of the stone; deuise of a maske; wodmanship; gardening; last voyage into Holland in Marche; Lastly the dolorous discourse of Dan Bartholomew of Bathe, wherin is conteyned his triumphes, his discourse of loue, his extreme passion, his libell of request to Care, his last will and testament, his farewel; Last of all the reporter[8]."

Of this very rare edition, only two perfect copies are known, one which was in Mr. Steevens's collection, and a second in Emanuel college library, placed there probably by Dr. Farmer; a third, now before the editor, is the property of Thomas Hill, esq. and was completed by manuscript from Dr. Farmer's copy. Mr. Steevens's account of it was, that it differed very materially from its successor in 1587, and contained several pieces not to be found in it: it was, in short, an *unchastised* work, published, as it should seem, without the formal consent of Gascoigne, though not perhaps without his connivance. The pages in all the copies extant break off abruptly at 164, and recommence at 201.

[7] It appears from the records of Gray's Inn, that in 1565 George Gascoigne being called an Ancient, paid his fines for the vacations past, to complete the number of nine vacations required by the statutes of the society. If this was the poet, which is very probable, his pursuit of his studies must, at this time, have been serious. See Malcolm's Lond. Rediv. vol. II. p. 246.

[8] Ariosto allegorized, a short piece, not very delicate, is the only omission I can discover in the subsequent editions. *C.*

It appears, however, from his "Epistle to the Reverend Divines," prefixed to the edition of 1575, that he made a present of the pieces in this volume to his publisher, and was not unwilling the same should be imprinted for various reasons which the reader may peruse in that epistle. As to the interruption in the paging, although it seems to indicate the cancelling of some part, yet the matter and number of the page accords with the table of contents and the list of the errata, which runs from folio 163 to 206: Mr. Herbert's supposition that different printers were employed, will not account for so large an omission.

The second edition is entitled "The Posies of George Gascoigne Esquire. Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Authour, 1575. *Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.* Imprinted at London by H. Bynneman for Richard Smith." This begins with a dedication to the reverend divines, in defence of his former publication. An address to young gentlemen, and an advertisement to the readers generally; and contains, after many commendatory verses, "FLOWERS, viz. The Anotamie of a Louer; the arraignemente of a Louer; the passions of a Louer; the diuorce of a Louer; the Lullabie of a Louer; the lamentation of a Louer; the lookes of a Louer enamored; the lookes of a Louer forsaken; the recantation of a Louer; praise of lady Sands; praise of lady Grey; praise of the author's mistresse; Gascoigns good morrowe—good night—*De Profundis*—memories—an Epitaph upon Captaine Bourcher; a deuise of a Maske; the refusall of a Louer; pryde in Court; Despised things may liue; in trust is treason; the constancie of a Louer; the frute of Foes; a Louer once warned and twice taken; a Louer encoraged by former examples; the Historie of Dan Bartholomewe of Bathe; the frutes of Warre. HEARBES, containing The Comedy called Supposes; The Tragedie called Jocasta; the fruite of Reconciliation; the force of true Frendship; the force of loue in strangers; the praise of browne beautie; the Partrich and the Merlyn; the vertue of Ver; the complainte of a Dame in absence; the praise of a Countesse; the affection of a louer; the complaint of a Dame suspected; a riddle; the shield of Loue; the gloze upon *Dominus iis opus habet;* Gascoignes counsel to Diue—counsel to Wythipole—wodmanship—gardenings—journey into Hollande. WEEDES, containing, The fruite of Fetters; the complaynt of the green Knight; the farewel to Fansie; the fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi and Leonora de Velasco; the praise of a Gentlewoman neither fair nor wel favoured; the praise of Phillip Sparrowe; Farewel with a mischief; the doale of disdaine; Mars in despite of Vulcane; Patience perforce; a letter for a yong louer; Dauid saluteth Bersabe; Sone acquainted, sone forgotten;" and an article not noticed in the table of contents, entitled "Certayne notes of Instruction concerning the making of verse or ryme in English, written at the request of Master Edouardo Donati." In this edition the pages of the Flowers run from 1 to 149, and Hearbes from 1 to 290. The Certayne Notes of Instruction which conclude the volume are not paged.

In this edition, it is more material to notice that F. I. or Freeman Jones, is altered to Ferdinando Jeronimi; Elinor to Leonora de Velasco, Fraunces into Francischini; and the signatured initials of G. T. &c. are wholly omitted.

These are the only editions of Gascoigne's poetry collected in his life-time, although Herbert, p. 1077, notices an edition printed in 1575, for Christopher Barker.

His separate publications appeared in the years 1575 and 1576. The first was "The Glasse of Gouernement. A Tragical Comedie so entituled, bycause therein are handled aswell the rewardes for Vertues, as also the punishment for Vices. Done by George

Gascoigne Esquire, 1575. Blessed are they that feare the Lorde, their children shalbe as the branches of Oliue trees rounde about their table. Seen and allowed, according to the order appointed in the Queenes majesties iniunctions. Imprinted at London for C. Barker." According to Herbert, there was a second edition of this piece in the same year. The dedication noticed, by Herbert, in these editions, to sir Owen Upton, is wanting in the copy now before me.

The Steele Glas was published in 1576, "A Satyre compiled by George Gascoigne Esquire, togither with The Complaint of Phylomene. An Elegie deuised by the same Author. *Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.* Printed for Richard Smith." In the title is an ornamental wooden cut, representing Time drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, OCCULTA VERITAS TEMPORE PATET. Dr. Percy, in whose Reliques, Book III. Vol. 2. this device is copied, with some variations, observes that "it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this, or some other title page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery (Le Tems decouvre La Verite), and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution." On the back of the title is Gascoigne's portrait in armour, ruff, large beard; on his right hand a musket and bandaleers; on his left, books, &c. and underneath his motto *Tam Marti,* &c. This edition of the Steele Glas is extremely rare, and with the portrait, yet more rare.

In the same year he published "A Delicate Diet for daintie mouthde Drounkards: wherein the fowle abuse of common carowsing and quaffling with heartie draughtes is honestly admonished." Imprinted Aug. 22, 1576, on three sheets, octavo. This prose tract was lately republished by Mr. Waldron, in his Literary Museum, from a copy, the only one known, in the possession of Mr. Steevens. The Dedication to "the Right Worshipfull his singuler good friend Lewes Dyve of Broomcham, in the Countie of Bedforde, Esquyer" is dated Aug. 10, 1576: it is partly a translation from St. Augustine, and partly compiled from other authors, with a view to prove the proposition, that "all droonkardes are beastes."

The Hermits tale, at Woodstock, 1575, is printed in Mr. Nichols's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, from a manuscript in the British Museum. Mr. Andrews, in his Continuation of Dr. Henry's history, has the following note; "The poet Gascoigne, as he draws his own picture, presenting his book to Elizabeth, has a pen for an ear ornament, and thus he sings,

> "Beholde, good queene, a poett with a speare,
> (Straunge sightes well mark'd are understode the better)
> A soldier armde with pensyle in his eare,
> With pen to fighte, and sworde to write a letter.
>
> Frontispiece to Gascoigne's Translation of "The Heremyte."

Some verses of Gascoigne's are prefixed to Cardanus comforte, 1576; Hollyband's "French Littleton;" Sir Humphrey Gilbert's "Discourse of a Discoverie of a new Passage to Catheia," and probably to other works of contemporaries.

The only posthumous work of our author, published in 1586, is entitled "The Droome of Doomes Day. Wherein the frailties and miseries of mans life are lively portrayed and learnedly set forth. Deuided as appeareth in the Page next following.

Translated and collected by George Gascoigne Esquyre. *Tam Marti quam Mercurio.* At London, Imprinted by John Windet, for Gabriel Cawood: dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Holy Ghost, 1586." The division "on the Page next following," or back of the title, will give the reader an outline of this work. "This work is deuided into three partes, the first whereof is entituled, *The View of worldly Vanities*, Exhorting us to contempne, all pompes, pleasures, delights and vanities of this life. And the second part is named, *The shame of sinne*, Displaying and laying open the huge greatnesse and enormities of the same, by sundrie good examples and comparisons. And the third part is called, The *Needels Eye*, Wherein wee are taught the right rules of a true Christian life, and the straight passage vnto euerlasting felicitie. Hereunto is added a priuate Letter, the which doth teach remedies against the bitternesse of Death." In the dedication to his patron the earl of Bedford, we are informed that this work is principally a translation from an old volume he found in his library; which wanting the beginning and end, he could not ascertain the author's name; that he was prompted to translate, arrange and publish the same, partly to atone for mispent time, and partly in consequence of the suggestion of a friend, who, after allowing his poetry its full merit, said "hee woulde like the gardiner much better if he would employ his spade in no worse ground, then either diuinitie or moral philosophie." The dedication is dated "From my lodging where I finished this trauaile in weake plight for health as your good Lordshippe well knoweth this 2 of Maye, 1576." The private letter at the end of the work, teaching remedies against the fear of death, is said to have been written by J. P. to his familiar friende G. P.

In 1587, the third, and most complete edition of his works was published, under the title of "The whole woorkes of George Gascoigne Esquire: Newlye compyled into one Volume, That is to say: His Flowers, Hearbes, Weedes, the Fruites of warre, the Comedie called Supposes, the Tragedie of Jocasta, the Steele Glasse, the complaint of Phylomene, the Storie of Ferdinando Jeronimi, and the pleasure at Kenelworth Castle. London, Imprinted by Abell Jeffes, dwelling in the Fore Streete, without Creeplegate, neere unto Grubstreete," small quarto, b. l. This is an uniform edition of the pieces mentioned, and may be reckoned the best, except that the errors pointed out in the former editions are not corrected in this.

The testimonies to Gascoigne's merit by his contemporaries are so numerous, that we are at a loss to know who those enemies were, and what their numbers and force, which gave Gascoigne that uneasiness of which he complains with all the bitterness of wounded sensibility. Besides the eulogies prefixed to his works, he is celebrated by Gabriel Hervey as one of the English poets who have written in praise of women.

> Chaucerusque adsit. Surreuis et inclytus adsit
> Gascoignoque aliquis sit, mea Corda locus[9].

Arthur Hall, in the dedication prefixed to his Translation of Ten Books of Homer, compliments "the pretie pythie Conceits of M. George Gascoygne." Thomas Nash, in his Address to Gentlemen Students, prefixed to Green's Arcadia, says, "Who euer my priuate opinion condemneth as faultie, Maister Gascoigne is not to be abridged of his deserued esteeme, who first beate the path to that perfection which our best poets

[9] Gratulationes Valdinenses, Edit. Binneman, 1578, 4to. Lib. IV. p. 22. *C.*

haue aspired to since his departure, whereto hee did ascend, by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully did Græca cum Latinis."

This testimony, it is observed by a writer in the Censura Literaria, will be sufficient to obviate Mr. Park's suspicion that Nash intended to satirize Gascoigne in his Pierce Pennilesse, as "the greasy son of a clothier." On examining the passage in Nash whence this suspicion seems to arise, I find that the principal ground is the quotation of Gascoigne's motto *Tam Marti quam Mercurio.* No other particular stated can apply to Gascoigne, if the account we have been able to furnish be accurate; but as to the motto, it is well known that after Gascoigne's death it was used by, or appropriated to his old friend sir Walter Raleigh, who might, and perhaps with as little reason, be the object of Nash's coarse abuse.

Webbe, in his discourse of English Poetrie, 1586, mentions Gascoigné "as painful a soldier in the affairs of his prince and country as he was a witty poet in his writing;" and Puttenham gives the prize to him for "a good meter and for a plentifull vayne." Bolton only, in his Hypercritica, contents himself with the sparing notice that "among the lesser poets, George Gascoigne's works may be endured."

If we consider the general merit of the poets in the early part of the Elizabethan period, it will probably appear that the extreme rarity of Gascoigne's works has been the chief cause of his being so much neglected by modern readers. In smoothness and harmony of versification he yields to no poet of his own time, when these qualities were very common; but his higher merit is, that in every thing he discovers the powers and invention of a poet, a warmth of sentiment tender and natural, and a fertility of fancy, although not always free from the conceits of the Italian school. As a satirist, if nothing remained but his Steele Glass, he may be reckoned one of the first. There is a vein of sly sarcasm in this piece, which appears to me to be original; and his intimate knowledge of mankind, acquired indeed at the expence probably of health and certainly of comfort and independence, enabled him to give a more curious picture of the dress, manners, amusements, and follies of the times than we meet with in almost any other author.

To point out the individual beauties of his miscellaneous pieces, after the specimens exhibited by Mrs. Cooper, Messrs. Percy, Warton, Headley, and Ellis, would be unnecessary; but there are three respects in which his claims to originality require to be noticed as æras in a history of poetry. His Steele Glass is among the first specimens of blank verse in our language; his Jocasta is the second theatrical piece written in that measure; and his Supposes is the first comedy written in prose. In his Jocasta, which is partly paraphrased and partly abridged from the Phoenissæ of Euripides, he was assisted by his fellow-student of Gray's Inn, Francis Kinwelmersh, who translated the first and fourth acts. Mr. Warton, who has given an account of this play, in the third volume of the History of Poetry, remarks that "so sudden were the changes or the refinements of our language, that in the second edition of this play, printed again with Gascoigne's poems in 1587, it was thought necessary to affix marginal explanations of many words, not long before in common use, but now become obsolete and unintelligible." These obsolete words, however, were explained in the *second* edition of our author's works, printed in 1575, which Mr. Warton had probably not seen.

Shakspeare's obligations to the Supposes have been stated by Mr. Warton and Dr. Farmer; by the former in his History of Poetry, and by the latter in the notes on the Taming of a Shrew, in Johnson and Steevens' edition of Shakspeare.

It remains yet to be noticed, that there is in the British Museum a poem written by our author which has not been added to his works: it is entitled The Grief of Joy, Certeyne Elegies, wherein the doubtful Delightes of Manes Lyfe are displaied. Written to the Queenes most excellent Majestie, 1576. Mr. Beloe has printed the dedication, and a specimen of this poem in his Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books; and most readers will probably think that more is unnecessary.

A REMEMBRAVNCE

of the wel imployed life, and godly end of
GEORGE GASKOIGNE Esquire, who
deceassed at Stalmford in Lin-
colne Shire the 7 of October
1577
The reporte of GEOR. WHETSTONS
Gent. an eye witnes of his
Godly and charitable
end in this world.

Formæ nulla Fides

IMPRINTED AT LON-
don for Edward Aggas, dwelling
in Pauls Churchyard and
are there to be solde.

The wel imployed life, and godly end of G. Gascoigne, Esquire.

AND is there none, wil help to tel my tale,
Who (ah) in helth, a thousand plaints have shone?
teeles all men joy? tā no mā skil of bale[1]?
O yes I see, a comfort in my mone.
help me good George, my life and death to touch
some man for thee may one day doo as much.

Thou seest my death, and long my life didst knowe,
my life; nay death, to live I now begin:
But some wil say, *Durus est hic sermo,*
Tis hard indeed, for such as feed on sin.
Yet trust me frends (though flesh doth hardly bow)
I am resolv'd, I never liv'd til now.

And on what cause, in order shall ensue,
My worldly life (is first) must play his parte:
Whose tale attend, for once the same is true,
Yea Whetston thou, has knowen my hidden hart
And therefore I conjure thee to defend:
(When I am dead) my life and godly end.

[1] I suspect some inaccuracy in transcribing this line. C.

first of my life, which some (amis) did knowe,
I leve mine armes, my acts shall blase the same
Yet on a thorne, a grape will never growe,
no more a churle, dooth breed a childe of fame.
but (for my birth) my birth right was not great
my father did, his forward sonne defeat[2].

This froward deed, could scarce my hart dismay,
Vertue (quod I) wil see I shall not lacke:
And wel I wot *Domini est terra,*
Besides my wit can guide me from a wrack.
Thus finding cause, to foster hye desire:
I clapt on cost (a help) for to aspire.

But foolish man deckt in my pecock's plumes,
my wanton wil commaunded strait my wit:
Yea, brainsick I, was drunk with fancies tumes,
But, *Nemo sine crimine vivit.*
for he that findes himself from vices free
I give him leve, to throwe a stone at me.

It helps my praise, that I my fault recite,
The lost sheep found, the feast was made for joy:
Evil sets out good, as far as black dooth white.
The pure delight, is drayned from anoy.
But (that in cheef which writers should respect)
Trueth is the garbe, that keepeth men uncheckt.

And for a trueth begilde with self conceit,
I thought that men would throwe rewards on me
But as a fish seld bites without a baight,
So none unforst, mens needs will hear or see.
and begging sutes, from dunghil thoughts proceed:
the mounting minde, had rather sterve in need.

Wel leave I hear of thriftles wil to write,
wit found my rents, agreed not with my charge:
The sweet of war, sung by the carpet knight,
In poste haste then shipt me in Ventures barge
These lusty limes, *saunce use* (quod I) will rust:
That pitee were, for I to them must trust.

Wel plaste at length, among the drunken Dutch,
(though rumours lewd, impayred my desert)
I boldely vaunt, the blast of fame is such,
As prooves I had a froward sours hart.

[2] "He was Sir John G. sonne and heire disinherited." Marginal note in the original. *C.*

My slender gaine a further witnes is:
for woorthiest men, the spoiles of war do mis.

Euen there the man, that went to fight for pence,
Cacht by sly hap, in prison vile was popt:
Yea had not woordes, fought for my lives defence[3],
for all my hands, my breth had there been stopt
But I in fine, did so persuade my foe:
As (set free) I was homewards set to goe.

Thus wore I time, the welthier not a whit,
Yet awckward chance, lackt force to heard my hope
In peace (quod I) ile trust unto my wit,
The windowes of my muse, then straight I ope
and first I showe, the travail of such time:
as I in youth, imployd in looving rime.

Some straight way said (their lungs with envy fret)
those wanton layes, inductions were to vice:
Such did me wrong, for *(quod nocet, docet)*
our neyghbours harms, are items to the wise.
And sure these toyes, do showe for your behoof:
The woes of loove, and not the wayes to love.

And that the worlde might read them as I ment,
I left this vaine, to path the vertuous waies:
The lewd I checkt, in Glas of goverment,
And (laboring stil, by paines, to purchase praise,)
I wrought a Glasse, wherin eche man may see
Within his minde, what canckred vices be.

The druncken soule, transformed to a beast,
my diet helps a man, again to make.
But (that which should, be praisd above the rest)
My Doomes day Drum from sin doeth you awake
for honest sporte which doeth refresh the wit:
I have for you a book of hunting writ.

These few books, are dayly in your eyes,
Parhaps of woorth, my fame alive to keep:
Yet other woorks (I think) of more emprise,
Coucht close as yet, within my cofers sleep.
yea til I dy, none shall the same revele:
So men wil say, that *Gaskoign* wrote of *zeale.*

[3] "He had the Latin, Italian, French and Dutch languages." Marginal note. G.

O Envy vile, foule fall thee wretched sot
Thou mortal foe, unto the forward minde:
I curse thee wretch, the only cause God wot,
That my good wil, no more account did finde.
And not content, thy self to do me fear:
Thou nipst my hart, with *Spight*, *Suspect* and *Care*.

And first of spight foule Envies poysoned pye,
To Midas eares, this as hath Lyntius eyes:
with painted shewes, he heaves himself on hie.
full oft this Dolte, in learned authors pries,
But as the Drone, the hony hive doth rob:
with woorthy books, so deales this idle lob.

He filcheth tearms, to paint a pratling tung,
When (God he knowes) he knows not what he saies
And lest the wise should finde his wit but yung,
he woorkes all means, their woorkes for to dispraise.
To smooth his speech, the beast this patch doth crop
he shows the bad, the writers mouthes to stop.

Ye woorse than this, he dealeth in offence,
(Ten good turnes, he with silence striketh dead)
A slender fault, ten times beyond pretence,
This wretched *spight* in every place doth spread.
And with his breth, the Viper dooth infect:
The hearers heads, and harts with false suspect.

Now of *suspect:* the propertie to showe,
he hides his dought, yet still mistrusteth more:
The man suspect, is so debard to knowe,
The cause and cure of this his ranckling sore.
And so in vain, he good account doeth seek,
who by this Feinde, is brought into mislike.

Now hear my tale, or cause which kild my hart,
These privy foes, to tread me under foot:
My true intent, with forged faults did thwart:
so that I found, for me it was no boot.
to woork as Bees, from weeds with hony dranes
when Spiders turnd, my flowers into banes.

When my plain woords, by fooles miscontred were
by whose fond tales reward held his hands back
To quite my woorth, a cause to settle care
within my brest, who wel deserv'd, did lack,
for who can brook, to see a painted crowe
Singing aloft, when Turtles mourn belowe.

What man can yeld, to starve among his books
and see pied Doultes, uppon a booty feed?
What honest minde, can live by favring looks,
And see the lewd, to rech a freendly deed?
what hart can bide, in bloody warres to toile,
when carpet swads, devour the soldiers spoile?

I am the wretch, whom fortune stirted soe,
These men were bribed, ere I had breth to speak.
Muse then no whit, with this huge overthrowe
though crushing care, my giltles hart doth break,
But you wil say, that in delight doo dwell,
my outward showe no inward greef did tel.

I graunt it true, but hark, unto the rest,
The Swan in songs, dooth knolle her passing hel:
The Nightingale, with thornes against her brest
when she might mourn, her sweetest laye doth yel.
The valiant man, so playes a pleasant parte
When mothes of mone, doo gnaw upon his hart.

for proofe myself, with care not so a feard,
But as hurt Deere waile (through their wounds
When stoutly they doo stand among the heard) alone.
So that I saw, but few hark to my mone,
made choise to tel deaf walles, my wretched plaint:
in sight of men, who nothing seemd to faint.

But as oft use, doeth weare an iron cote,
as misling drops, hard flints in time doth pearse
By peece meales, care so wrought me under foot
but more than straunge is that I now rehearse,
Three months I lived, and did digest no food:
when none by arte my sicknes understood.

What helpeth then? to death I needs must pine,
yet as the horse, the use of warre which knowes;
If he be hurt, will neither winch nor whine,
but til he dye, poste with his Rider goes.
Even so my hart, whilst lungs may lend me breth:
Bares up my limmes, who living go like death.

But what availes, *Achilles* hart, to have,
king Cressus welth, the sway of all the world;
The Prince, the Peere, so to the wretched Slave,
when death assaults, from earthly holdes are whorld.
yea oft he strikes ere one can stir his eye:
Then good you live, as you would dayly dye.

You see the plight, I wretched now am in,
I looke much like a threshed ear of corne:
I holde a forme, within a wrimpled skin,
but from my bones, the fat and flesh is worne.
See, see the man, hate plesures minion:
pinde to the bones, with care and wretched mone.

See gallants see, a picture worth the sight,
(as you are now, myself was heretofore)
my body late, stuft ful of many might
As bare as *Job*, is brought to Death his doore,
My hand of late, which fought to win me fame:
Stif clung with colde, wants forse to write my name.

My legges which bare, my body ful of flesh,
Unable are, to stay my bones upright:
My tung (God wot) which talkt as one would wish
In broken words, can scarce my minde recite.
My head late stuft, with wit and learned skill
may now conceive, but not convay my wil.

What say you freends, this sudain chaunge to see
you rue my greef, you doe like flesh and blood.
But mone your sinnes, and never morne for me,
And to be plain, I would you understood
My hart dooth swim, in seas of more delight:
Then your who seems, to rue my wretched plight.

" What is this world? a net to snare the soule[4],
A mas of sinne, a desart of decett:
A moments joy, an age of wretched dole,
A lure from grace, for flesh a toothsome baight,
Unto the minde, a cankerworm of care:
Unsure, unjust; in rendring man his share.

" A place where pride, oreruns the honest minde,
Where rich men joynes, to rob the shiftles wretch
Where bribing mists, the judges eyes doo blinde,
Where Parasites, the fattest crummes do catch.
Where good deserts (which chalenge like reward)
Are over blowen, with blasts of light regard.

" And what is man? Dust, Slime, a puff of winde,
Conceivd in sin, plaste in the woorld with greef,
Brought up with care; til care hath caught his minde,
And then, (til death, vouchsafe him some relief)

[4] These lines between commas form a poem called A Description of the World, by Gascoigne in the Paradise of Dainty Devises. Edit. 1592. *C.*

Day yea nor night, his care dooth take an end:
To gather goods, for other men to spend.

" O foolish man, that art in office plaste,
Think whence thou camst, and whether the shall goe:
The huge hie Dkes, small windes have over cast,
when slender reeds, in roughest wethers growe.
Even so pale death, oft spares the wretched wight
And woundeth you, who wallow in delight.

" You lusty youths, that nourish hie desire,
Abase your plumes, which makes you look so big:
The Colliers cut, the Courtiars steed wil tire,
Even so the Clark, the Parsones grave dooth dig
whose hap is yet, heer longer life to win:
Dooth heap (God wot) but sorowe unto sinne.

" And to be short, all sortes of men take heede,
the thunder boltes, the loftye Towers teare:
The lightning flash, consumes the house of reed,
Yea more in time, all earthly things will weare,
Save only man, who as his earthly living is:
Shall live in wo, or els in endles blis."

More would I say, if life would lend me space,
but all in vain, death waits of no mans will:
The tired Jade, dooth trip at every pace,
when pampered horse, will praunce against the hil,
To helthfull men, at long discourses sporte,
when few woords, the sick would fain reporte.

The best is this, my will is quickly made,
my welth is small, the more my conscience ease:
This short accompt (which makes me ill a paid)
my loving wife and sonne, will hardly please.
But in this case, to please them as I may:
These folowing woords, my testament do wray.

My soule I first, bequeath Almighty God.
And though my sinnes are grevous in his sight:
I firmly trust, to scape his firy rod,
when as my faith his deer Sonne shall recite
whose precious blood (to quench his Father's ire)
Is sole the cause, that saves me from hel fire.

My body now which once I decked brave
(from whence it came) unto the earth I give:
I wish no pomp, the same for to ingrave,
once buried corn, dooth rot before it live.

And flesh and blood in this self sorte is tryed:
Thus buriall cost, is (without proffit) pride.

I humbly give my gratious sovereign Queene
(by service bound) my true and loyall hart:
And trueth to say, a sight but rarely seene,
As Iron greves from thadamant to parte.
her highnes so, hath recht the Grace alone:
To gain all harts, yet gives her hart to none.

My loving wife, whose face I fain would see,
my love I give, with all the welth I have:
But since my goods (God knoweth) but slender bee
most gratious Queene, for Christ his sake I crave
(not for any service that I have doon)
you will vouchsafe, to aid her and my sonne.

Come, come deer Sonne, my blessing take in parte.
and therwithall I give thee this in charge:
first serve thou God, then use bothe wit and arte,
thy fathers det, of service to discharge,
which (forste by death) her Majestie he owes:
beyond desarts, who still rewardes bestowes.

I freely now all sortes of men forgive,
Their wrongs to me, and wish them to amend;
And as good men, in charitte should live,
I crave my faults may no mans minde offend,
So heer is all, I have to bequest:
And this is all, I of the world request.

Now farwell Wife, my Sonne, and frends farwel,
farwell O world, the baight of all abuse:
Death where is thy sting? O Devil where is thy hel?
I little forse, the forses you can use,
yea to your teeth, I doo you both defye
Vt essem Christo, cupio dissolui.

In this good mood, an end worthy the showe,
Bereft of speech, his hands to God he heavd:
And sweetly thus, good *Gaskoigne* went a *Dio*,
yea with such ease, as no man there preceivd
By strugling signe, or striving from his breth;
That he abode, the pains and pangs of Death.

His *sean* is playd, you folowe on the act,
Life is but Death, til flesh and blood be slain:
God graunt his woords, within your harts be pact
As good men doo, holde earthly pleasures vain.
The good for their needs, *Vtuntur mundo:*
And use good deeds, *Vt fruantur Deo.*

Contemne the chaunge (use nay abuse) not God
Through holy showes, this worldly muck to scratch:
To deale with men and Saints is very od
hypocrisie, a man may over catch.
But hypocrite, thy hart the Lord dooth see:
who by thy thoughts (not thy words) wil judge thee.

Thou jesting foole, which makst at sin a face,
Beware that God, in earnest plague thee not:
for where as he, is coldest in his grace,
Euen there he is, in vengeance very hot.
Tempt not far, the lothest man to fight:
When he is forste, the lustiest blowes dooth smight.

Your Courtiers, check not, Merchants for their gain,
you by your losse, doo match with them in blame:
The Lawyers life, you Merchants doo not staine,
The blinde for slouth, may hardly check the lame.
I meane that you, in Ballance of deceit:
wil Lawyers payre, I feare with over waight.

you Lawyers now who earthly Judges are,
you shal be judgd, and therfore judge aright:
you count *Ignorantia Juris* no bar.
Then ignorance, your sinnes wil not acquite.
Read, read Gods law, with which yours should agre:
That you may judge, as you would judged bee.

You Prelats now, whose woords are perfect good,
make showe in woorkes, that you your woords insue.
A Diamond, holdes his vertue set in wood,
but yet in Golde, it hath a fresher hue,
Even so Gods woord, told by the Devil is pure;
Preacht yet by Saints, it doth more heed procure.

And Reader now, what office so thou have,
to whose behoofe, this breef discourse is tolde:
Prepare thy self, eche houre for the grave,
the market eats as wel young sheep as olde.
Even so, the Childe, who feares the smarting rod:
The father oft dooth lead the way to God.

And bothe in time, this worldly life shall leave,
thus sure thou art, but knowst not when to dye:
Then good thou live, least death doo the deceive,
as through good life, thou maist his force defye.
for trust me man, no better match can make:
Then leave unsure, for certain things to take.

Viuit post funera virtus.

AN EPITAPH,

WRITTEN BY G. W. OF THE DEATH, OF M. G. GASKOYGNE.

For Gaskoygnes death, leave to mone or morne
You are deceived, alive the man is stil:
Alive? O yea, and laugheth death to scorne,
in that, that he, his fleshly lyfe did kil.

For by such death, two lyves he gaines for one
His soule in heaven dooth live in endles joye
his woorthy woorks, such fame in earth have sowne,
As sack nor wrack, his name can there destroy.

But you will say, by death he only gaines.
And now his life, would many stand in stead:
O dain not Freend (to counterchaunge his paynes)
If now in heaven, he have his earned meade,
For once in earth, his toyle was passing great:
And we devourd the sweet of all his sweat.

Finis.

Nemo ante obitum beatus.

TO

THE REUERENDE DEUINES

UNTO WHOM THESE POSIES SHALL HAPPEN TO BE PRESENTED, GEORGE GASCOIGNE ESQUIRE (PROFESSING ARMES IN DEFENCE OF GODS TRUETH) WISHETH QUIET IN CONSCIENCE, AND ALL CONSOLATION IN CHRIST IESUS.

RIGHT REUERENDE: I have thought it my part (before I wade further in publishing of these Posies) to lay open before your graue judgements, aswell the cause which presently mooueth me to present them, as also the depths and secrets of some conceites, which (being passed in clowds and figuratiue speeches) might percase both be offensiue to your grauities and perilous to my credit.

It is verre neere two yeares past, since I (being in Holland in seruice with the vertuous Prince of Orenge) the most part of these Posies were imprinted, and nowe at my returne, I finde that some of them haue not only bin offensiue for sundrie wanton specches, and lasciuious phrases, but further I heare that the same haue beene doutfully construed, and (therefore) scandalous.

My reuerend and welbeloved: whatsoeuer my youth hath seemed vnto the grauer sort, I would be verie loth nowe in my middle age to deserue reproch: more loth to touch the credite of any other, and most loth to haue mine owne name become vnto you odious. For if I shoulde nowe at this age seeme as carelesse of reproch, as I was in greene youth readie to goe astray, my faults might quicklie growe double, and my estimation should bee woorthie to remaine but single. I have learned that although there maie bee found in a Gentleman whereby to be reprehended or rebuked, yet ought hee not to be worthie of reproofe or condemnation.

All this I set downe in Preamble, to the ende I maie therby purchase your patience. As I desire that you wil not condemne me without proofe, so am I contented that if hereafter you finde me guiltie, your deffinitive sentence shall then passe publikelie vnder the Seale of Seueritie.

It were not reason (right reuerend) that I shoulde be ignorant howe generalie we are all *magis proni ad malum quam ad bonum.* Euen so is it requisite that I acknowledge a generall reformation of maners more necessarie to be taught, than anie whetstone of vanities is meete (in these daies) to bee suffered. And therefore as your grauitie hath thought it requisite that all idle bookes or wanton pamphlets shoulde bee forbidden, so it might seeme that I were woorthie of great reprehension, if I should be the author of euill wilfullie, or a prouoker of vices wittinglie. And yet some there are who haue not spared to report that I receiued great summes of monie for the first printing of these Posies, whereby (if it were true) I might seeme not onelie a craftie Broker for the vtterance of garish toies, but a corrupt marchaunt for the sale of deceitfull wares.

For answere hereof it is most true (and I call heauen and earth to witnesse) that I neuer receiued of Printer, or of anie other, one grote or pennie for the first copies of these Posies. True it is that I was not vnwilling the same should be imprinted: And that not of a vaine glorious desire to be thought a pleasant Poet, neither yet of a light mind to be counted a cunning louer. For though in youth I was often ouerhardie to put my name in ballance of doubtful judgements, yet nowe I am become so bashfull that I coulde rather bee content to leese the praise of my follies, then to hazard the misconceite of the graue and graie headed judges. But to confesse a trueth unto you right reuerend (with whom I may not long dissemble in cases which so generallie do touch all men) I was the rather contented to see them imprinted for these sundrie considerations.

First, for that I haue seene diuers authers, (both learned and well learned) which after they haue both reformed their liues, and conuerted their studies, haue not yet disdeined to reade the Poems which they let passe their pens in youth. For it seemeth vnto me that in all ages Poetrie hath bene not onelie permited, but also it hath bene thought a right good and excellent qualitie.

Next vnto this, I haue alwaies bene of opinion, that it is not vnpossible either in Poemes or Prose to write both compendiouslie, and perfectly in our English tong. And therefore although I challenge not vnto my selfe the name of an English Poet, yet may the reader find out in my writings, that I have more faulted in keeping the olde English wordes *(quamuis jam obsoleta)* than in borowing of other languages such Epithetes and Adiectiues as smell of the Inkhorne.

Thirdlie, as I seeke aduancement by vertue, so was I desirous that there might remaine in publike recorde, some pledge or token of those giftes wherewith it hoth pleased the Almightie to endue mee: To the ende that thereby the vertuous might bee incouraged to emploie my pen in some exercise which might tende both to my preferment, and to the profit of my countrie. For manie a man which maie like mine outward presence, might yet haue doubted whether the qualities of my minde had bene correspondent to the proportion of my bodie.

Fourthly, because I had written sundrie things which could not chuse but content the learned and godlie reader, therefore I hoped the same shoulde serue as vndouted proofe, that I had laide aside vanities, and delighted to exercise my penn in morrall discourses, at least the one passing (cheeke by cheeke) with the other, must of necessity persuade both the learned, and the light minded, that I could aswell sow good graine, as graines or draffe. And I thought it not meete (being intermingled as they were) to cast away a whole bushell of good seede, for two or three graines of Darnell, or Cockle.

Lastly, I persuaded my selfe that as in the better sort of the same I shoulde purchase good liking with the honorable aged, So euen in the worst sort, I might yet serue as a myrror for vnbridled youth, to auoide those perils which I had passed. For little may he doe which hath escaped the rocke or the sandes, if he cannot waft with his hand to them that come after him.

These considerations (right Reuerend) did first moue me to consent that these Poems shoulde passe in print. For recapitulation whereof, and to answere vnto the objections that maie be geuen: I saie to the first, that I neither take example of a wanton Ouid, doting Nigidius, nor foolish Samocratius: But I delight to thinke that the reuerend father Theodore Beza, whose life is woorthelie become a lanterne to the whole worlde, did not yet disdaine to suffer the continued publication of such Poemes as he wrote in youth. And as he termed them at last Poemata castrata, So shall your reuerend judgements behold in this second edition, my poemes gelded from all filthie phrases, corrected in all erroneous places, and beautified with addition of manie morall examples.

To the seconde, although I be somtimes constreyned for the cadence of rimes, or *per licenciam Poeticam*, to vse an inkhorne terme, or a strange word: yet hope I that it shall bee apparant I haue rather regarde to make our native language commendable in it selfe, then gay with the feathers of straunge birds.

To the third reason may be objected, that if I were so desirous to haue my capacitie knowne, I shoulde haue done much better to haue trauailed in some notorious peece of worke, which might generallie haue spred my commendation. The which I confesse, but yet is it true that I must take the foord as I finde it: Sometimes not as I would, but as I may. And since the ouersight of my youth had brought me far behinde hand and indebted vnto the worlde, I thought good in the meane time to paie as much as I had, vntill it might please God better to inable me. For commonly the greediest creditor is appeased, if he see his debtor willing to pay when he hath any thing. And therefore being busied in martiall affaires (whereby also I sought some aduancement) I thought good to notifie vnto the worlde before my returne, that I coulde as well persuade with pen, as pearce with launce or weapon: So that yet some noble minde might bee incouraged both to exercise mee in time of peace, and to emploie me in time of seruice in warre.

To the fourth and last considerations, I had alledged of late by a right reuerend father, that althogh in deede out of every flower the industrious Bee maie gether honie, yet by proofe the Spider thereout suckes mischeeuous poison. Wherunto I can none otherwise answere, but that he who wil throw a stone at euerie dog which barketh, had neede of a great satchel or pocket. And if the learned judgments and honest minds do both construe my doings aright, and take therein either counceil or com-

moditie, then care I the lesse what the wicked conceiue of my conceits. For I esteeme more the praise of one learned reader, then I regard the enuious carping of ten thousand vnlettered tatlers.

To conclude (right reuerend) as these considerations did speciallie moue me at first to consent to the imprinting of these posies, so now haue I yet a farther consideration, which moueth mee most earnestlie to sue for this second edition or publishing of the same. And that is this. I understand that sundrie well disposed mindes have taken offence at certaine wanton words and sentences passed in the Fable of Ferdinando Ieronimi, and the Ladie Elinora de Valasco, the which in the first edition was tearmed The Aduentures of master F. I. And that also therewith some busie coniectures haue presumed to thinke that the same was in deed written to the scandaliging of some worthie personages, whom they would seeme thereby to knowe. Surelie, (right reuerend) I smile to see the simplicitie of such, who being in deede starke staring blind, would yet seeme to see farre into a milstone. And the rather I scorne their rash judgments, for that in talking with xx. of them one after another, there have not two agreed in one conjecture. Alas, alas, if I had been so foolish as to have passed in recitall a thing so done, yet all the world might think me very simple if I would call John, John, or Mary, Mary. But for the better satisfieng of all men vniversally, I doe here protest unto you (reuerend) even by the hope of my salvation, that there is no liuing creature touched or to be noted thereby. And for the rest you shal find it now in this second imprinting so turquened and turned, so clensed from all unclenlie words, and so purged from the humor of inhumanitie, as percase you would not judge it to be the same tale. For although, I have bin hertofore contented to suffer the publication thereof, onlie to the end men might see my Methode in writing, yet am I now thus desirous to lette it forth eftsones, to the end al men might see the reformation of my mind: and that al suspitions maie be suppressed and throughe satisfied by this mine vnfeigned protestation which I make vnto you in that behalfe. Finally, were it not that the same is alredie extend in such sort as hath moued offence, I should rather be content to cancell it vtterlie to oblivion, then thus to return it in a new patcht coate. And for ful proofe of mine earnest zeale in Gods seruice, I require of you most instantlie that if herebie my skil seem sufficient to wade in matters of greater importance, you wil then vouchsafe to employ me accordingly. Surelie you shall find me no lesse readie to vndertake a whole yeres travel in any worke which you shall thinke me able to ouercome, then I have bin willing heretofore to spend 3. houres in penning of an amorous Sonnet. Even so being desirous that all men generally (and you especially) should conceiue of me as I mean, I have thus far troubled your learned eies with this plaine Epistle, written for my purgation, in matters which (els) might both haue offended you, and giuen great batterie to the ramparts of my poore credit. The God of peace vouchsafe to gouerne and product[1] you, and me, and all his in quiet of conscience, and strength of spirit. Amen.

[1] Probably for protect. *C.*

TO AL YOUNG GENTLEMEN, AND GENERALLIE TO THE YOUTH OF ENGLAND, GEORGE GASCOIGNE ESQUIRE BY BIRTH, AND SOULDYER BY PROFESSION, WISHETH INCREESE OF KNOWLEDGE IN ALL VERTUOUS EXERCISES.

GALLANT GENTLEMEN, and lustie youthes of this my native Countrie. I haue here (as you see) published in print such Posies and rimes as I vsed in my youth, the which for the barbarousnes of the stile maie seeme worthlesse, and yet for the doubtfulnes of some darcke places they haue also seemed heretofore daungerous. So that men maie justlie both condemne me of rashnesse, and wonder at my simplicitie in suffering or procuring the same to be imprinted.

A yong man well borne, tenderlie fostered, and delicatelie accompanied, shal hardlie passe ouer his youth without falling into some snares of the deuil, and temptations of the flesh. But a man of middle yeres, who hath to his cost experimented the vanities of youth, and to his peril passed them, who hath bought repentance deere, and yet gone through with the bargaine, who seeth before his face the time past lost, and the rest poasting awaie in poast: Such a man had more need to be wel advised in his doings, and resolute in his determinations. For with more ease and greter favor maie we answere for x. mad follies committed in greene youth, than one sober ouersight escaped in yeres of discretion. Licurgus the good princelie philosopher, ordeined that if an old man perceiuing a yong man to commit anie dishonestie, did not rebuke but suffer him, the aged should be chastized, and the yong man should be absolued.

All this rehearsed and considered, you maie (as I saie) grow in some doubt, whether I were worse occupied in first deuising, or last in publishing these toies and pamphlets, and much the rather, for that it is a thing commonlie seene, that (now adaies) fewe or no things are so well handled, but they shall be carped at by curious readers, nor almost anie thing so well meant, but may be much misconstrued.

And herewithall I assure my selfe, that I shall be greatly condemned as a man verie lightlie bent, and rather desirous to continue in the fresh remembraunce of my follies, than content to cancell them in oblivion by discontinuance: especiallie since in a house where manie yong children are, it hath bene thought better pollicie quite to queneh out the fire, then to leaue any loose cole in the imbers, wherewith babes maie plaie and put the whole edifice in danger.

But my lustie youthes, and gallant Gentlemen, I had an intent far contrarie vnto all these suppposes, when I first permitted the publication hereof. And because the greatest offence that hath bene taken thereat, is, least your mindes might hereby become enuenomed with vanities, therefore vnto you I will addresse my tale, for the better satisfieng of common judgements. And vnto you I will explaine, that which being before misticallie couered, and commonly misconstrued, might be no lesse perillous in seducing you, then grieuous euidence for to proue me guiltie of condemnation.

Then to come vnto the matter, there are three sortes of men which (being wonderfullie offended at this booke) haue found therein three maner of matters (say they) verie reprehensible. The men are these: curious carpers, ignorant readers, and grave Philosophers. The faultes they finde are, Judicare in the Creede, chalke for cheese, and the common infection of loue. Of these three sorts of men and matters, I do but verie lightlie esteeme the two first. But I deeply regard the third. For a verie troth, there are one kinde of people now adaies which wil mislike anie thing, being bred (as I thinke) of the spawne of a crab or creuish, which in all streames and waters will swim either sidewaies, or flat backwards: and when they can indeed find none other fault, wil yet thinke Judicare verie vntowardlie placed in the creede. Or being a simple sowter, will find fault at the shape of the legge: or if they be not there stopped, they will not spare to step up higher, and saie, that Apelles painted dame Venus verie deformed and euill fauoured.

Of this sort I make small account, because in deede they seeke a knot in the rush, and would seeme to see verie far in a milstone. There are also certeine others, (hauing no skill at all) wil yet be verie busie in reading all that may be read, and thinke it sufficient if (Parrot like) they can reherse things

without booke: when within booke they vnderstand neither the meaning of the author, nor the sense of the figurative speeches, I will forbeare to recite examples by anie mine owne doings. Since all comparisons are odious, I will not saie how much the areignment and diuorce of a louer (being written in a jest) haue bene mistaken in sad earnest. It shall suffice that the contentions passed in verse long sithens, between M. Churchyard and Camel, were by a block-headed Reader, construed to be in deede a quarel between two neighbors. Of whom one hauing a Camel in keeping, and that other hauing charge of the Churchyard, it was supposed they had growen to debate because the camel came into the Churchyard. Laugh not at this lustie yonkers, since the pleasant dittie of the noble Erle of Surrie beginning thus, " In winters just returne," was also construed to be made in deede by a shepheard. What should I stand much in rehersal how the L. Vaux his dittie beginning thus, "I loath that I did loue," was thought by some to be made upon his death-bed, and that the soul knil of M. Edwards was also written in extremitie of sicknesse. Of a truth my good Gallants, there are such as hauing onlie learnd to read english, interpret latin, greke, french and italian phrases or metaphors, euen according to their own motherlie conception and childish skill. The which shall neuer trouble me whatsoeuer fault they find in my doings.

But the third sort (being graue Philosophers, and finding iust fault at my doings at the common infection of loue) I must needes alledge such iust excuse as may counteruaile their iust complaints. For else I shoulde remaine worthie of a seuere punishment. They wiselie considering that we are all in youth more apt to delight in harmefull pleasures than to disgest wholesome and sound aduice, haue thought meete to forbid the publishing of anie riming trifles which maie serue as whetstones to sharpen youth vnto vanities. And for this cause finding by experience also, how the first copie of these my posies hath been verie much inquired for by the yonger sort, and hearing likewise that (in the same) the greater part hath bin written in pursuit of amorous enterprises, they haue iustlie conceyued that the continuance thereof hath bin more likelie to stirre in all yong Readers a venemous desire of vanitie, then to serue as a common mirror of greene and youthfull imperfections. Whereunto I must confesse, that as the industrious Bee may gather honie out of the most stinking weede, so the malicious Spider may also gather poison out of the fairest floure that growes.

And yet in all this discourse I see not proued, that either that Gardner is too blame which planteth his garden full of fragrant flowers, neither that planter be dispraised which soweth all his beds with seedes of wholesome hearbes, neither is that Orchard vnfruitfull, which vnder showe of sundrie weedes, hath medicinalle plaisters for all infirmities. But if the Chirurgian which should seeke sorrell to ripen an vlcer, wil take rewe which maie more inflame the imposthume, then is he more to blame that mistoke his gathering then the Gardner which planteth aright, and presenteth store and choice to be taken. Or if the Physition will gather hote percelie instead of colde endiue, shal he not worthilie beare the burthen of his owne blame?

To speake english it is your vsing (my lustie Gallants) or misusing of these posies that maie make me praised or dispraised for publishing of the same. For if you (where you maie learne to auoide the subtile sandes of wanton desire) wil run upon the rockes of valawful lust, then great is your follie, and greter will grow my rebuke. If (where you might gather wholesome herbes to cure your sundrie infirmities) you wil spend the whol daie in gathering of sweet smelling posies, much wil be the time that you shal mispende, and much more the harme that you shal heape vpon my head. Or if you will rather beblister your hands with a netle, then comfort your senses by smelling to the pleasant Marioram, then wanton is your pastime, and small will be your profit.

I haue here presented you with three sundrie sorts of Posies: Floures, Herbes and Weedes. In which division I haue not ment that only the Floures are to be smelled vnto, nor that onelie the Weedes are to be rejected. I terme some Floures, because being indeed inuented vpon a verie light occasion, they haue yet in them (in my judgment) some rare invention and Methode before not commonlie vsed. And therefore (being more pleasant then profitable) I haue named them Floures.

The second (being in deede moral discourses, and reformed inuentions, and therefore more profitable then pleasant) I haue named Hearbes.

The third being Weedes, might seeme to some judgements neither yet pleasant nor profitable, and therefore meete to be cast awaie. But as manie weedes are right medicinable, so maie you finde in this none so vile, or stinking, but that it hath in it some virtue if it be rightlie handled. Marie you must take heede how you vse them, for if you delight to put Hemlock in your fellowes pottage, you maie chaunce both to poison him, and bring yourselfe in peril. But if you take example by the

harmes of others who haue eaten it before you, then maie you chance to become so warie, that you will looke aduisedlie on all the Perelie that you gather, least among the same one branch of Hemlock might annoie you.

I assure you, my yong bloods, I haue not published the same to the intent that other men hereafter might be infected with my follies forepassed. For though it be a comfort *in miseriis habere consortem*, yet it is small consolation to a fellow, to haue a Coiner hanged in his companie. And I assure you (although you will thinke it strange) that I haue not caused them to be imprinted for any vaine delight which I haue (my selfe) therein conceiued. For the most of them being written in my madnesse, might haue yeelded then more delight to my frantike fansie to see them published, than they now do accumulate cares in my mind to set them forth corrected: and a deformed youth had been more likelie to set them to sale long sithence, than a reformed man can be able now to protect them with simplicitie.

The scope of mine intent, and the marke whereat I shot is double, I meane grounded vpon two sundrie causes: the one that being indebted vnto the world (at the least fiue thousand daies verie vainlie spent) I may yeelde him yet some part of mine account in these Poemes. Wherein as he maie finde great diuersitie both in stile and sense, so maie the good be incouraged to set me on worke at last, though it were noone before I sought seruice. The other reason is, that because I haue (to mine owne great detriment) mispent my golden time, I maie serue as ensample to the youthfull Gentlemen of Englande, that they runne not vpon the rocks which haue brought me to shipwrake. Beware therefore, lustie gallants, howe you smell to these Posies. And learne you to vse the talent which I haue highlie abused. Make me your myrror. And if hereafter you see me recouer mine estate, or reedifie the decaied walles of my youth, then beginne you sooner to builde some foundation which may beautifie your Pallace. If you see me sinke in distresses (notwithstanding that you judge me quicke of capacitie) then learn you to mainteine your selues swimming in prosperitie, and eschue betimes the whirlpoole of misgouernment.

Finallie I beseech you, and coniure you, that you rather encorage me to accomplish some worthier trauel, by seeing these Posies right smelled vnto, then discourage me from attempting other labours, when I shall see these first fruites reiected or misused. I haue corrected sundrie faults, which if they had not brought suspition is the first Copie, be you then out of doubt you had never bin troubled with these second presents, nor persuaded to flourish wiselie with a two edged sword in your naked hands. But as I haue meant them wel, so I craue of God, that they maie both pleasure and profite you for the furtherance of your skil in anie commendable enterprize. From my poore house at Waltamstowe in the Forest, the second of February, 1575.

TO THE READERS GENERALLY A GENERALL ADUERTISEMENT OF THE AUTHOR.

ALL that is written is written for our instruction, as the holie apostle witnesseth to the Romans in his 15. chapter. And in his ninth chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians, he glorieth that he coulde (as it were) transforme himself into all professions, thereby to winne all kinde of men to God: saieng, that with the Iewes he became a Iew: with them that were vnder the law, hee seemed also vnder the law: with the feeble, he shewed himselfe feeble. And to conclude, hee became all things to all men, to thend that therby he might win some to saluation. My schoolemaister which taught me grammar, woulde alwaies saie, that some scholers hee won to studie by stripes, some other by faire meanes, some by promises, some other by praises, some by vaine glorie, and some by verie shame. But I neuer heard him repent him that euer hee had persuaded anie scholler to become studious, in what sort soeuer it were that he wonne him. For whether the braue gennet be broken with the bitte, or with the snaffle, whether hee be brought in awe with a spurre, or with a wand, all is one if hee proove readie and well mouthed.

Thus much I write (gentle Reader) to the end that mine intent may appeare in publishing of these Posies. Wherein as there are many things morall, so are there also some verses more sauced with wantonnesse than with wisedome. And as there are some ditties which may please and delight the godly and grauer sort, so there are some which may allure the yonger sort vnto fond attempts. But what for that? Hath Terence bin forbidden to be read, bicause his comedies are rehearsals of manie mad pranks played by wanton youths? No surely.

Parecelsus, and sundrie other phisitions and philosophers, declare, that in euerie thing naturall there is to be founde salt, oile, and brimstone. And I am of opinion, that in euerie thing which is written (the holie Scriptures excepted) there are to be found wisdome, folie, emulation, and detrection. For as I neuer yet saw anie thing so clearklie handled, but that therin might be found some imperfections: so could I neuer yet reade fable so ridiculous, but that therein some morality might be gathered. And as the good writer shall be sure of some to be maliced, so the bad shal neuer escape the biting tongues of slaunderers.

But to returne to my purpose: if in the hardest flint there may be found sparks of liuelie fire, and the most knottie peece of box, may be wrought into a faire Dudgen hefte: let these few suffice to persuade thee, that I have not procured the publication hereof to anie end, so muche as that the youthful sort might therin take example, and the aged recreation.

Now if anie (misgouerning their owne wittes) do fortune to vse that for a spurre, which I had heere appointed for a bridle, I can none otherwise lament it, but to saie that I am not the first which hath been misjudged. Truelie (gentle Reader) I protest that I haue not meant heerein to displease any man, but my desire hath rather beene to content most men: I meane the diuine with godlie himnes and psalmes, the sober mind with moral discourses, and the wildest will with sufficient warning: the which if it so fall out, then shall I thinke my selfe right happie. And if it fall out otherwise, I shall yet neuer be ashamed to become one of their corporation which reape floutes and reprehension for their trauels.

But bicause these Posies growe to a great bundle, and therof also the number of louing lines exceedeth in the superlatiue, I thought good to aduertise thee, that the most part of them were written for other men. And out of all doubt, if euer I wrote line for my selfe in causes of loue, I have written ten for other men in laies of lust. For I count greater difference betwixt *loue* and lust, than there is diuersitie betweene wit and wisdome: and yet wit and I did (in youth) make such a fraie, that I feare his coosin wisdome will never become friends with me in my age. Well, though my folie be greater then my fortune, yet ouergreat were mine vnconstancie, if (in mine owne behalfe) I should compile so manie sundrie songs and sonets. I haue heard of an honest plaine meaning citizen, who (being ouercharged with manie matters in the law, and hearing of a common solicitour of causes in the citie) came home to comfort his wife, and told hir, that he had heard of one which dwelt at Billingsgate that could help al men. Euen so (good reader) I was a great while the man that dwelt at

Billingsgate, for in wanton delights I helped all men, though in sad earnest I neuer furthered my selfe anie kind of waie. And by that it proceedeth that I haue so often changed my Posie or word. For when I did compile anie thing at the request of other men, if I had subscribed the same with mine owne vsuall mot or deuise, it might haue bewraied the same to have *bin* of my dooing. And I was euer curious in that behalfe, as one that was loth to bewraie the follies of other men. And yet (as you see) I am not verie dangerous to laie my selfe wide open in view of the world. I haue also sundrie times changed mine owne word or deuise. And no maruel, for he that wandereth much in those wildernesses, shall seldom continue long in one minde.

Well, it were folie to bewaile things which are vnpossible to be recouered, sith Had I wist doth seldome serue as a blason of good understanding. And therefore I will spend no more words in this Preface, but I praie thee to smell vnto these Posies, as Flowres to comfort, Hearbs to cure, and Weedes to be auoided, so have I meant them, and so I beseech thee reader to accept them. Farewell.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

T. B. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOGINES POSIES.

We prayse the plough, that makes the fruitelesse soyle [might)
To bring forth corne, (through helpe of heauenly
And eke esteeme the simple wretches toyle,
Whose painefull handes doe labour day and night.
We prayse the ground, whereon the herbes do grow,
Which heale or helpe, our greeues and mortall paine,
Yea weedes haue worth, wherein we vertue know,
For natures Art, nothing hath made in vaine.
We prayse those floures which please the secrete sense,
And do content, the tast or smell of man,
The Gardners paynes and worke we recompence,
That skilfull is, or aught in cunning can.
But much more prayse to Gascoignes penne is due,
Whose learned hande doth here to thee present,
A Posie full of Hearbes, and Flowers newe,
To please all braynes, to wit or learning bent.
Howe much the minde doth passe the sense or smell,
So much these Floures all other do excell.

E. C. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

In gladsome Spring, when sweete and pleasant shoures
Haue well renued, what winters wrath hath torne,
And that we see, the wholesome smelling Floures,
Begin to laugh rough winters wracke to scorne:
If then by chaunce, or choyce of owners will,
We roame and walke in place of rare delightes,
And therein finde, what Arte or natures skill
Can well set forth, to feede our hungrie sightes:
Yea more, if then the owner of the soyle,
Doth licence yeelde to vse all as our owne,
And gladly thinkes, the fruites of all his toyle,
To our behoofe to be well set and sowne.
It cannot be, but this so great desart
In basest breast doth breede thus due regarde,
With worlde of thankes, to prayse this friendly part,
And wish that woorth mought pay a iust rewarde.
Good Reader then, beholde what gallant spring
This booke brings forth, of fruites of finest sortes,
Be bolde to take, thy list of euerie thing,
For so is ment. And for thy glad disportes
The paine was tane: therefore to this I craue,
In his behalfe, that wrote this pleasant worke,
With care and cost, (and then most freely gaue
His labours great, wherein great treasures lurke:
To thine auayle) let his desartes now binde thee,
In woorde and deede, he may still thankfull finde thee.

M. C. COMMENDING THE CORRECTION OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

The Beares blinde whelpes, which lacke doth nayles and heare,
And lie like lumpes, in filthie farrowed wise,
Do (for a time) most ougly beastes appeare,
Till dammes deare tongue, do cleare the clozed eyes.
The gadde of steele, is likewise blunt and blacke,
Till file and fire, do frame it sharpe and bright:
Yea precious stones, their glorious grace do lacke,
Till curious hand, do make them please the sight:
And so these floures, although the grounde were gay,
Whereon they grew, and they of gallant hew,
Yet till the badde were cullde and cast away,
The best became the worse by such a crew.
(For my part) then: I lyked not their smell,
But as they be, I like them pretly well.

R. S. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

The pleasant plot wherein these Posies grew,
May represent Parnassus springs indeede.
Where Pallas with hir wise and learned crew,
Did plant great store, and sow much cunning seede.
That goddesse then, on whom the Muses wayte,
To garde hir grounde from greedie gathrers spoyle,
Hath here ordeynde, by fine and close conceyte,
A greene knight chiefe, and master of the foyle.
Such badge beares he that beautified this booke
With glorious shew, of sundrie gallant flowers.
But since he first this labor vndertooke,
He gleand thereout, (to make the profite ours)
A heape of Hearbes, a sort of fruitfull seedes,
A needefull salue, compound of needlesse weedes.

APPENDIX.

All these (with more) my freend here freely giues:
Nor naked wordes, nor streyne of straunge deuise.
But Gowers minde, which now in Gascoigne liues,
Yeeldes heere in view, (by iudgement of the wise)
His penne, his sworde, himselfe, and all his might,
To Pallas schoole, and Mars in princes right.

T. CH. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

Though goodnesse of the gold, needes no mans praise ye know,
(And euery coyne is iudgde and found, by weight, by stamp, or show)
Yet doth the prayse of men, giue gold a double grace, [euery place.
And makes both pearls and iewels rich desirde in

The horse full finely formde, whose pace and traine
is true, [shape and view.
Is more esteemde for good report, than likte for
Yea sure, eeh man himselfe, for all his wit and
skill, [silence still.
(If world bestow no lawde on him) may steepe in
Fame shewes the value first, of euerie precious
thing,
And wimmes with lyking all the brute, that doth
the credit bring.
And fame makes way before, to workes that are
vaknowne
And peoples loue is caried ther, where fame hir
trump hath blown.
A cunning workman fine, in Cloyster close may sit,
And carue or paint a thousand things, and vse
both art and wit,
Yet wanting worldes renowne, may scape vnsought
or seene:
It is but fame that outruns all, and gets the goall
I weene. [harmes,
The learned Doctors lawd, that heales where other
By comon prayse of peoples voyce, brings pacients
in by swarmes.
A goodly stately house, hath seldome any fame,
Till world behold the buildings through, and people
see the same. [held,
The Flowers and Posies sweete, in better price are
When those haue praysde their vertues rare, that
haue their odor smeld.
So by these foresayd proofes, I haue a pardon free,
To speake, to write, and make discourse, of any
worke I see,
That worthie is of prayse: for prayse is all we get.
Present the worlde with labors great, the world is
in your det, [will giue:
It neuer yeeldes rewarde, nor scarce iust prayse
Then studie out to stand on fame, and striue by
fame to liue. [dayes,
Our olde forefathers wise, saw long before these
How sone faint world would fail deserts, and cold
would wax our prayse. [rise,
And knowing that disdeyne, for toyle did rather
Than right renowne (whose golde buds, growes vp
to starry skies)
Betooke their labors long, and euery act they did,
Vnto the Gods, from whose deepe sight, no secret
can he hid. [heauens hie,
And these good gracious Gods, sent downe from
(For noble minds) an endlesse fame, that throw
the world doth flie.
Which fame is due to those, that seeke by new
deuice, [in price.
To honor learning euery way, and Vertue bring
From Knowledge gardeyn gay, where science sowes
hir seedes, [and Weedes.
A pretie Posie gathered is, of Flowers, Hearbes,
The Flowers by smel are found, the hearbs their
goodnes showes,
The Weedes amid both hearbs and flowers, in decēt
order growes.
The soft and tender nose, that can no weedes abide,
May make his choise of holesome hearbes, whose
vertues well are tride.
The fine and flowing wittes, that feede on straunge
delites, [weede that bites:
May tast (for seasning daintie mouthes) the bitter
The well disposed minde, and honest meaning man,
Shall finde (in floures) proude Peacoks plumes, and
feathers of the Swan.
The Curst and crabbed Carle, that Posies flings
away, [floures to play.
By this (perhaps) may find some cause, with prettie
The kinde and louing worme, that woulde his ladie
please, [both much ease.
May light on some such medein here, shal do them
both much ease. [ing take:
The Lad that lykes the schoole, and will good warn-
May snatch some rules oute of this booke, that
may him doctor make.
The hastie trauayling head, that flies to foreyne
place, [this rouing race.
May wey by this what home is woorth, and stay
The manly courage stoute, that seeketh fame full
farre,
Shall find by this how sweete is peace, and see
how seure is warre.
This Posie is so pickt, and choysely sorted throw,
There is no Flower, Herbe, nor Weede, hut serues
some purpose pow.
Then since it freely comes, to you for little cost,
Take well in worth these paynes of him, that
thinkes no labor lost:
To do his countrie good, as many others haue,
Who for their toyles a good report, of worlde did
onely craue. [receyue,
Grudge not to yeeld some fame, for fruites that you
Make some exchaunge for franke good will, some
signe or token leaue,
To shew your thankfull harts. For if you loue to
take, [no gift forsake,
And haue a conscience growne so great, you can
And cannot giue againe, that men deserue to reape,
Adieu we leaue you in the hedge, and ore the stile
we leape.
And yet some stile or verse, we after shape in
ryme, [selues in tyme.
That may by arte shewe you a glasse, to see your
Thus wish I men their right: and you that iudge
amisse,
To mend your minds, or frame your Muse, to
make the like of this.

G. W. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNE, AND HIS POSIES.

READER rewarde nought else, but ouely good re-
port, [sundrie sort.
For all these pleasant Posies here, bound vp in
The flowers fayre and fresh, were set with painefull
toyle, [sant soyle.
Of late in Gascoignes Garden plot, a passing plea-
Now weedes of little worth, are culde from out the
rest,
Which he with double paine, did work, to gleane
the bad frō best.
The state is very straunge, and fortune rare in vse,
Whose heauie happe he neither helpes, nor blazeth
their abuse. [be thrall,
In thundring verse he wrayes, where highest mindes
Where misbeefe seekes to rayse it selfe, by force
of others fall. [pride,
He pluckes the visour of, from maskes of peeuish
And wrayes what sowre (in sweet pretēce) the
coustly corts cā hide.
In euerie gallant flower, he setteth forth to show,
Of Venus thralles, the hap, the harme, the want,
the weale, the woe.

He finely findes their faultes, whose welth doth foster wrong,
Who toucheth sinne (without offence) must plainly sing his song.
His loftie vaine in verse, his stately stile in prose,
Foretelles that Pallas ment by him, for to defende hir foes. [knit,
Wherwith to Mars his might, his lustie limmes are
(A sight most rare) that Hectors mind, should match with Pallas wit.
By proofe of late appeared (how so reportes here ran)' [hynmost man.
That he in field was formost still, in spoyle the
No backward blastes could bruse the valour of his thought, [credite sought.
Although slie hap, forestoode his hope, in that he
In fortunes spight he straue, by vertues to aspire,
Resolude when due deserts might mount, then he should haue his hire.
Thus late with Mars in field, a lustie Souldiour shewde, [hath bestowde,
And now with peace in Pallas schoole, he freendly
On thee this heape of flowers, the fruites of all his toyle, [the soyle.
Whereof if some but simple seeme, consider well
They grew not all at home, some came from forreyne fieldes,
The which (percase) set here againe, no pleasant sauour yeeldes.
Yet who mislyketh most, the worst will hardly mend, [will offend.
And he were best not write at all, which no man

P. B. TO SUCH AS HAVE HERETOFORE FOUND FAULT WITH GASCOIGNES POSIES.

GAYNST good deserts, both pride and enuie swell,
As neede repines, to see his neighbour ritche:
And slaunder chafes, where vertues prosper well,
As sicke men thinke, all others health to mitch:
Such filthie faultes, mens harts ofttymes inflame,
That spight presumes, to stayne the worthies name.

Are brutall things, transferred so to men?
Or men become more sauage than the beast?
We see the dogge, that kenelles in his den,
(For onely foode) obeyes his Lordes behest:
Yet more than that, remembers so reliefe,
As (in his kinde) he mournes at masters griefe.

If thou perceyue, whereto my tale intendes,
Then (slaunder) cease to wrong a frendly wight,
Who for his countreys good, his trauayle spendes,
Sometime where blowes are giuen in bloudie fight:
And other tymes he frames with skilfull pen,
Such verse, as may content eche moulde of men.

As nowe beholde, he here presentes to thee,
The blossoms fayre, of three well sorted seedes.
The first he feynes, fresh Flowers for to bee:
The second Herbes, the last he termeth Weedes.
All these, the soyle of his well fallowed brayne,
(With Pallas droppes bedewde) yeeldes for thy gaine.

The Hearbes to graue conceyt, and skilfull age,
The fragrant Flowers to sent of yonger smell:
The worthlesse Weedes, to rule the wantonrage
Of recklesse heades, he giues: then vse them well:
And gather (friend) but neyther spight nor spoyle,
These Posies made, by his long painfull toyle.

A. W. IN COMMENDATION OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

I PRAYSED once a booke (whereby I purchast blame)
And venturde for to write a verse, before I knewe the same.
So that I was deceyude, for when it came to light,
The booke deserued no such worde, as I therein did wright.
Thus lept I ere I lookt, and wandred ere I wist,
Which giues (me haggard) warning since, to trust no falkners fist.
And yet the booke was good, (by hap and not my skill) [wordes fulfill.
But not a booke of such contentes, as might my
Well now I neede not feare, these Posies here to prayse,
Bicause I knew them euery flower, and where they grew alwayes.
And sure for my conceyt, euen when they bloomed first, [the very worst.
Me thought they smelt not much amisse, no not
Perhappes some daintie nose, no Batchlers button lykes, [quarell pykes.
And some at Pimpernell and Pinkes, a slender
Some thinke that Gillyflowers, do yeeld a gelous swell,
And some (which like none herbe but sage) say Finkell tastes not well.
Yet Finkell is of force, and Gillyflowers are good,
And Pinks please some, and Pimpernell doth serue to steyneh the blood:
And Batchlers buttons be, the brauest to beholde,
But sure that flower were best not grow, which can abide no colde. [uious windes,
For slaunder blowes so shrill, with easterne en-
And frosts of frumps so nip the rootes, of vertuous meaning minds
That few good flowers can thriue, vnlesse they be protected, [proppes erected.
Or garded from suspitious blastes, or with some
So seemeth by the wight, which gardened this grounde, [here abounde,
And set such flowers on euery bed, that Posies
Yet some tongues cannot well, affoorde him worthie prayse, [sene his wayes,
And by our Lorde they do him wrong, for I haue
And marked all his moodes, and haue had proofe likewise, [deuise.
That he can do as well in field, as pen can here
Not many monthes yet past, I saw his doughtie deedes, [heauie hart it bleedes.
And since (to heare what slaunder sayes) my
Yet Reader graunt but this, to trie before thou trust, [gallant, good and iust.
So shalt thou find his flowers and him, both

I. B. IN COMMENDATION OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

THE sauerie sappes in Gascoignes Flowers that are,
Which strayned were by lofty learnings lore:
Could not content the surly for their share, [fore:
Ne cause them once, to yeeld him thankes there-

Such was his hap, when first in hande he tooke,
By labor long, to bring to light this Booke.

Yet hath he not (for all this) seemde to cease,
Those Flowers fresh againe in ground to set,
And yeeld them earth to bring forth their increase,
With other slippes from forraine soyle yfet.
Which he hath gaynde by hazarde of his life,
In bloudie broyles, where pouldred shot was rife.

This endlesse toyle, contented well his minde,
Hope helde the helme, his Fame on shore to set:
His deepe desire, was friendship for to finde,
At readers handes, he nought else sought to get:
Wherefore (doubtlesse) they did him double wrong,
Which F. and I. mysconstrued haue so long.

Yet least I should passe from the golden ground,
Of Gascoignes plat, wherein those Posies grew,
I list to tell what Flowers there I found,
And paint by penne, the honour to him dew:
Since that his toyle doth well deserue the same,
And sacred skill hath so aduaunst his name.

First did I finde the Flower of Fetters frute,
Whereof my selfe haue tasted to my paine:
Then might I see the Greene knight touch the Lute,
Whose cordes were coucht on frettes of deepe disdaine:
And likewise there, I might perceyue full well,
That fragrant Flower which fansie bad Farewell.

In fine I found the flowre that *Bellum* hight,
Sweete vnto those, of sillie simple sense,
Yet sharpe and sowre, to those that do delight
In martiall martes, for gaine of peuish pense.
Such buddes full braue, good Gascoignes Garden gaue
To all estates, which list the same to haue.

Wherefore (good friend) flie enuies yrkesome yre,
And tred the trace, which Reasons rule hath wrought,
Yeeld not disdeyne to Gascoigne for his hyre,
Whose brused braine for thee these flowers hath sought.
Least if thou do, the blame on thee do light,
Such friendly paynes to recompence with spight.

I. D. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNES AND HIS POSIES.

If Virgill how to till the Earth, to euery man doth tell, [excell,
And Galen he in Phisicks arte doth many men
If Poets olde deseruen prayse, by paynting out aright, [that wright,
The frutes of vice, as Ouid doth, and many mo
By learned skill of many things: If such exalt their name, [of Ladie Fame:
And for their hyre, deserued prayse by trumpe
Why should the Authour of this booke then leese his due desart, [skilfull arte?
Sith he so freendly here to vs, hath shewed his
The healthsome herbs and flowers sweet, frō weedes he hath diuided,
The fruits of Giues in prison strōg he hath right wel decided.
Of warres also, and warriours too, euen like a martiall knight,
He hath discourst, and shewed the lottes, that therevpon do light:
Virgill is dead, and Galen gone, with Poets many more: [in store.
Yet workes of theirs be still aliue, and with vs kept
This Authour liues, and Gascoigne hights, yet once to die most sure, [alwayes endure,
Alas the while that worthie wightes may not
But workes of his among the best, for euer more shall rest, [the blest.
When he in heauen shall take a place prepared for

THE PRINTER (RICHARD SMITH) IN COMMENDATION OF GASCOIGNE AND HIS WORKS.

Chawcer by writing purchast fame,
And Gower got a worthie name:
Sweete Surrey, suckt Pernassus springs,
And Wiat wrote of wondrous things:
Olde Rochfort clambe the stately throne,
Which Muses holde, in Hellicone.
Then thither let good Gascoigne go,
For sure his verse, deserueth so.

M. A. PERUGINO, A I LETTORI.

Conciosia la cosa che a'l bono vino, non ci bisogna la ghirlanda nientedi meno, l'opere virtuose meritano sempremai ogni laude, honore, & mercede. Tanto per essersi (nella natura loro, & di se stesse) piaceuole, grate, & piene, d'ogni contento, come per dare stimoli ad altrui d'imitar' i loro vestigy. In tanto Io stimo l'opera presente vn'essempio chiaro & raro della gloria Inghlese. Quando vi si truouano non salamēte sonetti, rime, canzoni, & altre cose infinitamēte piacuo'e, ma con cio non vi mancano discorse tragiche, moderne, & phylosophichæ, della Guerra, delli stati, & della vera Sapienza. Tutte procedute d'vn tal Iuchiostro, che Io (sendo forastiero) lo truouo vn' Immitatore di Petrarcha, Amico d'Ariosto, & Parangon di Bocaccio, Aretino, & ogni altro poēta quanto sia piu famoso & eccellente dell' etā nostra.

I. DE B. AUX LECTEURS.

Ceux qui voiront, les Rymes de Gascoigne,
(Estants François) se plaindront nuicts & iours
Que la beauté & l'odeur de ces flœurs,
A cest heur (de France) par Gascoign, tant s'esloigne.

H. M. IN POEMATA GASCOIGNI CARMEN.

Si iam vena viris eadem, quæ vatibus olim,
Ingenioq. pari possunt disponere partas
Materias, pedibus si incedunt Carmina certis,
Claudunturq. suis numeris: Si turba sororum,
Supplicibus potis est priscos inflare furores,
Sed si quod magis est, nostri sua themata texant,

Consona scripturis sacris, nec dissona rectis
Moribus: amænos, sed quæ cognoscere flores
Virtutis, quæ docent dulces colligere fructus.
Si fictas fabulas, falsiq. Cupidinis artes
Cum Venere excludunt, (ut docta indigna poesi)
Cur non censemus celebrandos iure Coronis
Æquales virtute viros, æqualibus esse?
O ingrata tuis non reddere tanta peritis
Præmia, quanta suis dignarunt prima Poetis
Sæcula num laudes tantas licet addere linguis
Romanæ primum, (quæ nil tamen attulit vltra
Vtile) germanas, vtfas sit spernere gemmas?
Sed vitium hoc patriæ est & peculiariter Anglis
Conuenit, externis quæcunq. feruntur ab oris,
Anteferre suis. Age si sic sapitis, Ecce,
Anglia quos profert flores Gasconia pressit.

B. C. IN POEMATA GASCONI, CARMEN.

Mens generosa solet generosos edere flores,
Incassumq. suos, non sinit ire dies:
Hæc tua Gasconi laus est, mercede remota
Hac, friget virtus, hæc tibi sufficiat.
Hæc tibi (seu Belgas repetas, Martemq. ferocem,
Seu patriam & Musas) inuiolata comes.

K. D. IN EUNDEM CARMEN.

Viderat huius: ef. I. Titulum nomenq. Poæta,
Lætaq. vix potuit, dicere lingua, bene est:
Mox vbi quæ voluit, libro non vidit in illo,
Magniq. quæ fuerat, pars ibi parua fuit,
Quàm male ait socio, Martem secreuit amore?
Qui bene amat pugnat, qui bene pugnat amat.

EIUSDEM DE EODEM.

Qvi quondam graue Martis opus, sub gente ne-
Militamq. tuli, non vno nomine duram [fanda,
Arma quibus lætabar, Ego Tritonia Pallas,
Pallas ego trado arma tibi, & nunc per iuga
Cynthi
Per sacrum te Hellicona tuus, per Thessala
Tempe
Insequor, æternumq. sequar, dum sydera mundum,
Dum deus æternos, certo moderamine Cœlos
Dirigat, æthereasq animas & sydera Cœli.
O quæ felices cælesti nectare mentes
Perfundis, Diuûmq. doces nos dicere Cantus,
Quales Aonias inter celiberrima turbas
Calliopæa canit, vel gestis Clio loquendis
Nata. (Nouenarum pars ingens Clio sororum.)
Da regina tuis adytis, antrisq. recepto
Cantari vates inter, diciq. Britannos.

P. W. IN GASCOIGNUM, CARMEN.

Svnt quorum mentes, tenebræ, Caligoq. turpis
Infuscant, vates qui tetigisse timent.
Tu pete florentem, facunde Poëta Corollam,
Excultis pateat, versibus iste locus.

G. H. PRO EODEM.

Qvisquis es hac nostri qui gaudes parte laboris,
Iudicio nobis, cantus adesto precor.
Perlege scripta prius, quàm pergas scripta probare,
Et bene perlectis, inde videbis opus.
Nam nihil in titulum, iuuat inspexisse libelli,
Si vis materiæ sit tibi nota minus.
Non etenim primò veniunt fundamina rerum,
Sed sunt in variis, inspicienda locis.
Perge igitur quo sit pergendum, fine reperto,
In tenebris tum quæ dilituêre proba.

E. H. IN POËMATA GASCOIGNI, CARMEN.

Si quam Romani laudem mœruêre Poëtæ
Siq. fuit Graiis debitus vllus honos,
Græcia si quondam vatem suspexit Homerum,
Si domitrix magni Roma Maronis opus,
Cur non Gasconii facunda poëmata laudat
Anglia? & ad cœli sydera summa ferat?
Carmina nam cum re, sic consentire videntur,
Egregium & præstans, vt videatur opus.
Dixerit has aliquis Musas nimis esse iocosas,
Et iuuenum facile posse nocere animis.
Non ita, ni forsan, velit iisdem lector abuti,
Non obsunt, pura si modò mente legas.

THE OPINION OF THE AUCTHOR HIMSELF AFTER ALL THESE COMMENDATIONS.

What neede I speake my self, since other say so
much?
Who some to praise these poesies so, as if ther wer
none such:
But sure my silly self, do find therein no smell,
Which may deserue such passing prayse, or seeme
to taste so well, [deinge
This boone I onely craue, that readers yet will
(If any weede herein do seeme, his fellow flowres
to stayne) [they finde,
Then reade but others workes, and marke if that
No toyes therein which may dislike, some modest
readers minde?
Reade Virgills Pryapus, or Ouids wanton verse,
Which he about Corinnaes couche, so clerkly can
rehearse.
Reade Faustoes filthy tale, in Ariostoes ryme,
And let not Marots Alyx passe, without impeach
of crime. [excuse
These things considered well, I trust they will
This muze of mine, although she seem, such toyes
sometimes to vse.
Beleeue me Lordings all, it is a Poetes parte,
To handle eche thing in his kinde, for therein lieth
his arte: [lawe,
Lucillius ledde the daunce, and Horace made the
That poetes by Auctoritie, may call (a Dawe) a
Dawe,
And eke (a hore) a Hore, but yet in cleanly wordes,
So that the vice may be rebukt, as though it were
in bourdes: [faute)
This phrase sometimes I vse, which (if it be a
Condempne not all the rest therfore, that here in
verse is taught,

Smell euery poesie right, and you therein shall finde,
Fresh flowres, good hearbes, and bolsome weedes, to please a skilfull minde.
Finis. Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

HIS VLTIMUM VALE TO AMOROUS VERSE.

KINDE Erato, and wanton Thalia,
(Whose name my muze, deuoutly did inuoke)
Adieu deare dames, Caliope sings *alia*,
Which are more worth, and smell not of the smoke.
And if blinde Cupide, chaunce to stryke a stroke,
I vowe my verse, Apocrypha shalbe,
In silence shutte, that none (but you) may see[1].

Finis.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

[1] These lines, and the "Opinion of the Aucthor" are not in the edition of Gascoigne published 1587. *C.*

POEMS

OF

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

FLOWERS.

THE ANATOMYE OF A LOUER.

TO make a louer knowne, by plaine Anatomie.
You louers all that list beware, loe here behold you me. [might moue,
Who though mine onely lookes, your pittie wel
Yet euery part shall playe his part, to paint the panges of loue.
If first my feeble head, haue so much matter left,
If fansies raging force haue not, his feeble skill bereft. [dazled eyes,
These lockes that hang vnkempt, these hollowe
These chattering teeth, this trębling tongue, well tewed with carefull cries.
These wan and wrinkled cheekes, wel washt with waues of woe, [carkasse goe.
Maye stand for patterne of a ghost, where so this
These shoulders they sustaine, the yoake of heauy care, [I beare.
And on my brused broken backe, the burden must
These armes quite braunfalne are, with beating on my brest, [craueth rest:
This right hand weary is to write, this left hand
These sides enclose the forge, where sorrowe playes the smith, [mettall with.
And hote desire, hath kindled fire, to worke this
The Anuile is my heart, my thoughtes they strike the stroake, [sighes ascend for smoake.
My lights and lunges like bellowes blow, and
My secreete partes are so with secreete sorrow soken;
As for the secreete shame thereof, deserues not to be spoken, [my feete,
My thighes, my knees, my legges, and last of all
To serue a louers turne, are so vnable and vnmeete,
That scarce they sustaine vp, this restlesse body well, [doth dwell,
Unlesse it be to see the boure, wherein my loue
And there by sight eftsoone, to feede my gazing eye,
And so content my hungrie corps, tyll dollours doe me dye:
Yet for a iust reward of loue so dearely bought,
I pray you saye, loe this was he, whome loue had worne to nought.

Euer or neuer.

THE ARRAIGMENT OF A LOUER.

AT Beautyes barre as I dyd stande,
When false suspect accused mee,
George (quod the Judge) holde vp thy hande,
Thou art arraignde of Flatterye:
Tell therefore howe thou wylt bee tryde:
Whose iudgement here wylt thou abyde,

My Lorde (quod I) this Lady here,
Whome I esteeme aboue the rest,
Doth knowe my guilte if any were:
Wherefore hir doome shall please me best
Let hir bee Judge and Jurour boathe,
To trye mee guiltlesse by myne oathe.

Quod Beautie, no, it fitteth not,
A Prince hir selfe to iudge the cause:
Wyll is our Justice well you wot,
Appointed to discusse our Lawes:
If you wyll guiltlesse seeme to goe,
God and your countrey quitte you so.

Then crafte the cryer cal'd a quest,
Of whome was falshoode formost feere,
A pack of pickethankes were the rest,
Which came false witnesse for to beare,
The Jurye suche, the Judge vniust,
Sentence was sayde I should be trust.

Jelous the Jayler bound mee fast,
To heare the verdite of the byll,
George (quod the Judge) nowe thou art cast,
Thou must goe hence to heauie hill,
And there be hangde all but the head,
God rest thy soule when thou art dead.

Downe fell I then vpon my knee,
All flatte before Dame Beauties face,
And cryed, good Ladye pardon mee,
Which here appeale vnto your grace,
You knowe if I haue beene vntrue,
It was in too much praysing you.

And though this Judge doe make suche haste,
To shead with shame my guiltlesse blood:
Yet let your pittie first bee plaste,
To saue the man that meant you good,
So shall you shewe your selfe a Queene,
And I maye bee your seruaunt seene.

(Quod Beautie) well: bicause I guesse,
What thou dost meane hencefoorth to bee,
Although thy faultes deserue no lesse,
Than Iustice here hath iudged thee,
Wylt thou be bounde to stynt all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy lyfe?

Yea Madame (quod I) that I shall,
Loe fayth and trueth my suerties[1]:
Why then (quod shee) come when I call,
I aske no better warrantise.
Thus am I Beauties bounden thrall,
At hir commaunde when shee doth call.
Euer or neuer.

THE PASSION OF A LOUER.

I smyle sometimes although my griefe be great,
To heare and see these louers paint their paine,
And how they can in pleasaunt rimes repeate,
The passing pangs, which they in fancies faine.
But if I had such skyll to frame a verse,
I could more paine than all their panges rehearse

Some saye they finde nor peace, nor power to fight,
Which seemeth strange: but stranger is my state:
I dwell in dole, yet soiorne with delight,
Reposde in reste, yet weryed with debate.
For flatte repulse, might well appease my wyll,
But fancie fightes, to trye my fortune styll.

Some other saye they hope, yet liue in dread,
They friese, they flame, they flie aloft, they fall,
But I, nor hope with happe to rayse my head,
Nor feare to stoupe, for why, my gate is small.
Nor can I friese, with cold to kyll my heart,
Nor yet so flame, as might consume my smart.

How liue I then, which thus drawe foorth my dayes?
Or tell me howe, I found this feuer first?
What fits I feele? what distance? what delayes?
What griefe? what ease? what lyke I best? what worst?
These thinges they tell, which seeke redresse of paine,
And so wyll I, although I coumpt it vaine.

[1] Common Bayll.

I liue in loue, euen so I loue to liue,
(Oh happie state, twise happie he that findes it)
But loue to life this cognisance doth geue,
This badge this marke, to euery man that mindes it,
Loue leadeth life, which (dying) cannot dye,
Nor lyuing liue: and such a life leade I.

The Sunny dayes which gladde the saddest wightes,
Yet neuer shine to cleare my misty moone:
No quiet sleepe, amidde the mooneshine nightes,
Can close mine eyes, when I am woe begone.
Into such shades my peeuishe sorrowe shrowdes,
That Sunne and Moone are still to me in clowdes.

And feuerlike I feede my fancie styll,
With such repast, as most empaires my health,
Which feuer first I caught by wanton wyll,
When coles of kind dyd stirre my blood by stealth:
And gazing eyes, in bewtie put such trust,
That loue enflamd my liuer at with lust.

My fits are lyke the feuer Ectick fits[1],
Which one daye quakes within and burnes without,
The next day heate within the boosoms sits,
And shiuiring colde the body goes about.
So is my heart most hote when hope is colde,
And quaketh most when I most heate behold.

Tormented thus without delayes I stand,
All wayes in one and euermore shalbe,
In greatest griefe when helpe is nearest hand,
And best at ease if death might make me free:
Delighting most in that which hurtes my heart,
And hating change which might relieue my smart.

LENVOYE.

Yet you deare dame: to whome this cure pertaines,
Deuise by times some drammes for my disease,
A noble name shall be your greatest gaines,
Whereof be sure, if you wyll worke mine ease.
And though fond fooles set forth their fittes as fast,
Yet graunt with me that my straunge passion past,
Euer or neuer.

A STRAUNGE PASSION OF A LOUER.

Amid my Bale I bath in blisse,
I swim in heauen, I sinke in hell:
I find amends for euery misse,
And yet my moane no tongue can tell.
I liue and loue, what wold you more:
As neuer louer liu'd before.

I laugh sometimes with little lust,
So iest I oft and feele no ioye:
Myne ease is builded all on trust:
And yit mistrust breedes myne anoye.
I liue and lacke, I lacke and haue:
I haue and misse the thing I craue.

These things seeme strange, yet are they trew.
Beleeue me sweete my state is such,
One pleasure which I wold eschew,
Both slakes my griefe and breedes my gratch.
So doth one paine which I would shoon,
Renew my ioyes where grief begoon.

Then like the larke that past the night,
In heauy sleepe with cares opprest:
Yit when shee spies the pleasaunt light,
She sends sweete notes from out hir brest.

[1] There is indeed suche a kinde of fever.

So sing I now because I thinke
How ioyes approch, when sorrowes shrinke.

And as fayre Philomene againe,
Can watch and singe when other sleepe:
And taketh pleasure in hir payne,
To wray the woo that makes hir weepe.
So sing I now for to bewray
The lothsome life I lead alway.

The which to thee (deare wenche) I write,
That know'st my mirth, but not my moane:
I praye God graunt thee deepe delight,
To liue in ioyes when I am gone.
I cannot liue, it wyll not bee:
I dye to thinke to parte from thee.
Ferendo Natura.

THE DIUORCE OF A LOUER.

DIUORCE me nowe good death, from loue and lingring life, [was my wife.
That one hath been my concubine, that other
In youth I liued with loue, she had my lustye dayes. [wādering wais,
In age I thought with lingering life to stay my
But now abusde by both, I come for to complaine,
To thee good death, in whom my helpe doth wholy now remain,
My libell loe behold: wherein I doe protest,
The processe of my plaint is true, in which my griefe doth rest. [trimme,
First loue my concubine (whome I haue kept so
Euen she for whome I seemd of yore, in seas of ioy to swimme:
To whom I dare auowe, that I haue serued as well,
And played my part as gallantly, as he that beares the bell)
She cast me of long since, and holdes me in disdaine, [is but vaine.
I cannot pranke to please hir nowe, my vaunting
My writhled cheekes bewraye, that pride of heate is past, [ture fadeth fast,
My stagring steppes eke tell the trueth, that na-
My quaking crooked ioyntes, are combred with the crampe, [feede my lampe.
The boxe of oyle is wasted wel, which once dyd
The greenesse of my yeares, doth wyther now so sore, [me no more,
That lusty loue leapes quite awaye, and lyketh
And loue my lemman gone, what lyking can I take[1]?
In lothsome lyfe that croked croane, although she be my make? [cold,
Shee cloyes me with the cough, hir comfort is but
She bids me giue mine age for almes, wher first my youth was sold. [brall,
No day can passe my head, but she beginnes to
No mery thoughts conceiued so fast, but she confounds them al. [still,
When I pretend to please, she ouerthwarts me
When I would faynest part with hir, she ouerwayes my will. [hand,
Be iudge then gentle death, and take my cause in
Consider euery circumstaunce, marke how the case doth stand. [none see,
Percase thou wilte aledge, that cause thou canst
But that I like not of that one, that other likes not me:
Yes gentle iudge giue eare, and thou shalt see me proue,
My concubine incontinent, a common whore is loue.
And in my wyfe I find, such discord and debate,
As no man liuing can endure the tormentes of my state. [them both.
Wherefore thy sentence say, deuorce me from
Since only thou mayst right my wronges, good death nowe be not loath.
But cast thy pearcing dart, into my panting brest,
That I may leaue both loue and life, and thereby purchase rest.
Haud ictus sapio.

[1] Such a sect there is that desire no longer lyfe then whiles they are in love.

THE LULLABIE OF A LOUER.

SING lullaby, as women doe,
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest,
And lullaby can I sing to,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the childe,
And if I be not much beguild,
Full many wanton babes haue I,
Which must be stild with lullabie.

First lullaby my youthfull yeares,
It is nowe time to go to bed,
For croocked age and hoary heares,
Haue wone the hauen with in my head:
With Lullaby then youth be still,
With Lullaby content thy will,
Since courage quayles, and commes behind,
Go sleepe, and so beguile thy minde.

Next Lullaby my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to glaunce apace.
For euery Glasse maye nowe suffise,
To shewe the furrowes in my face:
With Lullabye then winke awhile,
With Lullabye your lookes beguile:
Lette no fayre face, nor beautie brighte,
Entice you efte with vayne delighte.

And Lullaby my wanton will,
Lette reasons rule, nowe reigne thy thought,
Since all to late I finde by skyll,
Howe deare I haue thy fansies bought:
With Lullaby nowe tak thyne ease,
With Lullaby thy doubtes appease:
For trust to this, if thou be styll,
My body shall obey thy will.

* * * * * * *

Thus Lullabye my youth, myne eyes,
My will, my ware, and all that was,
I can no mo delayes deuise,
But welcome payne, let pleasure passe:
With Lullaby now take your leaue,
With Lullaby your dreames deceiue,
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this Lullabye.
Euer or Neuer.

THE LAMENTATION OF A LOUER.

NOW haue I found the waie, to weepe and wayle my fill, [my will.
Now can I ende my dolfull dayes, and so content
The way to weepe inough, for such as list to wayle,
Is this: to go abord the ship, where pleasure beareth sayle.

And there to marke the iestes, of euery ioyfull wight,
And with what winde and waue they fleet, to nourish their delight.
For as the striken Deare, that seeth his fellowes feede, [to bleede,
Amid the lustie heard (vnhurt,) and feeles himselfe
Or as the seely byrd, that with the Bolte is brusd,
And lieth aloofe among the leaues, of al hir pheares refusd, [reioyce,
And heares them sing full shrill, yet cannot she
Nor frame one warbling note to passe, out of hir mournfull voyce. [payne,
Euen so I finde by proofe, that pleasure dubleth
Unto a wretched wounded hart, which doth in woe, remaine. [ioye,
I passe where pleasure is, I heare some sing for
I see som laugh, som other daūce, in spight of darke anoy.
But out alas my mind, amends not by their myrth,
I deeme al pleasurs to be paine, that dwell aboue the earth. [breath,
Such heauy humors feede, the bloud that lendes me
As mery medcins cannot serue, to keepe my corps from death.

Spræta tamen viuunt.

Certaine verses written to a Gentlewoman whome hee liked very wel, and yet had neuer any oportunity to discouer his affection, being alwayes bridled by iclousie lookes which attended them both, and therefore gessing by hir lokes, that she partly also liked him: he wrote in a booke of hirs as followeth, being termed with the rest that follow

THE LOKES OF A LOUER ENAMOURED.

THOU with thy lookes on whom I loke full ofte,
And find there in great cause of deepe delight:
Thy face is fayre, thy skin is smoth and softe,
Thy lippes are sweet, thine eyes are cleere and bright,
And euery part seemes pleasant in my sight.
Yet wote thou well, those lokes haue wrought my wo,
Bicause I loue to looke vpon them so.

For first those lookes allurd mine eye to loke,
And straught mine eye stird up my hart to loue:
And cruell loue with deepe deceitfull hooke,
Chokt vp my mind whom fancie cannot moue,
Nor hope relecue, nor other helpe behoue:
But still to loke, and though I loke to much,
Needes must I loke bicause I see none such.

Thus in thy lookes my loue and life haue hold,
And with such life my death drawes on a pace:
And for such death no medcine can be told,
But loking still vpon thy louely face,
Wherin are painted pitie, peace, and grace,
Then though thy lokes should cause me for to dye,
Needes must I looke, bicause I liue therby.

Since then thy lookes my lyfe haue so in thrall,
As I can like none other lookes but thine:
Lo here I yeelde my lyfe, my loue, and all
Into thy hands, and all things else resigne,
But libertie to gaze vpon thyne eyen.
Which when I doe, then think it were thy part,
To looke again, and linke with me in hart.

Si fortunatus infelix.

With these verses you shall iudge the quicke capacitie of the Lady: for she wrote thereunder this short aunswere.

LOOKE as long as you lyst, but surely ifI take you looking, I will looke with you.

And for a further proofe of this Dames quicke vnderstanding, you shall now vnderstande, that sone after this aunswere of hirs, the same Auethour chansed to be at a supper in hir company, where were also hir brother, hir husband, and an old louer of hirs by whom shee had bene long suspected. Nowe, although there wanted no delicate viandes to content them, yet their chiefe repast was by entreglancing of lokes. For the Auethour being stong with hotte affection, coulde none otherwyse relieue his passion but by gazing. And the Dame of a curteous enclination deigned (nowe and then) to requite the same with glaneing at him. Hir olde louer occupied his eyes with watching: and her brother perceiuing all this coulde not abstaine from winking, whereby hee might putte his Syster in remembraunce, least she shoulde too much forget hir selfe. But most of all her husbande beholding the first, and being euyll pleased with the seconde, scarce contented with the thirde, and misconstruing the fourth, was constrayned to playe the fifth part in frowarde frowning. This royall banquet thus passed ouer, the Auethor knowing that after supper they should passe the tyme in propounding of Ryddles, and making of purposes: contrined all this conceipt in a Riddle as followeth. The which was no soner pronoūced, but shee coulde perfectly perceiue his intent, and draue out one nayle with another, as also enseweth.

His Ryddle.

I CAST mine eye and sawe ten eyes at once,
All seemelye set vppon one louely face:
Twoo gaz'd, twoo glanc'd, twoo watched for the nonce.
Twoo winked wiles, twoo fround with froward grace.
Thus euerye eye was pitched in his place.
And euerye eye which wrought eche others wo,
Saide to it selfe, alas why lookt I so?
And euerye eye for ielousie did pine,
And sigh'd and sayde, I would that eye were mine.

Si fortunatus infælix.

In all this louelie company was not one that coulde and would expound the meaning hereof. At last the Dame hir selfe aunswered on this wise. Syr, quod she, because your darke speach is much to curious for this simple company, I wyl bee so bolde as to quit one question with another. And when you haue aunswered mine, it maye fall out peraduenture, that I shall somewhat the better iudge of yours.

Hir Question.

WHAT thing is that which swimmes in blisse,
And yet consumes in burning griefe:
Which being plaste where pleasure is,
Can yet recouer no reliefe.
Which sees to sighe, and sighes to see,
All this is one, what maye it bee?

He held him selfe herewith contented: and afterwardes when they were better acquainted, he chaunsed once (groping in her pocket) to find a letter of hir olde louers: and thynking it were better to wincke than vtterlye to put out his eyes, seemed not to vnderstande this first offence: but soone afer finding a lemman (the which he thought he sawe hir olde lemman put there) he deuised therof thus, and deliuered it vnto hir in writing.

I GROOPED in thy pocket pretty peate,
And found a Lemman which I looked not:
So founde I once (which nowe I must repeate)
Both leaues and letters which I lyked not.
Such hap haue I to finde and seeke it not,
But since I see no faster meanes to bind them,
I wyll (hencefoorth) take Lemmans as I finde them.

The dame within verie short space dyd aunswere it thus.

A LYMONE (but no Lemmane) syr you found,
For Lemmans beare their name to broade before:
The which since it hath giuen you such a wound,
That you seeme now offended very sore:
Content your selfe you shall find (there) no more.
But take your Lemmans henceforth where you lust,
For I wyll shewe my letters where I trust.

THE LOOKES OF A LOUER FORSAKEN:

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEWOMAN WHO PASSED BY HIM WITH HIR ARMES SET BRAGGING BY HIR SIDES, AND LEFTE IT VNFINISHED AS FOLLOWETH.

WERE my hart set on hoygh as thine is bent,
Or in my brest so braue and stout a will:
Then (long ere this) I coulde haue bene content,
With sharpe reueng thy carelesse corpes to kill.
For why thou knowest (although thou know not all)
What rule, what raygne, what power, what segnory,
Thy melting minde did yeeld to me (as thrall)
When first I pleasd thy wandring fantisie.
What lingring lookes bewray'd thyne inward thought,
What panges were publisht by perplexcitie,
Such reakes the rage of loue in thee had wrought
And no gramercie for thy curtesie.
I list not vaunt, but yet I dare auowe
(Had bene my harmelesse hart as harde as thine)
I coulde haue bounde thee then for starting nowe,
In bondes of bale, in pangs of deadly pyne.
For why by profe the field is eath to win,
Where as the chiefteynes yeeld them selues in chaynes:
The port or passage plaine to enter in,
Where porters list to leaue the key for gaynes.
But did I then deuise with crueltie,
(As tyrants do) to kill the yeelding pray?
Or did I bragge and boast triumphauntly,
As who should saye the field were mine that daye?
Did I retire my selfe out of thy sight
To beat afresh the bulwarkes of thy brest?
Or did my mind in choyce of change delight,
And render thee as refuse with the rest?
No Tygre no, the lyon is not lewd,
He shewes no force on seely wounded sheepe, &c.

Whiles he sat at the dore of his lodging, deuising these verses aboue rehersed, the same Gentlewoman passed by againe, and cast a longe looke towardes him, whereby he left his former inuention and wrote thus.

HOWE long she lookt, that lookt at me of late,
As who would say, hir lookes were all for loue:
When God he knowes they came from deadly hate,
To pinch me yit with pangs which I must proue.
But since my lokes hir liking maye not moue,
Looke where she likes, for lo this looke was east,
Not for my loue, but euen to see my last.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

ANOTHER SONET WRITTEN BY THE SAME GENTLEWOMAN, VPPON THE SAME OCCASION.

I LOOKT of late, and sawe thee loke askance,
Upon my dore, to see if I satte there,
As who should say: if he be there by chance,
Yet maye he thinke I loke him euery where.
No cruell no, thou knowest and I can tell,
How for thy loue I layd my lokes a side:
Though thou (par case) hast lookt and liked wel,
Some newe founde lookes amide this world so wide.
But since thy lookes my loue haue so in chaynd
That to my lokes, thy liking now is past:
Loke where thou likest, and let thy hands be staynd,
In true loues bloud, which thou shalt lack at last,
So looke, so lack, for in these toyes thus tost,
My lookes thy loue, thy lookes my life haue lost.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

TO THE SAME GENTLEWOMAN BECAUSE SHE CHALLENGED THE AUCTHOUR FOR HOLDING DOWNE HIS HEAD ALWAIES, AND FOR THAT HEE LOOKED NOT VPPON HIR IN WONTED MANNER.

YOU must not wonder though you thinke it straunge,
To see me holde my lowring head so lowe:
And that myne eyes take no delyght to raunge,
About the gleames which on your face doe growe.
The mouse which once hath broken out of trappe,
Is sildome tysed with the trustlesse bayte,
But lyes aloofe for feare of more mishappe,
And feedeth styll in doubte of deepe deceipte.
The skorched flye which once hath scapt the flame,
Wyll hardlye come to playe againe with fyre.
Whereby I learne that greenous is the game,
Which followes fansie dazled by desire.
So that I wynke or else holde downe my head,
Because your blazing eyes my bale haue bred.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

THE RECANTACION OF A LOUER.

NOW must I needes recant the wordes which once I spoke,
Fond fansie fumes so nie my noose, I nedes must smell the smoke:
And better were to beare a Faggot from the fire,
Than wylfully to burne and blaze, in flames o vaine desire. [well
You Judges then giue eare, you people marke me I saye, both heauen and earth record the tale which I shall tell.

And knowe that dread of death, nor hope of better hap, [cap.
Haue forced or perswaded me to take my turning
But euen that mightye Ioue, of his great clemencie,
Hath giuen me grace at last to iudge, the trueth from treason: [heart,
I saye then and professe, with free and faithfull
That womēs vowes are nothing els, but snares of secret smart:
Their beauties blaze are baites which seeme of pleasant taste, [for repast:
But who deuoures the hidden hooke, eates poyson
Their smyling is deceipt, their faire wordes traines of treason, [of reason.
Their wit alwaies so full of wyles, it skorneth rules
Percase some present here, haue heard my selfe of yore, [then the more:
Both teach and preach the contrary, my fault was
I graunt my workes were these, first one Anatomie,
Wherein I painted euery pang of louers perplexitye:
Next that I was arraignde, with George holde vp thy hand, [to stand:
Wherein I yeelded Bewties thrall, at hir commaund
Myne eyes so blinded were, (good people marke my tale) [weary Bale:
That once I song, I Bathe in Blisse, amidde my
And many a frantike verse, then from my penne dyd passe, [was,
In waues of wicked heresie, so deepe I drowned
All which I nowe recant, and here before you burne [tippet here I turne.
Those trifling bookes, from whose lewde lore my
And hencefoorth wyl I write, howe mad is that mans minde, [kind.
Which is entist by any traine to trust in woman-
I spare not wedlocke I, who lyst that state aduance,
Aske Astolfe[1] king of Lumbardie, howe trim his dwarfe coulde daunce.
Wherefore fayre ladies you, that heare me what I saye, [astraye:
If you hereafter see me slippe, or seeme to goe
Or if my tongue reuolte from that which nowe it sayth, [my fayth.
Then plague me thus, Beleeue it not, for this is nowe

Haud ictus sapio.

IN PRAYSE OF BRIDGES, NOWE LADY SANDES.

In Court who so demaundes what Dame doth most excell, [beares the bell:
For my conceyt I must needes say, faire Bridges
Upon whose liuely cheeke, to prooue my iudgement true, [of hewe:
The Rose and Lillie seeme to striue for equall change
And therewithall so well her graces all agree,
No frowning cheere dare once presume in hir sweete face to bee. [other best,
Although some lauishe lippes, which like some
Wyll saye the blemishe on hir browe disgraceth all the rest[2].
Thereto I thus replie, God wotte they litle know,
The hidden cause of that mishap, nor how the harme dyd grow.

For when Dame nature first had framde hir heauenly face, [of grace:
And thoroughly bedecked it, with goodly gleames
It lyked hir so well: Lo here (quod shee) a peece,
For perfect shape that passeth all Apelles worke in Greece. [God of Loue,
This bayte may chaunce to catche the greatest
Or mighty thundring Ioue himself that rules the roast aboue. [vaine,
But out, alas, those wordes were vaunted all in
And some vnsene were present there (poore Bridges) to thy pain.
For Cupide craftie boye, close in a corner stoode,
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir, I gesse it dyd him good.
Yet when he felt the flame gan kindle in his brest,
And hard dame nature boast by hir, to breake him of his rest,
His hote newe chosen loue, he chaunged into hate,
And sodainly with mighty mace, gan rap hir on the pate.
It grieued Nature much to see the cruell deede:
Me seemes I see hir how she wept, to see hir dearling blede. (helpe I trowe,
Welt yet (quod she) this hurt shall haue some
And quicke with skin she couered it, that whiter is than snowe. [flame,
Wherewith Dan Cupid fled, for feare of further
Whē angel like he saw hir shine, whom he had smit with shame.
Lo thus was Bridges hurt, in cradel of hir kind,
The coward Cupid brake hir brow, to wreke his wouded mind, [it be,
The skar styll there remaines, no force, there let
There is no clowde that can eclipse, so bright a sunne as she.

Euer or neuer.

IN PRAYSE OF ZOUCHE LATE THE LADY GREYE OF WILTON, WHOME THE AUCTOR FOUND IN A HOMELY HOUSE.

These rustie walles whome eankred yeares defaee,
The comely corps of seemely Zouche enclose,
Whose auncient stocke deriude from worthy race,
Procures hir praise, where so the carkas goes:
Hir aungels face declares hyr modest minde,
Hyr louely lokes the gazing eyes allure,
Hyr deedes deserue some endlesse prayse to finde,
To blaze suche brute as euer might endure.
Wherfore my penne in trembling feare shall staye,
To write the thing that doth surmount my skill,
And I will wish of God both night and daye,
Some worthier place to guide hir worthy will.
Where princes peeres hir due desertes maye see,
And I content hir seruaunt there to bee.

Euer or Neuer.

GASCOIGNES PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS.

The hap which Paris had, as due for his desert,
Who fauord Venus for hir face, and skornde Meneruas art: [esteeme,
May serue to warne the wise that they no more
The glistering glosse of bewties blaze, than reason should it deme.

[1] Astolf being the goodliest personne in the worlde founde a dwarfe lying with his wife.

[2] She had a scar on her forehead. See Percy's Relics, vol. 2. p. 150. Edit. 1765. *C.*

Dan Priams yonger son, found out the fairest dame,
That euer trode on Troyane mold, what folowed of the same?
I list not brut hir bale, let others spread it forth,
But for his parte to speake my minde his choice was little worth, [shewe,
My meaning is but this, who markes the outward
And neuer grops for graftes of grace which in the mind should grow: [had,
May chance vpon such choise as trusty Troilus
And dwel in dole as Paris did, when he would faine be glad. [finde,
How happie then am I whose happe hath bene to
A mistresse first that doth excell in vertues of the mind. [suche grace,
And yet therewith hath ioynd, such fauoure and
As Pandars niece if (she wer here) would quickly giue hir place. [to dwel,
With in whose worthy brest, Dame Bounty seekes
And saith to beawty, yeeld to me, since I doe thee excell. [appeare,
Betwene whose heauenly eyes, doth right remorse
And pitie placed by the same, doth muche amende hir cheere. [mee good,
Who in my daungers deepe, dyd deigne to doe
Who did relieue my heauy heart, and sought to saue my blood. [my fooes,
Who first encreast my friendes, and ouerthrew
Who loued al them that wisht me wel, and liked none but those.
O Ladies giue me leaue, I prayse not hir to farre,
Since she doth pas you al, as much, as Titan staines a starre. [serue,
You hold such seruauntes deare, as able are to
She held me deare, when I poore soule, could no good thing deserue.
You set by them that swim in all prosperitie,
She set by me when as I was in great calamitie.
You best esteeme the braue, and let the poorest passe, [as it was.
Shee best esteemde my poore good wyll, all naked
But whether am I went? what humor guides my braine? [pepper grain.
I seeke to wey the woolsack down, with one poore
I seeme to penne hir praise, that doth surpasse my skill, [the hill.
I striue to rowe against the tide, I hoppe against
Then let these fewe suffise, shee Helene staines for hewe, [Thisbye true.
Dydo for grace, Cressyde for cheere, and is as
Yet if you furder craue, to haue hir name displaide,
Dame Fauor is my mistres name, dame Fortune is hir maid.

Attamen ad solitum.

GASCOIGNES GOOD MORROW.

You that haue spent the silent night,
In sleepe and quiet rest,
And ioye to see the cheerefull lyght
That ryseth in the East:
Now cleare your voyce, now chere your hart,
Come helpe me nowe to sing:
Eche willing wight come beare a part,
To prayse the heauenly King.

And you whome care in prison keepes,
Or sickenes doth suppresse,
Or secret sorowe breakes your sleepes,
Or dolours doe distresse:
Yet beare a parte in dolfull wise,
Yea thinke it good accorde,
And exceptable sacrifice,
Eche sprite to prayse the lorde.

The dreadfull night with darkesomnesse,
Had ouer spread the light,
And sluggish sleepe with drowsynesse,
Had ouer prest our might:
A glasse wherin you may beholde,
Eche storme that stopes our breath,
Our bed the graue, our clothes lyke molde,
And sleepe like dreadfull death.

Yet as this deadly night did laste,
But for a little space,
And heauenly daye nowe night is past,
Doth shewe his pleasaunt face:
So must we hope to see Gods face,
At last in heauen on hie,
When we haue chang'd this mortall place,
For Immortalitie.

And of such happes and heauenly ioyes,
As then we hope to holde,
All earthly sightes and wordly toyes,
Are tokens to beholde.
The daye is like the daye of doome,
The sunne, the Sonne of man,
The skyes the heauens, the earth the tombe
Wherein we rest till than.

The Rainbowe bending in the skye,
Bedeckte with sundrye hewes,
Is like the seate of God on hye,
And seemes to tell these newes:
That as thereby he promised,
To drowne the world no more,
So by the bloud which Christ hath shead,
He will our helth restore.

The mistie cloudes that fall somtime,
And ouercast the skyes,
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dymme our eyes:
But as suche dewes are dryed vp quite,
When Phœbus shewes his face,
So are such fansies put to flighte,
Where God doth guide by grace.

The caryon Crowe, that lothsome beast,
Which cryes agaynst the rayne,
Both for hir hewe and for the rest,
The Deuill resembleth playne:
And as with gonnes we kill the crowe,
For spoyling our releefe,
The Deuill so must we ouerthrowe,
With gonshote of beleefe.

The little byrde which sing so swete,
Are like the angelles voyce,
Which render God his prayses meete,
And teache vs to reioyce:
And as they more esteeme that myrth,
Than dread the nights anoy,
So much we deeme our days on earth,
But hell to heauenly ioye.

Unto which Joyes for to attayne
God graunt vs all his grace,
And sende vs after worldly payne,
In heauen to haue a place.

Where wee maye still enioye that light,
Which neuer shall decaye:
Lorde for thy mercy lend vs might,
To see that ioyfull daye.
Haud ictus sapio.

GASCOYGNES GOOD NIGHT.

When thou hast spent the lingring day in pleasure and delight,
Or after toyle and wearie waye, dost seeke to rest at nighte:
Unto thy paynes or pleasures past, adde this one labour yet, [God forget,
Ere sleepe close vp thyne eye to fast, do not thy
But searche within thy secret thoughts, what deeds did thee befal: [call.
And if thou find amisse in ought, to God for mercy
Yea though thou find nothing amisse, which thou canst cal to mind, [behind:
Yet euer more remember this, there is the more
And thinke how well so euer it be, that thou hast spent the daye, [waye.
It came of God, and not of thee, so to direct thy
Thus if thou trie thy dayly deedes, and pleasure in this payne,
Thy life shall clense thy corne from weeds, and thine shal be the gaine: [to winke,
But if thy sinfull sluggishe eye, will venter for
Before thy wading will may trye, how far thy soule maye sinke, [smoth is made,
Beware and wake, for else thy bed, which soft and
May heape more harm vpō thy head, than blowes of enmies blade. [thou doest lye,
Thus if this paine procure thine ease, in bed as
Perhaps it shall not God displease, to sing thus soberly;
I see that sleepe is lent me here, to ease my wearye bones, [greeuous grones.
As death at laste shall eke appeere, to ease my
My dayly sportes, my panch full fed, haue causde my drousie eye, [soule to dyē:
As carelesse life in quiet led, might cause my
The stretching armes, the yauning breath, which I to bedward vse, [me refuse:
Are patternes of the pangs of death, when life will
And of my bed eche sundrye part in shaddowes doth resemble,
The sūdry shapes of deth, whose dart shal make my flesh to trēble.
My bed it selfe is like the graue, my sheetes the winding sheete, [me most meete:
My clothes the mould which I must haue, to couer
The hungry fleas which friske so freshe, to wormes I can cōpare, [the bones ful bare:
Which greedily shall gnaw my fleshe, and leaue
The waking Cock that early crowes to weare the night awaye, [the latter day.
Puts in my minde the trumpe that blowes before
And as I ryse vp lustily, when sluggish sleepe is past, [last.
So hope I to rise ioyfully, to Judgement at the
Thus wyll I wake, thus wyll I sleepe, thus wyl I hope to ryse, [godly wyse.
Thus wyll I neither waile nor weepe, but sing in
My bones shall in this bed remaine, my soule in God shall trust,
By whome I hope to ryse againe from death and earthly dust.
Haud ictus sapio.

THE INTRODUCTION TO THE PSALME OF DEPROFUNDIS.

The skies gan scowle, orecast with misty clowdes,
When (as I rode alone by London waye,
Cloakelesse, vnclad) thus did I sing and say:
Behold quoth I, bright Titan how he shroudes
His head abacke, and yelds the raine his reach,
Till in his wrath, Dan Ioue, haue soust the soile,
And washt me wreteh which in his trauaile toile.
But holla (here) doth rudenesse me appeach,
Since Ioue is Lord and king of mighty power,
Which can commaund the Sunne to shewe his face,
And (when him lyst) to giue the raine his place.
Why doe not I my wery muses frame,
(Although I bee well soused in this showre,)
To write some verse in honour of his name?

GASCOIGNES DEPROFUNDIS.

From depth of doole wherein my soule doth dwell,
From heauy heart which harbours in my brest,
From troubled sprite which sildome taketh rest.
From hope of heauen, from dreade of darkesome hell.
O gracious God, to thee I crye and yell.
My God, my Lorde, my louely Lorde aloane,
To thee I call, to thee I make my moane.
And thou (good God) vouchsafe in gree to take,
This woefull plaint,
Wherein I faint,
Oh heare me then for thy great mercies sake.

Oh bende thine eares attentiuely to heare,
Oh turne thine eyes, behold me how I wayle,
Oh hearken Lord, giue eare for mine auaile,
O marke in minde the burdens that I beare:
See howe I sinke in sorrowes euerye where.
Beholde and see what dollors I endure,
Giue eare and marke what plaintes I put in vre.
Bende wylling eare: and pittie therewithall,
My wayling voyce,
Which hath no choyce.
But euermore vpon thy name to call.

If thou good Lorde shouldest take thy rod in hande,
If thou regard what sinnes are dayIye done,
If thou take holde where wee our workes begone,
If thou decree in Judgement for to stande,
And be extreame to see our scuses skande,
If thou take note of euery thing amysse,
And wryte in rowles howe frayle our nature is,
O gloryous God, O king, O Prince of power,
What mortall wight,
Maye then haue light,
To feele thy frowne, if thou haue lyst to lowre?

But thou art good, and hast of mercye store,
Thou not delyghst to see a sinner fall,
Thou hearknest first, before we come to call.
Thine eares are set wyde open euermore,
Before we knocke thou commest to the doore.
Thou art more prest to heare a sinner crye,
Then he is quicke to climbe to thee on hye.
Thy mighty name bee praysed then alwaye,
Let fayth and feare,
True witnesse beare.
Howe fast they stand which on thy mercy staye,

I looke for thee (my louelye Lord) therefore,
For thee I wayte, for thee I tarrye styll,
Myne eyes doe long to gaze on thee my fyll.
For thee I watche, for thee I prye and pore.
My Soule for thee attendeth euermore.
My Soule doth thyrst to take of thee a taste,
My Soule desires with thee for to bee plaste.
And to thy worde (which can no man deceyue)
Myne onely trust,
My loue and lust.
In confidence continuallye shall cleaue.

Before the breake or dawning of the daye,
Before the lyght be seene in loftye Skyes,
Before the Sunne appeare in pleasaunt wyse,
Before the watche (before the watche I saye)
Before the warde that waytes therefore alwaye:
My soule, my sense, my seereete thought, my sprite,
My wyll, my wishe, my ioye, and my delight:
Unto the Lord that sittes in heauen on highe.
With hastye wing,
From me doeth fling,
And stryueth styll, vnto the Lorde to flye.

O Israell, O housholde of the Lorde,
O Abrahams Brattes, O broode of blessed seede,
O chosen sheepe that loue the Lord in deede:
O hungrye heartes, feede styll vpon his worde,
And put your trust in him with one accorde.
For he hath mercye euermore at hande,
His fountaines flowe, his springes doe neuer stande.
And plenteouslye hee loueth to redeeme,
Such sinners all,
As on him call,
And faithfully his mercies most esteeme.

Hee wyll redeeme our deadly drowping state,
He wyll bring home the sheepe that goe astraye,
He wyll helpe them that hope in him alwaye:
He wyll appease our discorde and debate,
He wyll soone saue, though we repent vs late.
He wyll be ours if we continewe his,
He wyll bring bale to ioye and perfect blisse,
He wyll redeeme the flocke of his electe,
From all that is,
Or was amisse.
Since Abrahams heyres dyd first his Lawes reiect.

Euer or neuer.

GASCOIGNES MEMORIES,

Written vpon this occasion. Hee had (in myddest of his youth) determined to abandone all vaine delightes and to returne vnto Greyes Inne, there to vndertake againe the studdie of the common Lawes. And being required by fiue sundry Gentlemen to write in verse somewhat worthye to bee remembred, before he entered into their fellowshippe, hee compiled these fiue sundrie sortes of metre vppon fiue sundrye theames, whiche they deliuered vnto him, and the first was at request of Frauncis Kinwelmarshe who deliuered him this theame. *Audaces fortuna iuuat.* And thereuppon hee wrote this Sonnete following.

If yelding feare, or cancred villanie,
In Cæsars haughtie heart had tane the charge,
The walles of Rome had not bene rearde so hye,
Nor yet the mightye Empire left so large.
If Menelaus could haue rulde his wyll,
With fowle reproche to loose his faire delight,
Then had the stately towres of Troy stoode styll,
And Greekes with grudge had dronke their owne despight.
If dread of drenching waues or feare of fire,
Had stayde the wandring Prince amydde his raee,
Ascanius then, the fruite of his desire,
In Lauine Lande had not possessed place.
But true it is, where lottes doe lyght by chaunce,
There Fortune helpes the boldest to aduaunce.

Sic tuli.

The nexte was at request of Antony Kinwelmarshe, who deliuered him this theame, *Satis sufficit*, and therevpon he wrote as foloweth.

THE vaine excesse of flattering fortunes giftes,
Enuenometh the minde with vanitye,
And beates the restelesse braine with endlesse driftes,
To staye the staffe of worldly dignitie:
The begger standes in like extremitie.
Wherfore to lacke the moste, and leaue the least,
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

By too too much Dan Crœsus caught his death,
And bought with bloud the price of glittering gold,
By too too litle many one lackes breath
And sterues in stretes a mirroure to beholde:
So pride for heate, and Pouertye pynes for colde.
Wherefore to lacke the most, and leaue the least,
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

Store makes no sore: loe this seemes contrarye,
And mo the merier is a Prouerbe eke,
But store of sores maye make a maladye,
And one to many maketh some to seeke,
When two be mette that bankette with a leeke:
Wherefore to lacke the most and leaue the least,
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

The rych man surfetteth by glottony,
Which feedeth still, and neuer standes content,
The poore agayne he pines for penurye,
Which liues with lacke when all and more is spente:
So to much and to litle bothe bee shente.
Wherefore to lacke the moste, and leaue the least,
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

The conquerour with vncontented swaye,
Doth rayse vp rebelles by his auarice,
The recreaunt dothe yeeld himselfe a praye,
To forraine spoyle by slouth and cowardyce:
So too much and to litle both be vyce.
Wherefore to lacke the most, and leaue the least,
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

If so thy wife be too too fayre of face:
It drawes one gest too many to thine inne:
If she be fowle, and foyled with disgrace,
In other pillowes prickst thou many a pinne:
So fowle poore fooles, and fayrer fall to sinne,
Wherfore to lacke the moste, and leaue the least,
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

And of enough, enough, and nowe no more,
Bycause my braynes no better can deuise,
When thinges be badde, a small summe maketh store,
So of suche verse a fewe maye soone suffice:
Yet still to this my weary penne replyes.
That I sayde last, and though you like it least,
It is enough and as good as a feast.
Sic tuli.

John Vaughan deliuered him this theame. *Magnum vectigal parcimonia*, wherevppon he wrote thus.

THE common speech is, spend and God will send
But what sendes he? a bottell and a bagge,
A staffe a wallet and a wofull ende,
For such as list in brauery so to bragge.
Then if thou couet coyne enough to spend,
Learne first to spare thy budget at the brinke,
So shall the bottome be the faster bound:
But he that list with lauish hand to linke,
(In like expence) a pennye with a pound,
May chaunce at last to sitte a side and shrinke
His harbraind head with out dame dainties dore.
Hick, hobbe, and Dick, with clouts vpon their knee,
Haue many times more goonhole grotes in store
And change of crownes more quicke at cal then he,
Which let their lease and take their rent before.
For he that rappes a royall on his cappe,
Before he put one penny in his purse,
Had needs turne quicke and broch a better tappe,
Or els his drinke may chance go downe the wursse.
I not denie but some men haue good hap,
To climbe a lofte by scales of courtly grace,
And winne the world with liberalitye:
Yet he that yerks old angells out apace,
And hath no newe to purchase dignitye,
When orders fall, may chaunce to lacke his grace.
For haggard hawkes mislike an emptie hand:
So stiffely some sticke to the mercers stall,
Till sutes of silke haue swet out all their land,
So ofte thy neighbours banquet in thy hall,
Till Dauie Debet in thy parler stand,
And bids the welcome to thine owne decay.
I like a Lions lookes not worth a leeke
When euery Foxe beguiles him of his praye:
What sauce but sorrow serueth him a weeke.
Which all his cates consumeth in one daye?
First vse thy stomacke to a stand of ale,
Before thy Malmesey come in Marchantes bookes,
And rather were (for shifte) thy shirte of male,
Than teare thy silken sleues with teynter hokes,
Put feathers in thy pillowes great and small,
Lette them be princkt with plumes, that gape for plummes,
Heape vp bothe golde and siluer safe in hooches,
Catche, snatche, and scratche for scrapings and for crommes
Before thou decke thy hatte (on high) with brooches.
Lette first thyne one hand hold faste all that commes,
Before that other learne his letting flie:
Remember still that soft fire makes sweet malte,
No haste but good (who meanes to multiplye:)
Bought witte is deare, and drest with sower salte,
Repentaunce commes to late, and then saye I,
Who spares the first and keepes the last vnspent,
Shall finde that sparing yeeldes a goodly rent.
Sic tuli.

Alexander Neuile deliuered him this theame, *Sat cito, si sat bene*, wherevpon hee compiled these seuen Sonets in sequence, therin bewraying his owne *Nimis cito:* and therwith his *Vix bene*, as foloweth.

IN haste poste haste, when first my wandring minde,
Behelde the glistring Courte with gazing eye,
Suche deepe delightes I seemde therin to finde,
As might beguile a grauer guest than I.
The stately pompe of Princes and their peeres,
Did seeme to swimme in flouddes of beaten goulde,
The wanton world of yong delightfull yeeres,
Was not vnlyke a heauen for to behoulde.
Wherein dyd swarme (for euery saint) a Dame,
So faire of hue, so freshe of their attire,
As might excell dame Cinthia for Fame,
Or conquer Cupid with his owne desire.
These and suche lyke were baytes that blazed still
Before myne eye to feede my greedy will.

2. Before mine eye to feede my greedy will,
Gan muster eke mine olde acquainted mates,
Who helpt the dish (of vayne delighte) to fill
My empty mouth with dayntye delicates:
And folishe boldenesse toke the whippe in hande,
To lashe my life into this trustlesse trace,
Til all in haste I leapte a loofe from lande,
And hoyste vp soyle to catche a Courtly grace:
Eche lingring daye did seeme a world of wo,
Till in that haplesse hauen my head was brought:
Wawes of wanhope so tost me to and fro,
In deepe dispayre to drowne my dreadfull thought:
Eche houre a day eche day a yeare did seeme,
And euery yeare a worlde my will did deeme.

3. And euery yeare a worlde my will did deeme,
Till lo, at last, to Court nowe am I come,
A seemely swayne, that might the place beseeme,
A gladsome guest embraste of all and some:
Not there contente with common dignitie,
My wandring eye in haste, (yea poste poste haste)
Beheelde the blazing badge of brauerie,
For waute wherof, I thought my selfe disgraste:
Then peeuishe pride puffte vp my swelling harte,
To further foorth so hotte an enterprise:
And comely cost beganne to playe his parte,
In praysing patternes of mine owne deuise.
Thus all was good that might be got in haste,
To princke me vp, and make me higher plaste.

4. To prinke me vp and make me higher plaste,
All came to late that taryed any time,
Pilles of prouision pleased not my taste,
They made my heeles to heauie for to clime:
Mee thought it best that boughes of boystrous oake,
Should first be shread to make my feathers gaye.
Tyll at the last a deadly dinting stroake,
Brought downe the bulke with edgetooles of decaye:
Of euery farme I then let flye a lease,
To feede the purse that payde for peeuishnesse,
Till rente and all were falne in suche disease,
As scarse coulde serue to mayntayne cleanlynesse:

They bought, the bodie, fine, ferme, lease, and lande,
All were to little for the merchauntes hande.

5. All were to little for the merchauntes hande,
And yet my brauerye bigger than his booke:
But when this hotte accompte was coldly scande,
I thought highe time about me for to looke:
With heauie cheare I caste my head abacke,
To see the fountaine of my furious race.
Comparde my loss, my liuing, and my lacke,
In equall balance with my iolye grace.
And sawe expences grating on the grounde
Like lumpes of lead to presse my pursse full ofte,
When light rewarde and recompence were founde,
Fleeting like feathers in the winde alofte:
These thus comparde, I left the Courte at large,
For why? the gaines doth seldome quitte the charge.

6. For why? the gaines doth seldome quitte the charge,
And so saye I, by proofe too dearely bought,
My haste mad wast, my braue and brainsicke barge,
Did float to fast, to catch a thing of nought:
With leasure, measure, meane, and many me,
I mought haue kept a chayre of quiet state,
But hastie heads can not bee setled so,
Till croked Fortune giue a crabbed mate:
As busie braynes muste beate on tickle toyes,
As rashe inuention breedes a rawe deuise,
So sodayne falles doe hinder hastie ioyes,
And as swifte baytes doe fleetest fyshe entice.
So haste makes waste, and therefore nowe I saye,
No haste but good, where wisdome makes the waye.

7. No haste but good where wisdome makes the waye,
For profe whereof, behold the simple snayle,
(Who sees the souldiers earcasse caste a waye,
With hotte assaulte the Castle to assayle.)
By ljne and leysure clymes the loftye wall,
And winnes the turrettes toppe more conningy,
Than doughtye Dick, who loste his life and all,
With hoysting vp his head to hastilye.
The swiftest bitche brings foorth the blyndest whelpes,
The hottest Feuers coldest crampes ensue,
The nakedst neede hathe ouer latest helpes:
With Neuyle then I finde this prouerbe true,
That haste makes waste, and therefore still I saye,
No haste but good, where wisdome makes the waye.

Sic tuli.

Richarde Courtop (the last of the fiue) gaue him this theame, *Durum æneum & miserabile æuum*, and therevpon hee wrote in this wise.

WHEN peerelesse Princes courtes were free from flatterie, [periurie.
The Justice from vnequal doome, the quest from
The pillers of the state, from proude presumption,
The clearkes from heresie, the commones from rebellion: [dewe desarte,
Then right rewardes were giuen, by swaye of
Then vertues derlinges might be plaste aloft to play their part:
Then might they coumpt it true, that hath beene sayde of olde, [in beds of golde.
The children of those happie dayes, were borne
And swadled in the same: the Nurse that gaue them sucke.
Was wife to liberallitie, and lemman to good lucke.
When Cæsar woon the fielde, his captaines caught the Townes, [ful of crownes.
And euery painful souldiours purse was crammed
Licurgus for good Lawes, lost his owne libertie,
And thought it better to preferre common commoditie.
But nowe the times are turnde, it is not as it was,
The golde is gone, the siluer sunke, and nothing left but brasse. [seeme,
To see a King encroache, what wonder should it
When commons cannot be content, with countrie Dyadeeme?
The Prince maye dye a babe, trust vpby trecherie,
Where vaine ambition doth moue trustlesse nobilitye. [hood failes,
Errours in pulpit preache, where faith in priest-
Promotion (not deuotion) is cause why cleargie quailes. [be plaide,
Thus is the stage stakt out, where all these partes
And I the prologue should pronounce, but that I am afraide. [as king,
First Cayphas playes the Priest, and Herode sits
Pylate the Judge, Iudas the Jurour verdict in doth bring, [aray,
Vaine tatling plaies the vice, well cladde in ritche
And poore Tom Trooth is laught to skorn, with garments nothing gay. [traine,
The woman wantonnesse, shee commes with ticing
Pride in hir pocket plaies bo peepe, and bawdry in hir braine. [aunce,
Hir handmaides be deceipte, daunger, and dalli-
Riot and Reuell follow hir, they be of hir alliaunce:
Next these commes in Sim Swashe, to see what sturre they keepe.
Clim of the Clough then takes his heeles, tis time for him to creepe: [a song,
To packe the pageaunt vp, commes Sorrow with
He say these iestes can get no grotes, and al this geare goth wrong: [treble parte,
Fyrst pride without cause why, he singes the
The meane hee mumbles out of tune, for lacke of life and hart:
Cost lost, the counter Tenor chanteth on apace,
Thus all in discords stands the cliffe, and beggrie singes the base. [pence are sturring,
The players loose their paines, where so fewe
Their garmēts weare for lacke of gains, and fret for lack of furring. [but one
When all is done and past, was no part plaide
For euerye player plaide the foole, tyll all be spent, and gone.
And thus this foolishe iest, I put in dogrell rime,
Because a crosier staffe is best, for such a crooked time.

Sic tuli.

And thus an ende of these fiue Theames, admounting to the number of. CCLVIII. verses, deuised ryding by the way, writing none of them vntill he came at the ende of his Journey, the which was no longer than one day in ryding, one daye in tarying with his friend, and the thirde in returning to Greyes Inne: and therefore called Gascoignes memories.

A GLOZE VPON THIS TEXT, DOMINUS EJUS OPUS HABET.

My reckelesse race is runne, greene youth and pride be past, [as fast.
My riper mellowed yeeres beginne to follow on
My glauncing lookes are gone, which wonted were to prie, [mine eie.
In euerie gorgious garishe glasse, that glistred in
My sight is now so dimme, it can beheld none such, [my fansie much.
No mirrour but the merrie meane, can please
And in that noble glasse, I take delight to vewe,
The fashions of the wonted world, compared by the newe. [selfe,
For marke who lyst to looke, eche man is for him
And beates his braine to hord and heape, this trashe and worldly pelfe.
Our handes are closed vp, great giftes go not abroade, [gaine a loade.
Fewe men wyll lende a locke of heye, but for to
Giue Gaue is a good man, what needs we lashe it out, [bids men doubt.
The world is wondrous feareful nowe, for danger
And aske how chaunceth this? or what meanes all this meede?
Forsoothe the common aunswere is, because the Lord hath neede.
A noble iest by gisse, I finde it in my glasse,
The same freeholde our sauiour Christ, conueyed to his asse. [fitte,
A texte to trie the trueth, and for this time full
O where should we our lessons learne, but out of holy writte? [rost,
First marke our onely God, which ruleth all the
He sets a side all pompe and pride, wherin fond wordlings boast.
His trayne is not so great, as filthy Sathans band,
A smaller heard maye serue to feede, at our great masters hand. [we see,
Next marke the heathens Gods, and by them shall
They be not now so good fellowes, as they were wonte to be. [vest,
Ioue, Mars, and Mercurie, Dame Venus and the
They baquet not as they were wont, they know it were not best. [at large,
So kinges and princes both, haue left their halles
Their priuie chambers cost enough, they cut off euery charge. [maye bee,
And when an office falles, as chaunce somtimes
First kepe it close a yere or twayne, then geld it by the fee.
And giue it out at last, but yet with this prouiso,
(A bridle for a brainsicke Jade) durante bene placito.
Some thinke these ladders low, to climbe aloft with speede: [Lord hath neede.
Well let them creepe at leisure thē, for sure the
Dukes Earles and Barons bold, haue learnt like lesson nowe,
They breake vp house and come to courte, they liue not by the plowe.
Percase their roomes be skant, not like their stately boure, [floure.
A field bed in a corner coucht, a pallad on the
But what for that? nō force, they make thereof no boast, [princes cost.
They feede them selues with delycates, and at the
And as for all their men, their pages and their swaynes,
They choke thē vp with chynes of beefe, to multiply their gaines.
Themselues lie neere to looke, when any leafe doth fall,
Such cromes were wont to feede poor gromes, but nowe the Lords licke al,
And why? oh sir, because, both dukes and lords haue neede, [creede.
I mocke not I, my text is true, beleeue it as your
Our Prelates and our Priests, can tell this text with mee, [no lease go free.
They can hold fast their fattest fermes, and let
They haue both wife and childe, which maye not be forgot, [fore blame them not.
The scriptures say the Lord hath neede, and there-
Then come a little lower, vnto the contrye knight,
The squire and the gentleman, they leaue the countrye quite, [to long,
Their Halles were all to large, their tables were
The clouted shoes came in so faste, they kepte to great a throng, [feede,
And at the porters lodge, where lubbers woate to
The porter learnes to answer now, hence hence the Lord hath neede. [great,
His gestes came in to thicke, their diet was to
Their horses eate vp all the hey, which should haue fed his neate: [and souse,
Their teeth were farre to fine, to feede on porke
Fyue flocks of sheepe could scarce maintaine good mutten for his house. [here,
And when this count was cast, it was no biding
Vnto the good towne is he gonne, to make his frends good cheere. [howe:
And welcome there that will, but shall I tell you
At his owne dish he feedeth them, that is the fashion nowe,
Side bords be layed aside, the tables ende is gonne,
His cooke shall make you noble cheere, but hostler hath he none, [to eate,
The chargers now be changde, wherin he wont
An olde frutedish is bigge ynough to hold a ioynte of meate.
A sallad or a sauce, to tast your cates with all,
Som straūge deuise to feede mēs eies, mēs stomacks now be small. [ters rent,
And when the tenauntes come to paie their quar-
They bringe some fowle at Midsommer, a dish of Fish in Lent,
At Christmasse a capon, at Michelmasse a goose:
And somewhat else at Newyeres tide, for feare their lease flie loose. [groates,
Good reason by my troth, when Gentlemen lacke
Let Plowmen pinche it out for pence, and patch their russet coates:
For better Fermers fast, than Manner houses fall,
The Lord hath neede, than says the text, bring old Asse, colt and all.
Well lowest nowe at last, let see the contrye loute,
And marke how he doth swink and sweat, to bring this geare about:
His feastinges be but fewe, cast whipstockes clout his shoone, [doone:
The wheaten loafe is locked vp as sone as dinne s
And where he wonte to kepe a lubber, two or three,
Now hath he learnd to kepe no more, but Sim his sonne and he, [the carte,
His wife and Mawde his mayd, a boye to pitch
And turne him vp at Hollontide, to feele the winter smarte: [meale,
Dame Alyson his wife doth knowe the price of
Hir bride cakes be not halfe so bigge as she was wont to steale:

She weares no siluer hookes, she is content with worsse, [hir pursse.
Hir pendantes and hir siluer pinnes she putteth in
Thus learne I by my glasse, that merrie meane is best,
And he most wise that finds the meane, to keepe himselfe at rest.
Perchaunce some open mouth will mutter now and than,
And at the market tell his mate, our landlordes a zore man:
He racketh vp our rentes, and keepes the best in hand,
He makes a wodrous deale of good out of his own measne land:
Yea let suche pelters prate, sainte Needam be their speede,
We neede no text to answer them, but this, The Lord hath nede.[1]
Euer or neur.

AN EPITAPH VPON CAPTAINE BOURCHER

LATE SLAINE IN THE WARRES IN ZELANDE, THE WHICH HATH BENE TERMED THE TALE OF A STONE AS FOLOWETH.

FYE captaines fie, your tongues are tyed to close,
Your souldiours eke by silence purchase shame:
Can no man penne in meetre nor in prose,
The lyfe, the death, the valliaunt actes, the fame,
The birth, behauiour, nor the noble name,
Of such a feere as you in fight haue lost:
Alas such paines would quickly quite the cost.

Bourcher is dead, whome eche of you dyd knowe,
Yet no man writes one worde to paint his praise,
His sprite on highe, his carkasse here belowe,
Doth both condemne your doting ydle dayes:
Yet ceasse they not to sounde his worthy wayes,
Who liued to dye, and dyed againe to liue,
With death deere bought, he dyd his death forgiue.

He might for byrth haue boasted noble race,
Yet were his manners meeke and alwayes milde,
Who gaue a gesse by gazing on his face,
And iudgde thereby, might quickly be beguilde,
In fielde a Lion, and in Towne a Childe,
Fierce to his foe, but courteouse to his friende,
Alas the while, his life so soone should ende?

To serue his Prince his life was euer prest,
To serue his God, his death he thought but dew,
In all attempts as foreward as the best,
And all to forewardes, which we all may rew,
His life so shewed, his death eke tried it true:
For where his foes in thickest prease dyd stande,
Bourcher caught bane with bloodie sworde in hande.

And marke the courage of a noble heart,
When he in bed laye wounded wondrous sore,
And heard allarme, he soone forgot his smart
And calde for armes to shewe his seruice more:
I wyll to fielde (quod he) and God before.
Which sayde, he sailde into more quiet coast,
Styll praysing God, and so gaue vp the ghost.

[1] In the old editions of our poet this gloze is printed also among his Hearbes. C.

Nowe muze not reader though we stones can speake,
Or write sometimes the deedes of worthy ones,
I could not holde although my heart should breake,
(Because here by me buryed are his bones,)
But I must tell this tale thus for the nones
When men crye mumme and keepe such silence long, (haue wrong,
Then stones must speake, else dead men shall

Finis quod Marmaduke Marblestone.

A DEUISE OF A MASKE FOR THE RIGHT HONORABLE VISCOUNT MOUNTACUTE,

Written vpon this occasion, when the sayde L. had prepared to solemnize twoo marriages betweene his sonne and heyre, and the Daughter of syr William Dormer Knight, and betweene the sonne and heyre of syr William Dormer, and the Daughter of the said L. Mountacute: there were eight Gentlemen (all of blood or alliaunce to the sayd L. Mountacute) which had determined to present a Maske at the daye appointed for the sayde marriages, and so farre they had proceeded therein, that they had alreadye bought furniture of Silkes, &c. and had caused their garmentes to bee cut of the Venetian fashion. Nowe then they began to imagine that (without some speciall demonstration) it would seeme somewhat obscure to haue Venetians presented rather than other countrey men. Wherevpon they entreated the Aucthour to deuise some verses to bee vttered by an Actor wherein might be some discourse conuenient to render a good cause of the Venetians presence. The Aucthour calling to minde that there is a noble house of the Mountacutes in Italie, and therwithall that the L. Mountacute here doth quarter the coate of an auncient English Gentleman called Mounthermer, and hath the inheritaunce of the sayde house, dyd therevpon deuise to bring in a Boye of the age of twelue or xiiii. yeeres, who should faine that he was a Mounthermer by the fathers side, and a Mountacute by the mothers side, and that his father being slaine at the last warres against the Turke, and he there taken, hee was recouered by the Venetians in their last victorie, and with them sayling towardes Venice, they were driuen by tempest vpon these coastes, and so came to the mariage vpon report as followeth, and the sayde Boye pronounced the deuise in this sort.

WHAT wōder you my Lordes? why gaze you gen-themen?
And wherefore maruaile you Mez Dames, I praye you tell mee then?
Is it so rare a sight, or yet so straunge a toye,
Amongst so many nooble peeres, to see one Power Boye? [age,
Why? boyes haue bene allowed in euerye kinde of
As Ganymede that pretye boye, in Heauen is loue his page.
Cupid that mighty God although his force be fearse,
Yet is he but a naked Boye, as Poets doe rehearse.
And many a prettye boye a mightye man hath proued, [bee loued.
And serued his Prince at all assayes deseruing to

Percase my strange attire my glittering golden gite, [you with delite.
Doth eyther make you maruaile thus, or moue
Yet wonder not my Lordes for if your honours please, [doubtes appease.
But euen to giue me eare a while, I wyll your
And you shall knowe the cause, wherefore these roabes are worne, [lishe borne.
And why I goe outlandishe lyke, yet being Eng-
And why I thus presume to presse into this place,
And why I (simple boye) am bolde to looke such men in face.
Fyrst then you must perstande, I am no straunger I,
But English boye, in England borne, and bred but euen hereby. [name,
My father was a knight, Mount Hermer was his
My mother of the Mountacutes, a house of worthy fame,
My father from his youth was trained vp in field,
And alwayes toke his chiefe delight, in helmet speare and shielde.
Soldado for his life, and in his happie dayes,
Soldado like hath lost his life, to his immortall prayse. [worlde so wyde,
The thundering fame which blewe about the
Howe that the Christian enemye, the Turke that Prince of pride, [seas,
Addressed had his power, to swarme vppon the
With Gallies, foists, and such like ships, well armde at al assaies. [glut,
And that he made his vaunt, the greedy fishe to
With gobs of Christian carkasses, in cruell peeces cut. [eares,
These newes of this report, did pearce my fathers
But neuer touched his noble heart, with any sparke of feares. [warres,
For well he knewe the trade of all the Turkishe
And had amongst them shed his blood, at many cruell iarres. [man,
In Rhodes his race begonne, a slender tale yong
Where he by many martiall feats, his spurres of knighthood wan. [styll,
Yea though the peece was lost, yet won he honour
And euermore against the Turkes he warred by his wyll.
At Chios many knowe, how hardily he fought,
And howe with streames of stryuing blood, his honoure deare hee bought.
At length enforst to yeeld with many captaines mo, [goodes ago,
He bought his libertie with Landes, and let his
Zechines[1] of glistering golde, two thousand was his price, [he were vnwise.
The which to paye his landes must leape, for else
Beleeue me nowe my Lordes although the losse be mine, [to pine.
Yet I confesse them better solde, than lyke a slaue
" For landes maye come againe, but lybertie once lost, [the cost."
Can neuer finde such recompence as counteruailes
My selfe now know the case, who lyke my fathers lot, [wot.
Was lyke of late for to haue lost my libertie God
My father (as I saye) enforste to leaue his lande,
In mortgage to my mothers kinne, for ready coyne in hande, [rehearse,
Gan nowe vpon these newes, which earst I dyd
Prepare himselfe to saue his pawne, or else to leese his phearce.

[1] A peece of gold like the Crusade.

And first his raunsome payde, with that which dyd remaine, [Brittaine.
He rigged vp a proper Barke, was called Leffort
And lyke a venturer (besides him seemely selfe)
Determined for to venture me and all his worldly pelfe. [minde,
Perhappes some hope of gaine perswaded so his
For sure his hauty heart was bent, some greate exploite to finde. [sailes,
Howe so it were, the windes nowe hoysted vp our
Wee furrowing in the foming flooddes, to take our best auailes.
Now hearken to my wordes, and marke you well the same, [hyther came.
For nowe I wyll declare the cause, wherefore I
My father (as I saye) had set vp all his rest,
And tost on seas both daye and night, disdayning ydle rest, [Fraunce,
We left our forelandes ende, we past the coast of
We reacht the cape of Finis Terre our course for to aduaunce. [descried,
We past Marrocchus streightes, and at the last
The fertile coastes of Cyprus soile, which I my selfe first spyed. [plast,
My selfe (a foreward boye) on highest top was
And there I saw the Cyprian shoare, whereto we sayld in haste.
Which when I had declared vnto the masters mate,
He tepte for ioye and thanked God, of that our happy state. [long?
" But what remaines to man, that can continue
What sunne can shine so cleare and bright but cloudes may ryse among?"
Which sentence soone was proued, by our vnhappy hap, [light in enemies lap.
We thought our selues full neere our friendes, and
The Turke the Tirant he, with siege had girte the walles, [them thralles.
Of famous Famagosta[2] then and sought to make
And as he laye by lande, in strong and stately trenche, [to drenche.
So was his power prest by Sea, his Christian foes
Vpon the waltring waues, his Foistes and Gallies fleete, [meete.
More forrest like than orderly, for such a man most
This heauy sight one seene, we turnde our course apace, [furie place.
And set vp al our sailes in haste, to giue suche
But out alas, our willes, and windes were contrarie, [enimie.
For raging blastes did blowe vs still vppon our
My father seeing then, whereto he needes must go,
And that the mighty hand of God, had it appointed so. [death)
Most like a worthy knight (though certaine of his
Gan cleane forget all wayling wordes, as lauishe of his breath. [he told,
And to his Christian crewe, this (too shorte) tale
To comfort them which seemde to faint, and make the coward bold, [the charge,
" Fellowes in armes, quod hee, although I beare
And take vpon mee chieftaines name, of this vnhappy barge,
Yet are you all my pheares, and as one companie,
Wee must like true companions, togeather liue and die, [hand,
You see quod hee our foes, with furious force at
And in whose handes our handfull heere, vnable is to stand,

[2] The chiefe citie in Cyprus.

What resteth then to doe, should we vnto them yeeld? [cannot weld.
And wifully receiue that yoke, which Christians
No sure, hereof be sure, our liues were so vnsure,
And though we liue, yet so to liue, as better death endure. [phemie,
To heare those hellishe fiendes in raging blas-
Defye our onely Sauiour, were this no miserie?
To see the fowle abuse of boyes in tender yeeres,
The which I knowe must needes abhorre all honest Christians eares. [feare,
To see maides rauished, Wiues, Women forst by
And much more mischiefe than this time can let me vtter here.
Alas, quod he, I tell not all, my tongue is tyde,
But all the slaueries on the earth, we should with them abide. [wise,
How much were better than, to dye in worthy
And so to make our earkasses, a wylling Sacrifice.
So shall we paye the debt, which vnto God is due,
So shall you die in his defence, who deind to die for you. [can quell,
And who with hardy hand, most Turkish tikes
Let him accompt in conscience, to please his maker well. [on mee,
You see, quod he, my sonne, wherewith hee lookt
Whome but a babe, yet haue I brought, my partner here to bee. [nowe,
For, him I must confesse, my heart is pensiue
To leaue him lyuing thus in youth, to die I know not how.
But since it pleaseth God, I may not murmure I,
If God had pleased we both should liue, and as God wyll we dye."
Thus with a braying sigh, his noble tongue he stayde. [laide.
Commaunding all the ordinaunce, in order to be
And placing all his men in order for to fight,
Fell groueling styll vpon his face, before them all in sight.
And when in secreete so, he whispered had a while,
He raisde his head with cheerefull looke, his sorrowes to beguile: [hie,
And with the rest he prayde, to God in heauen on
Which ended thus, Thou onely Lord, canst helpe in miserie. [about,
This sayd (behold) the Turkes enclosde vs round
And seemde to wonder that we durst resist so great a rout. [was slender,
Wherat they doubt not long, for though our power
We sent them signes by Canon shot, that we ment not to render.
Then might we see them chafe, then might we heare them rage, [silly cage.
And all at once they bent their force, about our
Our ordinaunce bestowed, our men them selues defend, [long contend.
On euery side so thicke beset, they might not
But as their captaine wilde, eche man his force, did strayne, [hellishe trayne,
To sende a Turke (some two or three) vnto the
And he himselfe which sawe, he might no more abide, [honour died.
Did thrust a mide the thickest throng, and so with
With him there dyed like wise, his best aproued men, [courage then.
The rest did yeeld as men amazd, they had no
Amongest the which my selfe, was tane by Turkes alas, [must I passe.
And with the Turkes a turkishe life, in Turkie
I was not done to death for so I often craude,
But like a slaue before the Gattes, of Famagosta saude. [ueyed,
That peece once put to sacke, I thither was con-
And vnder sauegard euermore, I silly boye was stayed. [pricke,
There dyd I see such sightes, as yet my heart do
I sawe the noble Bragadine[3], when he was fleyd quicke.
First like a slaue enforst to beare to euery breach,
Two baskets laden full with earth Mustaffa[4] dyd him teach. [grounde,
By whome he might not passe before he kyst the
These cruell tormentes (yet with me) that worthy souldior found. [chayre,
His eares cut from his head, they set him in a
And from a maine yard hoisted him aloft into the ayre, [spight,
That so he might be sheved with crueltie and
Vnto vs all, whose weeping eyes dyd much abhorre the sight.
Alas why do I thus with woefull wordes rehearse,
These werye newes which all our heartes with pittie needes must pearce?
Well then to tell your forth, I styll a slaue remaind, [styll enchaind.
To one, which Prelybassa hight, who held me
With him I went to Seas into the gulfe of Pant,
With many christians captiues mo, which dyd their freedom wāt. [to staye,
There with the Turkishe traine we were enforst
With waltring styll vpon the waues, dyd waite for furder praye.
For why? they had aduise, that the Venetian fleete,
Dyd floote in Argostelly then, with whome they hopte to meete.
And as they waltered thus with tides and billowes tost, [to their cost.
Their hope had hap, for at the last they met them
As in October last vppon the seuenth daye,
They found the force of christian knightes addrest in good aray. [course,
And shall I trie my tong to tell the whole dis-
And howe they did encounter first, and howe they ioynd in force?
Then harken nowe my lords, for sure my memorye,
Doth yet recorde the very plot of all this victorye,
The christian crew came on, in forme of battayle pight, [to fight.
And like a eressent cast them selues preparing for
On other side the Turkes, which trusted power to much, [was such.
Disorderly did spread their force, the will of God
Well at the last they met, and first with cannones thunder, [ships in sunder,
Eache other sought with furious force to slit their
The barkes are battered sore, the gallies gald with shot, [his lot.
The hulks are hit, and euery man must stand vnto
The powder sendes his smoke into the cruddy skies, [fume offends our eies.
The smoulder stops our nose with stench, the
The pots of lime vnsleakt, from highest top are cast, [slip as fast.
The parched pease are not forgot to make them
The wilde fire works are wrought and cast in foemens face, [are pusht a pace.
The grappling hooks are streched forth, the pikes

[3] The general of the Turks.
[4] The governour of Famagosta.

The halberts hewe on hed, the browne billes bruse the bones,
The harquebush doth spit his spight, with prety persing stones.
The drummes crie dub a dub, the braying trumpets blow,
The whistling fifes are seldom herd, these sounds do drowne thē so. [faynt,
The voyce of warlike wights, to comfort them that
The pitious plaints of golden harts, which were with feares attaint. [breath,
The groning of such ghosts as gasped nowe for
The praiers of the better sort, prepared vnto death.
And to be short, eache griefe which on the earth maye growe, [to flowe.
Was eath and easie to be found, vpon these floudes
If any sight on earth, maye vnto hell resemble,
Then sure this was a hellishe sighte, it makes me yet to tremble: [spent,
And in this bloudie fight, when halfe the daye was
It pleazed God to helpe his flocke, which thus in poūd was pent.
The generall of Spayne, gan gald that galley sore,
Where in my Prely Bassa was, and grieude it more and more: [flame,
Vpon that other side, with force of swordes and
The good Venetian Generall dyd charge vpon the same. [pride,
At leength they came aboorde, and in his raging
Stroke of this Turkish captains head, which blasphemd as it dide:
Oh howe I fecle the bloud now trickle in my brest,
To thinke what ioye then pierst my heart, and how I thought me blest.
To see that cruell Turke which held me as his slaue, [to haue:
By happie hand of Christians, his paiment thus
His head from shoulders cut, vpon a Pike dyd stand, [triumphant hand.
The which Don John of Austrye, helde in his
The boldest Bassa then, that dyd in life remaine,
Gan tremble at the sight hereof, for priuy griefe and paine. [vntyl night,
Thus when these fierce had fought, from morning
Christ gaue his flocke the victory, and put his foes to flight: [Galleys tane,
And of the Turkishe traine, were eyght score
Fifteene sunke, fiue and twenty burnt, and brought vnto their bane, [sand soules,
Of Christians set at large were fourteene thou-
Turkes twentie thousand registred in Belzebub his rolles. [their fight,
Thus haue you nowe my Lordes, the summe of all
And trust it all for true I tell, for I was styll in sight: [to cleare,
But when the Seas were calme, and skies began
When foes were all or dead or fled, and victors dyd appeare. [friende,
Then euery Christian sought amongst vs for his
His kinsman or companion, some succour them to lende:
And as they ransakte so, loe God his wyll it was,
A noble wise Venetian, by me dyd chaunce to passe: [well,
Who gazing on my face, dyd seeme to lyke me
And what my name, and whence I was, commaunded me to tel:
I now which waxed bolde, as one that scaped had,
From deepest hell to highest heauen, began for to be glad:
And with a liuely sprite, began to pleade my cast,
And hid not from this worthy man, myne auntient worthy race: [scende,
And tolde my fathers name, and howe I dyd descende,
From Mountacutes by Mothers side, nor there my tale dyd ende.
But furthermore I tolde my Fathers late exployte,
And how he left his lands, goodes and life, to pay son Dieu son droit.
Nor of my selfe I craued so credited to bee,
For lo there were remaining yet, These foure whom here you see[5]. [not lyed,
Which all were Englishe borne, and knewe I had
And were my fathers souldiors eke, and sawe him how he dyed.
This graue Venetian who heard the famous name,
Of Mountacutes rehersed there, which long had bene of fame.
In Italy, and he of selfe same worthy race,
Gan straight with many curteous words in arms me to imbrace. [cheere,
And kyssed me on cheeke, and bad me make good
And thank the mighty hand of God, for that which hapned there,
Confessing that he was him selfe a Mountacute,
And bare the selfe same armes that I dyd quarter in my scute:
And for a further proofe, he shewed in his hat,
This token[6] which the Mountacutes dyd beare alwaies, for that. [passe,
They couet to be knowne from Capels where they
For auncient grutch which log ago, twene these two houses was.
Then tooke me by the hand, and ledde me so aboorde,
His Galley: where there were yfeere, full many a comely Lorde: [place,
Of whome eyght Mountacutes dyd sitte in highest
To whome this first declared first my name, and then my race: [bloods,
Lo Lordings here (quod he) a babe of our owne
Whō Turks had tane, his father slaine, with losse of lands and goods: [nowe,
See how God fauours vs, that I should find him
I straunge to him, he straunge to mee, we met I know not howe.
But sure when I him saw, and gazed in his face,
Me thought he was a Mountacute, I chose him by his grace. [deede,
Herewith he dyd rehearse my Fathers valiaunt
For losse of whome eche Mountacute, did seeme in heart to bleede. [may see,
They all embrast me then, and straight as you
In comely garments trimde me vp, as braue as braue may bee:
I was in sackeloath I, nowe am I cladde in Golde,
And weare such roabes, as I my selfe take pleasure to beholde. [gaue,
Amongst their other giftes, this token[7] they me
And bad me lyke a Mountacute[8], my selfe alway behaue.

[5] The foure torche bearers, that came in with the Actor.

[6] The Actor had a token in his cap like to the Mountacutes of Italie.

[7] The token that he dyd weare in his cappe.

[8] The Montacutes and capels in Italye do were tokens in their cappes to be knowen one from another.

Nowe hearken then my Lordes, I staying on the Seas. [and with ease,
In consort of these louely Lordes, with comfort
Determined with them in Italie to dwell,
And there by traine of youthfull yeeres in knowledge to excell.
That so I might at last reedifye the walles,
Which my good father had decaide by tossing fortunes balles.
And while they slice the Seas to their desired shore,
Beholde a lytle gale began, encreasing more and more. [dyd blowe,
At last with raging blast, which from Southeast
Gan sende our sailes vpon these shores, which I ful wel did knowe.
I spyed the Chalkie Clyues vpon the Kentishe coast,
Whereby our Lande hight Albyon, as Brutus once dyd boast.
Which I no sooner sawe, but to the rest I sayde,
Siate di buona voglia, my Lordes be well apaide;
I see by certaine signes these Tempestes haue vs cast, [at last:
Vpon my natiue countrey coastes with happy hap
And if your honours please this honour me to doo,
In Englishe hauens to harbour you, and see our Cities too: [would bee,
Lo London is not farre, whereas my friendes
Right glad, with fauour to requite your fauour shewed to mee: [strand,
Vouchsafe my Lordes (quod I) to stay vpon this
And whiles your Barks be rigged new, remaine with me on land. [slaine,
Who though I bee a Boye, my Father dead and
Yet shall you see I haue some friendes which wyll you entertaine.
These Noble men which are, the flowre of curtesie,
Dyd not disdaine this my request, but tooke it thankfullie. [be cast,
And from their battered Barkes commaunded to
Some Gondalaes[9], wherin vpon our pleasant streames they past. [port,
Into the mouth of Thames, thus dyd I them trans-
And to London at the last, whereas I heard report.
Euen as we landed first, of this twise happie day,
To thinke whereon I leapt for ioye, as I both must and may.
And to these louely Lordes, which are Magnificoes,
I dyd declare the whole discourse in order as it rose:
That you my Lorde who are the chiefest Mountacute, [staye impute,
And he whome Englishe Mountacutes their onely
Had found the meanes this daye to match your sonne and heire, [fresh andf aire,
In marriage with a worthy dame, which is both
And (as reportes are spread) of goodly quallyties,
A virgin trayned from hir youth in godly exercise,
Whose brother had like wise your daughter taue to wife, [louers life:
And so by double lynkes enchaynde themselues in
These noble Mountacutes which were from Venice drouen, [had strouen,
By tempest (as I tolde before) wherewith they long
Gan nowe giue thankes to God which so did them conuay, [day.
To see suche honours of their kinne in such a happie
And straight they mee intreat, whom they might wel commaund, [recommaund.
That I should come to you my Lord, first them to

[9] Venetian botes.

And then this boone to craue, that vnder your protection, [suspection.
They might be bolde to enter here, deuoyd of all
And so in friendly wise for to conselebrate, [state.
This happie match solemnized, according to your
Lo this is all they craue, the which I can not doubt,
But that your Lordship soone will graunt, with more, if more ye mought:
Yea were it for no more, but for the Curtesie,
Which as I saye they shewde to me in greate extremitye:
They are Venetians, and though from Venice reft,
They come in such Venecian robes, as they on seas had left: [too by blood,
And since they be your friendes, and kinsmen
I trust your entretainement will be to them right good: [drumme,
They will not tarry long, lo nowe I heare their
Behold, lo nowe I see them here, in order howe they come, [waues,
Receiue them well my lord, so shall I praye all
That God vouchsafe to blesse this house with many happie days.

After the maske was done, the Actor tooke master Tho. Bro. by the hand an brought him to the Venetians, with these words:

GVARDATE Signori my louely Lordes behold,
This is another Mountacute, hereof you may bee bold. [cute,
Of such our patrone here, The viscont Mounta-
Hath many comely sequences, well serted all in sute.
But as I spied him first, I could not let him passe,
I tooke the carde that likt me best, in order as it was.
And here to you my lords, I do present the same,
Make much of him, I pray you then, for he is of your name. [man bee,
For whome I dare aduante, he may your Trounch-
Your herald and ambassadour, let him play all for me.

Then the Venetians embraced and receiued the same maister Tho. Browne, and after they had a while whispered with him, he torned to the Bridegroomes and Brides, saying thus.

BROTHER, these noblemen to you nowe haue me sent, [their intent
As for their Trounchman to expound the effect of
They bid me tell you then, they like your worthy choyce, [and reioyce.
And that they cannot choose therin but triumph
As farre as gesse may giue, they seeme to praise it well, [tilezza dwell.
They saye betweene your Ladyes eyes, both Gen-
I terme it as they doe, their Englishe is but weake,
And I (God knowes) am at to yong, beyond sea speach to speake.
And you my sister ske they seeme for to commend,
With such good workes as may beseeme a cosin and a friend. [your sake,
They lyke your chosen pheare, so praye they for
That he maye alwayes be to you, a faythfull louing make.
This in effect is all, but that they craue aboone,
That you will giue them licence yet, to come and see you soone.

Then will they speake them selues, such english as they can, [english man
I feare much better then I speeke, that am an
Lo nowe they take their leaues of you and of your dames, [by their nams.
Here after shal you see their face and knowe them

Then when they had taken their leaues the Actor did make an ende thus.

And I your Seruidore, vibascio le mani,
These wordes I learnt amongst them yet, although I learnt not many.
Haud ictus sapio.

THE REFUSAL OF A LOUER,

Writen to a gentlewoman who had refused him and chosen a husband (as he thought) much inferior to himselfe, both in knowledge, birth, and parsonage, wherin he bewraieth both their names in clowdes, and how she was won from him with swete gloues, and broken ringes.

I CANNOT wish thy griefe, although thou worke my wooe, [foe:
Since I profest to be thy friend, I cannot be thy
But if thinges done and past, might well be cald agayne, [haue spent in vayne:
Then would I wishe the wasted wordes, which I
Were yet vntold to thee, in earnest or in game,
And that my doubtfull musing mind, had neuer thought the same. [spent,
For whiles I thee beheld, in carefull thoughtes I
My liking lust, my luckelesse loue which euer truely ment.
And whiles I sought a meane, by pittie to procure,
Too late I found that gorged haukes, do not esteme the lure.
This vauntage hast thou then, thou mayest wel brag and boast. [with the most.
Thou mightest haue had a lustye lad of stature
And eke of noble mind, his vertues nothing base,
Do well declare that he desends of auncient worthy race. [tell,
Saue that I[1] not his name, and though I could it
My friendly pen shall let it passe, bicause I loue him well.
And thou hast chosen one of meaner parentage,
Of stature smale and therewithall, vnequall for thine age. [desire,
His thewes[2] vnlike the first, yet hast thou hote
To play thee in his flitting flames, God graunt they proue not fire. [bee.
Him holdest thou as deare, and he thy Lord shall
(Too late alas) thou louest him, that neuer loued thee.
And for iust profe hereof, marke what I tell is true,
Some dismold daye shall chaunge his minde, and make him seeke a new. [in haste,
Then wylt thou much repent, thy bargaine made
And much lament those perfumd Gloues, which yeeld such sower taste.
And eke the falsed faith, which lurkes in broken ringes, [know such thinges.
Though hand in hand say otherwise, yet do I
Then shalt thou sing and saye, farewell my trusty Squyer, [iust desire.
Would God my mind had yeelded once, vnto thy

[1] Know not. [2] Good qualeties.

Thus shalt thou wayle my want, and I thy great vnrest, [broken brest.
Which cruel Cupid kindled hath, within thy
Thus shalt thou find it griefe, which earst thou thoughtest game, [ing fame.
And I shall heare the wearie newes, by true report.
Lamenting thy mishap, in source of swelling teares,
Harding my heart with cruell care, which frosen fansie beares. [moue,
And though my iust desert, thy pittie could not
Yet wyl I washe in wayling wordes, thy careles childishe loue. [more,
And saye as Troylus sayde, since that I can no
Thy wanton wyll dyd wauer once, and woe is me therefore.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

PRIDE IN COURT,

Written by a Gentlewoman in Court, who (when shee was there placed) seemed to disdaine him, contrarie to a former profession.

WHEN daunger keepes the doore, of Ladye bewties bowre, [strongest towre,
Whē ielouse toyes haue chased Trust out of his
Then faith and trooth maye dye, then falshood winnes the field,
Then feeble naked fautlesse heartes, for lacke of fence must yeeld. [hyll,
And then preuailes as much to hoppe against the
As seeke by suite for to appease a froward Ladies wyll. [in vaine,
For oathes and solempne vowes, are wasted then
And truth is compted but a toye, when such fond fancies raigne. [Judge,
The sentence sone is sayde, when will it selfe is
And quickly is the quarrell pickt, when Ladies list to grudge. [song]
This sing I for my selfe, (which wroate this weary
Who iustly may complaine my case, if euer man had wrong.
A Lady haue I seru'd, a Lady haue I lou'd,
A Ladies good wyll once I had, hir yll wyll late I prou'd. [caught hir,
In countrey first I knewe hir, in countrey first I
And out of countrey nowe in Court, to my cost haue I sought hir.
In Court where Princes raigne, hir place is nowe assignde, [not vnkinde.
And well were worthy for the roome, if she were
There I (in wonted wise) dyd shewe my selfe of late,
And found that as the soile was chang'd, so loue was turnd to hate.
But why? God knowes, not I: saue as I sayde before, [keepes the dore.
Pitie is put from porters place, and daunger
If courting then haue skill, to chaunge good Ladies so, [of my like wo.
God send eche wilful Dame in Court, some wound
That with a troubled head, she may both turne and tosse, [of loue the losse.
In restlesse bed when she should sleepe and feele
And I (since porters put me from my wonted place) [me out of grace:
And deepe deeeipte had wrought a wyle to wrest
Wyll home againe to cart, as fitter were for mee,
Then thus in court to serue and starue, where such proude porters bee.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

THIS QUESTION BEING PROPOUNDED BY A DAME VNTO THE AUCTHOUR, TO WITTE, WHY HE SHOULD WRITE,

SPRETA TAMEN VIUUNT,

HE AUNSWERETH THUS.

DESPYSED things may liue, although they pine in payne: [rise againe.
And things ofte trodden vnder foote, may once yet
The stone that lieth full lowe, may clime at last full hye: [euery eye.
And stand a loft on stately towr's, in sight of
The cruell Axe which felles the tree that grew full straight: [vp on height.
Is worne with rust, when it renewes, and springeth
The rootes of rotten reedes in swelling seas are seene:
And when eche tide hath tost his worst, they grow againe ful greene.
Thus much to please my selfe, vnpleasauntly I sing. [of enuies sting.
And shrich to ease my morning minde, in spite
I am nowe set full light, who earst was dearely lou'd:
Som new foūd choise is more estemd, than that which wel was prou'd.
Some Diomede is crept into Dame Cressides hart:
And trustie Troylus nowe is taught in vaine to playne his part.
What resteth then for me? but thus to wade in wo:
And hang in hope of better chaunce, when chaunge appointeth so.
I see no sight on earth, but it to Chaunge enclines:
As litle clowdes oft ouercast, the brightest Sunne that shines.
No Flower is so freshe, but frost can it deface:
No man so sure in any seate, but he maye leese his place. [mind)
So that I stand content (though much against my
To take in worth this lothsome lot, which luck to me assynd, [are vp:
And trust to see the time, when they that nowe
May feele the whirle of fortunes wheele, and tast of sorrowes cup. [mee:
God knoweth I wishe it not, it had bene bet for
Styll to haue kept my quiet chayre in hap of high degree. [must raigne:
But since without recure, Dame Chaunge in loue
I now wish chaunge that sought no chaūge, but constāt did remaine.
And if suche chaunge to chaunce, I vowe to clap my hands, [my fansie standes.
And laugh at them which laught at me: lo thus Spreta tamen viuunt.

IN TRUST IS TREASON,

WRITTEN BY A LOUER, LEANING ONELYE TO HIS LADIES PROMISES, AND FINDING THEM TO FAYLE.

THE straightest Tree that growes vpon one onely roote: [do it boote.
If that roote fayle, wyll quickly fade, no props can
I am that fading plant, which on thy grace dyd growe, [all in woe.
Thy grace is gone wherefore I mone, and withei
The tallest ship that sailes, if shee to Ancors trust:
When Ancors slip and Cables breake, her helpe lyes in the dust.
I am the ship my selfe, mine Ancor was thy faith:
Which now is fled, thy promise broke, and I am driuen to death. [bowe:
Who climeth oft on hie, and trusts the rotten
If that bow breake may catch a fall, such state stand I in now. [sure:
Me thought I was a loft, and yet my seate full
Thy heart dyd seeme to be a rock which euer might endure.
And see, it was but sand, whome seas of subtiltie:
Haue soked so with wanton waues, that faith was forst to flye.
The flooddes of fickleuesse haue vndermined so,
The first foundation of my ioy, that myrth is ebb'd to wo. [my time:
Yet at lowe water markes, I lye and wayte my
To mend the breach, but all in vaine, it cannot passe the prime. [rage begoon:
For when the prime flood comes, which all this
Then waues of wyll do worke so fast, my piles are ouer roon.
Dutie and dilligence which are my workmen there,
Are glad to take vp tooles in haste, and run away for feare.
For fansie hath such force, it ouerfloweth all,
And whispring tales do blow the blasts, that make it ryse and fall. [stand:
Thus in these tempests tost, my restles life doth
Because I builded on thy wordes, as I was borne in hand. [stay:
Thou weart that only stake, whereby I ment to
Alas, alas, thou stoodst so weake, the hedge is borne away.
By thee I thought to liue, by thee now must I dye:
I made thee my Phisicion, thou art my mallady.
For thee I lougde to liue, for thee nowe welcome death:
And welcome be that happie pang, that stops my gasping breath.
Twise happie were that axe, would cut my rotes downe right:
And sacred were that swelling sea, which would consume me quight.
Blest were that bowe would breake to bring downe climing youth,
Which craks aloft, and quakes full oft, for feare of thine vntruth.

Ferenda Natura.

THE CONSTANCIE OF A LOUER

HATH THUS SOMETIMES BENE BRIEFLY DECLARED.

THAT selfe same tonge which first did thee entreat
To linke thy liking with my luckly loue:
That trustie tonge must nowe these wordes repeate,
I loue thee still, my fancie cannot moue.
That dreadlesse hart which durst attempt the thought
To win thy will with mine for to consent,
Maintaines that vow which loue in me first wrought,
I loue thee still, and neuer shall repent.
That happie hande which hardely did touch,
Thy tender body to my deepe delight:
Shall serue with sword to proue my passion such,
As loues thee still, much more than it can write.
Thus loue I still with tongue, hand, hart and all,
And when I chaunge, let vengeance on me fall.

Ferenda Natura.

THE FRUITE OF FOES

WRITTEN TO A GENTLEWOMAN, WHO BLAMED HIM FOR WRITING HIS FRIENDLY ADUISE IN VERSE VNTO ANOTHER LOUER OF HYRS.

THE cruell hate which boyles within thy burning brest, [loue thee best:
And seekes to shape a sharpe reuenge, on them that
May warne all faithfull friendes, in case of ieopardie,
Howe they shall put their harmelesse hands, betweene the barck and tree.
And I among the rest, which wrote this weary song,
Must nedes alledge in my defence, that thou hast done me wrong, [name,
For if in simple verse, I chaune'd to touch thy
And toucht the same without reproch, was I therefore to blame?
And if (of great good will) I gaue my best aduise,
Then thus to blame without cause why, me thinkes thou art not wise.
Amongst olde written tales, this one I beare in mind, [pent find.
A simple soule much like my selfe, dyd once a ser-
Which (almost dead for colde) lay moyling in the myre,
When he for pittie tooke it vp, and brought it to the fyre.
No sooner was the Snake, recured of hir griefe,
But straight shee sought to hurt the man, that lent hir such reliefe.
Such Serpent seemest thou, such simple soule am I,
That for the weight of my good wil, am blam'd without cause why,
But as it best beseemes, the harmelesse gentle hart,
Rather to take an open wrong, than for to plaine his part:
I must and will endure, thy spite without repent,
The blame is mine, the triumph thine, and I am well content.
Meritum petere, grane.

A LOUER OFTEN WARNED,

AND ONCE AGAINE DROUEN INTO FANTASTICALL FLAMES BY THE CHASE OF COMPANY, DOTH THUS BEWAYLE HIS MISFORTUNES.

I THAT my race of youthfull yeers had roon,
Alwayes vntyed, and not (but once) in thrall,
Euen I which had the fieldes of freedome woon.
And liu'd at large, and playde with pleasurs ball:
Lo nowe at last am tane agayne and taught,
To tast such sorowes, as I neuer sought.

I loue, I loue, alas I loue indeede,
I crie alas but no man pityes me:
My woundes are wide; yet seme they not to bleed,
And hidden woundes are hardly heald we see.
Such is my lucke to catch a sodain clappe,
Of great mischaunce in seeking my good happe.

My morning minde which dwelt and dyed in dole,
Sought company for solace of the same:
My cares were cold, and craued comforts coale,
To warme my will with flakes of friendly flame.
I sought and found, I chu'd and did obtaine,
I woon my wish, and yet I got no gaine.

For whiles I sought the cheare of company,
Fayre fellowship did wonted woes reuiue:
And craning medeine for my maladie,
Dame pleasures plasters prou'd a corosiue.
So that by myrth, I reapt no fruite but mone,
Much worse I fere, than when I was alone.

The cause is this, my let did light to late,
The Byrdes were flowen before I found the nest:
The steede was stollen before I shut the gate,
The cates consumd, before I smelt the feast.
And I fond foole with emptie hand must call,
The gorged Hauke, which likes no lure at all.

Thus still I toyle, to till the barraine land,
And grope for grappes among the bramble briers:
I striue to saile and yet I sticke on sand,
I deeme to liue, yet drowne in deepe desires.
These lottes of loue, are fitte for wanton will,
Which findes too much, yet must be seeking still.
Meritum petere graue.

THE LOUER ENCOURAGED BY FORMER EXAMPLES, DETERMINETH TO MAKE VERTUE OF NECESSITIE.

WHEN I record with in my musing mind,
The noble names of wightes bewicht in loue:
Such solace for my selfe therin I finde,
As nothing maye my fired fansie moue:
But paciently I will endure my wo,
Because I see the heauens ordayne it so.

For whiles I read and ryfle their estates,
In euery tale I note mine owne anoye:
But whiles I marke the meanings of their mates,
I seeme to swime in such a sugred ioye,
As did (parcase) entise them to delight,
Though turnd at last, to drugges of sower despite.

Peruse (who list) Dan Dauids perfect deedes,
There shall he find the blot of Bersabe,
Wheron to thinke, my heauy hart it bleedes,
When I compare my loue like hir to be:
Vrias wife before mine eyes that shines,
And Dauid I, from dutie that declines.

Then Salomon this princely Prophetes sonne,
Did Pharaos daughter make him fall or no?
Yes, yes, perdie his wisdome coulde not shoone,
Hir subtill snares, nor from hir counsell go.
I nam[1] (as hee) the wisest wight of all,
But well I wot, a woman holdes me thrall.

So am I lyke the proude Assirian knight,
Which blasphem'd God, and all the world defied:
Yet could a woman ouer come his might,
And daunt his force in all his Pompe and Pride.
I Holiferne, and dronken brought to bead,
By loue lyke Iudith, cutting of my head.

If I were strong, as some haue made accompt,
Whose force is like to that which Sampson had:
If I be holde, whose courage can surmount,
The heart of Hercules, which nothing drad?
Yet Dalila, and Deyanyraes loue, [proue.
Dyd teach them both, such panges as I must

[1] Am not.

Well let these passe, and thinke on Nasoes name,
Whose skilfull verse dyd flowe in learned style:
Dyd hee (thinke you) not dote vpon his Dame?
Corinna fayre, dyd shee not him beguile?
Yes God he knowes, for verse nor pleasaunt rymes,
Can constant keepe, the key of Cressides crimes.

So that to ende my tale as I began,
I see the good, the wise, the stoute, the bolde:
The strongest champion and the learnedst man,
Haue bene and bee, by lust of loue controlde.
Which when to thinke, I hold me well content,
To liue in loue, and neuer to repent.
Meritum petere, graue.

THE DELECTABLE HISTORY OF SUNDRY ADUENTURES PASSED BY
DAN BARTHOLMEW OF BATHE,
THE REPORTER.

To tell a tale without authoritye,
Or Fayne a fable by inuencion,
That one proceedes of quicke capacitye,
That other proues but small discretion,
Yet haue both one and other oft bene done.
And if I were a Poet as some be,
You might perhappes here some such tale of me.

But far I fynde my feeble skyll to faynt,
To faine in figurs as the learned can,
And yet my tongue is tyde by due constraint,
To tell nothing but trueth of euery man:
I will assay euen as I first began,
To tell you nowe a tale and that of truth,
Which I my selfe sawe proued in my youth.

I neede not seeke so farre in costes abrode,
As some men do, which write strange historyes,
For whiles at home I made my cheife abode
And sawe our louers plaie their Tragedyes,
I found enough which seemed to suffice,
To set on worke farre finer wittes than mine,
In paynting out the pangs which make them pine.

Amongst the rest I most remember one
Which was to me a deere familyar friend,
Whose doting dayes since they be paste and gone,
And his annoye (neare) come vnto an ende,
Although he seeme his angry brow to bend,
I wyll be bold (by his leaue) for to tell,
The restlesse state wherein he long dyd dwell.

Learned he was, and that became him best,
For though by birth he came of worthy race,
Yet beutie, byrth, braue personage, and the rest,
In euery choyce, must needes giue learning place:
And as for him he had so hard a grace,
That by aspect he seemde a simple man,
And yet by learning much renowne he wan.

His name I hide, and yet for this discourse,
Let call his name Dan Bartholmew of Bathe,
Since in the ende he thither had recourse,
And (as he sayd) dyd skamble there in skathe:
In deede the rage which wrong him there, was rathe,
As by this tale I thinke your selfe will gesse,
And then (with me) his lothsome lyfe confesse.

For though he had in all his learned lore,
Both redde good rules to bridle fantasie,
And all good authours taugh him euermore,
To loue the meane, and feaue extremitie,
Yet kind hath lent him such a qualitie,
That at the last he quite forgat his bookes,
And fastned fansie with the fairest lookes.

For proofe, when greene youth lept out of his eye,
And left him now a man of middle age,
His happe was yet with wandring lookes to spie,
A fayre yong impe of proper personage,
Eke borne (as he) of honest parentage:
And truth to tell, my skill it cannot serue,
To praise hir bewtie as it dyd deserue.

First for hir head, the heeres were not of Gold,
But of some other metall farre more fine,
Whereof eache crinet seemed to behold,
Like glistring wiers against the Sunne that shine,
And there withall the blazing of hir eyne,
Was like the beames of Titan, truth to tell,
Which glads vs all that in this world do dwell.

Upon hir cheekes the Lillie and the Rose,
Did entremeete, with equall change of hewe,
And in hir giftes no lacke I can suppose,
But that at last (alas) she was vntrue,
Which flinging fault, bicause it is not new,
Nor seldome seene in kits of Cressides kind,
I maruaile not, nor beare it much in mind.

Dame Natures fruits, wherewith hir face was fraught,
Were so frost bitten with the cold of craft,
That all (saue such as Cupides snares had caught)
Might soone espie the fethers of his shaft:
But Bartholmew his wits did so bedaft,
That all seemd good which might of hir be gotten,
Although it proude no sooner ripe than rotten.

That mouth of hirs which seemde to flowe with
In speeche, in voice, in tender touch, in tast, [mell,
That dympled chin wherein delight dyd dwell,
That ruddy lippe wherein was pleasure plast,
Those well shapt hands, fine armes and slender wast,
With al the giftes which gaue hir any grace,
Were smiling baites which caught fond fooles apace.

Why striue I then to paint hir name with praise?
Since forme and fruites were found so farre vnlyke,
Since of hir cage Inconstance kept the keyes,
And Change had cast hir honoure downe in dike:
Since fickle kind in hir the stroke did strike,
I may no prayse vnto a knife bequeath,
With rust yfret, though payonted be the sheath.

But since I must a name to hir assigne,
Let call hir now Ferenda Natura,
And if thereat she seeme for to repine,
No force at all, for hereof am I sure a,
That since hir prankes were for the most vnpure a,
I can appoint hir well no better name,
Than this where in dame Nature bears the blame.

And thus I say, when Bartholmew had spent
His pride of youth (vntide in linkes of loue)
Behold how happe contrary to intent,
(Or destenies ordained from aboue,
From which no wight on earth maye well remoue)
Presented to his vew this fierie dame,
To kindle coles where earst had bene no flame.

Whome when he sawe to shine in seemely grace,
And therewithall gan marke hir tender youth,
He thought not like, that vnder such aface
She could conuey the treason of vntruth:
Whereby he vowed (alas the more his ruth)
To serue this saynt for terme of all his life,
Lo here both roote and rind of all his strife.

I cannot nowe in louing termes displaye
His suite, his seruice, nor his sorie fare:
His obseruaunces, nor his queynt aray,
His skalding sighes, nor yet his cooling care,
His wayting still to snatch himselfe in snare,
I can not write what was his sweetest soure,
For I my selfe was neuer Paramoure.

But to conclude, much worth in litle writte,
The highest flying hauke will stoupe at laste,
The wildest beast is drawne with hungrye bitte,
To eate a homlye bayte some times in hast.
The pricke of kinde can neuer be vnplaste,
And so it seemed by this dayntye dame,
Whome he at last with labour did reclame.

And when he had with mickel payne procured
The ealme consent of hir vnweldie will,
When he had hir byfaith and troth assured,
To like him beste, and aye to loue him still,
When fansie had of flatterie fedde his fill,
I not discerne to tell my tale aright,
What man but he had euer such delight?

The lingring dayes he spent in trifling toyes,
To whette the tooles which earned his contente:
The poasting nightes he past in pleasing ioyes,
Wearing the webbe which loue to him had lente:
In such a pinfolde were his pleasures pent
That selde he could hir company eschewe,
Or leaue such lookes as might his sport renewe.

But if by force he forced were to parte,
Then mighte you see howe fansie fedde his minde,
Then all alone he mused on his marte.
All company seemde then (but hirs) vnkind:
Then sent he tokens true loue for to bind,
Then wrote he letters, lines and louing layes,
So to beguile his absent dolefull dayes.

And since I know as others eake can tell,
What skyll he had, and howe he could endite,
Me thinkes I cannot better doe than well,
To set downe here, his ditties of delyght,
For so at least I maye my selfe acquite,
And vaunt to shewe some verses yet vnknowne,
Well worthy prayse though none of them myne owne.

No force for that, take you them as they be,
Since mine emprice is but to make report:
Imagine then, before you that you see
A wight bewitcht in many a subtile sort,
A Louer lodgd in pleasures princely port,
Vaunting in verse what ioyes he dyd possesse,
His triumphes here I thinke wyll shewe no lesse.

DAN BARTHOLMEW HIS FIRST TRIUMPHE.

RESIGNE king Priams sonnes, that princes were in Troy,
Resigne to me your happy dayes, and boast no more of ioy:
Syr Paris first stand forth make answere for thy pheare,
And if thou canst defend hir cause, whome Troy did bye so deare:
What? blush not man, be bold, although thou beare some blame,
Tell truth at last, and so be sure to saue thy selfe from shame.
Then gentle Sheapheard say: what madnesse dyd thee moue,
To choose of all the flowers in Greece, foule Helene for thy loue?
Needs must I coumpt hir foule, whose first frutes were forlorne?
Although she solde hir seconde chaffe, aboue the price of corne.
Alas, shee made of thee, a noddye for the nonce,
For Menelaus lost hir twise, though thou hir foundst but once.
But yet if in thine eye, shee seemde a peerelesse peece,
Aske Theseus the mighty Duke, what towns she knew in Greece?
Aske him what made hir leaue hir wofull aged sire,
And steale to Athens gyglot like: what? what but foule desire?
Alas poore Paris thou didst nothing else but gleane,
The partched eares which he cast by, when he had reaped cleane:
He sliude the gentle slippe, which could both twist and twind,
And growing left the broken braunch, for thē that came behind,
Yet hast thou fild the world with brute, (the more thy blame,) that stately dame,
And sayest, that Hellens bewty past each other peece,
For profe thou canst alledge the tast of ten years warre,
And how hir blazing beames first brought both Greece and Troy to iarre
No nō, thou art deceiude, the drugs of foule despite,
Did worke in Menelaus will, not losse of such delighte,
Not loue, but lothsome hate, not dolour, but disdain,
Did make him selfe a sharpe reuēge, til both his foes were slain,
Thy brother Troylus eke, that gemme of gentle bleedes:
Did thinke howe he abused was, alas my heart it deedes,
He bet about the bushe, whiles other caught the birds,
To thinke howe he abused was, alas my heart it bleedes:
Whome crafty Gresside moekt to muche, yet fede him still with words.
And god he knoweth not I, who pluckt hir first sprong rose,
Since Lollius and Chaucer both, make doubt vpon that glose.
But this I knowe to well, and he to farre it felte,
How Diomede vndid his knots, and caught both brooch and belt,
And how she chose to change, and how she changed still,
And how she dyed leaper like, against hir louers will.
Content you then good knightes, your triumphe to resigne,
Confesse your starres both dimme and darke, wheras my sunne doth shine:
For this I dare avow, without vaunt be it told,
My derling is more faire than she, for whome proud Troy was solde.
More constant to conteyne, than Cresside to be coy,
No Calcas can contriue the craft, to traine hir out of Troye,
No Diomede can drawe hir setled harte to change,
No madding moode can moue hir mind, nor make hir thoughtes to range.

For hir alone it is, that Cupide blindfolde goes,
And dare not looke for feare least he his libertie should loose:
At hir dame Venus chafes, and pines in ielowsie,
Least bloudy Mars should hir espie, and chang his fantasie,
Of hir the Quene of Hauen doth stand in dreadfull doubt, [find hir out.
Least loue should melte in drops of gold, if once he
Oh that my tonge had skill, to tell hir prayse aright,
Or that my pen hir due desertes, in worthy verse could write: [ceiue,
Or that my minde could muse, or happie heart con-
Some words that might resound hir worth, by high Mineruas leaue. [brest,
Oh how the blooming ioyes, do blossome in my
To think within my secret thought, how far she steines the rest.
Me thinkes I heare hir speake, me thinkes I see hir still, [hir will.
Me thinkes I feele hir feelingly, me thinkes I know
Me thinkes I see the states which sue to hir for grace, [all apace,
Me thinkes I see one looke of hirs repulse them
Me thinkes that houre is yet, and euermore shall be, [face to see:
Wherein my happie happe was first, hir heauenly
Wherein I spide the writte, which woond betweene hir eyne, [thine:
And sayd behold, be bold, for I, am borne to be but
Me thinks I feele the ioyes, which neuer yet were felt,
Whome flame before yet neuer toucht, me thinks I feele them melt.
One word and there an end, me thinks she is the sunne, [world were done.
Which only shineth now a daies, she dead, the
The rest are twinkling starres, or Moones which borow light,
To comfort other carefull soules, which wander in the night. [bee,
And night God knowes it is, where other Ladies
For sure my dame adornes the day, there is no sunne but shee. [strange,
Then louers by your leaue, and thinke it nothing
Although I seme with calme content, in seas of ioyes to range:
For why, my sailes haue found both wind and waues at wyll, [trauell styll.
And depthes of all delightes in hir, with whome I
And ancors being wayed, I leaue you all at large,
To steare this seemelye Shippe my selfe, suche is my mistresse charge.

Fato non fortuna.

DAN BARTHOLMEW HIS SECOND TRIUMPHE.

FYE pleasure fye, thou cloyest me with delight.
Thou fylst my mouth with sweete meates ouermuch.
I wallowe styll in ioye both daye and night.
I deeme, I dreame, I doe, I taste, I touch:
No thing but all that smelles of perfect blisse,
Fye pleasure fye, I cannot like of this.

To taste (sometimes) a baite of bytter gall,
To drinke a draught of sower Ale (some season)
To eate browne bread with homely handes in Hall,
Doth much encrease mens appetites by reason:
And makes the sweete more sugred that ensewes,
Since mindes of men do styll seeke after newes.

The pampred horse is seldome seene in breath,
Whose maunger makes his greace (oftimes) to melt,
The crammed Fowle comes quickly to his death.
Such coldes they catche in hottest happes that swelt.
And I (much like) in pleasure scawled styll,
Doe feare to starue although I feede my fill.

It might suffice that Ione hath built his bowre,
Betwene my Ladies liuely shyning eyes,
It were inough that Bewties fading flowre:
Growes euer freshe with her in heauenly wise.
It had bene well that shee were faire of face,
And yet not robbe all other Dames of grace.

To muse in minde, how wise, how faire, how good, [true;
How braue, howe franke, how curteous, and how
My Ladys is: doth but inflame my blood,
With humors such, as byd my health adue.
Since happe alwaies when it is clombe on hye,
Doth fall full lowe, though earst it reachte the Skye.

Lo pleasure lo, lo thus I leade a life,
That laughes for ioye, and trembleth oft for dread,
Thy panges are such as call for changes knife,
To cut the twist, or else to stretch the thread.
Which holdes yfeere the bondell of my blisse,
Fye pleasure fye, I dare not trust to this.

Fato non fortuna.

DAN BARTHOLMEWES HIS THIRD TRIUMPHE.

YF euer man yet found the bathe of perfect blisse,
Then swimme I now amid the seas where nought but pleasure is.
I loue, and am beloued, without vaunt be it tolde,
Of one more faire then she of Greece, for whome proud Troy was solde.
As bountifull and good as Cleopatra Queene,
As constant as Penelope, vnto her make was seene.
What would you more? my penne, vnable is to write,
The least desert that seemes to shine within this worthy wight. [on hye.
So that (for nowe) I ceasse with handes helde vp
And craue of God that when I chaunge, I may be forst to dye.

Fato non Fortuna.

THE REPORTER.

THESE vaunting verses with a many mo,
(To his mishap) haue come vnto my handes,
Whereof the rest (bicause he sayled so,
In braggers boate which set it selfe on sandes,
And brought him eke fast bound in follyes bands)
Of curtesie I keepe them from your sight,
Let these suffice which of my selfe I write.

The highest tree that euer yet could growe,
Although full fayre it florisht for a season,
Founde yet at last some fall to bring it lowe,
This olde sayd sawe is (God he knoweth) not geason: [soil.
For when things passe the reach and bounds of rea-
They fall at last, although they stand a time,
And bruse the more, the higher that they clime.

So Bartholmew vnto his paine dyd proue,
For when he thought his hap to be most hye,
And that he onely reapt the fruictes of loue.
And that he swelt in all prosperitie,
His comfort chaunged to calamitie:
And though I doe him wrong to tell the same,
Yet reade it you, and let me beare the blame.

The Saint he serv'd became a craftie deuill,
His goddesse to an Idoll seemde to chaunge,
Thus all his good transformed into euill,
And euery ioy to raging griefe dyd raunge:
Which Metamorphosis was maruels straunge:
Yet shall you seldome otherwise it proue,
Where wicked Lust doth beare the name of Loue.

This sodaine chaunge when he began to spye,
And colde suspect into his minde had crept,
He bounst and bet his head tormentingly,
And from all company him selfe he kept,
Wherby so farre in stormes of strife he stept,
That nowe he seemed an image not a man,
His eyes so dead, his colour wart so wan.

And I which alwayes beare him great good wyll,
(Although I knew the cause of all his griefe,
And what had traínde and tysed him theretyll,
And plaine to speake, what moued his mischiefe)
Yet since I sought to ease him with reliefe:
I dyd become importunate to knowe, [growe.
The secreete cause whereon this grudge should

At last with much ado, his trembling tonge,
Bewrayde theffect of his vnwylling wyll,
Which here to tell since it were all to longe,
And I therewith too barren am of skyll,
And trouble you with tedious tydinges styll,
Content you now to heare himselfe rehearse.
His strange affectes in his lamenting verse.

Which verse he wrote at Bathe (as earst was sayd)
And there I sawe him when he wrote the same,
I sawe him there with many moanes dismaide,
I sawe him there both fryse and flashe in flame,
I sawe him greeu'd when others made good game:
And so appeareth by his darke discourse,
The which to reade I craue your iust remorse.

DAN BARTHOLMEWES DOLOROUS DISCOURSES.

I HAUE entreated care to cut the thread,
Which all to long hath held my lingring life,
And here aloofe nowe haue I hyd my head,
From company thereby to stint my strife.
This solitarye place doth please me best,
Where I may weare my wylling mind with moane,
And where the sighes which boyle out of my brest,
May skald my heart, and yet the cause vnknowne,
All this I doe, for thee my sweetest sowre,
For whome (of yore) I counted not of care,
For whome with hungrie iawes I dyd deuoure,
The secrete baite which lurked in the snare:
For whome I thought all forreine pleasures paine,
For whome againe, all paine dyd pleasure seeme,
But onely thine, I found all fansies vaine,
But onely thine, I dyd no dolours deeme.
Such was the rage, that whilome dyd possesse,
The priuie corners of my mazed mind:
When hote desire, dyd compt those tormentes lesse,
Which gaind the gaze that dyd my freedome bind.
And now (with care) I can record those dayes,
And call to mind the quiet lyfe I led,
Before I first beheld thy golden rayes,
When thine vntrueth yet troubled not my hed.
Remember thou, as I can not forget,
Howe I had layde, both loue, and lust aside,
And howe I had my fixed fancie set,
In constant vowe, for euer to abide.
The bitter proofe of panges in pleasure past,
The costlye tast, of hony mixt with gall:
The painted heauen, which turnde to hell at last.
The freedome fainde, which brought me but to thrall.
The lingring sute, well fed with freshe delayes,
The wasted vowes which fled with euery winde:
The restlesse nightes, to purchase pleasing dayes,
The toyling daies to please my restlesse minde.
All these (with mo) had bruised so my brest,
And graft sueh grefe within my groning heart,
That had I left Dame fansie and the rest.
To greener yeeres, which might endure the smart.
My wearie bones did beare away the skarres,
Of many a wound receiued by disdaine:
So that I found the fruite of all those warres,
To be nought else but panges of vnknowen paine.
And nowe mine eyes were shut from such delight,
By fansie faint, my hote desires were colde,
When cruell hap, presented to my sight.
The maydens face, in yeeres which were not olde.
I thinke the Goddesse of reuenge deuisde,
So to bee wreackt on my rebelling wyll,
Bicause I had in youthfull yeeres dispisde,
To taste the baites, which tyste my fansie styll.
Howe so it were, God knowes, I cannot tell:
But if I lye, you Heauens, the plague be mine,
I sawe no sooner, how delight dyd dwell
Betweene those litle infantes eyes of thine,
But straight a sparkling cole of quicke desire,
Dyd kindle flame within my frozen heart,
And yelding fansie softly blewe the fire,
Which since hath bene the cause of all my smart.
What neede I say? thy selfe for me can sweare,
Howe much I tendred thee in tender yeares:
Thy life was then to me (God knowes) full deare,
My life to thee is light, as nowe appeares.
I loued the first, and shalt do to my last,
Thou flattredst first, and so thou wouldst do styll:
For loue of thee full many paines I past,
For deadly hate thou seekest me to kyll.
I cannot nowe, with manly tongue rehearse,
How sone that melting mind of thine dyd yelde,
I shame to write, in this waymenting verse,
With howe small fight, I vanquisht thee in fielde:
But Cæsar he, which all the world subdude,
Was neuer yet so proude of Victorye,
Nor Hanyball, with martiall feates endude.
Dyd so much please himselfe in pollicie,
As I (poore I) dyd seeme to triumphe then,
When first I got the Bulwarkes of thy brest,
With hote Alarmes I comforted my men,
In formost ranke I steode before the rest,
And shooke my flagge, not all to shewe my force,
But that thou mightst thereby perceiue my minde:
Askaunces * to, nowe coulde I kyll thy corce,
And yet my life is vnto thee resinde.
Well let this passe, and thinke vppon the ioye,
The mutuall loue, the confidence, the trust,
Whereby we both abandoned annoye,
And fed our mindes with fruites of lowely lust.
Thinke on the Tythe, of kysses got by stealth,

* As who should say.

Of sweete embracinges shortened by feare.
Remember that which did maintaine our helth,
Alas alas why shoulde I name it here.
And in the midst of all those happie dayes,
Do not forget the chaunges of my chaunce,
When in the depth of many waywarde wayes,
I onely sought, what might thy state aduaunce.
Thou must confesse how much I carde for thee,
When of my selfe, I carde not for my selfe,
And when my hap was in mishappes to be,
Esteemd thee more, than al the worldly pelfe.
Mine absente thoughtes did beate on thee alone,
When thou hadst found afond and newfound choice:
For lacke of thee I sunke in endlesse mone,
When thou in chaunge didst tumble and reioyce.
O mighty goddes needes must I honor you,
Needes must I iudge your iudgmentes to be iust,
Bicause she did for sake him that was true,
And with false loue, did cloke a fained luste.
By high decrees, you ordayned the chaunge,
To light on such, as she must needes mislike,
A meete rewarde for such as like to raunge,
When fansies force, their feeble fleshe doth strike.
But did I then giue brydle to thy fall,
Thou head strong thou accuse me if thou can?
Did I not hazard loue yea life and all,
To warde thy will, from that vnworthy man?
And when by toyle I trauayled to finde,
The secrete causes of thy madding moode,
I found naught else but tricks of Cressides kinde,
Which playnly proude, that thou weart of hir bloud.
I found that absent Troylus was forgot,
When Dyomede had got both brooch and belt,
Both gloue and hand, yea harte and all god wot,
When absent Troylus did in sorowes swelt.
These tricks (with mo) thou knowst thy self I found,
Which nowe are needelesse here for to reherse,
Unlesse it were to touche a tender wound,
With corosiues my panting heart to perse.
But as the Hounde is counted little worth,
Which giueth ouer for a losse or twaine,
And cannot find the meanes to single forth.
The stricken Deare which doth in heard remaine:
Or as the kindly Spanicll which hath sprong
The prety Partriche, for the Falcons flight,
Doth neuer spare but thrusts the thornes among,
To bring this byrd yet once againe to sight,
And though he knowe by proofe (yea dearely bought)
That selde or neuer, for his owne auaile,
This wearie worke of his in vaine is wrought,
Yet spares he not but labors tooth and nayle.
So labord I to saue thy wandring shippe,
Which reckelese then, was rnnning on the rockes,
And though I saw thee sceme to hang the lyppe.
And set my great good wyll, as light as flockes:
Yet hauld I in, the mayne sheate of the minde,
And stayed thy course by ancors of aduice,
I woon thy wyll into a better winde,
To saue thy ware, which was of precious price.
And when I had so harbored thy Barke,
In happy hauen, which saufer was than Douer,
The Admyrall, which knewe it by the marke,
Streight challengde all, and sayd thou wert a rouer.
Then was I forst in thy behalfe to pleade,
Yea so I dyd, the Judge can saye no lesse,
And whiles in toyle, this lothsome life I leade,
Canest thou thy selfe the faulte for to coufesse,
And downe on knee before thy cruell foe,
Dydst pardon craue, accusing me for all,
And saydst I was the cause, that thou didst so,
And that I spoone the thred of all thy thrall.
Not so content, thou furthermore didst sweare
That of thy selfe thou neuer ment to swerue,
For proofe wherof thou didst the colours weare,
Which might bewray, what saint thou ment to serue[3].
And that thy blood was sacrificed eke,
To manyfest thy stedfast martyrd mynde,
Till I perforce, constraynd thee for to seeke,
These raging seas, aduentures thereto finde.
Alas, alas, and out alas for me,
Who am enforced, thus for to repeate
The false reports and cloked guyles of thee,
Whereon (to oft) my restlesse thoughts do beate.
But thus it was, and thus God knowes it is.
Which when I founde by playne and perfect proofe,
My musing minde then thought it not amisse,
To shrinke aside, lamenting all aloofe.
And so to beate my simple shiftlesse brayne,
For some deuice, that might redeeme thy state,
Lo here the cause, for why I take this payne,
Lo how I loue the wight which me doth hate:
Lo thus I lye, and restlesse rest in Bathe,
Whereas I bathe not now in blisse pardie,
But boyle in Bale and skamble thus in skathe,
Bycause I thinke on thine vnconstancie.
And wylt thou knowe howe here I spend my time,
And howe I drawe my dayes in dolours styll?
Then staye a while: giue eare vnto my rime,
So shalt thou know the weight of all my wyll.
When Titan is constrained to forsake,
His Lemans couche, and clymeth to his carte,
Then I begin to languishe for thy sake,
And with a sighe, which maye bewray my smarte.
I cleare mine eyes whome gumme of teares had
And vp on foote I set my ghostly corse,
And when the stony walles haue oft renewed,
My pittious plaintes, with Ecchoes of remorce,
Then doe I crye and call vpon thy name,
And thus I saye, thou curst and cruell bothe,
Beholde the man, which taketh griefe for game,
And loueth them, which most his name doe lothe.
Behold the man which euer truely ment,
And yet accusde as auethour of thine yll,
Behold the man, which all his life hath spent,
To serue thy selfe, and aye to worke thy wyll:
Behold the man, which onely for thy lone,
Dyd loue himselfe, whome else he set but light:
Behold the man, whose blood (for thy behoue)
Was euer prest to shed it selfe outright.
And canst thou nowe condemne his loyaltie:
And canst thou craft to flatter such a friend?
And canst thou see him sincke in ieoperdie?
And canst thou seeke to bring his life to ende?
Is this the right reward for such desart?
Is this the fruite of seede so timely sowne?
Is this the price, appointed for his part?
Shall trueth be thus by treason ouerthrowne?
Then farewell faith, thou art no womans pheare:
And with that word I staye my tongue in time,
With rolling eyes I loke about eache where,
Least any man should heare my rauing rime.
And all in rage, enraged as I am,
I take my sheete, my slippers and my Gowne,
And in the Bathe from whence but late I came,
I cast my selfe in dollours there to drowne.

[3] These thinges are mistical and not to bee vnderstoode but by Thaucthour him selfe.

There all alone I can my selfe conueye,
Into some corner where I sit vnseene,
And to my selfe (there naked) can I saye, [bene.
Behold these braunefalne armes which once haue
But large and lustie, able for to fight, [knowes
Nowe are they weake, and wearishe God he
Unable now to daunt the fowle despight,
Which is presented by my cruel foes.
My thighes are thin, my body lanck and leane,
It hath no bumbast now, but skin and bones:
And on mine Elbowe as I lye and leane,
I see a trustie token for the nones[4].
I spie a bracelet bounde about mine arme,
Which to my shaddowe seemeth thus to saye,
" Beleeue not me: for I was but a Charme,"
To make thee sleepe, when others went to playe.
And as I gaze thus galded all with griefe,
I finde it fazed almost quite in sunder,
Then thinke I thus: thus wasteth my reliefe,
And though I fade, yet to the world, no wonder.
For as this lace, by leysure learnes to weare,
So must I faint, euen as the Candle wasteth,
These thoughts (deere sweet) within my brest I beare,
And to my long home, thus my life it hasteth.
Herewith I teele the droppes of sweltring sweate,
Which trickle downe my face, enforced so,
And in my body feele I lykewise beate,
A burning heart which tosseth too and fro.
Thus all in flames I sinderlyke consume,
And were it not that wanhope lendes me wynde,
Soone might I fret my faeyes all in fume,
And lyke a Ghost my ghost his graue might finde.
But frysing hope doth blowe ful in my face,
And colde of cares becommes my cordiall,
So that I styl endure that yrksome place,
Where sorrowe seethes to skalde my skinne withal.
And when from thence or company me drieus,
Or weary woes do make me change my seate,
Then in my bed my restlesse paines reuiues,
Until my fellowes call me downe to meate.
And when I ryse, my corpse for to araye,
I take the glasse, sometimes (but not for pride,
For God he knowes my minde is not so gaye).
But for I would in comelynesse abyde:
I take the glasse, wherein I seeme to see,
Such wythred wrinckles and so fowle disgraee,
That lytle marualle seemeth it to mee,
Though thou so well dydst like the noble face[4].
The noble face was faire and freshe of hewe,
My wrinckled face is fowle and fadeth fast:
The noble face was vnto thee but newe,
My wrinckled face is olde and cleane outcast:
The nobie face might moue thee with delight,
My wrinckled face could neuer please thine eye:
Loe thus of crime I couet thee to quite.
And styll accuse my selfe of Surcuydry:
As one that am vnworthy to enioye,
The lasting fruite of suche a loue as thine,
Thus am I tickled styll with euery toye,
And when my Fellowes call me downe to dyne,
No chaunge of meate prouokes mine appetite,
Nor sauce can serue to tiste my meates withall,
Then I deuise the iuyce of grapes to dight,
For Sugar and for Sinamon I call,
For Ginger, Graines, and for eche other spice,
Wherewith I mixe the noble Wine apace,
My Fellowes prayse the depth of my deuise,
And saye it is as good as Ippocrace[4].

[4] Another misterie.

As Ippocrace saye I? and then I swelt,
My faynting lymmes straight fall into a sowne,
Before the taste of Ippocrace is felt,
The naked name in dollours doth mee drowne,
For then I call vnto my troubled mynde,
That Ippocrace hath bene thy daylye drinke,
That Ippocrace hath walkt with euerye winde,
In bottels that were fylled to the brinke.
With Ippocrace thou banquetedst full ofte,
With Ippocrace thou madst thy selfe full merrye,
Such cheere hah set thy new loue so alofte,
That olde loue nowe was scarcely worth a cherry.
And then againe I fall into a traunce,
But when my breth returnes against my wyll,
Before my tongue can tell my wofull chaunce,
I heare my fellowes how they whisper still.
One sayth that Ippocrace is contrary,
Unto my nature and complexion,
Whereby they iudge that all my malladye,
Was long of that by alteration.
An other sayth, no, no this man is weake,
And for such weake, so hote thinges are not best,
Then at the last I heare no lyar speake,
But one which knowes the cause of mine vnrest,
And sayth, this man is (for my life) in loue,
He hath receiued repulse, or dronke disdaine.
Alas crye I: and ere I can remoue,
Into a sowne I sone returne againe.
Thus driue I foorth, my doolefull dining time,
And trouble others with my troubles styll,
But when I here, the Bell hath passed prime,
Into the Bathe I wallowe by my wyll,
That there my teares (vnseene) might ease my griefe,
For though I starue yet haue I fed my fill,
In privie panges I count my best relife.
And still I striue in weary woes to drench,
But when I plondge, than woe is at an ebbe,
My glowing coles are all to quieke to quenche,
And I (to warme) am wrapped in the webbe,
Which makes me swim against the wished waue.
Lo thus (deare wenche) I leade a lothsome life,
And greedely I seeke the greedy graue,
To make an ende of all these stormes and strife,
But death is deafe, and heares not my desire,
So that my dayes continewe styl in dole,
And in my nightes I feele the secrete fire,
Which close in embers, coucheth lyke a cole.
And in the daye hath bene but raked vp,
With couering ashes of my company,
Now breakes it out, and boyles the careful cuppe,
Which in my heart doth hang full heauily.
I melt in teares, I swelt in chilling sweat,
My swelling heart, breakes with delay of paine,
I freeze in hope, yet burne in haste of heate,
I wishe for death, and yet in life remaine.
And when dead sleepe doth close my dazeled eyes,
Then dreadful dreames my dolors do encrease,
Me thinkes I lie awake in wofull wise.
And see thee come, my sorrowes for to cease,
Me seemes thou saist (my good) what meaneth this?
What ayles thee thus to languish and lament?
How can it be that bathing all in blisse:
Such cause vnknowne disquiets thy content?
Thou doest me wrong to keepe so close from me
The grudge or griefe, which gripeth now thy heart,
For well thou knowest, I must thy partner be,
In bale, in blisse, in solace, and in smarte.
Alas, alas, these things I deeme in dreames,
But when mine eyes are open and awake,
I see not thee: where with the flowing streames,
Of brinishe teares their wonted floods do make.

Thus as thou seest I spend both nightes and dayes,
And for I find the world did iudge me once,
A witlesse wryter of these louers layes,
I take my pen and paper for the nonce.
I laye aside this foolishe ryding rime,
And as my troubled head can bring to passe,
I thus berway the torments of my time:
Bears with my Muse, it is not as it was.
Fato non fortuna.

THE EXTREMITIE OF HIS PASSION.

AMONG the toyes which tosse my braine,
and reaue my mind from quiet rest,
This one I finde, doth there remaine,
to breede debate within my brest.
When wo would work, to wound my wyl,
I cannot weepe, nor waile my fyll.

My tongue hath not the skill to tell,
the smallest griefe which gripes my heart,
Mine eyes haue not the power to swell,
into Such seas of secrete smart,
That will might melt to waues of woe,
and I might swelt in sorrowes so.

Yet shed mine eyes no trickling teares,
but flouddes which flowe abundauntly,
Whose fountaine first enforst by feares,
found out the gappe of ielousie.
And by that breache, it soketh so,
that all my face, is styll on flowe.

My voice is like the raging wind,
which roareth still, and neuer staies,
The thoughtes which tomble in my minde,
are like the wheele which whirles alwayes,
Nowe here, nowe there, nowe vp, now downe,
in depth of waues, yet cannot drowne.

The sighes which boyle out of my brest,
are not lyke those, which others vse,
For louers sighes, sometimes take rest,
And lend their mindes, a leaue to muse,
But mine are like the surging Seas,
whome calme nor quiet can appeas.

And yet they be but sorrowes smoke,
my brest the fordge where furie playes,
My panting heart, yt strikes the stroke,
my fancie blowes the flame alwaies,
The coles are kindled by desire,
and Cupide warmes him by the fire.

Thus can I neyther drowne in dole,
nor burne to ashes though I waste,
Mine eyes can neyther quenche the cole,
which warmes my heart in all this haste.
Nor yet my fancie make such flame,
that I may smoulder in the same.

Wherefore I come to seeke out Care,
beseeching him of curtesie,
To cut the thread which cannot weare,
by panges of such perplexitie.
And but he graunt this boone of mine,
thus must I liue and euer pine.
Fato non fortuna.

Lo thus (deere heart) I force my frantike Muse,
To frame a verse in spite of my despight,
But whiles I doo these mirthlesse meeters vse,
This rashe conceite doth roue me from delight.
I call to minde howe many louing layes,
Howe many Sonets, and how many songes,
I dyd deuise within those happie dayes,
When yet my wyl, had not receiued wronges.
All which were euermore regarded so,
That litle fruite I seemd thereby to reape,
But rather when I had bewrayed my woe,
Thy loue was light, and lusted styll to leape.
The rimes which pleased thee were all in print,
And mine were ragged, hard for to be read[5],
Lo deere: this dagger dubbes me with this dint,
And leaue this wound within my ielous head.
But since I haue confessed vnto Care,
That now I stand vppon his curtesie,
And that the bale, which in my brest I bare,
Hath not the skill to kyll me cunningly,
Therefore with all my whole deuotion,
To Care I make this supplication.
Fato non fortuna.

HIS LIBELL OF REQUEST EXHIBITED TO CARE.

O CURTEOUS Care, whome others (cruell) call.
And raile vpon thine honourable name,
O knife that canst cut of the thread of thrall,
O sheare that shreadst the seemerent sheete of shame.
O happye ende of euery greeuous game:
Vouchsafe O Prince, thy vassall to beholde,
Who loues thee more, than can with tongue be told.
And nowe vouchsafe to pittie this his plaint,
Whose teares bewray,
His truth alway,
Although his feeble tongue be forst to faint.

I must confesse O noble king to thee,
That I haue beene a Rebell in my youth,
I preast alwaies in pleasures court to bee,
I fled from that, which Cupide still eschuth,
I fled from Care, lo now I tell the truth,
And in delightes, I loued so to dwell.
Thy heauenly house dyd seeme to me but hell.
Such was my rage, the which I now repent,
And pardon craue,
My soule to saue,
Before the webbe of weary life be spent.

But marke what fruites dyd grow on such a tree,
What crop dyd rise vpon so rashe sowne seede,
For when I thought my selfe in heauen to bee,
In depth of hell I drowned was in deede:
Whereon to thinke my heauie hart doth bleede:
Me thought I swumme in Seas of all delight,
When as I sunke in puddles of despight,
Alas alas I thought my selfe belou'd,
When deadly hate,
Did play checke mate, [prou'd.
With me poore pawne, that no such prancks had

This when I tryed (ay me) to be to true,
I wept for woe, I pined all for paine,
I tare my heere, I often chaunged hewe,
I left delight, with dolours to complaine.
I shund each place where pleasure dyd remaine,
I cride, I calde on euery kinde of death,
I stroue eache way to stop my fainting breath.
Short tale to make, I stept so farre in strife,
That still I sought,
With all my thought,
Some happie helpe to leaue my lothed life.

[5] Another misterie.

But hope [6] was he that held my hande abacke,
From quicke dispatch of all my griping griefe,
When heate of hate had burnt my will to wracke,
Then hope was colde, and lent my life reliefe,
In euery choice hope challengde to be chiefe.
When coldest crampes had cleane orecome my heart,
Then hope was hote, and warnde my weary smart,
Then heart was heardie, hope was still in dread,
When heart was faint,
(With feares attaint,)
Then hardie hope held vp my fearefull head.

Thus when I found that neither flowing teares,
Could drowne my heart in waues of very wo,
Nor hardy hand could ouercome my feares,
To cut the sacke of all my sorrowes so,
Nor death would come, nor I to death could go.
And yet I felt great droppes of secrete smart,
Distilling styll within my dying heart:
I then perceiude that onely care was he,
Which as my friend,
Might make an end,
Of all these paines, and set my fansie free.

Wherefore (oh Care) graunt thou my iust request,
Oh kyll my corpse, oh quickly kyll me nowe.
Oh make an ende and bring my bones to rest,
Oh cut my thread (good Care) I care not howe,
Oh Care be kinde: and here I make a vewe,
That when my life out of my brest shall part,
I wyll present thee with my faithfull hart:
And send it to thee as a Sacrifice,
Bicause thou hast,
Vouchsaft at last,
To ende my furies in this friendly wise.
Fato non Fortuna.

WHAT greater glory can a Keysar gaine,
If madde moode moue his subiectes to rebell,
Than that at last (when all the traytours traine,
Haue trode the pathe, of deepe repentaunce well,
And naked needie with Cold and Hunger both,
Hath bitten them abrode in forren land,
Whereby they may their lewde deuises loth,
(When hairbraind haste, with cold aduise is scande)
If then at last, they come vpon their knee,
And pardon craue with due submission:
And for this cause, I thinke that Care of me,
Was moued most, to take compassion.
For now I find, that pittie prickes his mind,
To see me plonged still in endlesse paine,
And right remorse, his princely heart doth bind,
To rule the rage wherein I do remaine.
I feele my teares doe now begin to stay,
For Care from them their swelling springs doth soke,
I feele my sighes their labours now allaye,
For Care hath quencht the coles that made thē smoke.
I feele my panting heart begins to rest,
For Care hath staide the hammers of my head,
I feele the flame which blazed in my brest,
Is nowe with carefull ashes ouerspread.
And gentle Care, hath whet his karuing knife,
To cut in twaine the thread of all my thrall,
Desired death nowe ouercommeth life,
And wo still workes to helpe in haste with all.
But since I feele these panges approching so,
And lothed life begin to take his leaue,
Me thinkes it meete, to giue before I go,
Such landes, and goodes, as I behind me leaue.

[6] Hope is euer countrary to a louers Passion.

So to discharge my troubled conscience,
And eke to set an other for my heyre,
Who might (perhaps) be put to great expence,
To sue for that, which I bequeath him here.
Wherefore (deere wenche) with all my full intent,
I thus begin to make my Testament.
Fato non fortuna.

HIS LAST WYLL AND TESTAMENT.

IN loue his mighty name, this eight and twentith day,
Of frosted bearded Januar, the enemy to May:
Since Adam was create, fiue thousand yeeres I gesse,
Fiue hundreth, forty more and fiue, as stories do expresse.
I being whole of minde, (immortall Gods haue praise)
Though in my body languishing with panges of paine alwayes,
Do thus ordaine my wyll which long in woes haue wepte,
Beseeching mine executours to see it duely kept.
Fyrst I bequeath my soule on Charons boate to tende,
Vntill thy life (my loue) at last may light on luckye ende,
That there it may awaite, to wayte vpon thy ghost,
Whē thou hast quite and clene forgot what pranks thou hast
now please thee most.
So shall it well be seene whose loue is like to mine:
For so I meane to trye my truth, and there tyll then to pine.
My body be enbalmde, and cloased vp in chest,
With oyntments and with spiceries of euery sweete the best:
And so preserued styll vntill the day do come,
That death diuorce my loue from life, and trusse hir vp in tombe.
Then I bequeath my corps to couche beneathe hir bones,
And there to feede the greedy wormes that linger for the nones.
To frette vppon her fleshe, which is to fine therefore,
This seruice may it doe hir yet, although it do no more.
My heart (as heretofore) I must bequeathe to Care,
And God he knowes, I thinke the gift to simple for his share.
But that he may perceiue. I meane to pay my dew,
I wilt it shall be taken quicke, and borne him bleeding new,
As for my funerals, I leaue that toye at large,
To be as mine executours wyll giue thereto in charge.
Yet if my goodes will stretche vnto my strange deuice,
Then let this order be obseru'd, mine heyre shall pay the price:
First let the torche bearers be wrapte in weedes of woe,
Let all their lightes be virgin waxe, because I lou'de it so.
And care not though the twist be course that lends them light.
If fansie fume, and freewil flame, then must they needs burn bright,
Next them let come the quier, with psalmes and dolefull song,
Recording all my rough repulse and wraying all my wrong.
And when the deskant singes, in treeble tunes aboue,
Then let fa burden say, (by lowe) I liu'd and dyde for loue:
About my heauy hearse, some mourners would I fhane,
Who migh the same accompany and stand about the graue,

But let them be such men, as maye confesse with me,
How contrary the lots of loue, to all true louers bee. [conceipt,
Let Patience be the Priest, the Clarke be Close
The Sextin be Simplicitie, which meaneth no disceipt. [doore,
Let almes of Loue be delt, euen at the Chaunsell
And feede them there with freshe delayes, as I haue bene of yore:
Then let the yongest sort, be set to ring Loues Bels, [nothing else,
And pay Repentance for their paines, but giue the
Thus when the Dirge is done, let euery man depart, [full hart.
And learne by me what harme it is to haue a faith-
Those litle landes I haue, mine heyre must needes possesse,
His name is Lust, the landes be losse, few louers scape with lesse. [hearse,
The rest of all my goodes, which I not here re-
Giue learned Poets for their paines, to deeke my Tombe with verse:
And let them write these wordes vpon my carefull chest, [best.
Lo here he lies, that was as true (in loue) as is the
Alas I had forgot the Parsons dewe to paye,
And so my soule in Purgatorye, might remaine alway. [stealth,
Then for my priuie Tythes, as kysses caught by
Sweete collinges and such other knackes as multiplied my wealth:
I giue the Wickar here, to please his greedie wyll,
A deintie dishe of suger soppes, but saust with sorrow stil: [dishe,
And twise a weeke at least, let dight them for his
On Fridayes and on Wednesdaies, to saue expence of fishe.
Nowe haue I much bequeathed and litle left behinde, [vnkinde.
And others mo must yet be serued or else I were
Wet eyes and wayling wordes, Executours I make,
And for their paines ten pound of teares let either of them take.
Let sorrow at the last my Supranisor be,
And stedfastnesse my surest steade, I giue him for his fee.
Yet in his pattent place this Sentence of prouiso,
That he which loueth stedfastly, shall want no sauce of sorrow.
Thus now I make an ende, of this my wearie wyll,
And signe it with my simple hand, and set my seale there tyll. [be in rime,
And you which reade my wordes, although they
Yet reason may perswade you eke, Thus louers dote sometime.

THE SUBSCRIPTION AND SEALE.

MY mansion house was Mone: from Dolours dale I came, [name:
I Fato: Non Fortuna, hight, lo now you know my
My seale is sorrowes sythe, within a fielde of flame,
Which cuts in twaine a carefull heart, the sweltreth in the same.

Fato non Fortuna.

ALAS, lo now I heare the passing Bell,
Which Care appointeth carefullye to knoule,
And in my brest, I feele my heart now swell,
To breake the stringes, which ioynde it to my soule,
The Crystall yse, which lent mine eyes their light,
Doth now ware dym, and dazeled all with dread,
My senses all, wyll now forsake me quite,
And hope of health abandoneth my head,
My wearie tongue can talke no longer now,
My trembling hand nowe leaues my penne to hold,
My ioynts nowe stretch, my body cannot bowe,
My skinne lookes pale, my blood now waxeth cold.
And are not these, the very panges of death?
Yes sure (sweete heart) I know them so to bee,
They be the panges, which striue to stop my breath,
They be the panges, which part my loue from thee.
What sayd I? Loue? Nay life: but not my loue,
My life departes, my loue continues styll:
My lothed lyfe may from my corpse remoue,
My louing Loue shall alwayes worke thy wyll.
It was thy wyll euen thus to trye my truth,
Thou hast thy wyll, my truth may now be sene,
It was thy wyll, that I should dye in youth,
Thou hast thy wyll my yeares are yet but grene.
Thy penaunce was that I should pine in paine,
I haue performde thy penaunce all in wo,
Thy pleasure was that I should here remaine,
I haue bene glad to please thy fansie so.
Nowe since I haue performed euery part
Of thy commaunde, as neare as tongue can tell,
Content thee yet before my muse depart,
To take this Sonet for my last farewell.

Fato non fortuna.

HIS FAREWELL.

FAREWELL deere Loue whome I haue loued and shall,
Both in this world, and in the world to come,
For proofe whereof my sprite is Charons thrall,
And yet my corpse attendant on thy toome.
Farewell deere sweete, whose wanton wyll to please
Eche taste of trouble seemed mell to me,
Farewell sweete deare, whose doubtes for to appease,
I was contented thus in bale to be. [pease,
Farewell my lyfe, farewell for and my death,
For thee I lyn'd for thee nowe must I dye,
Farewell from Bathe, whereas I feele my breath
Forsake my breast in great perplexitie,
Alas how welcome were this death of mine,
If I had dyde betweene those armes of thine?

Fato non Fortuna.

THE REPORTERS CONCLUSION.

WHERE might I now find flooddes of flowing teares,
So to suffice the swelling of mine eyes.
How might my breast vnlode the bale it beares?
Alas alas how might my tongue deuise
To tell this weary tale in wofull wise?
To tell I saye these tydinges nowe of truth,
Which may prouoke the craggy rockes to ruth?

In depth of dole would God that I were drownde,
Where flattering ioyes might neuer finde me out,
Or graued so within the greedy grounde,
As false delights might neuer breede my doubt,
Nor guilefull lone hir purpose bring about:
Whose trustlesse traines in colloures for to paint,
I find by proofe my wittes are all to faint.

I was that man whome destinies ordeine,
To beare eche griefe that groweth on the mold,
I was that man which proued to my paine,
More panges at once than can with tongue be told,

I was that man (hereof you maye be bold)
Whome heauen and earth did frame to scoffe and scorne,
I, I was he which to that end was borne.

Suffized not my selfe to taste the fruite,
Of sugred sowres which growe in gadding yeares,
But that I must with paine of lyke pursute,
Perceiue such panges by paterne of my peares,
And feele how fausies fume could fond my pheares?
Alas I find all fates against me bent,
For nothing else I lyue but to lament.

The force of friendship bound by holy othe,
Dyd drawe my wyll into these croked wayes,
For with my frend I went to Bathe (though loth)
To lend some comfort in his dollie dayes,
The stedfast friend stickes fast at all assayes:
Yet was I loth such time to spend in vaine,
The cause whereof, lo here I tell you playne.

By proofe I found as you may well perceiue,
That all good counsell was but worne in wast,
Such painted paines his passions did deceiue.
That bitter gall was mell to him in tast,
Within his will such rootes of ruine plast,
As graffes of griefes were only giuen to growe,
Where youth did plant and rash conceite did sowe.

I sawe at first his eares were open aye
To euery tale which fed him with some hope,
As fast againe I sawe him turne away
From graue aduise, which might his conscience
From reasons rule his fancie lightly lope,
He only gaue his mind to get that gaine,
Which most he wisht and least could yet attaine.

Not I alone, but many mo with me,
Had found what ficklenesse his Idoll vsed,
And how she claimed Cressides heire to be,
He how she had his great good will abused,
And how she was of many men refused,
Who tride hir tricks and knew hir by the kinde,
Saue only him she made no louer blinde.

But what for this? whose face is plainer seene,
Than he which thinkes he walketh in a net?
Or who in bale hath euer deeper beene,
Than he which thought his state might not be bet.
In such a iollitye these louers iet,
That weale to them doeth seeme to bee but wo,
And griefe seemes ioye, they feede theyr fancyes so.

Tell him that reason ought to be his rule,
And he allowed no reason but his owne,
Tell him that best were quicklye to recule,
Before all force by feares were ouerthrowne,
And that his bale were better ouerblowne,
Then thus to pine remedylesse in griefe,
And he would saye that griefe was his reliefe.

Short tale to make so long he lyued thus,
Tyll at the last he gan in deede to dye,
Beleeue me Lordes (and by him that dyed for vs)
I sawe him giue to close his dying eye,
I sawe him stryue and strangle passingly.
And suche a griefe I tooke, that yet I not,
If he or I had then more griefe ygot.

But who hath seene a Lampe begyn to fade,
Which lacketh oyle to feede his lyngring lyght,
And then againe who so hath seene it made,
With oyle and weecke to last the longsome night:
Let him conceyue that I sawe such a sight.
Whereof to thinke (although I sighde erewhile)
Loe nowe I laughe my sorrowes to beguile.

Upon the stones a trampling steede we heard,
Which came ful straight vnto our lodging doore,
And straight therwith we heard how one enquirde,
If such a Knight (as I describde before)
Were lodged there: the Hoast withouten more,
Sayd yes forsooth, and God he knowes (quod he)
He is as sicke as any man maye bee.

The messenger sware by no bugges I trowe,
But bad our hoast to bring him where he laye,
(2uod I to Bartholmew) I heare by lowe,
A voice which seemes somewhat of you to saye:
And eare that past not full a furlong waye,
Behold the man came stowping in at doore,
And truth to tell he syked wondrous sore.

At last from out his bosome dyd he take,
A Letter sealde yfolded fayre and well,
And kyssing it (I thinke for Mistresse sake)
He sayd to Bartholmew: Syr Knight be well,
Nowe reade these lines the which I neede not tell,
From whence they come: but make an ende of mone,
For you are sicke, and she is woe begone.

The theefe condemnde and gone to gallowe tree,
(If one crye Grace: lo here a Pardon prest)
Doth dye sometimes, when most he seemde to be,
From death redeemd, such bronts may breede in brest,
Twyxt sodaine ioye, and thoughts which paine oprest,
The Romaine Widdowe dyed when she beheld,
Hir Sunne (whome earst) She compted slaine in field.

So Bartholmew tweene griefe and sodaine ioye,
Laye styll in traunce, me thinkes I see him yet,
And out of doubte it gaue me such anoye,
To see him so, him selfe in fancies fret,
That sure I though his eyes in head were set.
And that he laye (as some saye) drawing on,
Untill his breath and all were past and gone.

But high degrees of heauen which had ordainde,
(For his decaye) a freshe delaye of paine,
Reuiued him: yet from his eyes downe raind,
Such rewfull teares as moued me to plaine,
The dolefull plight wherein he dyd remaine.
For trust me now, to see him sorrowe so,
It might haue made a stone to melt in wo.

Thrise dyd his tongue beginne to tell his thought,
And thrise (alas) it foltred in his mouth,
With stopping sobbes and skalding sighes he sought,
To vtter that which was to me vncouth.
So staies the streame, when furiouslie it flouth,
And filles the dikes where it had wont to swimme,
Untill by force it breakes aboue the brimme.

At last (with paine) the first word that he spake,
Was this: Alas, and therewithall he stayed,
His feeble Jawes and hollowe voyce could make,
None other sounde, his thoughtes were all dismayed,
His hearye head full lowe in bosome layed.
Yet when he sawe me marke what he would saye,
He cryed right out Alas and welawaye.

Alas (quod he) deare friend behold this bloode,
And with that word he gan againe to sorrowne:
The messenger which in a studdye stoode,
Awakt at last: and in mine eare dyd rowne,
Saying: those lines which I haue there throwen downe,
Were written all with blood of hir owne hande,
For whome he nowe in this distresse doth stande.

And sinee (quod he) She hath vouchsafed so,
To shead hir blood in witnesse of hir griefe,
Me thinkes he rather should relieue hir wo:
Then thus deny to send hir some reliefe.
Alas alas (quod he) she holdes him chiefe.
And well wote I (what ere his fansie bee)
There sittes no man so neere hir heart as hee.

Therewith he raysde his heauy head alight,
Askaunces Ha? in deede and thinkst thou so?
But out alas his weake and weary sprit,
Forbad his tongue in furder termes to go. [Ho.
His thought sayd Haight, his sillie speache cryed
And thus he layen dompes and dolefull trance,
Tyll darksome night dyd somewhat change his chance.

For when the light of day began to fade,
And courtins round about his bed were drawne,
A golden slomber dyd his lymmes inuade,
And held him husht tyll daye againe gan dawne,
Whereby Dame quiet put him in a pawne,
To set his thoughts (which striued earst) at one,
And bad debate be packing to be gone.

Percase sweete loue dyd lull him so on sleepe,
Perhaps Dame fansie rockt the Cradell too,
How so it were I take thereof no keepe,
With such conceiptes haue I nothing to doo,
But when he wakt he asked plainly who,
Had brought him so from rage to quiet rest,
And who had borne the torments from his brest?

(Quod I) my friend: here is a letter lo,
Behold it here and be all hole againe,
What man were he that wyther would in wo,
Which thus might prosper in despite of paine?
Were he not worse then mad which would complaine,
On such a friend as this to me doth seeme?
Which (for thy health) hir blood doth not esteeme?

Thus much I sayd to comfort him God knowes,
(But what I thought that keepe I cloose in hold)
Sometimes a man must flatter with his foes,
And sometimes saye that brasse is bright as Gold:
For he that hath not all thinges as he would,
Must winke sometimes, as though he dyd not see,
And seeme to thinke thinges are not as they bee.

Dan Bartholmew gan take the briefe in hand,
And brake the seale, but when he saw the blood,
Good Lord how bolt vpright his heere dyd stand?
For though the friendly wordes therein were good,
Yet many a thought they moued in his moode.
As well appeared by his flecked cheekes,
Nowe cherrye redde, nowe pale and greene as leekes.

I dreamt (quod he) that I was done to death,
And that I laye full colde in earth and claye,
But that I was restored vnto breath,
By one that seemde lyke Pellycane to playe,
Who shed his blood to giue me foode alwaye,
And made me liue in spite of sorrowe styll,
See how my dreame agrees now with this byll?

His feebled wittes forgotten had there whyle,
By whome and howe he had this letter first,
But when he spyde the man, then gan he smile,
For secreete ioye his heart dyd seeme to burst,
Now thought he best that (earst) he compted worst.
And louingly he dyd the man embrace,
And askt howe farde the roote of all his grace?

See sodaine chaunge, see subtile sweete disceipte,
Behold how loue can make his subiectes blinde,
Let all men marke hereby what guilefull baite,
Dan Cupide layeth to tyse the louers minde:
Alacke alacke a slender thread may binde,
That prysonor fast, which meanes to tarrye styll,
A lytle road correctes a ready wyll.

The briefe was writte and blotted all with gore,
And thus it sayde: Behold howe stedfast loue,
Hath made me hardy (thankes haue he therefore)
To write these wordes thy doubtes for to remoue,
With mine owne blood: and yf for thy behoue,
These bloody lynes do not thy Cares conuert:
I vowe the next shall bleede out of my heart.

I dwell to long vpon this thriftlesse tale,
For Bartholmew was well appeasde hereby,
And feelingly he banished his bale,
Taking herein a tast of remedy,
By lyte and lyte his fittes away gan flye.
And in short space he dyd recouer strength,
To stand on foote and take his horse at length.

So that we came to London both yfere,
And there his Goddesse tarryed tyll we came,
I am to blame to call hir Goddesse here,
Since she deserude in deede no Goddesse name,
But sure I thinke (and you may iudge the same)
She was to him a Goddesse in his thought,
Although perhaps hir Shrines was ouerbought.

I maye not write what words betweene them past,
Howe teares of griefe were turnde to teares of ioye,
Nor how their dole became delight at last,
Nor how they made great myrth of much anoye,
Nor how content was coyned out of coye,
But what I sawe and what I well maye write,
That (as I maye) I meane for to endite.

In lonely London loue gan nowe renew,
This blooddye Letter made it battle much,
And all the doubtes which he in fansies drew,
Were done away as there had bene none such,
(But to him selfe) he bare no body grutch.
Him selfe (he sayde) was eause of all this wo,
Withouten cause that hir suspected so.

O louing Youthes this glasse was made for you,
And in the same you may your selues behold,
Beleeue me nowe not one in all your crew,
Which (where he loues) hath courage to be bold,
Your Cressides climes are alwaies vncontrold.
You dare not saye the Sunne is cleare and bright,
You dare not sweare that darkesome is the night.

Terence was wise which taught by Pamphilus,
Howe courage quailes where loue bebiinds the sence,
Though proofe of times makes louers quarelous,
Yet small excuse serues loue for iust defence.

These Courtisanes haue power by pretence.
To make a Swan of that which was a Crowe,
As though blacke pitche were turned into Snowe.

Ferenda, She whome heauen and earth had framde,
For his decaye and to bewitche his wittes,
Made him nowe thinke him selfe was to be blamde,
Which causeles thus would fret himselfe in fittes,
Shee made him thinke that sorrowe sildome sittes,
Where trust is tyed in fast and faithfull knottes,
She sayd Mistrust was meete for simple sottes.

What wyl you more shee made him to beleeue,
That she first loued although she yonger were,
She made him thinke that his distresse dyd greeue,
Hir guiltlesse minde: and (that it might appeare,
Howe these conceiptes could ioyne or hang yfere)
She dyd confesse howe soone shee yeelded his,
Such force (quod she) in learned men there is.

She furder sayde that all to true it was,
Howe youthfull yeares (and lacke of him alone)
Had made hir once to choose out brittle glasse,
For perfect Gold: She dyd confesse (with mone)
That youthfully shee bytte a worthlesse bone.
But that therein she tasted deepe delight,
That sayde shee not, nor I presume to write.

Shee sware (and that I beare full well in minde)
How Dyomede had neuer Troylus place,
Shee sayd and sware (how euer sate the winde)
That Admirals dyd neuer know hir case,
She sayd againe that neuer Noble Face,
Dyd please hir eye nor moued hir to change,
She sayd hir minde was neuer geuen to range.

She sayd and sayd that Bracelettes were ybound,
To hold him fast (but not to charme his thought)
She wysht therewith that she were deepely drownd,
In Ippocraee: if euer she had sought,
Or dronke, or smelt, or tane, or found, or bought,
Such Nectar droppes as she with him had dronke,
(But this were true) she wisht hir soule were sonke.

And to conclude, she sayde no printed rymes,
Could please hir so as his braue Triumphes dyd:
Why wander I? She cou'red all hir crimes,
With deepe disceipt, and all hir guiles she hyd,
With fained teares, and Bartholmew she ryd.
With double gyrthes, she byt and whyned both,
And made him loue where he had cause to loth.

These be the fruittes which grow on such desire,
These are the gaines ygot by such an art,
To late commes he that seekes to quenche the fire,
When flames possesse the house in euery part,
Who lyst in peace to keepe a quiet hart.
Flye loue betimes, for if he once oretake him,
Then seeld or neuer shall he well forsake him.

If once thou take him Tenaunt to thy brest,
No wrytte nor force can serue to plucke him thence,
No pylles can purge his humour lyke the rest,
He bydes in bones, and there takes residence,
Against his blowes no bucklar makes defence.
And though (with paine) thou put him from thy house,
Yet lurkes hee styll in corners lyke a Mouse.

At euery hole he creepeth in by stelth,
And priuilye he feedeth on thy crommes,
With spoiles vnseene he wasteth all thy welth,
He playes boe peepe when any body commes,
And dastardlik he seemes to dread the drommes,
Although in deede in Embushe he awaytes,
To take thee stragling yf thou passe his straites.

So seemed now by Bartholmews successe,
Who yeelded sone vnto this second charge,
Accusing styll him selfe for his distresse,
And that he had so languished at large,
Short worke to make: he had none other charge,
To beare loues blowes, but styll to trust hir tale,
And pardon craue because he bread hir bale.

And thus he lyude contented styll with craft,
Mistrusting most, that gaue least cause of doubt,
He fledde mishappe and helde it by the haft,
He banisht bale and bare it styll about,
He let in loue and thought to hold him out.
He seemde to bathe in perfect blisse againe,
When (God he knowes) he fostred priuie paine.

For as the Tree which crooked growes by kinde,
(Although it be with propping vnderset)
In trackt of time to crooked course wyll twinde,
So could Ferenda neuer more forget,
The lease at large where she hir stinges head set.
But rangde againe, and to hir byas fell,
Such chaunges chaunce where lust (for loue) doth dwell.

And as it hapt (and God his wyll it was)
Dan Bartholmew perceyude it very plaine,
So that perforce he let his pleasures passe,
And straue no more against the streame in vaine,
But therewithall he purchased such paine,
As yet I shrinke in minde thereof to muse,
And maruaile more howe he the same could vse.

His lustlesse limmes which wonted were to syt,
In quiet chaire, with pen and paper prest,
Were armed nowe with helme and harnesse fyt,
To seeke aduentures boldly with the best,
Hee went to warres that wont to liue in rest.
And warres in deede he made withouten blowes,
For why his friendes were nowe become his foes.

Such was his hap to warre both night and daye,
To watche and warde at euery time and tyde,
Though foes were farre yet skowted he alwaye.
And when they came he must their brontes abide,
Who euer fled he would his head not hyde.
For sure dispayre his corpse so close had armed,
That by deathes darte he could no whit be harmed.

In his Ensigne these collours gan he chuse,
Blacke, white, and greene, first blacke for morning mone,
Then white for chaste, because he did refuse,
(Thenceforth) to thinke but euen of hir alone.
A bende of greene: for though his ioyes were gone,
Yet should it seeme he hoped for a daye,
And in that bende his name he dyd displaye.

That selfe same name which in his will he wrote,
(You knowe my minde) when he was out of tune a,
When he subscribde (which may not be forgote)
Howe that his name was Fato Non Fortuna.
And as I gesse bicause his loue was Vna,
That played hir prankes according to hir kinde,
He wrote these wordes hir best excuse to finde.

As who should saye, to destenies me driue,
And happe could not haue ouerthrowen me thus:
I constrew this because I do beleeue,
That once againe he wyll bee amorous,
I fere it muche by him that dyed for vs,
And who so doubtes that causeles thus I faint.
Let him but reade the greene Knights heauy plaint.

Bartello he which writeth ryding tales,
Bringes in a Knight which cladde was all in greene,
That sighed sore amidde his greeuous gales,
And was in hold as Bartholmew hath beene.
But (for a placke) it maye therein be seene,
That, that same Knight which there his griefes begonne,
Is Batts owne Fathers Sisters brothers Sonne.

Well since my borrell braine is all to bloont.
To giue a gesse what ende this man shall haue,
And since he rageth not as he was woont.
Although sometimes he seeme (alite) to craue,
Yet wyll I not his doinges so depraue,
As for to iudge (before I see his ende)
What hardef happe his angrie starres can sende,

And therewithall my wearye muse desires,
To take her rest: and pardon craues also,
That shee presumde to bring hir selfe in bryers,
By penning thus this true report of wo:
With sillye grace these sorye rimes maye go,
In such a rancke as Bartholmew hath plast,
So that shee feares hir cunning is disgrast.

But take them yet in gree as they be ment,
And wayle with mee the losse of such a man:
I coumpt him lost because I see him bent,
To yeld againe where first his greefe began,
And though I cannot write as others can.
Some mournefull verse to moue you mone his fall,
Yet weepe (with me) you faythfull louers all.

Finis. quod Dixit & Dixit.

LÆNUOYE.

Syr Salamanke to thee this tale is tolde,
Peruse it well and call vnto thy minde,
The pleasaunt place where thou dydst first behold
The rewfull rymes: remember how the Winde
Dyd calmelye blowe: and made me leaue behinde,
Some leaues thereof: whiles I sate reading styll,
And thou then seemdst to hearken with good wyll

Beleeue me nowe, hadst thou not seemd to lyke
The wofull wordes of Bartholmews discourse,
They should haue lyen styll drowned in the dyke,
Lyke Sybylls leaues which flye with lytle force,
But for thou seemdst to take therein remorce.
I sought againe in corners of my brest,
To finde them out and place them with the rest.

Such skyll thou hast to make me (foole) beleeue,
My bables are as braue as any bee,
Well since it is so, let it neuer greeue
Thy friendly minde this worthlesse verse to see
In print at last: for trust thou vnto mee,
Thine onely prayse dyd make me venture forth,
To set in shewe a thing so litle worth.

Thus vnto thee these leaues I recommend,
To reade, to raze, to view, and to correct,
Vouchsafe (my friend) therein for to amend
That is amisse, remember that our sect,
Is sure to bee with floutes alwayes infect.
And since most mockes wyll light vppon my muse,
Vouchsafe (my friend) her faultes for to peruse.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

THE FRUITES OF WARRE;

Written vppon this theame, *Dulce Bellum inexpertis*, and it was written by peecemeale at sundrye tymes, as the Aucthour had vacaunt leysures from seruice, being begon at Delfe in Hollande, and dyrected to the ryght honourable the Lord Greye of Wylton as appeareth by the Epistle Dedicatory next following.

To the Right honorable and mine especiall good Lorde, the Lorde Greye of Wylton.

My Singular good Lorde: I am of opinion that long before this time your honour hath throughly perused the booke, which I prepared to bee sent vnto you somewhat before my comming hyther, and therewithall I doe lykewise coniectour that you haue founde therein iust cause to laugh at my follies forepassed. So that I am partly in doubte whether I were more ouerseene in my first deuising, or in my last dyrecting of the same? But as fantasticall humours are common imperfections in greene vnmellowed braines: So hope I yet that your good Lordshippe wyll rather winke at my weakenesse in generallitie, than reproue my rashnesse in particularitie. And because I would bee glad, to drawe your Lordshippe into forgetfulnesse thereof, by freshe recorde of some more martiall matter, as also for that I would haue your Honour perceaue that in these lyngering broyles, I doe not altogeather passe ouer my time in ydlenesse: I haue therefore thought meete nowe to present you with this Pamphlete written by stelth at such times as we Loytered from seruice. And the sobiect thereof being warre, I could not more conueniently addresse the same vnto any Marshiall man, then vnto your good Lordshippe: Whome I haue heard to be an vniuersall patrone of all Souldiours, and haue found to bee an exceeding fauourour of mee your vnworthy follower. The verse is roughe. And a good reason, sithence it treateth of roughe matters, but if the sence be good then haue I hyt the marke which I shote at: Knowing that your Lordshippe can winne Honny out of the Thistle. And such as it is, I dyrect it vnto your Honour. Beseeching the same, to take it in gree, and to pereeaue that I am and euer wyll continew.

Your Lordships
most bounden and assured.
GEORGE GASCOIGNE.[1]

DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

To write of Warre and wote not what it is,
Nor euer yet could march where War was made,
May well be thought a worke begonne amis,
A rash attempt, in woorthlesse verse to wade,
To tell the triall, knowing not the trade:
Yet such a vaine euen nowe doth feede my Muse,
That in this theame I must some labor vse.

[1] This dedication is omitted in the edition of 1587. *C.*

2 And herewithal I cannot but confesse,
Howe vnexpert I am in feates of warre:
For more than wryting doth the same expresse,
I may not boast of any cruell iarre,
Nor yaunt to see full valiant facts from farre:
I haue nor bene in Turkie, Denmarke, Greece,
Ne yet in Colch, to winne a Golden fleece.

3 But nathelesse I some what rèade in writte,
Of high exploits by Martiall men ydone,
And therevpon I haue presumed yet,
To take in hande this Poeme now begonne:
Wherin I meane to tell what race they ronne,
Who followe Drummes before they knowe the dubbe,
And bragge of Mars before they feele his clubbe.

4 Which talk to tell, let first with penne declare[2]
What thing warre is, and whereof it proceeds,
What be the fruites that fall vnto their share
That gape for honor by those haughtie deeds,
What bloudie broyles in euery state it breeds:
A weary worke vneths I shall it write,
Yet (as I may) I must the same endite.

5 The Poets olde in their fonde fables faine,
That mightie Mars is god of Warre and Strife,
These astronomers[3] thinke, where Mars doth raigne,
That all debate and discorde must be rife,
Some thinke Bellona goddesse of that life:
So that some one, and some another iudge,
To be the cause of euery greeuous grudge.

6 Among the rest that Painters[4] had some skill,
Which thus in armes did once set out the same,
A fielde of Geules, and on a Golden hill
A stately towne consumed all with flame,
On cheafe of Sable (taken from the dame)
A sucking babe (oh) borne to bide myschaunce,
Begoarde with bloud, and perced with a launce.

7 On high the Helme, I beare it well in minde,
The Wreath was Siluer poudred all with shot,
About the which *(goutté du sang)* did twinde
A roll of Sable, blacke and foule beblot,
The Creast two handes, which may not be forgot,
For in the Right a trenchand blade did stande,
And in the Left a firie burning brande.

8 Thus Poets, Painters, and Astronomers,
Haue giuen their gesse this subiect to define,
Yet are those three, and with them trauellers,
Not best betrust among the Worthies nine,
Their woordes and workes are deemed not diuine:
But why? God knowes (my matter not so marre,)
Unlesse it be bicause they faine to farre.

9 Well then, let see what sayth the common voice[5], [say?
These olde sayde sawes, of warre what can they
Who list to harken to their whispring noise,
May heare them talke and tattle day by day,
That Princes pryde is cause of warre alway:
Plentie brings pryde, pryde plea, plea pine, pine peace,
Peace plentie, and so (say they) they neuer cease.

[2] à definito. [3] Poet's and Astronomers definition.
[4] Painters description. [5] Common peoples opinion.

10 And though it haue bene thought as true as steele,
Which people prate, and preach aboue the rest,
Yet could I neuer any reason feele,
To thinke *Vox populi vox Dei est*,
As for my skill, I compt him but a beast,
Which trusteth truth to dwell in common speeche,
Where euery lourden will become a leech.

11 Then what is warre? define it right at last,
And let vs set all olde sayde sawes aside,
Let Poets lie, let Painters faigne as fast,
Astronomers let marke how starres do glide,
And let these Trauellers tell wonders wide:
But let vs tell by trustie proufe of truth,
What thing is warre which raiseth all this ruth.

12 And for my parte my fansie for to wright[6],
I say that warre is euen the scourge of God,
Tormenting such as dwell in princelie plight,
Yet not regarde the reaching of his rodde,
Whose deedes and dueties often times are odde,
Who raunge at randon iesting at the iust,
As though they raignde to dò euen what they lust.

13 Whome neyther plague can pull into remorse,
Nor dearth can drawe to mende that is amisse,
Within whose hearts no pitie findeth force,
Nor right can rule to iudge what reason is.
Whome sicknesse salueth not, nor bale brings blisse:
Yet can high Ioue by waste of bloudie warre,
Sende scholemaisters to teach them what they are.

14 Then since the case so plaine by proufe doth stande,
That warre is sueh, and such alwayes it was,
Howe chaunceth then that many take in hande
To ioy in warre, whiles greater pleasures passe?
Who compt the quiet Burgher but an Asse,
That liues at ease contented with his owne,
Whiles they seeke more and yet are ouerthrowne.

15 If Mars moone warre, as Starcoonners can tel,
And Poets eke in fables vse to faine,
Or if Bellona cause mennes heartes to swell
By deadly grudge, by rancor or dysdaine,
Then what delight may in that life remaine?
Where anger, wrath, teene, mischiefe and debate,
Do still vpholde the pillars of the State?

16 If Painters craft haue truly warre dysplayde,
Then is it woorsse (and badde it is at best)
Where townes destroyde, and fields with bloud berayde,
Yong children slaine, olde widdowes foule opprest,
Maydes rauished, both men and wiues distrest:
Short tale to make, where sworde and cindring flame
Consume as much as earth and ayre may frame.

17 If pryde make warre (as common people prate)
Then is it good (no doubt) as good may bee,
For pryde is roote of euill in euerie state,

[6] The Authors definition.

The sowrse of sinne, the very feend his fee,
The head of Hell, the bough, the braunch, the tree,
From which do spring and sproute such fleshlie seedes,
As nothing else but moane and myschiefe breedes.

18 But if warre be (as I haue sayde before)
Gods scourge, which doth both Prince and people tame,
Then warne the wiser sorte by learned lore,
To flee from that which bringeth naught but blame,
And let men compt it griefe and not a game,
To feele the burden of Gods mightie hande,
When he concludes in iudgement for to stande.

19 Oh Prince[7] be pleasde with thine owne diademe,
Confine thy countries with their common boundes,
Enlarge no lande, ne streteh thou not thy streame,
Penne vp thy pleasure in Repentance poundes,
Least thine owne sworde be cause of all thy woundes:
Claime nought by warre where title is not good,
It is Gods scourge, then Prince beware thy bloud.

20 Oh Dukes, oh Earls, oh Barons, Knights and squiers[8],
Kepe you content with that which is your owne,
Let brauerie neuer bring you in his briers,
Seeke not to mowe where you no seede haue sowne,
Let not your neighbors house be ouerthrowne,
To make your garden straight, round, euen and square,
For that is warre, (Gods scourge) then Lordes beware.

21 Oh bishops, deacons, prelates, priests and all[9],
Striue not for tythes, for glebelande, nor for fees,
For polling Peter pens, for popish Pall,
For proud pluralities, nor newe degrees,
And though you thinke it lubberlike to leese,
Yet shoulde you lende that one halfe of your cote:
Then Priests leaue warre, and learne to sing that note.

22 Oh lawlesse Lawyers,[10] stoppe your too long nose,
Wherwith you smell your needie neighbors lacke,
Which can pretende a title to suppose,
And in your rules vplandish loutes can racke,
Till you haue brought their wealth vnto the wracke:
This is plaine warre, although you terme it strife,
Which God will scourge, then Lawyers leaue this life.

23 Oh Merchants[11] make more conscience in an oth,
Sell not your Silkes by danger nor deceyte,
Breake not your bankes with coine and credite bothe,
Heape not your hoordes by wilinesse of weyght,
Set not to sale your subtilties by sleight,
Breede no debate by bargayning for dayes,
For God will skourge such guiles tenne-thousand wayes.

24 Oh countrie clownes,[12] your closes see you keepe,
With hedge, and ditche, and marke your meades with meares,
Let not dame flatterie in your bosome creepe,
To tell a fittone in your Landlordes eares,
And say the ground is his as playne appeares.
Where you but set the bounders foorth to farre:
Plie you the plough and be no cause of warre.

25 Oh common people[13] clayme nothing but right,
And ceasse to seeke that you haue neuer lost,
Striue not for trifles: make not all your might
To put your neighbours purse to needelesse cost,
When your owne gilte is spent, then farewell frost:
The Lawyer gaynes, and leades a Lordly lyfe,
Whiles you leese all and begge to stinte you stryfe.

26 Knew Kings and Princes what a payne it were,
To winne mo realmes than any witte can weelde,
To pine in hope, to fret as fast for feare,
To see their subiects murdred in the field,
To loose at last, and then themselues to yeeld,
To breake sounde sleepe with carke and inward care,
They would loue peace, and bidde warre well to fare.

27 If noble men and gentle bloodes yborne,
Wist what it were to haue a widdowes curse,
Knew they the skourge of God (which wrõgs doth skorne)
Who sees the poore still wronged to the worse,
Yet stayes reuenge till he it list disburse:
Wist they what were to catche Gods after clappes,
Then would they not oppresse somuch perhappes.

28 These spirituall Pastors, nay these spitefull Popes,
Which ought to tende a lanterne to the rest,
Had they themselues but light to see the ropes,
And snares of Hell which for their feete are drest,
Bicause they pill and pole, bycause they wrest.
Bycause they couet more than borrell men,
(Harde be their hartes) yet would they tremble then.

29 Lawyers and Marchants put them both yfeare,
Could they foresee how fast theyr heyres lashe out,
If they in minde this old Prouerbe could beare,
De bonis malepartis vix (through out)
Gaudebit tertius hæres out of doubt,
They would percase more peace than plea procure,
Since goods ill got, so little time endure.

30 Whiles Pierce the Plowmã hopes to picke a thãke,
By mouing boundes (which got skarce graze his goose)
His Landlord lawes so long to winne that banke,
Till at the last the Ferme and all flies loose,
Then farewell Pierce the man proues but a mouse,
And seekes a cottage if he could one get,
So fayre he fisht by mouing mischief yet,

[7] Prince. [8] Nobilitie. [9] Prelacie.
[10] Lawyers. [11] Merchants.
[12] Husbandmen. [13] Cõmunaltie.

31 If common people could foresee the fine,
Which lights at last by lashing out at lawe,
Then who best loues this question, Myne or Thyne,
Would neuer grease the greedy sergeants pawe,
But sit at home and learne this old sayde sawe,
Had I reuenged bene of euery harme,
My coate had neuer kept me halfe so warme.

32 But whether now? my wittes are went awrie,
I haue presumde to preache to long God wote.
Where mine empryse was well to testifie
How sweet warre is to such as knowe it not,
I haue but toucht their yll luck and their lot,
Which are the cause why strife and warres begin,
Nought haue I sayd of such as serue therein.

33 And therwithal I termed haue all strife,
All quarells, contecks, and all cruell iarres,
Oppressions, bryberes, and all greedy life,
To be (*in genere*) no bet than warres,
Wherby my theame is stretcht beyond the starres,
And I am entred in a field so large,
As to much matter doth my Muse surcharge.

34 But as the hawke which soareth in the skie,
And clymbes aloft for solace of hir wing,
The greater gate she getteth vp on highe,
The truer stoupe she makes at any thing:
So shall you see my Muse by wandering,
Finde out at last the right and ready way,
And kepe it sure though earst it went astray.

35 My promisse was, and I recorde it so,
To write in verse (God wot though lyttle worth)
That warre seemes sweete to such as little knowe
What commes therby, what frutes it bringeth forth:
Who knowes none euil his minde no bad abhorth,
But such as once haue fealt the skortching fire,
Will seldome (efte) to play with flame desire.

36 Then warre is badde: and so it is in deede,
Yet are three sortes which therin take delight,
But who they be now herken and take heede,
For (as I may) I meane their names to wright,
The first hight Haughtie harte, a man of might,
The second Greedy minde most men do call,
And Miser (he the mome) cõmes last of all.

37 As for the first[14], three sparkes of mighty moode
Desire of fame, disdayne of Idlenesse,
And hope of honor, so inflame his bloud,
That he haunts warre to winne but worthinesse,
His doughty deedes alwayes declare no lesse:
For whyles most men for gaines or malice fight,
He gapes for glory setting lyfe but light.

38 O noble mind: alas and who could thinke,
So good a hart so hard a happe should haue?
A sweete perfume to fall into a sinke,
A costly iewell in a swelling waue,
Is happe as harde as if in greedy graue,
The lustiest lyfe should shryned be perforce,
Before dyre deathe gyue sentence of diuorce.

39 And such I counte the happe of Haughty hart,
Which hunts (nought els) but honor for to get,
Where treason, malyce, sicknesse, sore and smarte,
With many myschieues moe his purpose let,
And he meane while (which might haue spent it bet)
But loseth time, or doth the same mispend,
Such guerdons giues the wicked warre at end.

40 I set aside to tell the restlesse toyle,
The mangled corps, the lamed limbes at last,
The shortned yeares by fret of feuers foyle,
The smoothest skinne with skabbes and skarres disgrast,
The frolicke fauour frounst and foule defast,
The broken sleepes, the dreadfull dreames, the woe,
Which wonne with warre and cannot from him goe.

41 I list not write (for it becommes me not)
The secret wrath which God doth kindle oft,
To see the sucklings put vnto the pot,
To heare their giltlesse bloode send cries alofte,
And call for vengeance vnto him, but softe
The Souldiours they commit those heynous actes,
Yet Kings and Captaynes answere for such factes.

42 What neede me now at large for to rehearse,
The force of Fortune, when she list to frowne?
Why should I heere display in barreyne verse,
How realmes are turned topsie turuie downe,
How Kings and Keysars loose both clayme and crowne?
Whose haughty harts to hent all honour haunte,
Till high mishaps their doughtiest deedes do daunte.

43 All these with mo my penne shall ouerpasse,
Since Haughty harte hath fixt his fansie thus,
Let chaunce (sayeth he) be fickell as it was,
Sit bonus (in re mala) Animus,
Nam omne solum viro fortis Ius.
And fie (sayeth he) for goods or filthie gaine,
I gape for glorie, all the rest is vayne.

44 Vayne is the rest, and that most vayne of all,
A smouldring smoke which flieth with euery winde,
A tickell treasure, *like a trendlyng ball,*
A passing pleasure mocking but the minde,
A fickle fee as fansie well can finde.
A sommers fruite whiche long can neuer last,
But ripeneth soone, and rottes againe as fast.

45 And tell me Haughty harte, confesse a truth,
What man was aye so safe in Glories porte?
But traynes of treason (oh the more the ruth)
Could vndermine the Bulwarkes of this forte,
And raze his ramparts downe in sundrie sorte?
Searche all thy bookes, and thou shalt finde therein,
That honour is more harde to holde than winne.

46 Aske Iulius Cæsar[15] if this tale be true,
The man that conquered all the world so wide,
Whose onely worde commaunded all the crue,
Of Romayne Knights at many a time and tide,
Whose pompe was thonght so great it could not glide.
At last with bodkins dubd and doust to death,
And all his glorie banisht with his breath.

[14] Haughty harts.

[15] Cæsar.

47 Of malice more what should I make discource,
Than thy foule fall proude Pompey[16] by thy name,
Whose swelling harte enuying Cæsars force,
Did boyle and burne in will and wicked flame,
By his downe fall thy fonder clyme to frame,
Till thine owne head bebathed with enmies teares,
Did ende thy glorie with thy youthfull yeares.

48 Alas alas how many may we reade,
Whome sicknesse sithe hath cut as greene as grasse? [leade?
Whome colde in Campes hath chaungd as pale as
Whose greace hath molt all caffed as it was,
With charges giuen, with skarmouching in chasse?
Some lamed with goute (soone gotten in the field)
Some forst by fluxe all glorie vp to yeeld.

49 Of sodayne sores, or clappes caught vnaware,
By sworde, by shotte, by mischief, or by mine,
What neede I more examples to declare,
Then Montacute[17] which died by doome deuine?
For when he had all France defayct, in fine,
From lofty towre discouering of his foes,
A Cannons clappe did all his glorie lose.

50 I had forgot (wherein I was to blame)
Of bolde braue Bourbon[18] somewhat for to say
That Haughty hartē whome neuer Prince could tame, [way,
Whome neyther towne could stoppe nor wall let
Nor king nor Keyser could his iorney stay?
His Epitaph downe set vpon his Tombe
Declares no lesse: I leaue it to your doome.

Deuicto Gallo, Aucto Imperio, Pontifice obsesso, I superata,
Roma capta, Borbonij hoc marmor habet cineres[19].

51 Oh glorious title ringing out renowne,
Oh Epitaph of honor and high happe,
Who reades the same as it is there set downe,
Would thinke that Borbon sate in fortunes lappe,
And could not fall by chaunce of after clappe:
Yet he that wrote this thundring flattering verse,
Left out one thing which I must needes rehearse.

52 For when he had his king by warre foredone
Enlargde the Empyre and besiegde the Pope,
Tane Rome, and Italy had ouerronne,
Yet was he forst, alwayes from lawes to lope,
And trudge from triall so to scape the rope:
Yea more than that a banisht man he serued,
Least loued of them whose thanks he most deserued.

53 Lo lordings here a lesson for the nones,
Behold this glasse and see yourselues therein,
This Epitaph was writte for worthy ones,
For Haughty harts which honor hunt to winne.
Beware beware, what broyles you do begin.
For smiling lucke hath oft times *Finem duram*,
And therefore thinke *possit victoria Curam*.

54 And yet if glory do your harts inflame,
Or hote desire a haughty name to haue,
Or if you thirst for high renowne or fame,
To blase such brute as time might not depraue,
You leese the labour that you might well saue:
For many a prayse in that meane while you past,
Which (bet than warre) might make your name to last.

55 As first (percase) you skipt Phylosophie,
That noble skill which doth surmount the rest,
Wherto if you had tied your memorie,
Then bruntes of warre had neuer bruzde your brest,
Yet had our name bene blazde, and you bene bleat.
Aske Aristotle[20] if I speake amis,
Fewe Souldiers fame can greater be than his.

56 Next Rethorike, that hoonnie harmelesse arte
Which conquers moe than warre can well subdue,
You past it by, and therfore loose your parte
Of glories great, which therevnto are due,
And might by right your names for aye renue:
Such glory loe did Cicero[21] attaine,
Which longer lasts, than other glories vaine.

57 Of Physike speake for me king Auicen[22],
Who more esteemde the meane to saue himselfe,
Than lessons leude of proude ambitious men,
Which make debate for mucke and worldly pelfe:
Yet was his glory neuer set on shelfe,
Nor neuer shal, whyles any worlde may stande,
Where men haue minde to take good bookes in hande.

58 What shoulde I stretch into Astronomie?
Or maruels make of Musikes sugred sounde?
Or beate my braynes about Geometrie?
Or in Arithmetike of artes the grounde?
Since euermore it is and hath bene founde,
That who excels in any of the same,
Is sure to winne an euerlasting fame.

59 My meaning is no more but to declare,
That Haughtie hartes do spende their time in vaine,
Which followe warres, and bring themselues in snare,
Of sundrie yls, and many a pinching paine,
Whiles if they list to occupie their braine,
In other feates with lesser toile ygot,
They might haue fame when as they haue it not.

60 Well, Greedie minde[23] is of another moode,
That man was framde out of some other molde,
He followes warres for wealth and worldlie good,
To fill his purse with gnotes and glistring golde,
He hopes to buie that Haughtie harte hath solde:
He is as hote as any man at spoile,
But at a breach he keepeth no such coyle.

61 Alas good Greedie minde, and canst thou finde
No better trade, to fill thy boystrous baggs?
Is witte nowe wente so waundring from thy minde?
Are all thy points so voide of Reasons taggs?
Well so mayst thou come roysting home in raggs,
And lose thy time as Haughtie harte doth eke,
Whiles like a dolt thou wealth in warre dost seke.

62 O bleareyde foole, are both thine eyes beblast? [mend thee,
Canst thou not see? looke vp (what man?) God
Looke at these Lawgers howe they purchase fast,
Marke wel these Marchants (better minde God send thee) [thee,
See howe the sutes of silke that they woulde lende
And many mo so fine in fashion stande,
Till at the last they pay for vnthriftes bande.

[16] Pompey [17] Montacute Earle of Salisbury.
[18] Borbon. [19] Borbons epitaph.
[20] Aristotle. [21] Cicero. [22] Auicene.
[23] Greedy minde.

63 The Grasier gets by feeding fatte his neate,
The Clothier coynes by carding locks of wooll,
The Butcher buildes by cutting out of meate,
The Tanners hydes do fill his budget full,
The Sheep maister his olde cast croanes can cull,
The Shoomaker can shift by shaping shooes,
The Craftie bawde can liue by keeping stewes.

64 The gorgeous Goldesmith getts the Diuell and all,
The Haberdasher heapeth wealth by hattes,
The Barber liues by handling of his ball;
The Coupers house is beelde by hooping fattes,
The Roge rubbes out by poysoning of Rattes,
The Chanell raker liueth by his fee,
Yet compt I him more worthie prayse than thee.

65 To rake vp rytches euermore by wrong,
To multiplie by mouing of myschiefe,
To liue by spoile which seeldome lasteth long,
To hoorde vp heapes whiles others lacke reliefe,
To winne all wealth by playing of the theefe,
Is not so good a gaine I dare auowe,
As his that liues by toyling at the plowe.

66 And yet the drudge that delueth in the grounde,
The poorest pesant and the homeliest hinde,
The meanest man that euer yet was founde,
To get a gaine by any trade or kinde,
Liues more at rest and hath more ease of minde,
More sure to winne, much lesser dread to leese,
Than any page that liues by Mars his fees.

67 Ne will I yet affray the doubtfull hartes
Of such as seeke for welth in warre to fal,
By thundring out the sundrie sodaine smartes
Which daily chaunce as fortune tilles the ball:
Suffiseth this to proone my theame withall,
That euery bullet hath a lighting place,
Though Greedie minde forseeth not that disgrace,

68 The myst of More would haue, doth bleare his eyes,
So is he armde with auarice alway,
And as he couets more than may suffise,
So is he blinde and dazled day by day,
For whiles he ventures for a double pay,
He quite forgets the pay that payes for all,
Til Leade (for Golde) do glut his greedie gal.

69 Yea though he gaine and cram his purse with crounes,
And therewith scape the foemens force in fielde,
He nought forseeth what treasons dwells in Townes,
Ne what mishappes his yll got goods may yeelde:
For so may chaunce (and seene it is not seelde)
His owne companions can contriue a meane,
To cutte his throate and rinse his budgets cleane.

70 But if he wist, or had the witte to knowe,
What dangers dwell, where might beares right adowne,
What inwarde griefes to quiet mindes may growe
By greedie thyrst of ryches or renowne,
Where wrong of warre oft times erects the crowne,
He would percase confesse among the rest,
That *Dulce bellum inexpertis est.*

71 So that I say as earst I sayde before,
That euen as Haughtie harte doth hunt in vaine,
Which seekes to winne most honor euermore,
By haunting warres: so can I see no gaine,
(With calme content) to feede that others vaine:
Wherfore my worde is still (I change it not)
That Warre seemes sweete to such as raunge it not.

72 Well then, let see what reason or what rule
Can Miser[24] moue, to march among the rest:
I meane not Miser he that steres his Mule
For lacke of meate: no that were but a iest:
My Miser is as braue (sometimes) as best,
Where if he were a snudge to spare a groate,
Then Greedie minde and he might weare one coate.

73 But I by Miser meane the very man,
Which is enforst by chip of any chaunce,
To steppe aside and wander nowe and than,
Till lowring lucke may pipe some other daunce,
And in meane while yet hopeth to aduaunce
His staylesse state, by sworde, by speare, by shielde,
Such bulwarkes (loe) my Misers braine doth builde.

74 The forlorne hope, which haue set vp their rest
By rash expence, and knowe not howe to liue,
The besie braine that medleth with the best,
And gets dysgrace his rashnesse to reprecue,
The man that slewe the wight that thought to theeue,
Such and such moe which flee the Catchpols fist,
I compt them Misers, though the Queene it wist.

75 And yet forsooth these loue to liue in warre,
When (God he knowes) they wote not what it meanes,
Where if they sawe how much deceyued they are,
Whiles they be brought into mine vncles beanes,
And hoppe in hazarde by their headie meanes:
Then woulde they learne and loue to liue at home,
Much rather yet than wide in warres to rome.

76 The unthrift he that selles a roode of lande,
For Flemish stickes of Silkes and such like wares[25],
Weenes yet at last to make a happie hande
By bloudie warre, and hopes to shredde such shares,
In goods yll got to counterwaile his cares,
That he may once recouer his estate,
To royst againe in spite of Catchpolles pate.

77 The restlesse tong that tattleth still at large,
Till iust correction cause it to be still[26],
Is banisht oft, and sitts in Misers barge,
To brydle so the wandring of his will:
Yet when he heares a trumpet sounding shrill,
He followes fast, and to himselfe he sayes,
Nowe can I keepe me out of Catchpols wayes.

78 The bloudie murdrer and the craftie theefe[27],
Which haue by force or fraude done what offence,
To creepe in corners, oh they thinke it leefe,
Though Miser there do pay for their expence:
But when they heare a pay proclaimde for pence,

[24] Miser. [25] Unthriftes. [26] Praters, [27] Felons.

Loe then they trudge, and gape to get such wealth,
As may discharge their heads from hangmans health.

79 Of these three sortes full many haue I seene,
Some hate the streates, bicause the stones were hot, [our Queene]
Some shunde the Court (and though they lovde
Yet in the Counsellors wayes they stumbled not,
Some might not drinke of Justice Griffyns pot:
But all and some had rather fight with foes,
Than once to light within the lappes of those.

80 As for the first what neede I much to wright?
Since now adayes the Sunne so hote doth shine,
That fewe yong blouds (vnlesse it be by night)
Can byde the streates: no, narrowe lanes be fine,
Where euery shade may serue them for a shrine:
But in Cheapside the Sunne so scaldes the streete,
That euery paning stone would partch their feete.

81 So of the seconde somwhat could I say,
Howe tattling tungs and busie byting pennes,
Haue fledde from Court long sithens many a day,
And bene full gladde to lurke in Misers dennes,
Some for their owne speech, some for other mennes,
Some for their bookes bicause they wrote too much,
Yea some for rymes, but sure I knowe none such.

82 And for the thirde, I cannot blame them I,
If they at barre haue once helde vp their hande,
And smelt the smoke which might haue made them frie,
Or learnde the leape out of their native lande,
Me thinke if then their cause be rightly scande,
That they should more delight to follow drummes,
Than byde at home to come in hangmans thumbes.

83 But holla yet, and lay a strawe thereby,
For whyles they scape for one offence or twaine,
They goe so long to schole with fellonie,
And learne such lessons in the Soldiers traine,
That all delayes are dalied but in vaine:
For commonly at their home come they pay,
The debt which hangman claimde earst many a day.

84 How much were better then, with contrite harte
First to repent, and then to make amendes?
And therwithall to learne by troubles smarte,
What sweete repose the lawfull life vs lendes:
For when such plagues the mightie God vs sendes,
They come aswell to scourge offences past,
As eke to teache a better trade at last.

85 And eke how much were better for the first,
To beare lowe sayle, beginne the worlde anewe,
And stande content to muster with the worst,
Till God conuey them to some better crewe,
It better were to bydde all pryde adieu,
And stoupe betimes in hope to ryse againe,
Than still to striue against the streame in vaine.

86 So were more meete for mealy mouthed men,
And busie medlers with their Princes mates,
Wryters and rimers for to turne their penne
In humble style vnto the loftie states,
And eke with tongue attending at their gates,
In lowly wise their fauour to beseeche,
Than still to stande in stoute and sturdie speech.

87 But mighty Mars hath many men in store,
Which wayte alwayes to keepe his kingdome vp,
Of whome no one doth shewe his seruice more,
Than lingring Hope which still doth beare his cuppe,
And flatteringly lendes euery man a suppe,
Which haunts his courte or in his progresse passe,
Hope brings the boll whereon they all must quasse.

88 Th' ambitious Prince doth hope to conquer all,
The Dukes, Earles, Lords, and Knights hope to be kings,
The Prelates hope to pushe for Popish pall,
The Lawyers hope to purchase wonderous things,
The Merchaunts hope for no lesse reckenings,
The peasant hopes to get a Ferme at least,
All men are guestes where Hope doth holde the feast[28].

89 Amongst the rest poore Miser is so drie,
And thristeth so to taste of some good chaunge
That he in haste to Hope runnes by and by.
And drinkes so deepe (although the taste be straunge,)
That madding moode doth make his wittes to raunge,
And he runnes on were Hope doth leade the way,
Most commonly (God knowes) to his decaye.

90 So that for companie he sings the same,
Which Haughty harte and Greedy minde do sing,
He saieth that Bellum breedeth grief of game:
And though at first it seeme a pleasant thing
At last (sayeth he) it striketh with a sting,
And leaues a skarre although the wound be healed,
Which giues disgrace and cannot be conceald.

91 To proue this true how many in my dayes,
(And I for one) might be rehearced here,
Who after proofe of diuers wandring wayes,
Haue bene constreynd to sit with sorie cheere,
Close in a corner fumbled vp for feare?
Till frō such dennes, drummes dubbe hath calld thē forth,
To chaunge their chaunce for lottes (ofte) little worth.

92 But here (me thinks) I heare some carping tong,
That barkes apace and killes me with his erie,
One thinkes he sayes that all this geare goeth wrong,
When workes of warre are wrotte by such as I,
Me thinkes I heare him still this text applie,
That euill may those presume to teache a trade,
Which nay themselues in Schollers roome did wade.

93 And for bycause my selfe confessed haue,
That (more than might by writte expressed be)
I may not seeme aboue my skill to braue,
Since yet mine eyes the warres did neuer see:
Therefore (say some) how fonde a foole is he,
That takes in hande to write of worthy warre,
Which neuer yet hath come in any iarre?

[28] Hope is cupbearer to war.

94 No iarre (good sir) yes yes and many iarres,
For though my penne of curtesie did putte,
A difference twixt broyles and bloudie warres,
Yet haue I shot at maister Bellumsbutte,
And throwen his ball although I toucht no tutte:
I haue percase as deepely dealt the dole,
As he that hit the marke and gat the gole.

95 For I haue seene full many a *Flushyng* fraye[29],
And fleest in *Flaunders* eke among the rest,
The bragge of *Bruges*, where was I that daye?
Before the walles good sir as braue as best,
And though I marcht all armde withouten rest,
From *Aerdenburgh* and back againe that night,
Yet madde were he that would haue made me knight.

96 So was I one forsooth that kept the towne,
Of *Aerdenburgh*[30] (withouten any walles)
From all the force that could be dressed downe,
By Alba Duke for all his cries and calles,
A high exployte. Wee held the Flemings thralles,
Seuen dayes and more without or bragge or blowes,
For all that while we neuer herd of foes.

91 I was againe in trench before *Tergoes*[31],
(I dare not say in siege for bothe faine eares)
For looke as oft as euer Holt brake lose,
I meane as often as the Spainish peares,
Made salie foorth (I speak this to my pheares)
It was no more but which Cock for a groate,
Such troupes we were to keepe them vp in coate.

98 Yet surely this withouten bragge or boast,
Our English bloudes did there full many a deede,
Which may be Chronicled in euery coaste,
For bolde attempts, and well it was agreed,
That had their heades bene rulde by warie heede,
Some other feate had bene attempted then,
To shew their force like worthie English men.

99 Since that siege raysde I romed haue about,
In Zeeland, Holland, Waterland, and all,
By sea, by land, by ayre, and all throughout,
As leaping lottes, and chance did seeme to call,
Now here, now there, as fortune trilde the ball,
Where good Guyllam of Nassau[32] badde me be,
There needed I none other guyde but he.

100 Percase sometimes S. Gyptians pilgrymage,
Did carie me a moneth (yea sometimes more)
To brake the Bowres, and racke them in a rage,
Bicause they had no better cheere in store,
Beefe, Mutton, Capon, Plouer, Pidgeons, Bore,
All this was naught, and for no Souldiours toothe,
Were these no iarres? (speake now Sir) yes forsoothe.

101 And by my troth to speake euen as it is,
Such prankes were playde by Souldiours dayly there,
And though my self did not therein amisse,
(As God he knowes and men can witnesse beare,)
Yet since I had a charge, I am not cleare,
For seldome climes that Captaine to renowne,
Whose Souldiours faults so plucke his honour downe.

102 Well let that passe I was in rolling trench,
At *Ramykins*[33], where little shotte was spent,
For gold and groates their matches still did quenche,
Which kept the Forte, and forth at last they went,
So pinde for hunger (almost tenne dayes pent)
That men could see no wrincles in their faces,
Their powder packt in caues and priuie places.

103 Next that I sefude by night and eke by daie,
By Sea, by lande, at euery time and tide,
Against Mountdragon[34] whiles he did assaie,
To lande his men along the salt sea side,
For well he wist that *Ramykins* went wide,
And therfore sought with victuall to supplie,
Poore *Mydelleburgh* which then in suddes did lie.

104 And there I sawe full many a bold attempt,
By seelie soules best executed aye,
And brauest bragges (the foemens force to tempt)
Accomplished but coldely many a daye,
The Souldiour charge, the leader lope away,
The willing drumme a lustie marche to sounde,
Whiles ranke retyrers gaue their enimies ground.

105 Againe at Sea the Souldiour forward still,
When Mariners had little lust to fight,
And whiles we staie, twixt faynte and forward will,
Our enemies prepare themselues to flight,
They hoyste vp saile (o wearie worde to wright)
They hoyste vp saile that lacke both streame and windes,
And we stand still so forst by frowarde mindes.

106 O victorie: (whome Haughty hartes do hunte)
O spoyle and praye (which greedy mindes desire):
O golden heapes (for whom these Misers wonte
To follow Hope which settes all hartes on fire)
O gayne, O golde, who list to you aspyre,
And glorie eke, by bolde attempts to winne,
There was a day to take your prisoners in.

107 The shippes retyre with riches full yfraught,
The Souldiours marche (meane while) into the towne,
The tide skarce good, the winde stark staring naught,
The haste so hoate that (eare they sinke the sowne) adowne:
They came on ground, and strike all sayles
While we (ay me) by backward saylers ledde,
Take vp the worst when all the best are fledde.

108 Such triaphs chance where such Lieutenats rule,
Where will commaundes when skill is out of towne,
Where boldest bloudes are forced to recule,
By Simme the boteswayne when he list to frowne,
Where Captaynes crouch, and fishers weare the Crowne.
Such happes which happen in such haplesse warres,
Make me to tearme them broyles and beastly iarres.

109 And in these broyles (a beastly broyle to wryte,)
My Colonell, and I fell at debate,
So that I left both charge and office quite,
A Captaynes charge and eke a Martials state,
Whereby I proued (perhap though all to late)

[29] Flushyng frayes and fleesing of Flaunders.
[30] Aerdenburgh. [31] Tergoes. [32] The Prince of Orenge his name is Guillam of Nassau.
[33] Ramykins. [34] A coronel of the kings side.

Howe soone they fall whiche leane to rotten bowes, [vowes.
Such faith finde they, that trust to some mens

110 My harte was high, I could not seeme to serue,
In regiment where no good rules remayne,
Where officers and such as well deserue,
Shall be abusde by euery page and swayne,
Where discipline shall be but deemed vayne,
Where blockes are stridde by stumblers at a strawe,
And where selfe-will must stande for martiall lawe.

111 These things (with mo) I could not seeme to beare,
And therevpon I crackt my staffe in two,
Yet stayde I still though out of pay I were,
And learne to liue as priuate Souldiours do,
I liued yet, by God and lacked too:
Till at the last when *Beauois* fledde amayne,
Our campe removde to streine *the lande van Strayne*[35].

112 When *Beauois*[36] fledde, *Mountdragon* came to towne,
And like a Souldiour *Myddelburgh* he kept,
But courage now was coldly come adowne,
On either side: and quietly they slept,
So that my self from Zeland lightly lept,
With full entent to taste our English ale,
Yet first I ment to tell the Prince my tale.

113 For though the warres waxt colde in euery place,
And small experience was there to be seene,
Yet thought I not to parte in such disgrace,
Although I longed much to see our Queene:
For he that once a hyred man hath bene,
Must take his Maisters leaue before he goe,
Unlesse he meane to make his freend his foe.

114 Then went I straight to Delfe[37], a pleasant towne,
Unto that Prince, whose passing vertues shine,
And vnto him I came on knees adowne,
Beseeching that his excellence in fine,
Would graunt me leaue to see this countrey mine:
Not that I wearie was in warres to serue,
Nor that I lackt what so I did deserue.

115 But for I found some contecke and debate,
In regiment where I was woont to rule,
And for I founde the staie of their estate,
Was forced now in townes for to recule,
I craued leaue no longer but till *Yewle*[38],
And promist then to come againe *Sans fayle*,
To spende my bloud where it might him auayle.

116 The noble Prince gaue graunt to my request,
And made me passeporte signed with his seale,
But when I was with baggs and baggage prest,
The Prince began to ring another peale,
And sent for me, (desiring for my weale)
That I would stay a day or two, to see,
What was the cause he sent againe for mee.

[35] An Iland so called which was sore spoyled by our countrymen.
[36] A coronel of the kings side whiche was gouernour of Middelburgh next before Moūtdragon.
[37] A towne in Holland. [38] Christmas.

117 My Colonell was nowe come to the Courte,
With whome the Prince had many things to treate,
And for he hoapte, in good and godlie sorte,
Tweene him and me to worke a friendlie feate,
He like a gracious Prince his braines did beate,
To set accorde betweene vs if he might,
Such paynes he toke to bring the wrong to right.

118 O noble Prince, there are too fewe like thee,
If Vertue wake, she watcheth in thy will,
If Justice liue, then surely thou art hee,
If Grace do growe, it groweth with thee still,
O worthy Prince would God I had the skill,
To write thy worth that men thereby might see,
How much they erre that speake amisse of thee.

119 The simple Sottes do coumpt thee simple too,
Whose like for witte our age hath seldome bredde,
The rayling roges mistrust thou darest not do,
As Hector did for whom the Greeians fledde,
Although thou yet werte neuer seene to dredde,
The slandrous tongues do say thou drinkst to much,
When God he knowes thy anstome is not such.

120 But why do I in worthlesse verse deuise,
To write his prayse that doth excell so farre?
He heard our greeues himself in gratious wise,
And mildly ment to ioyne our angry iarre,
He ment to make that we begonne to marre:
But wicked wrath had some so farre enraged,
As by no meanes theyr malice could be swaged.

121 In this meane while the Spainiards came so neare
That *Delfe* was girt with siege on euery side,
And though men might take shippyng euery where,
And so be gone at any time or tide,
Yet truth to tell (I speake it for no pryde)
I could not leaue that Prince in such distresse,
Which cared for me and yet the cause much lesse.

122 But see mishappe how craftely it creepes
Whiles fawning fortune fleareth full in face,
My heauie harte within my bellie weepes,
To recken here a droppe of darke disgrace,
Which fell vpon my pleasant plight apace,
And brought a packe of doubts and dumps to passe,
Whiles I with Prince in loue and fauour was.

123 A worthie dame whose prayse my penne shal write
(My sworde shall eke hir honour still defende)
A louing letter to me did endight,
And from the Campe the same to me did sende,
I meane from Campe where foes their force did bende:
She sent a brief vnto me by hir mayde,
Which at the gates of *Delfe* was stoutely stayde.

124 This letter tane, I was mistrusted much,
And thought a man that were not for to truste[39],
The Burghers streight began to beare me grutche,
And cast a snare to make my necke be trust,
For when they had this letter well discust:

[39] The frute of fansie,

They sent it me by hir that brought it so,
To trie if I would keepe it close or no.

125 I redde the lines, and knowing whence they came,
My harmelesse harte began to pant apace,
Wel to be playne, I thought that neuer Dame,
Should make me deale in any doubtfull case,
Or do the thing might make me hide my face:
So that vnto the Prince I went forthwith,
And shewed to him of all this packe the pith.

126 The thing God knowes was of no great emport,
Some freendly lines the vertuous Lady wrote
To me hir freend: and for my safe passeporte,
The Camepomaster Valdes his hand was gotte,
And seale therewith, that I might safely trotte,
Unto the *Haghe*[40] a stately pleasaunt place,
Whereas remaynd this worthy womans grace.

127 And here I set in open verse to showe,
The whole effect wherfore this work was wrought,
She had of mine (whereof few folkes did knowe)
A counterfayte, a thing to me deare bought,
Which thing to haue I many times had sought
And when she knew how much I did esteeme it
Shee vowde that none but I should thence redeeme it.

128 Lo here the cause of all this secrete fleight,
I sweare by Ioue that nothing els was ment,
The noble Prince (who sawe that no deceipt,
Was practised) gaue trust to mine entent:
And leaue to write from whence the same was sent,
Yet still the Bowgers (Burghers should I saye)
Encreast their doubtes and watcht me day by day.

129 At euery porte it was (forsooth) belast[41],
That I (*di groene Hopman*[42]) might not go out,
But when their foes came skirmishing full fast,
Then with the rest the Greene knight for them fought,
Then might he go without mistrust or doubt:
O drunken plompes, I playne without cause why,
For all cardes tolde there was no foole but I.

130 I was the foole to fight in your defence,
Which know no freende, nor yet your selues full well,
Yet thus you see howpaye proclaymde for pence,
Pulles needie soules in stede of heauen to hell,
And makes men hope to beare away the bell.
Whereas they hang in ropes that neuer rotte,
Yet warre seemes sweete to such as know it not.

131 Well thus I dwelt in *Delfe* a winters tyde,
In *Delfe* (I say) without one pennie pay:
My men and I did colde and hunger bide,
To shew our truth, and yet was neuer day,
Wherein the Spanyard came to make vs play,
But that the Greene knight was amongst the rest,
Like lohn Greyes birde that ventred with the best[43].

132 At last the Prince to Zeland came himselfe,
To hunger Middleburgh, or make it yeeld,
And I that neuer yet was set on shelf,
When any sayld, or winde, or waues could weeld,
Went after him to shew my selfe in field.
The selfe same man which earst I vowed to be,
A trustie man to such a Prince as he.

133 The force of *Flauuders*, *Brabant*, *Geldres*, *Fryze*,
Henault, *Artoys*, *Lyegeland*, and *Luxembrough*,
Were all ybent, to bryng in new supplies
To *Mydlleburgh*: and little all enough,
For why the *Gæulx*[44] would neyther bend nor bough.
But one of force must breake and come to nought,
All *Walkers*[45] theirs, or *Flushyng* dearly bought.

134 There once agayne I serued vpon seas,
And for to tell the cause and how it fell,
It did one day the Prince (my chieftayne) please,
To aske me thus: Gascoigne (quoth he) you dwell
Amongst vs still: and thereby seemeth well,
That to our side you beare a faithfull harte,
For else long since we should haue seene you starte,

135 But are (sayde he) your Souldiours by your side?
O Prince (quoth I) full many dayes be past,
Since that my charge did with my *Cronell* glyde:
Yet byde I here, and meane to be with last:
And for full proofe that this is not a blast
Of glorious talke: I craue some fisher boate,
To shew my force among this furious floate.

136 The Prince gan like my fayth and forward will,
Equyppt a Hoye[46] and set hir vnder sayle,
Wherein I serued according to my skill,
My minde was such, my cunning could not quayle,
Withouten bragge of those that did assayle
The foemens fleete which came in good aray,
I put my selfe in formost ranke alway.

137 Three dayes wee fought, as long as water serued,
And came to ancor neyghbourlike yfeere,
The Prince himselfe to see who best deserued,
Stoode euery day attending on the peere,
And might behold what barke went formost there:
Ill harte had he that would not stoutely fight,
When as his Prince is present still in sight.

138 At last our foes had tidings ouerlande,
That neare to *Bergh*[47] their fellowes went to wrack,
On *Scheld*[48] they mette by *Rymerswaell* a bande
Of *Edellbloets*[49], who put their force abacke,
Lewes de Boyzott[50] did put them there to sacke,
And lost an eye, bicause he would resemble
Don Iuliane[51], whome (there) he made to tremble.

[40] The pleasauntest village (as I thinke) that is in Europe.
[41] Forbidden. [42] The Greene captaine.
[43] A prouerbe.
[44] Protestants. [45] The Iland wherein Flushing doth stand.
[46] Rigged vp and fully furnished. [47] A Towne.
[48] A River. [49] Lusty gallants. [50] The admiral of flushing. [51] Iulian de Romero.

139 When this was knowen *Sancio de Avila* [52],
Who had the charge of those that fought with vs,
Went vp the *Hont* [53] and tooke the ready way,
To *Anwerpe* towne: leauing in daunger thus,
Poore *Myddelburgh* which now wart dolorous,
To see all hope of succour shrinke away, [day.
Whiles they lackt bread and had done many a

140 And when *Mountdragon* might no more endure,
He came to talke and rendred all at last,
With whome I was within the Cittie sure,
Before he went, and on his promisse past,
Such trust I had to thinke his fayth was fast:
I dinde, and supt, and laye within the towne,
A daye before he was from thence ybowne.

141 Thus *Middleburgh*, *Armew*, and all the rest,
Of *Walkers Ile* became the Princes pray,
Who gaue to me bycause I was so prest,
At such a pinche, and on a dismall day,
Three hundreth gilderns good aboue my pay.
And bad me bide till his abilitie,
Might better gwerdon my fidelitie.

142 I will not lie, these Gilderns pleasd me well,
And much the more bycause they came vncraued,
Though not vnneeded as my fortune fell,
But yet thereby my credite still was saued,
My skores were payde, and with the best I braued,
Till (lo) at last, an English newe relief,
Came ouer seas, and Chester was their chief.

143 Of these the Prince perswaded me to take,
A band in charge with Coronels consent,
At whose requests I there did vndertake,
To make mine ensigne once againe full bent,
And sooth to say, it was my full entent,
To loose the sadle or the horse to winne,
Such haplesse hope the Prince had brought me in.

144 Souldiours behold and Captaynes marke it well,
How hope is harbenger of all mishappe [54],
Some hope in honour for to beare the bell,
Some hope for gaine and venture many a clappe,
Some hope for trust and light in treasons lappe.
Hope leades the way our lodging to prepare,
Where high mishap (ofte) keepes an Inne of care.

145 I hoapt to shew such force agaynst our foes,
That those of *Delf* might see how true I was,
I hopt in deede for to be one of those [passe,
Whome fame should follow, where my feete should
I hoapt for gaynes and founde great losse alas:
I hoapt to winne a worthy Souldiours name,
And light on lucke which brought me still to blame.

146 In *Valkenburgh* (a fort but new begonne)
With others moe I was ordeynde to be,
And farre beforne the worke were half way done,
Our foes set forth our sorie seate to see,
They came in time, but cursed time for mee,
They came before the courtine raysed were,
One onely foote aboue the trenches there.

147 What should we do, foure ensignes lately prest,
Fiue hundreth men were all the bulke we bare,
Our enimies three thousand at the least,
And somuch more they might alwayes prepare:
But that most was, the truth for to declare,
We had no store of pouder, nor of pence,
Nor meate to eate, nor meane to make defence.

148 Here some may say that we were much to blame,
Which would presume in such a place to hyde,
And not foresee (how euer went the game)
Of meate and shotte our souldiours to prouide:
Who so do say haue reason on their side,
Yet proues it still (though ours may be the blot)
That warre seemes sweete to such as know it not.

149 For had our forte bene fully fortified,
Two thousand men had bene but few enow,
To man it once, and had the truth bene tried,
We could not see by any reason how,
The Prince could send vs any succour now,
Which was constreynd in townes himself to shield,
And had no power to shew his force in field.

150 Herewith we had nor powder packt in store,
Nor flesh, nor fishe, in poudring tubbes yput,
Nor meale, nor malt, nor meane (what would you more:)
To get such geare if once we should be shut.
And God he knowes, the English Souldiours gut,
Must haue his fill of victualles once a day,
Or els he will but homely earne his pay.

151 To scuse ourselues, and Coronell withall,
We did foretell the Prince of all these needes,
Who promised alwayes to be our wall,
And badde vs trust as truely as our creedes,
That all good wordes should be performd with deedes,
And that before our foes could come so neare,
He would both send vs men and merrie cheare.

152 Yea Robyn Hoode, our foes came downe apace,
And first they chargde another Forte likewise,
Alphen I meane, which was a stronger place,
And yet to weake to keepe in warlike wise,
Fiue other bandes of English Fanteries [55],
Were therein set for to defend the same,
And them they chargde for to beginne the game.

153 This Forte fro ours was distant ten good miles,
I meane such myles as English measure makes,
Betweene vs both stoode *Leyden* towne therewhiles,
Which euerie day with fayre wordes vndertakes,
To feede vs fat and cramme vs vp with cakes,
It made vs hope it would supplie our neede,
For we (to it) two Bulwarkes were in deede.

154 But when it came vnto the very pinche,
Leyden farewell, we might for *Leyden* sterue,
I like him well that promiseth an inche,
And payes an ell, but what may he deserue
That flatters much and can no fayth obserue?
And old sayd sawe, that fayre wordes make fooles fayne,
Which prouerbe true we proued to our payne.

[52] The castellane of Anwerp. [53] A river.
[54] Hope is the herbenger of mishappe.
[55] Footemen.

155 A conference among our selues we cald,
Of Officers and Captaynes all yfeere,
For truth (to tell) the Souldiours were apald,
And when we askt, nowe mates what merie cheere?
Their aunswere was: it is no bidyng here.
So that perforce we must from thence be gone,
Unlesse we ment to keepe the place alone.

156 Herewith we thought that if in time we went,
Before all streights were stopt and taken vp,
We might (perhaps) our enimies preuent,
And teach them eke to taste of sorowes cuppe,
At *Maesland Sluyse*, wee hoped for to suppe,
A place whereas we might good seruice do,
To keepe them out which tooke it after too.

157 Whiles thus we talke, a messenger behold,
From *Alphen* came, and told vs heauy newes,
Captaynes (quod he) hereof you may be bolde,
Not one poore soule of all your fellowes crewes,
Can scape aliue, they haue no choyse to chuse:
They sent me thus to bidde you shifte in time,
Els looke (like them) to sticke in Spainish lime.

158 Thus tale once tolde none other speech preuaylde,
But packe and trudge, al leysure was to long,
To mende the marte, or watche (which neuer [fayldes)
Descried our foes which marched all along,
And towards vs began in hast to throng,
So that before our haste could passe the porte,
The foremost foes were now within the Forte.

159 I promest once and did performe it too,
To bide therein as long as any would,
What booted that? or what could Captaynes doo,
When common sorte would tarie for no gould?
To speake a troth, the good did what they could,
To keepe the badde in rankes and good araye,
But labour lost to hold that will away.

160 It needelesse were to tell what deedes were donne,
Nor who did best, nor who did worst that day,
Nor who made head, nor who began to runne,
Nor in retreate what chief was last alway,
But Souldiour like we held our enimies play:
And euery Captayne straue to do his best,
To stay his owne and so to stay the rest.

161 In this retyre three English miles we trodde,
With to face foes and shot as thicke as hayle,
Of whose choyce men full fiftie soules and odde,
We layed on ground, this is withouten fayle,
Yet of our owne, we lost but three by tale:
Our foes themselues confest they bought full deere,
The hote pursute whiche they attempted there.

162 Thus came we late at last to *Leyden* walles,
Too late, too soone, and so may we well say,
For notwithstanding all our cries and calles,
They shut their gates and turnd their eares away:
In fine they did forsake vs euery way,
And badde vs shifte to saue ourselues apace,
For vnto them were fonde to trust for grace.

163 They neither gaue vs meate to feede vpon,
Nor drinke, nor powder, pickar, toole nor spade,
So might we sterue, like misers woe begone,
And feud our foes, with blowes of English blade,
For shotte was shronke, and shift could none be made:
Yea more than this, wee stoode in open fielde,
Without defense from shotte our selues to shielde.

164 This thus wel weyed, whē weary night was past, [drommes,
And day gan peepe, wee heard the Spainish
Which stroke a marche about vs round to cast,
And foorth withall their Ensignes quickly cōmes,
At sight whereof, our Souldiours bitte their thōmes:
For well they wist it was no boote to flie,
And biding there, there was no boote but die.

165 So that we sent a dramme to summone talke,
And came to *Parlee* middle way betweene,
Monsieur de Licques, and *Mario* did walke,
From foemens side, and from our side were seene,
My self, that matche for *Mario* might bene:
And Captayne *Sheffeld* borne of noble race,
To matche *de Licques*, which there was chief in place.

166 Thus met we talkt, and stoode vpon our toes, [tent,
With great demaundes whome little might con-
We craued not onely freedome from our foes,
But shippyng eke with sayles and all full bent,
To come againe from whence we first were went:
I meane to come, into our English coast,
Which soyle was sure, and might content vs most.

167 An old sayde sawe, (and ofte seene) that whereas,
Thou comste to craue, and doubtst for to obtayne,
Iniquum pete (then) *vt æquum feras*,
This had I heard, and sure I was full fayne,
To proue what profite we thereby might gayne:
But at the last when time was stolen away,
We were full gladde to play another play.

168 We rendred then with safetie for our liues,
Our Ensignes splayed, and manyging our armes,
With furder fayth, that from all kinde of giues,
Our souldiours should remayne withouten harmes:
And sooth to say, these were no false allarmes,
For why? they were within twelue dayes discharged,
And sent away from pryson quite enlarged.

169 They were sent home, and we remayned
In pryson pent, but yet right gently vsed, [still,
To take our liues, it was not *Licques* will,
(That noble blood, which neuer man abused,)
Nor euer yet was for his faith accused,
Would God I had the skill to write his prayse,
Which lent me comfort in my dolefull dayes.

170 We bode behind, foure moneths or little lesse,
But wherevpon that God he knowes not I,
Yet if I might be bolde to giue a gesse,
Then would I say it was for to espie,
What raunsome we would pay contentedly:
Or els to know how much we were esteemde,
In England here, and for what men ydeemde.

171 Now so it were, at last we were dispatcht,
And home we came as children come from schoole,
As gladde, as fishe which were but lately catcht,
And straight againe were cast into the poole:

For by my fay I coumpt him but a foole,
Which would not rather poorely liue at large,
Than rest in pryson fedde with costly charge.

172 Now haue I tolde a tedious tale in rime,
Of my mishappes, and what ill lucke I had,
Yet some may say, that all to lowde I chime,
Since that in warres my fortune was not badde,
And many a man in pryson would be gladde,
To fare no worse, and lodge no worse than wee,
And eke at last to scape and go so free.

173 I must confesse that both we were well vsed,
And promise kept according to contract,
And that nor wee, nor Souldiours were abused,
No rigour shewed, nor louely dealing lackt:
I must confesse that we were neuer rackt,
Nor forst to do, nor speake agaynst our will,
And yet I coumpt it froward fortune still.

174 A truth it is (since warres are ledde by chaunce,
And none so stoute but that sometimes may fall,)
No man on earth his honour might aduaunce,
To render better (if he once were thrall)
Why who could wishe more comforte at his call,
Than for to yeeld with ensigne full displayde,
And all armes borne in warlike wise for ayde?

175 Or who could wishe dispatche with greater speede,
Than souldiours had which taried so few dayes?
Or who could wishe, more succour at his neede,
Than vsed was to them at all assayes?
Bread, meate, and drinke, yea wagons in their wayes,
To ease the sicke and hurte which could not go,
All tane in warres, are seldome vsed so.

176 Or who could wishe (to ease his captiue dayes)
More libertie than on his fayth to rest?
To eate and drinke at Barons borde alwayes,
To lie on downe, to banquet with the best,
To haue all things, at euery iust request,
To borowe coyne, when any seemde to lacke,
To haue his owne, away with him to packe?

177 All this and more I must confesse we had,
God saue (say I) our noble Queene therfore,
Hinc illæ lachrimæ, there lays the padde,
Which made the strawe suspected be the more,
For trust me true, they coueted full sore,
To keepe our Queene and countrie fast their friendes,
Till all their warres might grow to luckie endes.

178 But were that once to happy ende ybrought,
And all stray sheepe come home agayne to folde,
Then looke to dore: and thinke the cat is nought,
Although she let the mouse from out hir holde:
Beleue me now, me thinkes I dare be bolde,
To thinke that if they once were freendes againe,
We might soone sell, all freendship found in Spaine.

179 Well these are woordes and farre beyõd my reach,
Yet by the way receyue them well in worth,
And by the way, let neuer *Licques* appeach
My rayling penne, for thoughe my minde abhorrth,
All Spainish prankes: yet must I thunder forth
His worthy prayse, who held his fayth vnstayned,
And euermore to vs a freend remayned.

180 Why sayed I then, that warre is full of woes?
Or sowre of taste, to them that know it best?
Who so demaundes, I will my minde disclose,
And then iudge you the burdens of my brest:
Marke well my wordes and you shall finde him blest,
That medleth least with warres in any wise,
But quiet liues, and all debate defies.

181 For though we did with truth and honour yeeld,
Yet yeelding is alwayes a great disgrace,
And though we made a braue retyre in field,
Yet who retyres, doth alwayes yeeld his place:
And though we neuer did our selues embase,
But were alwayes at Barons table fedde,
Yet better were at home with Barlie breade.

182 I leaue to tell what losse we did sustaine,
In pens, in pay, in wares, and readie wealth,
Since all such trash may gotten be againe,
Or wasted well at home by priuie stelth:
Small losse hath he which all his liuing selth,
To saue his life, when other helpe is none,
Cast vp the saddle when the horse is gone.

183 But what I sayde, I say and sweare againe,
For first we were in Hollande sore suspect,
The states did thinke, that with some filthie gaine
The Spainish peeres vs Captaines had infect,
They thought we ment our ensignes to erect
In Kings behalfe: and eke the common sorte,
Thought priuy pay had made vs leaue our forte.

184 Againe, the Kings men (onely Licques except,
And good Verdugo[56]) thought we were too well,
And that we were but playde with in respect,
When as their men in great distresse did dwell:
So that with hate their burning hartes did swell,
And bad hang vp or drowne vs euerychone,
These bones we had alway to byte vpon.

185 This sause we had vnto our costly fare,
And euery day we threatned were in deede,
So that on both sides we must byde the care,
And be mistrust of euery wicked deede,
And be reuilde, and must our selues yet feede
With lingring Hope, to get away at last,
That selfe same Hope whiche tyed vs there so fast.

186 To make vp all, our owne men playde their parte,
And rang a peale to make vs more mystrust,
For when they should away from vs departe,
And sawe vs byde, they thought we stayed for lust,
And sent them so in secrete to be trust: [solde
They thought and sayde, thus haue our Captaines
Us silly soules, for groates and glistring golde.

187 Yea, when they were to England safely brought,
Yet talkte they still euen as they did before:
For slaundrous tongues, if once they tattle ought,
With mickell paye will chaunge their wicked lore:
It hath bene proued full many dayes of yore,
That he which once in slander takes delight,
Will seldome frame his woordes to sounde aright.

[56] A coronell of the kings side.

188 Straunge tale to tell, we that had set them free,
And set ourselues on sandes for their expence,
We that remaynd in daunger of the tree,
When they were safe, we that were their defence,
With armes, with cost, with deedes, with eloquence:
We that saued such, as knew not where to flie,
Were now by them accusde of trecherie.

189 These fraits (I say) in wicked warres I founde, [would,
Which make me wryte much more than else I
For losse of life, or dread of deadly wounde,
Shall neuer make me blame it though I could,
Since death doth dwell on euerie kinde of mould:
And who in warre hath caught a fatall clappe,
Might chaunce at home to haue no better happe.

190 So losse of goodes shall neuer trouble me,
Since God which giues can take when pleaseth him,
But losse of fame or slaundred so to be,
That makes my wittes to breake aboue their brimme,
And frettes my harte, and lames me euery limme:
For Noble minds their honour more esteeme,
Than worldly wights, or wealth, or life can deeme.

191 And yet in warres, such graffes of grudge do growe,
Such lewdnesse lurkes, such malice makes mischief,
Such enuie boyles, such falshood fire doth blowe,
That Bountie burnes, and truth is called thief,
And good desertes are brought into such brief,
That Slaunder snuffe which sweares the matter out,
Brings oftentimes the noblest names in doubt.

192 Then whether I be one of Haughty harte,
Or Greedy minde, or Miser in decay,
I sayde and say that for mine owne poore parte,
I may confesse that Bellum euery way,
Is Sweete: but how? (beare well my woordes away)
Forsooth, to such as neuer did it trie,
This is my Theame I cannot chaunge it I.

PERORATIO.

193 O noble Queene[57], whose high foresight prouides,
That wast of warre, your realmes doth not destroye,
But pleasaunt peace, and quiet concord glydes,
In euery coast, to driue out darke anoye,
O vertuous dame, I say *Pardonez moy*,
That I presume in worthlesse verse to warne,
Thambitious Prince, his dueties to descerne.

194 Your skilfull minde (O Queene without compare)
Can soone conceyue that cause constraynes me so,
Since wicked warres haue bredde such cruell care,
In Flaunders, Fraunce, in Spaine and many mo,
Which reape thereby none other worth but wo:
Whiles you (meane while) enioy the fruites of peace,
Still praysing God, whose bounties neuer cease.

195 If you (my liege) vouchsafe in gratious wise,
To pardon that which passeth from my Muse,
Then care I not what other kings deuise,
In warres defense: nor though they me accuse,
And say that I their bloudie deedes abuse:
Your onely grace my soueraigne Lady be,
Let other Kings thinke what they list of me.

196 And you my Lordes[58] to whome I dueties owe,
And beare such loue as best becommeth me,
First Earle of Bedford, whome I right well know,
To honour armes: and woorthie Warwyke he,
In whose good grace I couet sore to be:
Then Leyster next, (Sussex not set behinde)
And worthy Essex men of noble minde.

197 Yong Oxenford as toward as the best,
Northumberland, and Ormount woorthy prayse,
Lyncolne, Kildare, and Worster with the rest
Of noble Earles, which hold your happy dayes
In high renowme, as men of warre alwayes:
With others mo to many to recite,
Vouchsafe my Lordes to pardone that I write.

198 Of Wilton Grey (to whome these rimes I wrote)
With all the Barons bold of English soyle,
I humbly craue that it may be forgotte,
Although my Muze haue seemde to keepe a coyle
With mighty men which put the weake to foyle:
I ment not you since, by your deedes appeares,
You rule with right, like wise and worthy peares.

199 Right reuerend, of Canterbury chiefe,
London, and Lincoln, Bishoppes by your name[59],
Good Deane of Pawles (which lend a great relief,
To naked neede) and all the rest of fame,
In pastors place: with whome I were too blame,
If Newynsone my maister were not plaste,
Since by his helpe I learning first embraste.

200 Beare with my verse, and thinke I ment not you,
Whereas I spake of pride in Prelacie,
But let it bide euen there where first it grew,
Till God vouchsafe to quench hipocrisie,
Which by pretence to punish heresie, [breake,
Doth conquere realmes, and common concords
You know my mind, I neede no playner speake.

201 You gemmes of Justice, chiefe of either bench[60],
And he that keepes hir Maiesties great seale,
Good Queenes attorney, he whose pitties quench
(I say sometimes) the rigour of his zeale,
When miserie, to mercy must apeale,
And Sergeant Louelace, many ways my friend,
As I haue found (yet let me there not end,)

203 But hold my tale to Rugge and all the rest
Of good Grayes Inne, where honest Yelwerton,
And I *Per se* sometimes yfeere did rest,
When amitie first in our brests begonne,
Which shall endure as long as any Sunne
May shine on earth, or water swimme in Seas,
Let not my verse your lawlike minds displease,

203 For well wot you, our master Christ himselfe,
Which had but twelue Apostles in his trayne,
Had Iudas yet, which solde for worldly pelfe
Our Sauiour: this text is true and playne:
And when so many Lawyers do remayne,
There may be some although that you be none,
Which breede debate and loue to cast a bone.

[57] Prince. [58] Nobilitie. [59] Prelacie. [60] Lawyers.

204 In Chancerie I neede no man suspect,
Since conscience, in that court beareth sway,
Yet in the same I may no wayes neglect,
Nor worthy Powle, nor Cordell by the way,
Of whome that one, is of my keepe the keye,
That other once did lende me such aduise,
As was both sounde and good, had I bene wise.

205 He tolde me once, (I beare it well in minde,
And shall it nay forget whyles lyfe doth last)
That harde it is a noble name to finde,
In such attempts as then in seruice past:
Beleue me now I founde his wordes no blast,
Wherfore I pray both him and his compeere,
To beare with that which I haue written heere.

206 And as for Merchants[61], though I finde the most
Hard harted men and compting cunningly,
Yet Albany shall thinke I do not boast
In rayling wise: for sure his curtesie,
Constreynes me now to prayse him worthely.
And gentle Rowe with Luntlye[61] make me say, [may.
That many Merchaunts beare euen what they

207 But to conclude, I meane no more but thus,
In all estates some one may treade awrye,
And he that list my verses to discusse,
Shall see I ment no more, but modestly
To warne the wise, that they such faults do flie
As put downe peace by couine or debate,
Since warre and strife bryng wo to euery state.

Finis.

L'ENVOIE.

Go little Booke, God graunt thou none offende,
For so meant hee which sought to set thee foorth,
And when thou commest where Soldiers seeme to wend,
Submit thy selfe as writte but little woorth:
Confesse withall, that thou hast bene too bolde,
To speak so plaine of Haughtie hartes in place,
And say that he which wrote thee coulde haue tolde
Full many a tale, of blouds that were not base:
He coulde haue writte Dan Dudleyes noble deedes,
Whose like hath since bene harde on earth to finde,
Although his Vertue shewes it selfe in Seedes,
Which treade his tracks, and come not farre behinde.
He might haue sung of Grey the woorthie prayse,
Whose ofspring holdes the honor of his sire:
He coulde declare what Wallop was alwayes,
What Awdelie seemde, what Randell did require.
He coulde say what desertes Drewrie be,
In Reade, in Bryckwell, and a meany moe:
But bashfulnesse did make him blush, least he
Should but eclypse their fames by singing so.
Suffiseth this, that still he honors those
Which wade in warres to get a woorthie name,
And least esteemes the greedie snudge, which goes
To gayne good golde, without respecte of fame.
And for the thirde sorte, those that in dystresse
Do driue their dayes, till drummes do draw them out,
He coumpts him selfe to bee nor more nor lesse,
But euen the same: for sure withouten doubt,
If drummes once sounde a lustie martch in deede,
Then farewell bookes, for he will trudge with speede.

[61] Merchaunts.

FINIS.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.

corected, perfected, and finished.

Who soeuer is desirous to reade this proposicion more at large and cunningly handled, let him but peruse the Prouerbe or adage it self in the first Centurian of the fourth *Chyllyade* of that famouse Clarke *Erasmus Roterodamus:* the whiche is there also Entituled: *Dulce bellum inexpertis.*

HEARBES.

THE FRUTE OF RECONCILIATION,

WRITTEN VPPON A RECONCILIATION BETWENE TWO FREENDES.

THE hatefull man that heapeth in his myude,
Cruell reuenge of wronges forepast and done,
May not (with ease) the pleasaunt pathway finde,
Of friendly verse which I haue now begone,
Unlesse at first his angry brest vntwinde,
The crooked knot which canckred choller knit,
And then recule with reconciled grace.
Likewise I finde it sayde in holy write,
If thou entend to turne thy fearefull face,
To God aboue: make thyne agreement yet,
First with thy Brother whom thou didst abuse,
Confesse thy faultes, thy frowardnesse and all,
So that the Lord thy prayer not refuse.
When I consider this, and then the brall,
Which raging youth (I will not me excuse)
Did whilome breede in mine vnmellowed brayne,
I thought it meete before I did assay,
To write in ryme the double golden gayne,
Of amitie: first yet to take away
The grutch of grief, as thou doest me constrayne.
By due desert whereto I now must yeeld,
And drowne for aye in depth of Lethes lake,
Disdaynefull moodes whom frendship cannot weelde:
Pleading for peace which for my parte I make
Of former strife, and henceforth let vs write
The pleasant fruites of faythfull friends delight.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

Two gentlemen did run three courses at the Ring for one kisse to be takē of a fair gentlewoman being then present, with this condicion, that the winner should haue the kisse, and the loser be bound to write some verses vpon the gaine or losse therof. Now it fortuned that the winner triumphed, saying, he much lamented that in youth he had not seen the warres. Wherevpon the loser compyled these following, in discharge of the condition aboue rehearsed.

THIS vaine auaile which thou by Mars hast woonne,
Should not allure thy flitting minde to feelde,
Where sturdie steeds in depth of dangers roonne,
By guttes wel gnawen by clappes that Canons yeelde.

Where faithlesse friendes by warrefare waxen ware,
And runne to him that giueth best rewarde:
No feare of lawes can cause them for to care,
But robbe and reaue, and steale without regarde,
The fathers coate, the brothers steede from stall:
The deare friendes purse shall picked be for pence,
The natiue soile, the parentes left and all,
With *Tant tra tant*, the Campe is marching hence.
But when bare beggrie bidds them to beware,
And late repentance rules them to retire,
Like hiuelesse Bees thy wander here and there,
And hang on them who (earst) did dreade their ire.
This cut throte life (me seemes) thou shouldst not like,
And shunne the happie hauen of meane estate:
High Ioue (perdy) may sende what thou doest seeke,
And heape vp poundes within thy quiet gate.
Nor yet I would that thou shouldst spende thy dayes
In idlenesse to teare a golden time: [praise,
Like countrey loutes, which compt none other
But grease a sheepe and learne to serue the swine.
In vaine were then the giftes which nature lent,
If Pan so presse to passe dame Pallas lore:
But my good friende, let thus thy youth be spent,
Serue God thy Lord, and prayse him euermore.
Search out the skill which learned bookes do teach,
And serue in feeld when shadowes make thee sure:
Hold with the head, and row not past thy reach.
But plead for peace which plenty may procure.
And (for my life) if thou canst run this race,
Thy bagges of coyne will multiply apace.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

Not long after writing hereof: he departed from the company of his sayd friend (whom he entirely loued) into the west of Englande, and feeling himselfe so consumed by womens craft that he doubted of a safe returne: wrote before his departure as followeth.

THE feeble thred which *Lachesis* hath sponne,
To drawe my dayes in short abode with thee,
Hath wrought a webbe which now (welneare) is donne,
The wale is worne: and (all to late) I see
That lingring life doth dally but in vaine,
For *Atropos* will cut the twist in twaine.

I not discerne what life but lothsome were,
When faithfull friends are kept in twayne by want:
Nor yet perceiue what pleasure doth appeere,
To deepe desires where good successe is skant.
Such spight yet showes dame fortune (if she frowne,)
The haughty harts in high mishaps to drowne.

Hot be the flames which boyle in friendly mindes,
Cruell the care and dreadfull is the doome:
Slipper the knot which tract of time vntwynds,
Hatefull the life and welcome were the toome.
Blest were the day which might deuoure such youth, [trueth.
And curst the want that seekes to choke such

This wayling verse I bathe in flowing teares,
And would my life might end with these my lines:
Yet striue I not to force into thine eares,
Such fayned plaints as fickell faith resignes.
But high forsight in dreames hath stopt my breath,
And causde the Swanne to sing before his death.

For lo these naked walles do well declare,
My latest leaue of thee I taken haue:
And vnknowen coastes which I must seeke with care
Do well diuine that there shalbe my graue:
There shall my death make many for to mone,
Skarce knowne to them, well knowne to thee alone.

This bowne of thee (as last request) I craue,
When true report shall sounde my death with fame:
Vouchsafe yet then to go vnto my graue,
And there first write my byrth and then my name:
And how my life was shortned many yeares,
By womens wyles as to the world appeares.

And in reward of graunt to this request,
Permit O God my toung these woordes to tell:
(When as his pen shall write vpon my chest)
With shriking voyce mine owne deare friend farewell:
No care on earth did seeme so much to me,
As when my corps was forst to part from thee.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

He wrote to the same friend from Excester, this Sonet following.

A HUNDRETH sonnes (in course but not in kind)
Can witnesse well that I possesse no ioye:
The feare of death which fretteth in my mind
Consumes my hart with dread of darke anoye.
And for eche sonne a thousand broken sleepes
Deuide my dreames with fresh recourse of cares:
The youngest sister sharpe hir sheare she keepes,
To cut my thred, and thus my life it weares.
Yet let such daies, such thousand restlesse nights,
Spit forth their spite, let fates eke showe their force:
Deathes daunting dart where so his buffet lights,
Shall shape no change within my friendly corse:
But dead or liue, in heauen, in earth, in hell
I wilbe thine where so my carkase dwell.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

He wrote to the same friend from Founteine belle eaü in Fraunce, this Sonnet in commendation of the said house of Fountaine bel'eaü.

NOR stately *Troye* though *Priam* yet did liue,
Could now compare *Founteine bel'eaü* to passe:
Nor *Syrian* towers, whose loftie steppes did striue,
To climbe the throne where angry *Saturne* was.
For outward shew the ports are of such price,
As skorne the cost which Cesar spilt in Roome:
Such works within as stayne the rare deuise,
Which whilome he *Apelles* wrought on toome.
Swift *Tiber* floud which fed the Romayne pooles,
Puddle to this where Christall melts in streames,
The pleasaunt place where *Muses* kept their schooles,
(Not parcht with *Phœbe*, nor banisht from his beames)
Yeeld to those Dames, nor sight, nor fruite, nor smell,
Which may be thought these gardens to excell.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

He wrote vnto a Skotish Dame whom he chose for his Mistresse in the French Court, as followeth.

LADY receyue, receiue in gracious wise,
This ragged verse, these rude ill skribled lines:
Too base an obiect for your heauenly eyes,
For he that writes his freedome (lo) resignes
Into your handes: and freely yeelds as thrall
His sturdy necke (earst subiect to no yoke)
But bending now, and headlong prest to fall,
Before your feete, such force hath beauties stroke.
Since then mine eyes (which skornd our English) dames
In forrayne courtes haue chosen you for fayre,
Let be this verse true token of my flames,
And do not drench your owne in deepe dispayre.
Onely I craue (as I nill change for new)
That you vouchsafe to thinke your seruaunt trew.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

A SONET

WRITTEN IN PRAYSE OF THE BROWNE BEAUTIE, COMPILED FOR THE LOUE OF MISTRESSE E. P. AS FOLOWETH.

THE thriftles thred which pampred beauty spinnes,
In thraldom binds the foolish gazing eyes:
As cruell Spiders with their crafty ginnes,
In worthlesse webbes doe snare the simple Flies.
The garments gay, the glittring golden gite,
The tysing talk which flowes from *Pallas* pooles:
The painted pale, the (too much) redmade white,
Are smiling baytes to fishe for louing fooles.
But lo, when eld in toothlesse mouth appeares,
And hoary heares in steede of beauties blaze:
Then had I wist, both teach repenting yeares,
The tickle track of craftie *Cupides* maze.
Twixt faire and foule therfore, twixt great and small,
A louely nutbrowne face is best of all.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

NOW TO BEGIN WITH ANOTHER MAN, TAKE THESE VERSES WRITTEN TO BE SENT WITH A RYNG, WHEREIN WERE ENGRAUED A PARTRICH IN A MERLINES FOOTE.

THE Partridge in the pretie Merlines foote,
Who feeles hir force suppresst with fearfulnesse,
And findes that strength nor strife can do hir boote,
To scape the danger of hir deepe distresse:
These wofull wordes may seeme for to reherse
Which I must write in this waymenting verse.

What helpeth now (sayeth she) dame natures skill,
To die my feathers like the dustie ground?
Or what preuayles to lend me winges at will
Which in the ayre can make my bodie bound?
Since from the earth the dogges me draue perforce,
And now aloft the Hauke hath caught my corse.

If chaunge of colours, could not me conuey,
Yet mought my wings haue scapt the dogges despite:
And if my wings did fayle to flie away,
Yet mought my strength resist the Merlines might.
But nature made the Merline mee to kill,
And me to yeeld vnto the Merlines will.

My lot is like (deere Dame) beleue me well,
The quiet life which I full closely kept,
Was not content in happie state to dwell,
But forth in hast to gaze on thee it lept.
Desire thy dogge did spring me vp in hast,
Thou wert the Hauke, whose tallents caught me fast.

What should I then, seeke meanes to flie away?
Or striue by force, to breake out of thy feete?
No, no, perdie, I may no strength assay,
To striue with thee ywis, it were not meete.
Thou art that Hauke, whom nature made to hent me,
And I the Byrd, that must therewith content me,

And since Dame nature hath ordayned so,
Hir happie hest I gladly shall embrace:
I yeeld my will, although it were to wo,
I stand content to take my griefe for grace:
And seale it vp within my secrete hart,
Which seale receiue, as token of my smart.
Spræta tamen viuunt.

A LOUING LADY BEING WOUNDED IN THE SPRING TIME, AND NOW GALDED EFTSONES WITH THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE SPRING, DOTH THERFORE THUS BEWAYLE.

THIS tenth of March when *Aries* receyu'd
Dame *Phœbus* rayes, into his horned head:
And I my selfe, by learned lore perceyu'd,
That *Ver* approcht, and frostie winter fled.
I crost the *Thames*, to take the cherefull ayre,
In open feeldes, the weather was so fayre.

And as I rowed, fast by the further shore,
I heard a voyce, which seemed to lament:
Whereat I stay'd, and by a stately dore,
I left my Boate, and vp on land I went:
Till at the last by lasting paine I found,
The wofull wight, which made this dolefull sound.

In pleasant garden (placed all alone)
I sawe a Dame, who sat in weary wise,
With scalding sighes, she vttred all hir mone,
The ruefull teares, downe rayned from hir eyes:
Hir lowring head, full lowe on hand she layed,
On knee hir arme: and thus this Lady sayed.

Alas (quod she) behold eche pleasaunt greene,
Will now renew, his sommers liuery,
The fragrant flowers, which haue not long bene
Will florish now, (ere long) in brauery:
The tender buddes, whom colde hath long kept in,
Will spring and sproute, as they do now begin.

But I (alas) within whose mourning minde,
The graffes of grief, are onely giuen to growe,
Cannot enioy the spring which others finde,
But still my will, must wither all in woe:
The cold of care, so nippes my ioyes at roote,
No sunne doth shine, that well can do them boote.

The lustie *Ver*, which whilome might exchange
My griefe to ioy, and then my ioyes encrease,
Springs now else where, and showes to me but strange,
My winters woe, therefore can neuer cease:
In other coasts, his sunne full cleare doth shine,
And comforts lends to eu'ry mould but mine.

What plant can spring, that feeles no force of *Ver?*
What floure can florish, where no sunne doth shine?
These Bales (quod she) within my breast I beare,
To breake my barke, and make my pith to pine:
Needes must I fall, I fade both roote and rinde,
My braunches bowe at blast of eu'ry winde.

This sayed: shee cast a glance and spied my face,
By sight whereof, Lord how she chaunged hew?
So that for shame, I turned backe apace
And to my home, my selfe in hast I drew:
And as I could hir wofull wordes reherse,
I set them downe in this waymenting verse.

Now Ladies you, that know by whom I sing,
And feele the winter, of such frozen wills:
Of curtesie, yet cause this noble spring,
To send his sunne, aboue the highest hilles:
And so to shyne, vppon hir fading sprayes,
Which now in woe, do wyther thus alwayes.
Spræta tamen viuunt.

AN ABSENT DAME THUS COMPLAYNETH.

MUCH like the seely Byrd, which close in Cage is pent, [deepe lament.
So sing I now, not notes of ioye, but layes of
And as the hooded Hauke, which heares the Partrich spring,
Who though she feele hir self fast tied, yet beats hir bating wing:
So striue I now to shewe, my feeble forward will,
Although I know my labour lost, to hop against the Hill. [my hart,
The droppes of darke disdayne, did neuer drench
For well I know I am belou'd, if that might ease my smart.
Ne yet the priuy coules, of glowing iellosie,
Could euer kindle needlesse feare, within my fantasie.
The rigor of repulse, doth not renew my playnt,
Nor cheyce of change doth moue my mone, nor force me thus to faint. [rest,
Onely that pang of payne, which passeth all the
And cankerlike doth fret the hart, within the giltlesse brest.
Which is if any bee, most like the panges of death,
That present grief now gripeth me, and striues to stop my breath.
When friendes in mind may meete, and hart in hart embrace,
And absent yet are faine to playne, for lacke of time and place: [is sowen,
Then may I compt their loue, like seede that soone
Yet lacking droppes of heauēly dew, with weedes is ouergrowē.
The Greyhound is agreeu'd, although he see his game,
If stil in slippe he must be stayde, when he would chase the same.
So fares it now by me, who know my selfe belou'd
Of one the best, in eche respect, that euer yet was prou'd.
But since my lucklesse lot, forbids me now to taste,
The dulcet fruites of my delight, therfore in woes I wast.
And Swallow like I sing, as one enforced so,
Since others reape the gaineful crop, which I with pain did sow. [voyce,
Yet you that marke my song, excuse my Swallowes
And beare with hir vnpleasant tunes, which cannot wel reioyce.
Had I or lucke in loue, or lease of libertie,
Then should you heare some sweeter notes, so cleere my throte would be.
But take it thus in gree, and marke my playnsong well, [absence dwell.
No hart feeles so much hurt, as that, which doth in
Spræta tamen viuunt.

Now I must desire you with patiēce to hearken vnto the works of another writer, who though he may not compare with the rest passed, yit such things as he wrote vpon sundrie occasions, I will rehearse, beginning with this

PRAYSE OF A COUNTESSE[1].

DESIRE of Fame would force my feeble skill,
To prayse a Countesse by hir dew desert:
But dread of blame holds backe my forward will,
And quencht the coales which kindled in my hart.
Thus am I plongd twene dread and deepe desire,
To pay the dew which dutie doth require.

And when I call the mighty Gods in ayd
To further forth some fine inuention:
My bashefull spirits be full ill afrayd
To purchase payne by my presumption.
Such malice reignes (sometimes) in heauenly
To punish him that prayseth as he finds. [minds,

For *Pallas* first, whose filed flowing skill, [write,
Should guyde my pen some pleasant words to
With angry mood hath fram'd a froward will,
To dashe deuise as oft as I endite.
For why? if once my Ladies gifts were knowne,
Pallas should loose the prayses of hir owne.

And bloudy *Mars* by chaunge of his delight
Hath made *Ioues* daughter now mine enemie:
In whose conceipt my Countesse shines so bright,
That *Venus* pines for burning ielousie:
She may go home to *Vulcane* now agayne,
For *Mars* is sworne to be my Ladies swayne.

Of hir bright beames Dan *Phœbus* stands in dread,
And shames to shine within our Horizon:
Dame *Cynthia* holds in hir horned head,
For feare to loose by like comparison:
Lo thus shee liues, and laughes them all to skorne,
Countesse on earth, in heauen a Goddesse borne.

And I sometimes hir seruaunt, now hir friend,
Whom heauen and earth for hir (thus) hate and blame:
Haue yit presumed in friendly wise to spend,
This ragged verse, in honor of hir name:
A simple gift compared by the skill,
Yet what may seeme so deere as such good will.
Meritum petere, graue.

[1] In the edition of 1587 this introduction is omitted. *C.*

THE LOUER DECLARETH HIS AFFECTION, TOGITHER WITH THE CAUSE THEREOF.

When first I thee beheld in colours black and white,
Thy face in forme wel framde with fauor blooming [stil:
My burning brest in cares did choose his chief delight,
With pen to painte thy prayse, contrary to my [skill:
Whose worthinesse compar'd with this my rude deuise,
I blush and am abasht, this worke to enterprise.

But when I call to mind thy sundry gifts of grace,
Full fraught with maners meeke in happy quiet [mind:
My hasty hand forthwith doth scribble on apace,
Least willing hart might thinke, it ment to come behind: [vse;
Thus do both hand and hart these carefull meetres
Twixt hope and trembling feare, my duetie to excuse.

Wherfore accept these lines, and banish darke disdayne,
Be sure they come from one that loueth thee in [chief:
And guerdon me thy friend in like with loue agayne,
So shalt thou well be sure to yeeld me such relief,
As onely may redresse my sorrowes and my smart:
For proofe whereof I pledge (deare Dame) to thee my hart.

Meritum petere, graue.

A LADY BEING BOTH WRONGED BY FALSE SUSPECT, AND ALSO WOUNDED BY THE DURANCE OF HIR HUSBAND, DOTH THUS BEWRAY HIR GRIEF.

Giue me my Lute in bed now as I lie,
And lock the doores of mine vnluckie bower:
So shall my voyce in mournefull verse discrie
The secrete smart which causeth me to lower:
Resound you walles an Eccho to my mone,
And thou cold bed wherein I lie alone,
Beare witnesse yet what rest thy Lady takes,
When other sleepe which may enioy their makes.

In prime of youth when *Cupide* kindled fire,
And warmd my will with flames of feruent loue:
To further forth the fruite of my desire,
My freends deuisde this meane for my behoue.
They made a match according to my mind,
And cast a snare my fansie for to blind:
Short tale to make: the deede was almost donne,
Before I knew which way the worke begonne.

And with this lot I did my selfe content,
I lent a liking to my parents choyse:
With hand and hart I gaue my free consent,
And hung in hope for euer to reioyce.
I liu'd and lou'd long time in greater ioy,
Than shee which held king *Priams* sonne of *Troy*:
But three lewd lots haue chang'd my heauen to hell
And those be these, giue eare and marke them well.

First slaunder he, which alwayes beareth hate,
To happy harts in heauenly state that bide:
Can play his part to stirre vp some debate,
Whereby suspect into my choyse might glide.
And by his meanes the slime of false suspect,
Did (as I feare) my dearest friend infect.
Thus by these twayn long was I plungd in paine,
Yet in good hope my hart did still remaine.

But now (aye me) the greatest grief of all,
(Sound loud my Lute, and tell it out my tongue)
The hardest hap that euer might befall,
The onely cause wherefore this song is song,
Is this alas: my loue, my Lord, my Roy,
My chosen pheare, my gemme, and all my ioye,
Is kept perforce out of my dayly sight,
Whereby I lacke the stay of my delight.

In loftie walles, in strong and stately towers,
(With troubled minde in solitary sorte,)
My louely Lord doth spend his dayes and howers,
A weary life deuoyde of all disport.
And I poore soule must lie here all alone,
To tyre my trueth, and wound my will with mone:
Such is my hap to shake my blooming time,
With winters blastes before it passe the prime.

Now haue you heard the summe of all my grief,
Whereof to tell my hart (oh) rends in twayne:
Good Ladies yet lend you me some relief,
And beare a parte to ease me of my payne.
My sortes are such, that waying well my trueth,
They might prouoke the craggy rocks to rueth,
And moue these walles with teares for to lament,
The lothsome life wherein my youth is spent.

But thou my Lute, be still, now take thy rest,
Repose thy bones vppon this bed of downe:
Thou hast dischargd some burden from my brest,
Wherefore take thou my place, here lie thee downe.
And let me walke to trye my restlesse minde,
Untill I may entreate some curteous winde
To blow these wordes vnto my noble make,
That he may see I sorow for his sake.

Meritum petere, graue.

A RIDDLE.

A lady once did aske of me,
This preatie thing in priuitie:
Good sir (quod she) faine would I craue,
One thing which you your selfe not haue:
Nor neuer had yet in times past,
Nor neuer shall while life doth last.
And if you seeke to find it out,
You loose your labour out of doubt:
Yet if you loue me as you say,
Then giue it me, for sure you may.

Meritum petere, graue.

THE SHIELD OF LOUE, &c.

L'Escu d'amour, the shield of perfect loue,
The shield of loue, the force of stedfast faith,
The force of faith which neuer will remoue,
But standeth fast, to bide the broonts of death:
That trustie targe, hath long borne off the blowes,
And broke the thrusts, which absence at me throwes.

In dolefull dayes I lead an absent life,
And wound my will with many a weary thought:
I plead far peace, yet sterue in stormes of strife,
I find debate, where quiet rest was sought.
These panges with mo, vnto my paine I proue,
Yet beare I all vppon my shield of loue.

In colder cares are my conceipts consumd,
Than *Dido* felt when false *Æneas* fled:
In farre more heat, than trusty *Troylus* fumde,
When craftie *Cressyde* dwelt with *Diomed:*
My hope such frost, my hot desire such flame,
That I both fryse, and smoulder in the same.

So that I liue, and die in one degree,
Healed by hope, and hurt againe with dread:
Fast bound by faith when fansie would be free,
Untied by trust, though thoughts enthrall my head:
Reuiu'd by ioyes, when hope doth most abound,
And yet with grief, in depth of dolors drownd.

In these assaultes I feele my feebled force
Begins to faint, thus wearied still in woes:
And scarcely can my thus consumed corse,
Hold vp this Buckler to beare of these blowes:
So that I craue, or presence for relief,
Or some supplie, to ease mine absent grief.

LENUOIE.

To you (deare Dame) this dolefull plaint I make,
Whose onely sight may soone redresse my smart:
Then shew your selfe, and for your seruaunts sake,
Make hast post hast, to helpe a faithfull harte:
Mine owne poore shield hath me defended long,
Now lend me yours, for elles you do me wrong.
Meritum petere, graue.

COUNCELL TO DUGLASSE DIUE

Written vpon this occasion. She had a booke wherein she had collected sundry good ditties of diuers mens doings, in whiche booke she would needes entreate the aucthor to write some verses. And therevpon he wrote as followeth.

To binde a bushe of thornes amongst sweete smelling flowres,
May make the posie seeme the worse, and yet the fault is ours:
For throw away the thorne, and marke what will ensew? [freshe of hew.
The posie then will shew it selfe, sweete, faire, and
A puttocke set on pearch, fast by a falcons side,
Will quickly shew it selfe a kight, as time hath often tride,
And in my musing minde, I feare to finde like fall,
As iust reward to recompence my rash attempts withall. [write,
Thou bidst, and I must bowe, thou wilt that I shall
Thou canst commaund my wery muse some verses to endite. [verse,
And yet perdie, thy booke is fraught with learned
Such skill as in my musing minde I can none like reherse.
What followes then for me? but if I must needes write, [kight,
To set downe by the falcons side, my selfe a sillie
And yet the sillie kight, well weyed in each degree,
May serue sometimes (as in his kinde) for mans commoditie.
The kight can weede the worme, from corne and eostly seedes,
The kight cā kill the mowldiwarpe, in pleasant meads the breeds: [filth,
Out of the stately streetes, the kight can cleanse the
As mē can clēse the worthlesse weedes, frō fruteful fallowed tilth.
And onely set aside the hennes poore progenie,
I cannot see who can accuse the kight for fellonie.
The falcon, she must feede on partritch, and on quayle,
On pigeon, plouer, ducke and drake, hearne, lapwing, teale, and raile, [fare,
Hir hungrie throte deuours both foode and deintie
Whereby I take occasion, thus boldly to compare.
And as a sillie kight, (not falcon like that flie,
Nor yet presume to houer by mount Hellycon[1] on hie)
I frendly yet presume, vpon my frends request,
In barreine verse to shew my skill, then take it for the best. [kinde,
And Douty Douglasse thou, that art of faulcons
Giue willing eare yet to the kight, and beare his words in minde. [euermore,
Serue thou first God thy Lord, and prayse him
Obey thy Prince and loue thy make, by him set greatest store,
Thy Parents follow next, for honor and for awe,
Thy frends vse alwaies faithfully, for so commands the lawe.
Thy seemely selfe at last, thou shalte likewise regard, [reward:
And of thy selfe this lesson learne, and take it as
That looke how farre deserts, may seeme in thee to shine, [peach or crime,
So farre thou maist set out thy selfe, without em-
For this I dare auow, without selfe loue (alight)
It can scarce be that vertue dwell, in any earthly wight. [farre,
But if in such selfe loue, thou seeme to wade so
As fall to foule presumption, and iudge thy selfe a starre,
Beware betimes and thinke in our Etymologie[2],
Such faults are plainly called pryde, and in french *Surciiydrye*[3],
Lo thus can I pore kight, aduenture for to teach
The falcon flie, and yet forewarne, she row not past hir reach.
Thus can I weede the worme, which seeketh to deuoure [thee euery houre.
The seeds of vertue, which might grow within
Thus can I kill the mowle, which else would ouerthrow [blowe.
The good foundacion of thy fame, with euery litle
And thus can I conuey, out of thy comely brest,
The sluttish heapes of peeuish pride, which might defile the rest.
Perchance some falcons flie, which will not greatly grutch, [loue to mutch,
To learne thee first to loue thy selfe, and then to
But I am none of those, I list not so to range,
I haue mās meate enough at home, what need I thē seeke change.

[1] The Hill where poetes fayne that the Muses sleepe.
[2] A true exposition. [3] Ouerweening.

I am no peacocke I: my feathers be not gay,
And though they were, I see my feete such fonde affectes to stay,
I list not set to sale, a thing so litle worth,
I rather could kepe close my creast, than seeke to set it forth. [to flowe,
Wherefore if in this verse, which thou commandst
Thou chaunce to fall on construing, whereby some doubtes may grow,
Yet grant this onely boone, peruse it twice or thrice, [deuise.
Digest it well ere thou condemne the depth of my
And vse it like the nut, first cracke the outward shell, [thee well.
Then trie the kirnell by the tast, and it may please
Do not as barbers do, which wash beards curiously,
Then cut them off, then cast them out, in open streets to lie.
Remember therewithall, my muze is tied in chaines,
The goonshot of calamitie hath battred all my braynes. [no marke,
And though this verse scape out, take thou thereat
It is but like a hedlesse flie, that tumbleth in the darke.
It was thine owne request, remember so it was,
Wherefore if thou dislike the same, then licence it to passe
Into my brest againe, from whence it flew in hast,
Full like a kight which not deserues by falcons to be plast: [to serue,
And like a stubbed thorne, which may not seeme
To stād with such sweete smelling floures, like praises to deserue.
Yet take this harmelesse thorne, to picke thy teeth withall, [be but small.
A tooth picke serues some vse perdie, although it
And when thy teeth therewith, be piked faire and cleane,
Then bend thy tong no worse to me, than mine to thee hath bene.

Euer or Neuer.

COUNCELL GIUEN TO MASTER BARTHOLMEW WITHIPOLL A LITTLE BEFORE HIS LATTER IOURNEY TO GEANE. 1572.

Mine owne good Bat, before thou hoyse vp saile,
To make a furrowe in the foming seas,
Content thy selfe to heare for thine auaile,
Such harmelesse words, as ought thee not displease.
First in thy iourney, iape not ouer much,
What? laughest thou Batte, bicause I write so plaine?
Beleeue me now it is a friendly touch,
To vse fewe words where friendship doth remaine.
And for I finde, that fault hath runne to fast,
Both in thy flesh, and fancie too sometime,
Me thinks plaine dealing biddeth me to cast
This bone at first amid my dogrell rime.
But shall I say, to giue thee graue aduise?
(Which in my head is (God he knowes full) geazon)?
Then marke me well, and though I be not wise,
Yet in my rime, thou maist perhaps find reason.
First euery day, beseech thy God on knee,
So to direct thy staggring steppes alway,
That he which euery secrete thought doth see
May holde thee in, when thou wouldst goe astray:
And that he deigne to sende thee safe retoure,
And quicke dispatche of that which is thy due:
Lette this (my Batte) be bothe thy prime and
Wherin also commend to Nostre Dieu, [houre,
Thy good Companion and my verie frend,
To whom I shoulde (but time woulde not permitte)
Haue taken paine some ragged ryme to sende
In trustie token, that I not forget
His curtesie: but this is debte to thee,
I promysde it, and now I meane to pay:
What was I saying? sirra, will you see
How soone my wittes were wandering astraye?
I saye, praye thou for thee and for thy mate,
So shipmen sing, and though the note be playne,
Yet sure the musike is in heauenly state,
When frends sing so, and know not how to fayne.
The nexte to GOD, thy Prince haue still in mynde
Thy countreys honor, and the common wealth:
And flee from them[1], which fleet with euery wynde
From natiue soyle, to forraine coastes by stealth:
Theyr traynes are trustlesse, tending still to treason,
Theyr smoothed tongues are lyned all with guyle,
Their power slender, scarsly woorthe two peason,
Their malice much, their wittes are full of wyle:
Eschue them then, and when thou seest them, say,
Da, da, sir K, I may not come at you,
You cast a snare your countrey to betraye,
And woulde you haue me trust you now for true?
Remembre Batte the foolish blink eyed boye
Which was at *Rome*, then knowest whome I meane[2],
Remember eke the preatie beardlesse toye,
Whereby thou foundst a safe returne to *Geane*,
Doe so againe: (God shielde thou shouldst haue neede,)
But rather so, than to forsweare thy selfe:
A loyall hearte, (beleeue this as thy Creede)
Is euermore more woorth than worldly pelfe.
And for one lesson, take this more of mee,
There are three Ps almost in euery place,
From whiche I counsell thee alwayes to flee,
And take good hede of them in any case,
The first is poyson, perillous in deede
To such as trauayle with a heauie pursse:
And thou my Batte beware, for thou hast neede,
Thy pursse is lynde with paper, which is wursse:
Thy billes of credite wil not they thinkst thou,
Be bayte to sette Italyan hands on woorke?
Yes by my faye, and neuer worse than nowe,
When euery knaue hath leysure for to lurke,
And knoweth thou commest for the shelles of Christe:
Beware therefore where euer that thou go,
It may fall out that thou shalte be entiste
To suppe sometimes with a *Magnifico*,
And haue a *Fico* foysted in the dishe,
Bycause thon shouldest disgeste thy meate the better:
Be ware therefore, and rather feede on fishe,
Than learne to spell fyne fleshe with such a Letter.
Some may present thee with a pounde or twaine
Of Spanishe soape to washe thy fynnen white:
Beware therefore, and thynke it were small gayne,
To saue thy shirte, and cast thy skinne off quite:
Some cunning man maye teache thee for to ryde,
And stuffe thy saddle all with Spanishe wooll,
Or in thy stirrops haue a toye so tyde,
As both thy legges may swell thy buskins full:

[1] There are to many of them in euery countrey.
[2] Misterie.

Beware therfore, and beare a noble porte,
Drynke not for thyrste before an other taste:
Lette none outlandishe Taylour take disporte
To stuffe thy doublet full of such Bumbaste,
As it may cast thee in vnkindely sweate,
And cause thy haire per companie to glyde,
Straungers are fyne in many a propre feate:
Beware therefore, the seconde P. is Pryde,
More perillous than was the first by farre,
For that infects but bloud and leaues the bones,
This poysons all, and mindes of men doth marre,
It findeth nookes to creepe in for the nones:
First from the minde it makes the heart to swell,
From thence the flesh is pampred euery parte,
The skinne is taught in Dyers shoppes to dwell,
The haire is curlde or frisled vp by arte:
Beleeue mee Batte, our Countreymen of late
Haue caughte such knackes abroade in forayne lande,
That most men call them Deuils incarnate,
So singular in theyr conceites they stande:
Nowe sir, if I shall see your maistershippe
Come home disguysde and cladde in queynt araye,
As with a piketoothe byting on your lippe,
Your braue Mustachyos turnde the Turky waye,
A Coptanckt hatte made on a Flemmish blocke,
A nightgowne cloake downe trayling to your toes,
A slender sloppe close couched to your docke.
A curtold slipper, and a shorte silke hose:
Bearing your Rapier pointe aboue the hilte,
And looking bigge like Marquise of all Beefe,
Then shall I coumpte your toyle and trauayle spilte,
Bycause my seconde P, with you is cheefe.
But forwardes nowe, although I stayde a while,
My hindmost P, is worsse than bothe these two,
For it both bones and bodie doth defile,
With foulee blots than bothe those other doo.
Shorte tale to make, this P, can beare no blockes,
(God shielde me Batte, should beare it in his breast)
And with a dashe it spelleth piles and pockes
A perlous P, and woorsse than bothe the reste:
Now though I finde no cause for to suspect
My Batte in this, bycause he hath bene tryde,
Yet since such Spanish buttons can infect
Kings, Emperours, Princes and the world so wide.
And since those sunnes do mellowe men so fast
As most that trauayle come home very ripe
Although (by sweate) they learne to liue and last
When they haue daunced after Gaydoes pype:
Therfore I thought it meete to warne my frende
Of this foule P, and so an ende of Ps.
Now for thy diet marke my tale to ende,
And thanke me then, for that is all my fees.
See thou exceede not in three double Vs,
Te first is Wine, which may enflame thy bloud,
The second Women, such as haunte the stewes,
The thirde is Wilfulnesse, which dooth no good.
These three eschue, or temper them alwayes:
So shall my Batte prolong his youthfull yeeres,
And see long George againe, with happie dayes,
Who if he bee as faithfull to his feeres,
As hee was wontc, will dayly pray for Batte,
And for Pencoyde[2]: and if it fall out so,
That fames a Parrye doo but make good that,
Which he hath sayde: and if he bee (no, no)
The best companion that long George can finde,
Then at the Spawe I promise for to bee
In Auguste nexte, if God turne not my minde,
Where as I would bee glad thy selfe to see:
Till then farewell, and thus I ende my song,
Take it in gree, for else thou doest mee wrong,
Haud ictus sapio.

[2] Sir William Morgan of Pencoyde.

GASCOIGNES WOODMANSHIP

Written to the L. Grey of Wilton vpon this occasion, the sayd L. Grey delighting (amongst many other good qualities) in chusing of his winter deare, and killing the same with his bowe, did furnishe the Aucthor with a crossebowe *cum pertinenciis* and vouchsaued to vse his company in the said exercise, calling him one of his woodmen. Now the Aucthor shooting very often, could neuer hitte any deare, yea and oftentimes he let the heard passe by as though he had not seene thē. Whereat when this noble Lord tooke some pastime, and had often put him in remembrance of his good skill in choosing, and readinesse in killing of a winter deare, he thought good thus to excuse it in verse.

My woorthy Lord, I pray you wonder not,
To see your woodman shoote so ofte awrie,
Nor that he stands amased like a sot,
And lets the harmlesse deare (vnhurt) go by.
Or if he strike a Doe which is but carren,
Laugh not good Lord, but fauoure such a fault,
Take will in worth, he would faine hit the barren,
But though his harte be good, his happe is naught:
And therefore now I craue your Lordships leaue,
To tell you plaine what is the cause of this:
First if it please your honour to perceyue,
What makes your woodman shoote so ofte amisse,
Beleeue me L. the ease is nothing straunge,
He shootes awrie almost at euery marke,
His eyes haue bene so vsed for to raunge,
That now God knowes they be both dimme and darke.
For proofe he beares the note of follie now,
Who shotte sometimes to hit Philosophie,
And aske you why? forsooth I make auow,
Bicause his wanton wittes went all awrie.
Next that, he shot to be a man of lawe,
And spent sometime with learned Litleton,
Yet in the end, he proued but a dawe,
For lawe was darke and he had quickly done.
Then could he wish Fitzharbert such a braine,
As Tully had, to write the lawe by arte,
So that with pleasure, or with litle paine,
He might perhaps, haue caught a trewants parte.
But all to late, he most mislikte the thing,
Which most might helpe to guide his arrow streight:
He winked wrong, and so let slippe the string,
Which cast him wide, for all his queint conceit.
From thence he shotte to catch a courtly graee,
And thought euen there to wield the world at will,
But out alas he much mistooke the place,
And shot awrie at euery rouer still.
The blasing baits which drawe the gazing eye,
Unfethered there his first affection,
No wonder then although he shot awrie,
Wanting the feathers of discretion.

Yet more than them, the marks of dignitie,
He much mistooke and shot the wronger way,
Thinking the purse of prodigalitie,
Had bene best meane to purchase such a pray.
He thought the flattring face which fleareth still,
Had bene full fraught with all fidelitie,
And that such wordes as courtiers vse at will.
Could not haue varied from the veritie.
But when his bonet buttened with gold,
His comelie cape begarded all with gay,
His bumbast hose, with linings manifold,
His knit silke stocks and all his queint aray,
Had pickt his purse of all the Peter pence,
Which might haue paide for his promotion,
Then (all to late) he found that light expence,
Had quite quencht out the courts deuotion.
So that since then the tast of miserie,
Hath bene alwayes full bitter in his bit,
And why? forsooth bicause he shot awrie,
Mistaking still the markes which others hit.
But now behold what marke the man doth find,
He shootes to be a souldier in his age,
Mistrusting all the vertues of the minde,
He trusts the power of his personage.
As though long limmes led by a lusty hart,
Might yet suffice to make him rich againe,
But Flushyng fraies haue taught him such a parte,
That now he thinks the warres yeeld on such gaine.
And sure I feare, vnlesse your lordship deigne,
To traine him yet into some better trade,
It will be long before he hit the veine,
Whereby he may a richer man be made.
He cannot climbe as other catchers can.
To leade a charge before himselfe be led,
He cannot spoile the simple sakeles man,
Which is content to feede him with his bread.
He cannot pinch the painefull souldiers pay,
And sheare him out his share in ragged sheetes,
He cannot stoupe to take a greedy pray
Upon his fellowes groueling in the streetes.
He cannot pull the spoyle from such as pill,
And seeme full angrie at such foule offence,
Although the gayne content his greedie will,
Under the cloake of contrarie pretence:
And now adayes, the man that shootes not so,
May shoote amisse, euen as your Woodman dothe:
But then you maruell why I lette them go,
And neuer shoote, but saye farewell forsooth:
Alas my Lord, while I doe muze hereon,
And call to minde my youthfull yeares myspente,
They giue mee suche a boane to gnawe vpon,
That all my senses are in silence pente.
My minde is rapte in contemplation,
Wherein my dazeled eyes onely beholde,
The blacke houre of my constellation,
Which framed mee so lucklesse on the molde:
Yet therewithall I can not but confesse,
That vayne presumption makes my heart to swell,
For thus I thinke, not all the worlde (I guesse,)
Shootes bet[4] than I, nay some shootes not so well.
In Aristotle somewhat did I learne,
To guyde my manners all by comelynesse,
And Tullie taught me somewhat to discerne
Betweene sweete speeche and barbarous rudenesse.
Olde Parkyns, Rastall, and Dan Bractens kookes,
Did lende mee somewhat of the lawlesse Lawe,
The craftie Courtiers with their guylefull lookes,
Must needes put some experience in my mawe:

[4] Better.

Yet can not these with many maystries mo,
Make me shoote streyght at any gaynfull pricke,
Where some that neuer handled such a bow,
Can hit the white, or touch it neare the quicke,
Who can nor speake, nor write in pleasant wise,
Nor leade their life by Aristotles rule,
Nor argue well on questions that arise,
Nor pleade a case more than my Lord Mairs mule,
Yet can they hit the marks that I do misse,
And winne the meane which may the man maintenyne.
Now when my minde doth mumble vpon this,
No wonder then although I pine for payne:
And whiles mine eyes beholde this mirrour thus,
The hearde goeth by, and farewell gentle does:
So that your Lordship quickely may discusse
What blindes mine eyes so ofte (as I suppose.)
But since my Muse can to my Lorde reherse
What makes me misse, and why I doe not shoote,
Let me imagine in this woorthlesse verse,
If right before mee, at my standings foote
There stoode a Doe, and I should strike hir deade,
And then shee proue a carrian carkas too,
What figure might I finde within my head,
To scuse the rage which rulde mee so to doo?
Some myght interprete by playne paraphrase,
That lacke of skill or fortune fedde the chaunce,
But I must otherwise expounde the case,
I say Iehoua did this Doe aduaunce,
And made hir bolde to stande before mee so,
Till I had thrust mine arrowe to hir harte,
That by the sodaine of hir ouerthrowe,
I myght endeuour to amende my parte,
And turne myne eyes that they no more beholde,
Such guylefull markes as seeme more than they be:
And though they glister outwardely like golde,
Are inwardly but brasse, as men may see:
And when I see the milke hang in hir teate,
Me thinkes it sayth, olde babe now learne to sucke,
Who in thy youth couldst neuer learne the feate
To hitte the whytes whiche liue with all good lucke.
Thus haue I tolde my Lorde, (God graunt in season)
A tedious tale in rime, but little reason.

Haud ictus sapio.

GASCOIGNES GARDNINGS,

WHEREOF WERE WRITTEN IN ONE END OF A CLOSE WALKE WHICHE HE HATH IN HIS GARDEN, THIS DISCOURSE FOLLOWING.

THE figure of this world I can compare,
To Garden plots, and such like pleasaunt places,
The world breedes men of sundry shape and share,
As hearbes in gardens, grow of sundry graces:
Some good, some bad, some amiable faces,
Some foule, some gentle, some of froward mind,
Subiect like bloome, to blast of euery wiud.

And as you see the floures most fresh of hew,
That they proue not alwayes the holesomest,
So fayrest men are not alwayes found true:
But euen as withred weedes fall from the rest,
So flatterers fall naked from their neast:
When truth hath tried, their painting tising tale,
They loose their glosse, and all their iests seeme stale.

Yet some do present pleasure most esteeme,
Till beames of brauerie wither all their welth,
And some agayne there be can rightly deeme,
Those herbes for best, which may mainteine their
helth.
Considering well, that age drawes on by stelth,
And when the fayrest floure is shronke and gone,
A well growne roote, will stand and shifte for one.

Then thus the restlesse life which men here
May be resembled to the tender plant, [leade,
In spring it sprouts, as babes in cradle breede,
Florish in May, like youthes that wisdome want,
In Autumne ripes and rootes, least store waxe
skante
In winter shrinks and shrowdes euery blast,
Like crooked age when lusty youth is past.

And as the grounde or grace whereon it grewe,
Was fatte or leane, euen so by it appeares,
If barreyn soyle, why then it chaungeth hewe,
It fadeth faste, it flits to fumbling yeares,
But if he gathered roote amongst his feeres,
And light on lande that was well muckte in deede,
Then standes it still, or leaues increase of seede.

As for the reste, fall sundrie wayes (God wot)
Some faynt lyke froathe at euery little puffe,
Some smarte by swoorde, like hearbes that serue
the pot,
And some be weeded from the finer stuffe,
Some stande by proppes to maynteyne all their
ruffe:
And thus (vnder correction bee it tolde)
Hath Gascoigne gathered in his Garden molde.
Haud ictus sapio.

In that other ende of his sayde close walke, were written these toyes in ryme.

If any floure that here is growne,
Or any hearbe may ease your payne,
Take and accompte it as your owne,
But recompence the lyke agayne:
For some and some is honest playe,
And so my wyfe taughte me to saye.

If here to walke you take delight,
Why come, and welcome when you will:
If I bidde you suppe here this night,
Bidde me an other time, and still
Thinke some and some is honest playe,
For so my wife taught me to saye.

Thus if you suppe or dine with mee,
If you walke here, or sitté at ease,
If you desire the thing you see,
And haue the same your minde to please,
Thinke some and some is honest playe,
And so my wife taught me to saye.
Haud ictus sapio.

In a chayre in the same Garden was written this followyng.

If thou sitte here to viewe this pleasant garden
place,
Think thus: at last will come a frost, and all these
floures deface:
But if thou sitte at ease to rest thy wearie bones,
Remember death brings finall rest to all oure
greeuous grones.
So whether for delight, or here thou sitte for ease,
Thinke still vpon the latter day, so shalt thou God
best please.
Haud ictus sapio.

Vpon a stone in the wall of his Garden he had written the yeare wherein he did the coste of these deuises, and therewithall this posie in Latine.

2VONIAM etiam humiliatos, amœna
delectant.

GASCOIGNES VOYAGE INTO HOLLANDE.

An. 1572.

WRITTEN TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORDE GREY OF WILTON[1].

A STRAUNGE conceyte, a vayne of newe delight,
Twixt weale and woe, twixte ioy and bitter griefe,
Hath pricked foorth my hastie penne to write
This woorthlesse verse in hazarde of repreefe:
And to mine *Alderlieuest*[2] Lorde I must endite
A wofull case, a chippe of sorie chaunce,
A tipe of heauen, a liuely hew of hell,
A feare to fall, a hope of high aduance,
A life, a death, a drearie tale to tell.
But since I know the pith of my pastaunce
Shall most consist in telling of a truth,
Vouchsafe my Lord *(en bon gré*[3]*)* for to take
This trustie tale the storie of my youth,
This Chronicle which of my selfe I make,
To shew my Lord what healplesse happe ensewth,
When heddy youth will gad without a guide,
And raunge vntide in leas of libertie,
Or when bare neede a starting hole hath spide
To peepe abroade from mother Miserie,
And buildeth Castels in the Welkin wide,
In hope thereby to dwell with wealth and ease.
But he the Lord (whome my good Lord doth
know)
Can bind or lose, as best to him shall please,
Can saue or spill, rayse vp or ouerthrowe,
Can gauld with griefe, and yet the payne appease.

[1] "There is an old kinde of Rithme called Verlayes, derived (as I haue redde) of this word Verd, which betokeneth Greene, and Laye which betokeneth a Song, as if you would say Greene Songes: but I must tell you by the way, that I neuer redde any verse which I saw by auctoritie called Verlay, but one, and that was a long discourse in verses of tenne syllables, whereof the foure first did ryme acrosse, and the fifth did aunswere to the first and thirde, breaking off there, and so going on to another termination. Of this I could shewe example of imitation in mine own verses written to the right honorable the Lord Grey of Wilton, &c."
Gascoigne's "Certein Notes of Instruction concerning the making of verse or rhyme in English." *C.*

[2] Best beloued. [3] In good worth.

Which thing to proue if so my L. take time,
(When greater cares his head shall not possesse)
To sitte and reade this raunging ragged rime,
I doubt not then but that he will confesse,
What faltes I found when last I leapt to clime.
In March it was, that cannot I forget,
In this last March vpon the nintenth day,
When from Graueseud in boate I gan to iette
To boorde our shippe in Quinborough that lay,
From whence the very twentieth day we set
Our sayles abrode to slice the Salt sea fome,
And ancors weyde gan trust the trustlesse floud:
That day and night amid the waues we rome
To seeke the coast of Holland where it floode.
And on the next when we were farre from home,
And neare the hauen whereto we sought to sayle,
A fearly chaunce: (whereon alone to thinke)
My hande now quakes, and all my senses fayle)
Gan vs befall: the Pylot gan to shrinke,
And all agaste his courage seemde to quayle.
Whereat amazed, the Maister and his mate
Gan aske the cause of his so sodeyne chaunge.
And from alofte the Stewarde of our state,
(The sounding plumbe) in haste poste hast must raunge,
To trye the depth and goodneese of our gate.
Mee thinkes (euen yet) I heare his heauie voyce,
Fadome three[4], foure, foote more, foote lesse, that cride:
Me thinkes I heare the fearefull whispring noyse,
Of such as sayde full softely (me beside)
God graunte this iourney cause vs to reioyce,
When I poore soule, which close in caban laye,
And there had reacht till gaule was welneare burst
With giddie head, my stumbling steppes must stay
To looke abroade as boldly as I durst.
And whyles I hearken what the Saylers saye,
The sownder sings, fadame two full no more.
Aloofe, aloofe, then cried the Maister out,
The Stearesmate striues to sende vs from the shore,
And trustes the streame, whereof wee earst had doubt,
Tweene two extreeme thus were we tossed sore,
And went to Hull[5], vntill we leyzure had
To talke at large, and eke to know the cause
What moode had made our Pylot looke so sad.
At last the Dutche with butterbitten iawes,
(For so he was a Dutche, a Deuill, a swadde,
A foole, a drunkarde, or a traytour tone)
Gan aunswere thus: *Ghy ziit te vroegh*[6] here come,
Tis niet goet tiit[7] and standing all alone,
Can preache to vs, which *fooles* were all and some
To trust him foole, in whom there *skill* was none.
Or what knew wee if Albaes subtill brayne
(So to preuent our enterpryse by treazon)
Had him subornde to tice vs to this trayne
And so him selfe *(per Companye* and seazon)
For spite, for hate, or else for hope of gayne.
This must we thinke that Alba[8] would not spare
To giue out gold for such a sinfull deede:
And glistring gold can oftentimes ensnare,
More perfect wits than Holland soyle doth breede.
But let that passe, and let vs now compure
Our owne fond fact with this bis foule offence.
We knew him not, nor where he wond that time,
Nor if he had Pylots experience,

Or Pylats crafte, to cleare him selfe from crime.
Yea more than that (how voyde were we of sense)
We had small smacke of any tale he tolde,
He powrde out Dutch to drowne vs all in drinke,
And we (wise men) vppon his words were bolde,
To runne on head: but let me now bethinke
The masters speech: and let me so vnfold
The depth of all this foolish ouersight.
The master spake euen like a skilfull man,
And sayde I sayle the Seas both day and night,
I know the tides as well as other can,
From pole to pole I can the courses plight:
I know France, Spaine, Greece, Denmarke, Dausk and all,
Frize, Flaunders, Holland, euery coast I know,
But truth to tell, it seldome doth befall,
That English merchants euer bend their bowe
To shoote at Breyll, where now our flight should fall,
They send their shafts farder for greater gayne.
So that this hauen is yet (quoth he) vnkouth[9],
And God graunt now that England may attayne
Such gaines by Breyll, (a gospell on that mouth)
As is desired: thus spake the master playne.
And since (saide he) my selfe knew not the sowne,
How could I well a better Pylot fynde,
Than this (which first) did saye he dwelt in towne,
And knew the way where euer sat the wynde?
While we thus talke, all sayles are taken downe,
And we to Hull (as earst I sayd) gan wend,
Till full two houres and somewhat more were past,
Our guyde then spake in Dutch and had vs bend
All sayles againe: for now quod he (at last)
Die tiit is goet, dat heb ick weell bekend[10];
Why staye I long to ende a wofull tale?
We trust his Dutch, and vp the foresayle goes,
We fall on knees amyd the happy gale,
(Which by Gods will full kynd, and calmely blowes)
And vnto him we there vnfolde our bale,
Whereon to thinke I wryte and weepe for ioye,
That pleasant song the hundreth and seuenth Psalme,
There dyd we reade to comfort our annoye,
Which to my soule (me thought) was sweete as balme,
Yea farre more sweete than any worldly toye,
And when he had with prayers prayse the Lord,
Our *Edell Bloetts*[11], gan fall to eate and drinke,
And for their sauce, at takyng vp the borde
The shippe so strake (as all we thought to sinke)
Against the ground. Then all with one accorde
We fell againe on knees to pray apace,
And therewithall euen at the second blowe,
(The number cannot from my minde outpace)
Our helme strake of, and we must fleete and flowe,
Where winde and waues would guide vs by their grace.
The winde waxt calme as I haue sayde before:
(O mightie God so didst thou swage our woes)
The selly shippe was sowst and smitten sore,
With counter buffetts, blowes and double blowes.
At last the keele which might endure no more,
Gan rende in twayne and suckt the water in:
Then might you see pale lookes and wofull cheare,
Then might you heare loude cries and deadly dinne:
Well noble minds in perils best appeare,
And boldest harts in bale will neuer blinne.

[4] Fadom and a half, three ho.
[5] When all sayles are takē downe.
[6] You be to soone. [7] It is not good tide.
[8] The Duke.
[9] Vnknown. [10] It is good tide that know I well.
[11] Lusty gallants.

For there were some (of whome I will not say
That I was one) which neuer changed hew,
But pumpt apace, and labord euery way
To saue themselues, and all their louely crew,
Which cast the best fraight ouerboorde away,
Both corne and cloth, and all that was of weight.
Which halde and pulde at euery helping corde,
Which prayed to God and made their conscience streight.
As for my self: I here protest my Lorde,
My words were these: O God in heauen on height,
Behold me not as now a wicked wight,
A sacke of sinne, a wretch ywrapt in wroth,
Let no fault past (O Lord) offende thy sight,
But weye my will which now those faults doth
And of thy mercy pittie this our plight. [lothe,
Euen thou good God which of thy grace didst saye
That for one good, thou wouldst all Sodome saue,
Behold vs all: thy shyning beames displaye,
Some here (I trust) thy goodnesse shall engraue,
To be chast vessels vnto thee alwaye,
And so to liue in honour of thy name:
Beleue me Lord, thus to the Lord I sayde.
But there were some (alas the more their blame)
Which in the pumpe their onely comfort layde,
And trusted that to turne our griefe to game.
Alas (quod I) our pumpe good God must be,
Our sayle, our sterne, our tackling, and our trust.
Some other cried to cleare the shipboate free,
To saue the chiefe and leaue the rest in dust.
Which word once spoke (a wondrous thing to see)
All hast post hast, was made to haue it done:
And vp it commes in hast much more than speede.
There did I see a wofull worke begonne, [bleede.
Which now (euen now) doth make my hart to
Some made such hast that in the boate they wonne,
Before it was aboue the hatches brought.
Straunge tale to tell, what hast some men shall make
To find their death before the same be sought.
Some twixt the boate and shippe their bane do take, [crusht out.
Both drownd and slayne with braynes for hast
At last the boat halfe fraighted in the aire
Is hoyst alofte, and on the seas downe set,
When I that yet in God could not dispaire,
Still plide the pumpe, and patiently did let
All such take boate as thither made repaire.
And herewithall I safely may protest
I might haue wonne the boate as wel as one,
And had that seemed a safetie for the rest
I should percase euen with the first haue gone.
But when I saw the boate was ouer prest
And pestred full with moe than it might beare,
And therwithall with cherefull looke might see
My chiefe companions[12] whome I held most deare
(Whose companie had thither trained me)
Abiding still aboorde our shippe yfeare:
Nay then (quoth I) good God thy will be done,
For with my feeres I will both liue and dye.
And eare the boate farre from our sight was gon
The waue so wrought, that they (which thought to flee
And so to scape) with waues were ouerronne.
Lo how he striues in vaine that striues with God
For there we lost the flowre of the band,
And of our crew full twentie soules and odde,
The Sea sucks vp, whils we on hatches stand
In smarting feare to feele that selfe same rodde.

[12] Yorke and Herle.

Well on (as yet) our battred barke did passe,
And brought the rest within a myle of lande,
Then thought I sure now neede not I to passe,
For I can swymme and so escape this sande.
Thus dyd I deeme all carelesse like an Asse,
When sodaynely the wynde our foresayle tooke,
And turnd about and brought vs eft to Seas.
Then cryed we all, cast out the ancor hooke,
And here let byde such helpe as god may please:
Which ancor cast, we soone the same forsooke,
And cut it off, for feare least therevpon
Our shippe should bowge, then callde we fast for fire,
And so dischargde our great gunnes euerychone,
To warne the towne thereby of our desire:
But all in vayne, for succor sent they none.
At last a Hoy from Sea came flinging fast,
And towards vs helde course as streight as lyne.
Then might you see our hands to heauen vp cast
To render thanks vnto the power deuine,
That so vouchsafte to saue vs yet at last:
But when this Hoy gan (welneere) boorde our barke,
And might perceiue what peryll we were in,
It turnd away and left vs still in carke[13],
This tale is true (for now to lie were sin)
It lefte vs there in dreade and daungers darke.
It lefte vs so, and that within the sight
And hearing both of all the peare at Breyll.
Now ply thee pen, and paint the foule despite
Of drunken Dutchmen standing there euen still,
For whom we came in their cause for to fight,
For whom we came their state for to defende,
For whom we came as friends to grieue their foes,
They now disdaynd (in this distresse) to lend
One helping boate for to asswage our woes:
They sawe our harmes the which they would not mend,
And had not bene that God euen then did rayse
Some instruments to succor vs at neede,
We had bene sunk and swallowed all in Seas.
But Gods will was (in way of our good speede)
That on the peare (lamenting our mysease)
Some englishe were, whose naked swordes did force
The drunken dutch, the cankred churles to come,
And so at last (not moued by remorce,
But forst by feare) they sent vs succor some:
Some must I say: and for to tell the course,
They sent vs succor saust with sowre despite,
They saued our liues and spoylde vs of the rest,
They stale our goods by day and eke by night,
They shewed the worst and closely kept the best.
And in this time (this treason must I wryte)
Our Pylot fled, but how? not emptie handed:
He fled from vs, and with him did conueye
A Hoy full fraught (whiles we meane while were landed)
With pouder, shotte, and all our best araye:
This skill he had, for all he set vs sanded.
And now my Lord, declare your noble mynde,
Was this a Pylot, or a Pilate iudge?
Or rather was he not of Iudas kynde:
Which left vs thus and close away could trudge?
Well, at the Bryell to tell you what we finde,
The Gouernour was all bedewed with drinke,
His truls and he were all layde downe to sleepe,
And we must shift, and of our selues must thinke

[13] Care.

What meane was best, and how we best might keepe
That yet remaynd: the rest was close in clinke.
Well, on our knees with trickling teares of ioye,
We gaue God thanks: and as we might, did learne
What might be founde in euery pynke[14] and hoye.
And thus my Lord, your honour may descerne
Our perils past, and how in our anoye
God saued me (your Lordshippes bound for euer)
Whe else should not be able now to tell,
The state wherein this countrey doth perseuer,
Ne how they seeme in carelesse mindes to dwell.
(So did they earst and so they will do euer)
And to my Lord for to bewray my minde
Me thinkes they be a race of Bulbeefe borne,
Whose hartes their Butter mollyfieth by kinde,
And so the force of beefe is cleane outworne:
And eke their braines with double beere are lynde:
So that they march bumbast with buttred beere,
Like soppes of browesse puffed vp with froth,
Where inwardely they be but hollowe geere,
As weake as winde, which with one puffe vp goeth:
And yet they bragge, and thinke they haue no peere,
Bicause Harlem hath hitherto helde out,
Although in deed (as they haue suffred Spayne)
The ende thereof euen now doth rest in doubt.
Well, as for that, let it (for me) remaine [out,
In God his hands, whose hand hath brought me
To tell my Lord this tale nowe tane in hande,
As howe they traine their trezons all in drinke,
And when them selues for drunk can scarcely stande,
Yet sucke out secretes (as them selues do thinke)
From guests. The best (almost) in all their lande,
(I name no man, for that were brode before)
Will (as men say) enure the same sometime,
But surely this (or I mistake him sore)
Or else he can (but let it passe in rime)
Dissemble deepe, and mocke sometimes the more:
Well, drunkennesse is here good companie,
And therewithall *per consequens* it falles
That whordome is accompted iollitie:
A gentle state, where two suche Tenisballes
Are tossed still and better bowles let lie.
I cannot herewith from my Lord conceale,
How God and Mammon here do dwell yfeare,
And how the Masse is cloked vnder veale
Of pollicie, till all the coast be cleare.
Ne can I chuse, but I must ring a peale,
To tell what hypocrytes the Nunnes here be:
And how the olde Nunnes be content to go,
Before a man in streates like mother B,
Untill they come wheras there dwels a Ho,
(Receyue that halfe, and let the rest go free)
There can they poynt with finger as they passe,
Yea sir, sometimes they can come in themselfe,
To strike the bergaine tweene a wanton lasse,
And *Edel bloets:* nowe is not this good pelfe?
As for the yong Nunnes, they be bright as glasse,
And chaste forsooth, *met v:* and *anders niet:*
What sayde I? what? that is a misterie,
I may no verse of such a theame endite,
Yong Rowlande Yorke may tell it bet than I:
Yet to my Lorde this little will I write,
That though I haue (my selfe) no skill at all,
To take the countnance of a Colonel,
Had I a good Lieutenant general,
As good Iohn Zuche whereuer that he dwel,

[14] A Small bote.

Or else Ned Dennye (faire mought him befal)
I coulde haue brought a noble regiment
Of smugskinnde Nunnés into my countrey soyle:
But farewell they as things impertinent,
Let them (for me) go dwell with master Moyle,
Who hath behight to place them well in Kent.
And I shall well my sillie selfe content,
To come alone vnto my louely Lorde,
And vnto him (when riming sporte is spent)
To tel some sadde and reasonable worde,
Of Hollandes state, the which I will present,
In Cartes, in Mappes, and eke in Models made,
If God of heauen my purpose not preuent.
And in meane while although my wits do wade
In ranging rime, and fling some follie foorth,
I trust my Lorde will take it well in woorth.
Haud ictus sapio.

WEEDES.

THE FRUITE OF FETTERS:

WITH THE COMPLAINT OF THE GREENE KNIGHT, AND HIS FAREWELL TO FANSIE.

GREAT be the greefes which bruze the boldest brests,
And al to seelde we see sueh burdens borne,
For cruell care (which reaueth quiet rests)
Hath oftentimes the woorthiest willes foreworne,
And layed such weight vpon a noble harte,
That wit and will haue both giuen place to smarte.

For proofe wherof I tel this woful tale,
(Giue eare that list, I force no frolieke mindes)
But such as can abide to heare of bale,
And rather rue the rage which Fansie findes,
Than scorne the pangs which may procure their pine,
Let them giue eare vnto these rimes of mine.

I teare my time (ay me) in prison pent,
Wherin the floure of my consuming yeares,
With secret grief my reason doth torment,
And frets it self (perhaps) with needlesse feares:
For whyles I striue against the streame too fast,
My forces faile, and I must downe at last.

The hastie Vine for sample might me serue,
Which climbes too high about the loftie tree,
But when the twist his tender iointes doth carue,
Then fades he fast, that sought full fresh to bee:
He fades and faintes before his fellowes faile,
Which lay full lowe, and neuer hoyst vp saile.

Ay me, the dayes which I in dole consume,
Allas, the nightes which witnesse well my woe,
O wrongful world which makst my fansie fume,
Fie fickle Fortune, fie thou arte my foe,
Out and alas, so frowarde is my chaunce,
No dayes nor nightes, nor worldes can me aduaunce.

In recklesse youth, the common plague of Loue
Infected me (al day) with carelesse minde,
Entising dames my patience still did proue,
And blearde mine eyes, till I became so blinde

That seing not what furie brought mee foorth,
I followed most (alwayes) that least was woorth.

In middle yeares, the reache of Reasons reine
No sooner gan to bridle in my will,
Nor naked neede no sooner gan constreine
My rash decay to breake my sleepes by skill,
But streight therewith hope set my heart on flame,
To winne againe both wealth and woorthy name.

And thence proceedes my most consuming griefe,
For whyles the hope of mine vnyolden harte
In endlesse toyles did labor for reliefe, [marte:
Came crabbed Chance and marrde my merry
Yea, not content with one fowle ouerthrowe,
So tied me fast for tempting any mo.

She tied me fast (alas) in golden chaines,
Wherein I dwell, not free, nor fully thrall,
Where guilefull loue in double doubt remaines,
Nor honie sweet, nor bitter yet as gall:
For euery day a patterne I beholde [colde.
Of scortching flame, which makes my heart full

And euery night, the rage of restlesse thought
Doth raise me vp, my hope for to renewe,
My quiet bed which I for solace sought,
Doth yrke mine eares, when still the warlike crewe
With sounde of drummes, and trumpets braying shrill
Relieue their watch, yet I in thraldome still.

The common ioy, the cheere of companie,
Twixt mirth and moane doth plundge me euer-more:
For pleasant talke, or Musicks melodie,
Yeeld no such salue vnto my secret sore,
But that therewith this corsiue coms me too,
Why liue not I at large as others doo?

Lo thus I liue in spite of cruell death,
And die as fast in spite of lingring life,
Fedde still with hope which doth prolong my breath, [strife,
But cheakte with feare, and strangled still with
Starke staring blinde bicause I see too much,
Yet gasing still bicause I see none such.

Amid these pangs (O subtil Cordial)
Those of farre fet sighes which most mens mindes eschewe,
Recomforte me, and make the furie fall,
Which fedde the roote from whence my fits renewe:
They comforte me (ah wretched doubtfull clause)
They helpe the harme, and yet they kill the cause.

Where might I then my carefull corpse conuay
From companie, which worketh all my woe?
How might I winke or hide mine eyes alway,
Which gaze on that wherof my griefe doth growe?
How might I stoppe mine eares, which hearken still,
To euery ioy, which can but wounde my will?

How should I seeme my sighes for to suppresse,
Which helpe the heart that else would swelt in sunder? [lesse?
Which hurt the helpe that makes my torment
Which helpe and hurte (oh wofull wearie wonder)
One seely hartie thus toste twixt helpe and harme,
How should I seeme, such sighes in tyme to charme?

How? how but thus? in solitarie wise
To steppe aside, and make high way to moane:
To make two fountaines of my dazled eies,
To sigh my fill till breath and all be gone:
So sighed the knight of whome Bartello writes,
All cladde in Greene, yet banisht from delights.

And since the storye is both new and trew,
A dreary tale much like these lottes of myne.
I will assaye my muze for to renewe,
By ryming out his frowarde fatall fine.
A dolefull speeche becomes a dumpish man,
So semde by him, for thus his tale begane.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE GREENE KNIGHT.

Why liue I wretch (quoth he) alas and wellaway,
Or why beholde my heauy eies, this gladsome sunny day? [aduaunce,
Since neuer sunne yet shone, that could my state
Why liue I wretche (alas quoth he) in hope of better chaunce? [tale,
Or wherefore telles my toung, this drearye dolefull
That euery eare might heare my grieefe and so bemone my bale?
Since eare was neuer yet, that harkened to my playnte,
Why liue I wretch (alas quoth he) my pangs in vaine to paint?
Or wherfore dotes desire, that doth his wish disclose,
And shewes the sore that seeks recure, thereby to ease my woes? [dwelt,
Since yet he neuer found, the hart where pyttie
Why liue I wretch (alas quoth he) alone in woe to swelt? [the hill,
Why striue I with the streame, or hoppe against
Or search that neuer can be founde, or loose my labor still?
Since destonies decreed, must alwayes be obeyde,
Why liue I wretch alas (quoth he) with lucke thus ouerleyde? [trust?
Why feedes my heart on hope? why tyze I still on
Why doth my minde still muse on mirth? why leanes my life on lust?
Since hope had neuer hap, and trust always found treason, [luck is geazon?
Why liue I wretch alas (quoth he) where all good
The fatal Sisters three, which spun my slender twine,
Knew wel how rotten was the yarne, frō whence they drew their line:
Yet haue they wouen the web, with care so manifolde, [holde:
(Alas I woful wretch the while) as any cloth can
Yea though the threeds be cowrse, and such as others lothe, [body both;
Yet must I wrap alwayes therin, my bones and
And weare it out at length, which lasteth but too long.
O weauer weauer work no more, thy warp hath done me wrong:
For therin haue I lapt my light and lustie yeares,
And therin haplesse haue I hapt, mine age and hoarie heares:
Yet neuer found I wramth, by ietting in thy iaggs;
Nor neuer can I weare them out, although they rende like raggs. [time
The May-moone of mine age, I meane the gallant
When coales of kinde first kindled loue, and plesure was in prime,

All bitter was the fruite, which still I reaped then,
And little was the gaine I got, comparde by other men. [for grace,
Teare-thirstie were the Dames, to whome I sued
Some stonie stomackt, other some, of high disdainful race.
But all vnconstant (ay) and (that to thinke) I die,
The guerdon which Cosmana gaue, can witnesse if I lie.
Cosmana was the wight to whome I wished well,
To serue Cosmana did I seeme, in loue to beare the bell:
Cosmana was my god, Cosmana was my ioy,
Ay me, Cosmana turnde my mirth, to dole and dark anoy:
Reuenge it Radamanth, if I be found to lie, [die.
Or if I slaunder hir at all, condemne me then to
Thou knowst I honored hir, no more but all too much, [no grutch.
Alas thou knowst she cast me off, when I deservde
She dead (I dying yet) ay me my teares were dried,
And teeth of time gnew out the grief, which al to long I tried, [molde,
Yet from hir ashes sprung, or from such subtile
Ferenda she, whome euerie eye, did iudge more bright than golde.
Ferenda then I sawe, Ferenda I behelde,
Ferenda servde I faithfully, in towne and eke in fielde: [trew,
Ferenda coulde not say, the greene knight was vn-
But out alas, the greene knight sayde, Ferenda changde for new:
Ferenda did hir kinde: then was she to be borne,
She did but weare Cosmanes cloutes, which she in spite had torne:
And yet betwene them both they waare the threeds so neere, [not holde yfeere.
As were they not of steele or stone, they coulde
But now Ferenda mine, a little by thy leaue:
What moued thee to madding moode? why didst thou me deceaue?
Alas I was al thine, thy selfe can say no lesse,
And for thy fall, I bathed oft in many a deepe distresse: [race,
And yet to do thee right, I neyther blame thy
Thy shining selfe, the golden gleames that glistred on thy face,
Nor yet thy fickle faith, shall neuer beare the blame, [in euerie game:
But I, whome kinde hath framd to finde, a griefe
The high decrees of heauen, haue limited my life,
To linger stil wher Loue doth lodge, yet there to sterue in strife.
For proofe, who list to know what makes me nowe complaine,
Giue eare vnto the greene Knights tale: for now begins his paine.
When rash vnbridled youth had run his reckelesse race,
And caried me with carelesse course, to many a great disgrace, [their trade,
Then riper mellowed yeares, thought good to turne
And bad Repentance holds the reines, to rule the brainsicke iade:
So that with much to doo, the brydle helde him backe, [better smacke:
And Reason made him byte on bit, which had a
And for I felte my selfe, by feeblenesse fordoonne,
And panting still for lack of breath, as one much ouerroonne.

Therefore I toke aduise, to walke him first awhile
And so at length to set him vp, his trauayles to beguile: [trimme,
Yea when he curried was, and dusted slicke and
I causde both hey and prouander to be allowde for him:
Wherat (alas to thinke) he gathered flesh so fast,
That still he playd his coltish pranks, when as I thought thē past:
He winched still alwayes, and whisked with his taile, [preuaile
And leaping ouer hedge and ditch, I sawe it not
To pamper him so proude: Wherfore I thought it best, [him rest.
To trauaile him (not as I woont) yet nay to giue
Thus well resolued then, I kept him still in harte,
And founde a pretie prouander appointed for his parte,
Which once a day, no more, he might a little tast:
And by this diet, made I youth a gentle iade at last: [pace,
And foorth I might him ride, an easie iourneying
He neuer straue with middle age, but gently gaue him place: [hande,
Then middle age stept in, and toke the helme in
To guide my Barke by better skill, into some better lande.
And as eche noble heart is euermore most bent,
To high exploites and woorthie deedes, where honor may be hent:
So mine vnyolden minde, by Armes gan seeke renowne, [rashly tūbled downe.
And sought to rayse, that recklesse youth had
With sworde and trustie targe, then sought I for to carue
For middle age and hoarie haires, and both their turnes to sarue: [cuttes,
And in my Caruers roome, I gan to cut suche
And made suche morsels for their mouthes, as well might fill their guttes,
Beside some ouerplus, (which being kept in store)
Might serue to welcome al their friends, with foison euermore:
I meane no more but this: my hand gan finde such happe, [in hir lappe:
As made me thinke, that Fortune ment, to play me
And hope therwith had heavde, my heart to be so hie,
That still I hoapt, by force of armes, to climbe aboue the Skie:
I bathed still in blisse, I ledde a lordelie life,
My Souldiers lovde and feardē me both, I neuer dreaded strife: [eost,
My boord was furnisht stil, with cates of dainty
My back wel clad, my purse wel lynde, my woonted lack was lost,
My bags began to fil, my debtes for to discharge,
My state so stoode, as sure I seemde to swim in good lucks barge: [not paine?
But out and well away, what pleasure breedes
What sun cā shine without a cloud, what thūder brings not rain?
Such is the life of man, such was the luck of me,
To fall so fast from hiest hap, where sure I seemde to be. [scarcely serue,
Fiue hundred sundrie sunnes (and more) could
By sweat of brows to win a roome, wherin my knife might carue:
One onely dismall day, suffised (with despite)
To take me from my caruers place, and from the table quite.

Fiue hundred broken sleepes, had busied all my brayne s, [crese my gaynes:
To find (at last) some worthy trade, that might in-
One blacke vnluckie houre, my trade hath ouer-throwen,
And marrde my marte, and broke my bank, and al my blisse oreblowen.
To wrappe vp all in woe, I am in prison pent,
My gaines possessed by my foes, my friends against me bent:
And all the heauy haps, that euer age yet bare,
Assembled are within my breast, to choake me vp with care. [lust,
My modest middle age, which lacks of youth the
Can beare no such gret burdēs now, but throwes them in the dust:
Yet in this piteous plight, beholde me Louers all,
And rewe my grieues, least you your selues do light on such a fal.
I am that wearie wretch, whom loue always hath tyred, [man desired.
And fed me with such strange conceytes, as neuer
For now (euen now) ay me: I loue and cannot chuse, [mindes to muse.
So strangely yet, as wel may moue the wisest
No blasing beautie bright, hath set my hart on fire, [desire,
No ticing talke, no gorgeous gyte, tormenteth my
No bodie finely framde, no haggarde Falcons eie,
No ruddie lip, no golden locks, hath drawne my minde awrie:
No teeth of shining pearle, no gallant rosie hiew,
No dimpled chinne, no pit in cheeke, presented to my view:
In fine, no such delights, as louers oft allure,
Are cause why thus I do lament, or put my plaintes in vre:
But such a strange affect, as both I shame to tell,
And all the worlde may woonder much, how first therin I fell. [griefe,
Yet since I haue begonne (quoth he) to tell my
I wil nought hide, although I hope to finde no great reliefe. [ioyes
And thus (quoth he) it is: Amongst the sundrie
Which I conceivde in feates of warre, and all my Martial toyes,
My chaunce was late to haue a peerlesse firelock peece, [in Greece:
That to my wittes was nay the like, in Turkie nor
A peece so cleanly framde, so streight, so light, so fine, [diuine:
So tempred and so polished, as seemeth worke
A peece whose locke yet past, for why it neuer failde, [nesse neuer quailde:
And though I bent it night and day, the quick-
A peece as well renforst, as euer yet was wrought,
The brauest peece for breech and bore, that euer yet was bought:
The mounture so well made, and for my pitch so fit, [as it:
As though I see faire peeces moe, yet fewe so fine
A peece which shot so well, so gently and so streight, [ouerweight.
It neyther bruzed with recule, nor wroong with
In fine and to conclude, I know no fault thereby,
That eyther might be thought in minde, or wel discernde with ey.
This peece then late I had, and therin tooke delight, [wight.
As much as euer proper peece did please a warlike
Nowe though it be not lost, nor rendred with the rest, [me blest?
Yet being shut from sight therof, how can I thinke
Or which way should I hope, that such a iewell rare, [shooters are?
Can passe vnseen in any campe where cunning
And therewith am I sure, that being once espied,
It neuer can escape their hands, but that it will be tried: [me,
And being once but prooued, then farewel frost for
My peece, my locks, and all is lost, and I shall neuer see
The like againe on earth. Nowe Louers speake your minde, [such a kinde?
Was euer man so strangely stroke, or caught in
Was euer man so fonde? was euer man so mad?
Was euer man so woe begone? or in such cares yclad? [liue,
For restlesse thus I rest, the wretchedst man on
And when I thinke vpon this peece, then still my woes reuiue,
Nor euer can I finde good plaister for my paine,
Unlesse my lucke might be so good, to finde that peece againe. [pine,
To make my mourning more, where I in prison
I daily see a pretie peece, much like that peece of mine, [shinne,
Which helps my hurt, much like vnto a broken
That when it heales, begins to ytch, and then rubs off the skinne.
Thus liue I still in loue, alas and euer shall,
As well content to loose my peece, as gladde to finde my fall:
A wonder to the worlde, a griefe to friendlie mindes,
A mocking stocke to Momus race, and al such scornefull hindes, [scene,
A loue (that thinke I sure) whose like was neuer
Nor neuer warlike wight shal be in loue as I haue beene: [Dames,
So that in sooth (quoth he) I cannot blame the
Whome I in youth did moste esteeme, I list not foile their fames,
But there to lay the fault, from whence it first did flowe: [griefes did grow.
I say my Fortune is the root, whence all these
Since Fortune then (quoth he) hath turnde to me hir backe, [my self in blacke?
Shall I go yeeld to mourning moane, and cloath
No no, for noble mindes can beare no thraldome so, [wade in wo.
But rather shew a merrie cheere, when most they
And so will I in greene, my careful corpse aray,
To set a bragge amongst the best, as though my heart were gay: [ioy,
Not greene bicause I hope, nor greene bicause I
Nor greene, bicause I can delight in any youthfull toy:
But greene, bicause my greeues are alway fresh and greene, [is seene.
Whose roote is such it cannot rot, as by the feute
Thus sayde, he gaue a groane, as though his heart had broke, [sighes like smoke:
And from the furnace of his breast, sent scalding
And sighing so, he sate in solitarie wise,
Conueying flouds of brynish teares, by conduct of his eyes.
What ende he had God knoweth, Battello writes it not,
Or if he do, my wittes are short, for I haue it forgot.

THE CONTINUANCE OF THE AUTHOR, VPON THE FRUITE OF FETTERS.

THVS haue you heard the green Knight make his mone,
Which wel might moue the hardest heart to melt:
But what he ment, that kneue himselfe alone,
For such a cause, in weerie woes to swelt:
And yet by like, some peerlesse peece it was,
That brought him so in raging stormes to passe.

I haue heard tell, and read it therewithall,
That neare the Alpes a kinde of people bee,
Which serue with shot, wherof the very ball
Is bigge of bulke, the peece but short to see:
But yet it shootes as farre, and eke as fast,
As those which are yframde of longer last.

The cause (say some) consisteth in the locke,
Some other iudge, bicause they be so strong,
Renforced well, and breeched like a brocke,
Stiffe, straight, and stout, which though they be not long,
Yet spit they foorth their pellets such a pace,
And with such force, as seemes a woondrous case.

Some other thinke, the mettal maketh all,
Which tempred is both rounde and smooth to see:
And sure me thinkes, the bignesse of the ball,
Ne yet the locke, should make it shoote so free,
But euen the breech of mettall good and sounde,
Which makes the ball with greater force to bounde.

For this we see, the stiffe and strongest arme,
Which giues a ierke, and hath a cunning loose,
Shootes furdest still, and doth alway most harme,
For be his flights yfeathred from the goose,
Or Peacockes quilles, or Rauen, or Swanne, or Crowe,
His shafts go swifte, when others flie but slowe.

How so it be, the men that vse to shoote
In these short gunnes, are praysed for the best:
And Princes seeke such shotte for to promoote
As perfectest and better than the rest:
So that (by like) their peeces beare the sway,
Else other men could shoote as farre as they.

Their peeces then are called Petronels,
And they themselues by sundrie names are calld:
As Bandolliers, for who in mountaynes dwels,
In trowpes and bandes, ofte times is stoutly stalld:
Or of the Stone wherwith the locke doth strike,
Petronelliers, they called are by like.

And so percase this peerelesse peece of his
For which he mournde and made such ruefull mone,
Was one of those: and therfore all his blisse,
Was turnd to bale when as that peece was gone:
Since Martial men do set their chief delight,
In armes which are both free and fayre in sight.

My selfe haue seene some peece of such a pryce,
As woorthy were to be esteemed well:
For this you know in any straunge deuise,
Such things as seeme for goodnesse to excell,
Are holden deare, and for great Jewels deemd,
Bycause they be both rare and much esteemd.

But now to turne my tale from whence I came,
I saie his lottes and mine were not vnlike:
He spent his youth (as I did) out of frame,
He came at last (like me) to trayle the pike.
He pynde in pryson pinchte with priuie payne,
And I likewise in pryson still remayne.

Yet some good fruite in fetters can I finde,
As vertue rules in euery kinde of vice:
First pryson brings repentaunce to the minde,
Which wandred earst in lust and lewde deuice.
For hardest hartes by troubles yet are taught,
That God is good when all the worlde is naught.

If thou haue ledde a carelesse lyfe at large,
Without regard what libertie was worth:
And then come downe to eruell Gayolours charge,
Which keepes thee close and neuer lettes thee forth:
Learne then this fruite in Fetters by thy selfe,
That libertie is worth all worldly pelfe.

Whose happe is such to yeelde himself in warre,
Remembre then that peace in pleasure dwelles:
Whose hartes are high and know not what they are
Let such but marke the gingling of their belles:
When fetters frette their anckles as they goe,
Since none so high but that may come as lowe.

To tell a truth and therein to be shorte,
Prysons are plagues that fal for mans offenee,
Which maketh some in good and godly sorte,
With contrite harte to grope their conseience.
Repentance then steppes in and pardon craues,
These fruites (with mo) are found in darksome caues.

If thou haue friends, there shalt thou know them right,
Since fastest friends in troubles shew their fayth:
If thou haue foes, there shalt thou see their spight
For all to true it is that Prouerbe sayth:
Where hedge is lowe, there euery man treads downe,
And friendship failes when Fortune list to frowne.

Patience is founde in prison (though perforce)
And Temprance taught where none excesse doth dwell,
Exercise calles, least slouth should kill thy corse:
Diligence driues thy busie braines to swell,
For some deuise which may redeeme thy state,
These fruites I found in fetters all too late.

And with these fruites another fruite I found,
A strange conceyt, and yet a trustie truth:
I found by proufe, there is no kinde of ground,
That yeeldes a better croppe to retchlesse youth,
Than that same molde where fetters serue for mucke,
And wit stil woorkes to digge vp better lucke.

For if the seede of grace will euer growe,
Then sure such soile will serue to beare it best,
And if Gods mercie therewithall do flowe,
Then springs it high, and ruffles with the rest:
Oft hath bene seene such seede in prison cast,
Which long kept close, and prospred yet at last.

But therewithall there springs a kinde of Tares,
Which are vile weedes, and must be rooted out,
They choake vp grace, and lap it fast in snares,
Which oftentimes do drawe it deepe in dout,
And hinders plantes which else would growe full
Yet is this weede an easie thing to spie. [hie,

Men call it Fansie, sure a woorthlesse weede,
And of the same full many sortes are found,
Some fansies are, which thinke a lawfull deede
To scape away, though faith full fast he bound:
Some thinke by loue, (nay lust in cloke of loue)
From fetters fast their selues for to remoue.

Some be, that meane by murder to preuaile,
And some by fraude, as fansie rules the thought:
Sometimes such frightes mens fansies do assaile,
(That when they see their freedome must be bought)
They vowe to take a stande on Shooters hill,
Till rents come in to please their wicked will.

Some fansies hopes by lies to come on floate,
As for to tell their frends and kinne great tales,
What wealth they lost in coyne, and many a caote,
What powder packt in coffers and in males,
What they must pay, and what their charge will
Wherin they meane to saue themselues a fee. [be,

Some fansies eke forecast what life to weelde,
When libertie shall graunted be at last,
And in the aire such castles gan they builde,
That many times they fall againe as fast:
For Fansie hinders Grace from glories crowne,
As Tares and Bryndes can plucke good graine adowne.

Who list therfore by Fetters frute to haue,
Take Fansie first out of his priuy thought,
And when thou hast him, cast him in the waue
Of Lethes lake: for sure his seede is nought.
The greene Knight he, of whome I late did tell,
(Mine Author sayth) badde Fansie thus farewell.

THE GREENE KNIGTHS FAREWELL TO FANSIE.

FANSIE (quoth he) farewell, whose badge I long did beare, [I weare:
And in my hat full harebrayndly, thy flowers did
To late I finde (at last), thy frutes are nothing worth,
Thy blossomes fall and fade full fast, though brauerie bring the forth:
By thee I hoapt alwayes, in deepe delights to dwel,
But since I finde thy fickleaesse, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

Thou madste me liue in loue, which wisedome biddes me hate,
Thou bleardst mine eies and madste me thinke, the faith was mine by fate:
By thee those bitter sweetes, did please my taste alway, [was but a play:
By thee I thought that loue was light, and payne
I thought that Bewties blase, was meete to beare the bell, [he) farewell.
And since I finde my selfe deceyued, Fansie (quoth

The glosse of gorgeous courtes, by thee did please mine eye,
A stately sight me thought it was, to see the braue go by:
To see their feathers flaunte, to marke their straunge deuise, [it nice:
To lie along in Ladies lappes, to lispe and make
To fawne and flatter both, I liked sometimes well,
But since I see how vayne it is, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

When court had cast me off, I toyled at the plowe [wote not how:
My fansie stoode in straunge conceipts, to thriue I
By mils, by making malte, by sheepe and eke by swyne,
By ducke and drake, by pigge and goose, by calues and keeping kine:
By feeding bullockes fat, when pryce at markets fell,
But since my swaines eat vp my gaines, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

In hunting of the deare, my fansie tooke delight,
All forests knew my folly still, the mooneshine was my light:
In frosts I felt no cold, a sunneburnt hew was best,
I sweate and was in temper still, my watching seemed rest:
What daungers deepe I past, it follie were to tell,
And since I sigh to thinke thereon, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

A fonsie fedde me ones, to wryte in verse and rime, [my crime:
To wray my griefe, to craue reward, to couer still
To frame a long discourse, on sturring of a strawe,
To rumble rime in raffe and ruffe, yet all not worth an hawe: [so well,
To heare it sayde there goeth, the Man that writes
But since I see, what Poetes bee, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

At Musickes sacred sounde, my fansies eft begonne, [of vnisonne:
In concordes, discordes, notes and cliffes, in tunes
In Hyerarchies and straynes, in restes, in rule and space, [vnder base:
In monacordes and mouing moodes, in Burdens
In descants and in chants, I streined many a yel,
But since Musicians be so madde, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

To plant straunge countrie fruites, to sow such seedes likewise,
To digge and delue for new foūd rootes, where old might wel suffise: [trees,
To proyne the water bowes, to picke the mossie
(Oh how it pleasd my fansie ones) to kneele vpon my knees, [swell:
To grifte a pippine stocke, when sappe begins to
But since the gaynes scarce quite the cost, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

Fansie (quoth he) farewell, which made me follow drommes,
Where powdred bullets serues for sauce, to euery dish that cōmes:
Where treason lurkes in trust, where Hope all hartes beguiles, [friendly smiles:
Where mischief lieth still in wayte, when fortune
Where one dayes prison proues, that all such heauens are hell,
And such I feele the frutes thereof, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

If reason rule my thoughts, and God vouchsafe me grace
Then comfort of Philosophie, shall make me chaunge my race:
And fonde I shall it finde, that Fansie settes to showe, [grace by low:
For weakely stāds that building still, which lacketh
But since I must accept, my fortunes as they feil,
I say God send me better speede, and Fansie now farewell.

EPILOGISMUS.

SEE sweete deceipt, that can it self beguile,
Beholde selfe loue, which walketh in a net:
And seemes vnseene, yet shewes it selfe therewhile,
Before such eyes, as are in science set.
The Greene knight here, leaues out his firelocke
That Fancie hath not yet his last farewell. [peece
When Foxes preach, good folke beware your geese,
But holla here, my muse to farre doth mell:
Who list to marke, what learned preacher sayeth,
Must learne withall, for to beleeue his lore:
But what he doth, that toucheth nomans fayth,
Though words with workes, (agreed) persuade the more,
The mounting kite, oft lights on homely pray
And wisest wittes, may sometimes go astray.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

IN PRAISE OF A GENTLEWOMAN WHO THOUGH SHE WERE NOT VERYE FAYRE, YET WAS SHE AS HARDE FAUOURED AS MIGHT BE.

IF men may credite giue, to true reported fames,
Who doubtes but stately Rome had stoore of lustye louing Dames?
Whose eares haue bene so deafe, as neuer yet heard tell, [excel.
Howe far the freshe Pompeia, for beautie dyd
And golden Marcus he, that swaide the Romaine sword,
Bare witnesse of Boemia, by credite of his word.
What neede I mo rehearse? since all the world dyd know,
How high the floods of beauties blaze, within those walles dyd flowe.
And yet in all that choyse a worthy Romaine Knight, [might.
Antonius who conquered prowde Egipt by his
Not al to please his eye, but most to ease his minde, [behind.
Chose Cleopatra for his loue, and left the rest
A wondrous thing to reade, in all his victorye,
He snapt but hir for his owne share, to please his fantasie.
She was not fayre[1] God wot, the countreye breades none bright,
Well maye we iudge hir skinne the foyle, because hyr teeth were white.
Percase hyr louelye lookes, some prayses dyd deserue, [soyle did serue.
But browne I dare be bolde shee was, for so the
And could Antonius forsake the fayre in Rome?
To loue his nutbrowne Ladye best, was this an equall doome?
I dare well say dames there, did beare him deadly grudge, [had bene iudge.
His sentence had beene shortly sayde, if Faustine
For this I dare auow, (without vaunt be it spoke)
So braue a knight as Anthony, held al their necks in yoke;
I leaue not Lucrece out, beleeue in hir who lyst,
I thinke she would haue lik'd his lure, and stooped to his fist. [liking thus?
What mou'd the chieftain then, to tincke his
I would some Romaine dame were here, the question to discusse.
But that I read her life, do finde therein by fame,
How cleare hir curtesie dyd shine, in honour of hir name.
Hir bountie did excell, hir trueth had neuer pere,
Hir louely lokes, hir pleasant speech, hir lusty louing chere. [found,
And all the worthy giftes, that euer yet were
Within this good Egiptian Queene, dyd seeme for to abound.
Wherefore he worthy was, to win the golden fleece,
Which scornd the blasing starres in Rome, to conquere such a peece. [death,
And shee to quite his loue, in spite of dreadfull
Enshrinde with Snakes within his Tombe, did yeeld hir parting breath.

ALLEGORIA.

IF fortune fauord him, then may that man reioyce, [choice.
And thinke himself a happy man by hap of happy
Who loues and is belou'd of one as good, as true,
As kind as Cleopatra was, and yet more bright of hewe. [mylke,
Hir eyes as greye as glasse, hir teeth as white as
A ruddy lippe, a dimpled chyn, a skyn as smoth as silke.
A wight what could you more, that may content mannes minde,
And hath supplies for eu'ry want, that any man can finde. [passe,
And may him selfe assure, when hence his life shall
She wil be stong to death with snakes, as Cleopatra was.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

[1] She was an Egiptian.

THE PRAISE OF PHILIP SPARROW.

OF all the byrds that I doo know,
Philip my Sparrow hath no peere:
For sit she high, or lye she low,
Be she far off, or be she neere,
There is no byrd so faire, so fine,
Nor yet so fresh as this of mine.

Come in a morning merrily,
When Philip hath been lately fed,
Or in an evening soberly,
When Philip list to go to bed:
It is a heauen to heare my Phip,
How she can chirpe with cherry lip.

She never wanders far abrode,
But is at hand when I doo call,
If I command she layes on lode,
With lips, with teeth, with toong and all:
She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheere,
That I believe she hath no peere

And yet besides all this good sport,
My Philip can both sing and dance,
With new found toyes of sundry sort,
My Philip can both pricke and prance:
As if you say but fend cat phip,
Lord how the peat will turne and skip.

Hir fethers are so fresh of hew,
And so well prooued euery day,
She lacks none oile, I warrant you,
To trim hir taile both tricke and gay:
And though hir mouth be somewhat wide,
Hir tongue is sweete and short beside.

And for the rest I dare compare,
She is both tender, sweete and soft:
She never lacketh dainty fare,
But is well fed and feedeth oft:
For if my Phip haue best to eate,
I warrant you, Phip lacks no meate.

And then if that her meate be good,
And such as like do loue alway:
She will lay lips thereon by rood,
And see that none be cast away:
For when she once hath felt a fit,
Philip will cry still yet, yet, yet.

And to tell trueth he were to blame,
Which had so fine a bird as she.
To make him all this goodly game,
Without suspect or jellousie:
He were a churll and knewe no good,
Would see her faint for lacke of food.

Wherefore I sing and euer shall,
To prayse as I have often prou'd,
There is no byrd amongst them all,
So worthy for to be belou'd.
Let other prayse what byrd they will,
Sweet Phillip shall be my byrd still.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

FAREWEL WITH A MISCHIEFE.

Written by a Louer being disdainfullie abiected by a dame of high calling, who had chosen in his place a plaiefelowe of baser condition, and therefore he determined to steppe aside, and before his departing geveth her this Farewel in verse.

THY byrth, thy beuty, nor thy braue attyre
(Disdainful dame, which doest me double wrong)
Thy high estate which sets thy heart on fire,
Or new found choyce which cannot serue thee long
Shal make me dread with pen for to reherse,
Thy skittish deedes in thys my parting verse.

For why thou knowest, and I my selfe can tell
By many vowes how thou to me were bound,
And how for joye thy heart dyd seeme to swell,
And in delight how thy desires were drownde,
When of thy wyl the walles I did essayle,
Wherein fond fancie fought for myne avayle.

And though my mynde haue small delight to vaunt,
Yet must I vowe my heart to thee was true:
My hand was able always for to daunt [mewe,
Thy slandrous foes, and keepe their tongues in
My head (though dull) was yet of such deuice,
As might have kept thy name alwayes in price.

* * * * *

For thou hast caught a proper paragon,
A theefe, a coward, and a peacocke foole,
An asse, a milkesop, and a minion,
Which hath no oile thy furious flames to coole;
Such one is he, a pheare for thee most fit,
A wandring gest, to please thy wauering wit.

A theefe I count him because he robs us both,
Thee of thy name, and me of my delight:
A coward is he noted where he goeth,
Since euery child is match to him in might:
And for his pride no more but marke his plumes,
The which to pranke, he dayes and nights consumes.

The rest thy selfe in secret sort can judge,
He rides not me, thou knowest his saddle best:
And though these tricks of thine might make me grudge,
And kindle wrath in my reuenging brest,
Yet I my selfe, and not to please thy mind,
I stand content, my rage in rule to bind.

And far from thee now must I take my flight,
Where toongs may tell (and I not see) thy fall:
Where I may drinke these drugs of thy despight,
To purge my melancholike mind withall.
In secret so, my stomach will I sterue,
Wishing thee better than thou doost deserue.
Spreta tamen viuunt.

THE DOLE OF DISDAINE,

WRITTEN BY A LOUER DISDAINEFULLE REIECTED CONTRARY TO FORMER PROMISE.

THE deadly dreps of dark disdaine,
Which daily fall on my desart:
The lingring sute long spent in vaine,
Whereof I feele no fruite but smart,
Enforce me now these words to write
Not all for loue, but more for spite.

The which to the I must rehearse,
Whom I dyd honour, serue and trust.
And though the musicke of my verse,
Be plainsong tune both true and iust:
Content thee yet to here my song,
For els thou doest me doobble wrong.

I must alledge, and thou canst tell
How faithfully I vowed to serue,
And howe thou seemest to like me well:
And how thou saydest I did deserue,
To be thy Lord, thy Knight, thy King,
And how much more I list not sing.

And canst thou now (thou cruell one)
Condemne desert to deepe dispayre?
Is all thy promise past and gone?
Is fayth so fled into the ayre?
If that be so, what rests for me?
But thus in song to saye to thee.

If Cressydes name were not so knowen,
And written wide on euery wall:
If brute of pryde were not so blowen,
Upon Angelica[1] withall:
For hault disdayne thou mightst be she,
Or Cresside for inconstancie.

And in reward of thy desart,
I hope at last to see thee payd:
With deepe repentaunce for thy part,
Which thou hast now so lewedly playd.
Medoro hee must bee thy make,
Since thou Orlando doest for sake.

Such is the fruite that groweth alwaies,
Upon the roote of ripe disdaine:
Such kindly wages Cupide payes,
Where constant hearts cannot remaine,
I hope to see thee in such bandes,
When I may laugh and clappe my handes.

But yet for thee I must protest,
But sure the faulte is none of thine,
Thou art as true as is the best,
That euer came of Cressedes lyne:
For constant yet was neuer none,
But in vnconstancie alone.

Meritum petere, grauo.

MARS IN DESPITE OF VULCANE

WRITTEN FOR AN ABSENT LOUER (PARTED FROM HIS LADY BY SEA.)

Both deepe and dreadfull were the Seas,
Which held Leander from his loue,
Yet could no doubtes his mind appease,
Nor saue his life for hir behoue:
But guiltlesse bloud it selfe would spill,
To please the waues and worke his wyll.

O greedye gulfe, O wretched waues,
O cruell floods, O sinke of shames,
You holde true louers bound like slaues,
And keepe them from their worthy Dames:
Your open mouth gapes euermore,
Tyll one or both be drowned therefore.

For proofe whereof my selfe maye sing,
And shrich to pearce the loftye skies,
Whose Lady left me languishing,
Uppon the shoare in woofull wise.
And crost the Seas out of my sight,
Wherby I lost my chiefe delight.

She sayd that no such trustlesse flood,
Should keepe our loues (long time) in twayne:
She sware no bread shoulde doe hyr good,
Till she might see my selfe agayne.
She sayd and swore these wordes and mo.
But now I finde them nothing so.

What resteth then for me to doo,
Thou salte sea foome come saye thy mind?
Should I come drowne within thee to,
That am of true Leanders kind?
And headlong cast this corpes of mine,
Into this greedy guttes of thine.

[1] Angelica refusing the most famous knights in the whole worlde, chose at last Medoro a poore seruing man.

No cruel, but in spite of thee,
I will make Seas where earst were none,
My teares shall flowe in full degree,
Tyll all my myrth may ebbe to mone.
Into such droppes I meane to melt,
And in such Seas my selfe to swelt.

LENUOIE.

Yet you deere Dame for whome I fade,
Thus staruing still in wretched state:
Remember once your promise made,
Performe it now though all to late.
Come home to Mars who may you please,
Let Vulcane bide beyond the Seas.

Meritum petere, graue.

PATIENCE PERFORCE,

WHEREIN AN ABSENT LOUER DOTH THUS ENCOURAGE HIS LADY TO CONTINEW CONSTANT.

Content thy selfe with patience perforce:
And quenche no loue with droppes of darcke mistrust:
Let absence haue no power to diuorce,
Thy faithfull friend which meaneth to be iust.
Beare but a while thy constance to declare,
For when I come one ynche shall breake no square.

I must confesse that promise dyd me binde,
For to haue sene thy seemely selfe ere now:
And if thou knewest what griefes did gaule my minde,
Bicause I coulde not keepe that faithfull vowe.
My iust excuse, I can my selfe assure,
With lytle paine thy pardon might procure.

But call to minde how long Vlisses was,
In lingring absence, from his louing make:
And howe she deigned then hir dayes to passe,
In solitary silence for his sake.
Be thou a true Penelope to me,
And thou shalt sone thine owne Vlisses see.

What sayd I? sone? yea sone I saye againe,
I wyll come sone and soner if I maye:
Beleeue me nowe it is a pinching payne,
To thinke of loue, when louers are awaye.
Such thoughts I haue, and when I thinke on thee,
My thoughtes are there, whereas my bones would bee.

The longing lust which Priames sonne of Troye,
Had for to see his Cresside come againe:
Could not exceede the depth of mine anoye,
Nor seeme to passe the patterne of my payne.
I fryse in hope, I thaw in hote desire,
Farre from the flame, and yet I burne like fire.

Wherfore deare friend, thinke on the pleasures past,
And let my teares, for both our paines suffise:
The lingring ioyes, when as they come at last,
Are bet then those, which passe in posting wise.
And I my selfe, to prove this tale is true,
In hast, post hast, thy comfort will renew.

Meritum petere, graue.

A LETTER DEUISED FOR A YONG LOUER.

RECEIUE you worthy Dame, this rude and ragged verse, [nowe rehearse.
Ilend wylling eare vnto the tale, which I shall
And though my witlesse woordes might mooue you for to smile, [my stile.
Yet trust to that which I shal tel, and neuer marke
Amongst fiue hundreth Dames, presented to my view, [you.
I find most cause by due desert, to like the best of
I see your beautie such, as seemeth to suffice,
To binde my heart in linckes of loue, by iudgement of myne eyes. [desire,
And but your bounty quench, the coales of quicke
I feare that face of yours wyll set, ten thousand hearts on fire.
But bounty so aboundes, aboue al my desart,
As that I quake and shrinke for feare, to shewe you of my smart. [repent,
Yet since mine eye made choice, my hart shal not
But yeeld it self vnto your wyl, and therwith staud content. [not much,
God knowth I am not great, my power it is
The greater glorye shall you gaine, to shew your fauour suche.
And what I am or haue, all that I yeeld to you,
My hande and sworde shall serue alwayes, to proue my tongue is true.
Then take me for your owne, and so I wyl be still,
Beleeue me nowe, I make this vowe, in hope of your good wyll. [change,
Which if I may obtaine, God leaue me when I
This is the tale I meant to tell, good Lady be not strange.

Meritum petere, graue.

DAUIDS SALUTACIONS TO BERZABE

Wherein are three sonets in sequence, written vpon this occation. The deuiser hereof amongst other friendes had named a gentlewoman his Berzabe, and she was content to call him hir Dauid. The man presented his Lady with a booke of the Golden Asse, written by Lucius Apuleius, and in the beginning of the booke wrote this sequence. You must conferre it with the Historye of Apuleius, for else it wyll haue small grace.

THIS Apuleius was in Affricke borne,
And tooke delight to trauaile Thessaly,
As one that helde his natiue soyle in skorne,
In foraine coastes to feede his fantasie.
And such againe as wandring wits find out,
This yonker wonne by wyll and weary toyle,
A youth mispent, a doting age in doubt,
A body brusd with many a beastly broyle,
A presaunt pleasure passing on a pace,
And paynting plaine the path of penitence,
A frollicke fauour foyld with fowle disgrace,
When hoary heares should claime their reuerence.
Such is the fruite that growes on gadding trees,
Such kynd of mell most moueth busie Bees.

For Lucius he,

Esteeming more one ounce of present sport,
Than elders doe a pound of perfect wit:
First to the bowre of beautie doth resorte,
And there in pleasure passed many a fitte,
His worthie race he (recklesse) doth forget,
With small regarde in great affaires he reeles,
No counsell graue, nor good aduise can set
His braynes in brake that whirled still on wheeles.
For if Byrhena coulde haue helde him backe,
From Venus court where he nowe nusled was,
His lustie limmes had neuer founde the lacke
Of manlie shape: the figure of an Asse,
Had not bene blazed on his bloud and bones,
To wound his will with torments all attones.

But Fotis she,

Who sawe this Lording whitled with the cup
Of vaine delight, wherof he gan to tast:
Pourde out apace, and fillde the Mazor vp,
With drunken hole: yea after that in hast,
She greazde this guest with sause of Sorcerie,
And fedde his minde with knacks both queint and strange:
Le here the treazon and the trecherie
Of gadding girles, when they delight to range.
For Lucius thinking to become a foule,
Became a foole, yea more than that, an Asse,
A bobbing blocke, a beating stocke, an owle,
Well woondred at in place where he did passe:
And spent his time, his trauaile and his cost,
To purchase payne and all his labor lost.

Yet I pore I,

Who make of thee my Folys and my frende,
In like delight my youthfull yeares to spend:
Do hope thou wilt from such soure sause defend,

Dauid thy King.

Meritum petere graue.

SOONE ACQUAINTED, SOONE FORGOTTEN,

AS APPEARETH HERE BY AN VNCOURTEOUS FAREWEL TO AN INCONSTANT DAME.

IF what you want, you (wanton) had at will,
A stedfast minde, a faythfull louing heart:
If what you speake you woulde performe it still,
If from your worde your deede did not reuerte:
If youthfull yeares your thoughtes did not so rule,
As elder dayes may scorne your friendship fraile,
Your doubled fansie would not thus recule,
For peeuish pryde which nowe I must bewaile.
For Cresside faire did Troilus neuer loue,
More deare than I esteemde your freamed cheare,
Whose wauering wayes (since nowe I do them proue)
By true reporte this witnesse with me beare:
That if your friendship be not to deare bought,
The price is great that nothing giues for nought.

Meritum petere graue.

THE STEELE GLAS

A SATYRE COMPILED BY GEORGE GASCOIGNE ESQUIERE TOGETHER WITH THE COMPLAINTE OF PHYLOMENE. AN ELEGIE DEUISED BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

To the Right honorable his singuler good Lord, the L. Graye of Wilton, Knight of the most honorable order of the Garter, George Gascoigne Esquire wisheth long life, with encrease of honour, according to his great worthinesse.

Right honorable, noble, and my singuler good Lord: if mine abilitie were any way correspond-

ent to the iust desires of my hart, I should yet thinke all the same vnable to deserue the least part of your goodnesse: in that you haue alwayes deygned with chearfull looke to regard me, with affabylitie to heare me, with exceeding courtesy to vse me, with graue aduice to direct me, with apparant loue to care for me, and with assured assistance to protect me all which when I do remember, yet it stirreth in mee an exceeding zeale to deserue it: and that zeale begetteth bashefull dreade to performe it. The dread is ended in dolours, and yet those dolors reuived the very same affection, which first moued in me the desire to honour and esteeme you. For whiles I bewaile mine owne vnworthynesse, and therewithal do set before mine eies the lost time of my youth mispent, I seeme to see a farre off (for my comfort) the highe and triumphant vertue called *Magnanimitie* accompanied with industrious diligence. The first doth encourage my fainting harte, and the seconde doth begin (already) to employ my vnderstanding, for (alas my good Lord) were not the cordial of these two preicious spiceries, the carosyue of care would quickely confounde me.

I haue misgouerned my youth I confes it: what shal I doe then? shall I yeld to miserie as iust plague appointed for my portion? Magnanimity saith no, and industry seemeth to be of the verie same opinion. I am derided, suspected, accused, and condemned, yea more then that, I am rigorouslie reiected when I proffer amendes for my harme. Should I therfore dispaire? Shall I yeld vnto jellousie? or drowne my daies in idlenes because their beginning was bathed in wantonnes? Surelie my Lord, the magnanimitie of a noble mind will not suffer me, and the delightfulnes of diligence doeth vtterlie forbid me.

Shal I grudge to be reproued for that which I haue done indeede, when the sting of Emulation spared not to touche the worthie Scipio with most vntrue surmises? Yea Themistocles when he had deliuered all Greece from the huge host of Xerxes, was yet by his vnkinde Citizens of Athens expulsed from his owne, and constrained to seek fauor in the sight of his late professed enemie. But the magnanimitie of their minds was such, as neither could aduersitie ouercome them, nor yet the iniurious dealing of other men coulde kindle in their breastes anie least sparke of desire to seeke an vnhonorable reuenge. I haue loitered my L. I confesse, I haue lien streaking me like a lubber, when the sunne did shine, and now I striue all in vaine to lode the cart when it raineth. I regarded not my comelines in the Maimone of my youth and yet now I stande prinking mee in the glasse, when the Crowes foote is growen vnder mine eie. But what?

Aristotle spent his youth verie riotously, and Plato (by your leaue) in twenty of his youthful yeres, was no lesse addicted to delight in amorous verse, then he was after in his age paineful to write good precepts of moral Philosophie. What should I speake of Cato, who was old before he learned Latin letters, and yet became one of the greater Orators of his time? These examples are sufficient to proue that by Industrie and diligence anie perfection maie be attained, and by true magnanimitie all aduersities are easie to be endured. And to that end (my verie good L.) I doe here presume thus rudelie to rehearse them. For as I can be content to confesse the lightnes wherwith I haue bin in times past worthie to be burdened, so would I be gladde, if now when I am otherwise bent, my better indeuors might be accepted. But alas, I am not onelie enforced still to carie on my shoulders the crosse of my carefulnes, but therwithal I am also put to the plonge, to prouide new weapons wherwith I maie defend al heauie frownes, deep suspects, and dangerous detractions. And I finde my selfe so feeble, and so vnable to endure that combat, as (were not the cordials before rehearsed) I should either cast downe mine armoure, and hide my selfe like a recreant, or els (of a malicious stubburnes) should busie my braines with some stratagem for to execute an enuious reuenge vpon mine aduersaries. But neither will magnanimitie suffer me to become vnhonest, nor yet can Industry see me sinke in idlenes. For I haue learned in sacred scriptures to heape coles upon the heads of mine enemies by honest dealing, and our Sauiour himself hath encouraged me saieng I shal lacke nether worke nor seruice, although it were noone daies before I came into the Market place.

These things I saie (my singular good L.) doe renue in my troubled mind the same affection which first moued me to honor you, nothing doubting but that your fauourable eies will vouchsafe to behold me as I am, and neuer be so curious as to inquire what I haue bene. And in ful hope therof I haue presumed to present your honor with this satyre written without time, but I trust not without reason. And whatsoeuer it be I humblie dedicate it to your honorable name, beseeching the same to accept it with as gratious regard, as you haue in times past bin accustomed to behold my trauels. And my good L. though the skornful doe mock me for a time, yet in the end I hope to geue them all a rib of roste for their paines. And when the vertuous shal perceiue in deede how I am occupied, then shal detraction be no lesse ashamed to have falselie accused me, then light credence shal haue cause to repent his rash conceite: and grauitie the Judge shall not bee abashed to cancel the sentence vnjustlie pronounced in my condemnation. In mean while I remaine amongst my bookes at my house here at Walkamstow, where I praie dailie for the speedie aduancement, and continual prosperitie of your good Lordship. Written the 15th of April, 1576.

By your Honors most bounden and wel assured,
GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

N. R. IN COMMENDATION OF THE AUTHER, AND HIS WORKES.

In rousing verse of Mauors bloodie raigne,
The famous Greeke, and Maro did excel,
Graue Senec did surmount for tragic vaine
Quick Epigrams Catullis wrote as wel.
Aregilogus did for Iambics passe,
For commicke verse stil Plautus peereles was.

In Elegies and wanton loue writ laies,
Saunce peere were Naso and Tibullus deemde,
In Satyres sharpe as men of mickle praise,
Lucilius and Horace were esteemde,
Thus diuers men with diuers veines did write,
But Gascoigne doeth in euerie veine indite.

And what performance he thereof doth make
I list not vaunt, his works for me shal saie,
In praising him Tinantes trade I take,
Who when he should the woful cheare displaie
Duke Agamemnon had when he did waile
His daughters death with teares of small auaile.

Not skilde to countershape his mournful grace
That men might deeme what art could not supplie,
Deuisde with painted vaile to shroude his face
Like sort my pen shal Gascoignes praise discrie,
Which wanting grace his graces to reherse,
Doth shroude and cloude them thus in silent verse.

WALTER RAWELIE OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, IN COMMENDATION OF THE STEELE GLAS.

SWEET were the sauce would please each kind of tast
The life likewise were pure that neuer swerued,
For spiteful tongues in cankred stomacks plast,
Deem worst of things, which best percase deserued,
But what for that? this medicine maie suffice,
To scorne the rest, and seeke to please the wise.

Though sundrie mindes in sundrie sort doe deeme,
Yet worthiest wights yelde praise for euerie paine,
But enuious braines doe nought (or light) esteeme,
Such statelie steps as they cannot attaine:
For who so reapes renowne aboue the rest,
With heapes of hate, shall surelie be oppresst.

Wherefore to write my censure of this booke,
This Glasse of Steele vnpartiallie doth shewe,
Abuses all to such as in it looke,
From prince to poore, from high estate to lowe,
As for the verse, who lift like trade to trie,
I feare me much shall hardlie reach so hie.

NICHOLAS BOWYER IN COMMENDATION OF THIS WORKE.

FROM laies of loue to Satyres sadde and sage,
Our Poet turnes the trauaile of his time,
And as he pleasde, the veine of youthful age,
With pleasant pen, emploide in louing rime:
So now he seekes the grauest to delight,
With works of worth much better than they shew.
This glas of steele if it be markt aright
Discries the faults as wel of hie as lowe,
And Philomelas fourfold iust complaint
In sugred sound doth shroud a solemn sence
Gainst those whom lust or murder doth ataint
Loe this we see is Gascoignes good pretence,
To please al sorts with his praiseworthie skill,
Then yeld him thanks in signe of like good will.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

To vaunt were vaine, and flatter were a fault
But trueth to tell there is a sort of Fame
The which I seeke by science to assault,
And so to leaue remembrance of my name,
The wals wherof are wondrous hard to clime
And much too hie for ladders made of rime.

Then since I see that rimes can seldom reach
Vnto the top of such a statelie towre,
By reasons force I mean to make some breach
Which yet maie help my feble fainting power
That so at last my Muse maie enter in,
And reason rule, that rime could neuer win.

Such hatring tire this pamphlet here bewraies
In rimeles verse which thundreth mighty threts.
And where it finds that vice the wall decaies,
Even there amaine with sharpe rebukes it beates
The work think I deserues an honest name,
If not, I faile to winne this sort of Fame.
Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

THE STEELE GLAS.

THE Nightingale, whose happy noble hart,
No dole can daunt, nor fearefull force affright,
Whose chereful voice, doth comfort saddest wights,
When she hir self, hath little cause to sing,
Whom louers loue, bicause she plaines their greues,
She wraies their woes, and yet relieues their payne,
Whom worthy mindes, alwayes esteemed much,
And grauest yeares, haue not disdainde his notes:
(Only that king proud Tereus by his name
With murdring knife, did carue hir pleasant tong,
To couer so, his owne foule filthy fault)
This worthy bird, hath taught my weary Muze,
To sing a song, in spight of their despight,
Which worke my woe, withouten cause or crime,
And make my backe, a ladder for their feete,
By slaundrous steppes, and stayres of tickle talke
To clime the throne, wherin my selfe should sitte.
O Philomene, then help me now to chaunt:
And if dead beastes, or liuing byrdes haue ghosts,
Which can conceiue the cause of carefull mone,
When wrong triumphes, and right is ouertrodde,
Then helpe me now, O byrd of gentle bloud,
In barrayne verse, to telt a frutefull tale,
A tale (I meane) which may content the mindes
Of learned men, and graue Philosophers.

And you my Lord (whose happe hath heretofore
Bene, louingly to reade my reckles rimes,
And yet haue deigned, with fauor to forget
The faults of youth, which past my hasty pen:
And therwithall, haue graciously vouchsafte,
To yeld the rest, much more than they deservde)
Vouchsafe (lo now) to reade and to peruse, [mind.
This rimles verse, which flowes from troubled
Synce that the line, of that false caytife king,
(Which rauished fayre Philomene for lust,
And then cut out, her trustie tong for hate)
Liues yet (my Lord) which words I weepe to write.
They liue, they liue, (alas the worse my lucke)
Whose greedy lust, vnbridled from their brest,
Hath rauined long about the world so wyde
To finde a pray for their wide open mouthes,
And me they found, (O wofull tale to tell)
Whose harmelesse hart, perceivde not this deceit.

But that my Lord, may playnely vnderstand,
The mysteries, of all that I do meane,
I am not he whom slaunderous tongues haue tolde,
(False tongues in dede, and craftie subtile braines)
To be the man, which ment a common spoyle
Of louing dames, whose eares wold heare my words
Or trust the tales deuised by my pen.

In'am a man as some do thinke I am.
Laugh not good Lord) I am in dede a dame,
Or at the least, a right Hermaphrodite:
And who desires, at large to knowe my name,
My birth, my line, and euery circumstance,
Lo reade it here, Playne dealyng was my Syre,
And he begat me by Simplicitie[1],
A paire of twinnes at one selfe burden borne,
My Sist' and I, into this world were sent,
My Systers name, was pleasant Poesys
And I my selfe had Satyra to name[2],
Whose happe was such, that in the prime of youth,
A lusty ladde, a stately man to see,
Brought vp in place, where pleasures did abound,
(I dare not say, in court for both myne eares)
Beganne to woo my sister, not for wealth,
But for hir face was louely to beholde,
And therewithall, hir speeche was pleasant stil.
This Nobles name, was called Vayne Delight[3],
And in his trayne, he had a comely crewe
Of guylefull wights: False semblant was the first[4],
The second man was, Flearing flattery,
(Brethren by like, or very neare of kin)
Then followed them, Detraction and Deceite,
Sym Swash did beare a buckler for the first,
False witnesse was the second sternly page
And thus wel armd, and in good equipage,
This Galant came, vnto my fathers courte,
And woed my sister, for she elder was,
And fayrer eke, but out of doubt (at least)
Hir pleasant speech surpassed mine so much,
That Vayne Delight, to hir address his sute.
Short tale to make, she gaue a free consent,
And forth she goeth, to be his wedded mate[5],
Entyst percase, with glasse of gorgeous shewe,
(Or else perhappes, persuaded by his peeres)
That constant loue had herbord in his brest,
Such errors growe where suche false Prophets preach.

How so it were, my Syster likte him wel,
And forth she goeth, in Court with him to dwel,
Where when she had some yeeres ysoiorned,
And saw the world, and marked eche mans minde,
A deepe Desire hir louing hart enflamde,
To see me sit by hir in seemely wise,
That companye might comfort hir sometimes,
And sound advice might ease hir wearie thoughtes:
And forth with speede, (euen at hir first request)
Doth Vaine Delight, his hasty course direct,
To seeke me out his sayles are fully bent,
And winde was good, to bring me to the bowre,
Whereas she laye, that mourned days and nights
To see hir selfe, so matchte and so deceivde,
And when the wretch (I cannot terme him bet)
Had me on seas ful farre from friendly help,
A sparke of lust, did kindle in his brest,
And bad him harke, to songs of Satyra.
I selly soule (which thought no body harme)
Gan cleere my throte and straue to sing my best,
Which pleasde him so, and so enflamde his hart,

[1] Not ignorant symplicity but a thought free from deceite.

[2] Satyrical poetrye may rightly be called the daughter of such symplicitie.

[3] Where may be commonly found a meeter woer for plesant poetry than vaine Delight?

[4] Such men do many tymes attend vpon vaine Delight.

[5] Poetrie married to vain Delight.

That he forgot my sister Poesys,
And ravisht me, to please his wanton minde[6],
Not so content: when this foule fact was done,
(Yfraught with feare, least that I should disclose
His incest: and his doting darke desire)
He causde straight wayes, the formost of his crew[7]
With his compeare, to trie me with their tongues:
And when their guiles, could not prevaile to winne
My simple mynde, from tracke of trustie truth,
Nor yet deceyt could bleare mine eyes through fraud,
Came Slander then, accusing me, and sayde,
That I entist Delyght, to loue and luste. [none il.
Thus was I caught, poore wretch that thought
And furthermore, to cloke their own offence,
They clapt me faste, in cage of Myserie, [8]
And there I dwelt, full many a doleful day,
Vntil this theefe, this traytor vaine Delight,
Cut out my tong, with Raysor of Restraynte,
Least I should wraye, this bloody deede of his.

And thus (my Lord) I liue a weary life [9],
Not as I seemd, a man sometimes of might,
But womanlike, whose teares must venge her harms.
And yet, euen as the mighty gods disdaine
For Philomele, that thoughe hir tong were cutte,
Yet should she sing a pleasant note sometimes:
So haue they deigned, by their deuine decrees,
That with the stumps of my reproued tong,
I may sometimes, Reprouers deedes reproue,
And sing a verse, to make them see themselues.

Then thus I sing, this selly song by night
Like Philomene, since that the shining Sunne
Is now eclypst, which wont to lend me light.
And thus I sing, in corner closely cowcht
Like Philomene, since that the stately courts,
Are now no place, for such poore byrds as I.
And thus I sing, with pricke against my brest
Like Philomene, since that the priuy worme,
Which makes me see my reckles youth mispent,
May well suffise, to keep me waking still.

And thus I sing, when pleasant spring begins,
Like Philomene, since euery tangling byrd,
Which squeaketh loude, shall neuer triumph so,
As though my muze were mute and durst not sing.

And thus I sing, with harmelesse true intent,
Like Philomene, when as percase (meane while)
The Cuckowe suckes mine eggs by foule deceit,
And lickes the sweet, which might have fed me first.

And thus I moane, in mournfull wise to sing,
A rare conceit, (God graunt it like my Lorde)
A trustie tune, from auncient clyffes conueyed,
A playne song note, which cannot warble well.

For whyles I mark this weak and wretched world [10],
Wherin I see, howe euery kind of man
Can flatter still, and yet deceiues himselfe.
I seeme to muse, from whence such errour springs,

[6] Satyrical Poetry is sometimes rauished by vayne Delight.

[7] False semblant and flatterie can seldome beguile satirical Poetrye.

[8] The reward of busy medling is Miserie.

[9] Note now and compare this allegory to the story of Progne and Philomele.

[10] Here the substance of them beginneth.

Such grosse conceits, such mists of darke mistake,
Such Surcuydry [11], such weening ouer well,
And yet in dede, such dealings too too badde.
And as I stretch my weary wittes, to weighe
The cause therof, and whence it should proceede,
My battred braynes, (which now be shrewdly brusde
With cannon shot, of much misgouernment)
Can spye no cause, but onely one conceite,
Which makes me thinke, the world goeth stil awry.

I see and sigh, (bycause it makes me sadde)
That peuishe pryde, doth al the world possesse,
And euery wight, will haue a looking glasse
To see himselfe, yet so he seeth him not:
Yea shal I say? a glasse of common glasse,
Which glistreth bright, and shewes a seemely shew,
Is not enough, the days are past and gon,
That Berral glasse, with foyles of louely brown,
Might serue to shew, a seemely fauord face.
That age is deade, and vanisht long ago,
Which thought that steele, both trusty was and true
And needed not, a foyle of contraries,
But shewde al things, euen as they were in deede.
In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
The christal glas, which glimseth braue and bright,
And shewes the thing, much better farr than it,
Beguylde with foyles, of sundry subtil sights,
So that they seeme, and couet not to be.

This is the cause (beleue me now my Lorde)
That Realmes do rewe, from high prosperity.
That kings decline, from princely gouernment,
That Lords do lacke, their auncestors good wil,
That knights consume, their patrimonie still,
That gentlemen, do make the merchant rise,
That plowmen begge, and craftesmen cannot thriue,
That clergie quayles, and hath smal reuerence,
That laymen liue, by mouing mischief stil,
That courtiers thriue, at letter Lammas day,
That officers, can scarce enrich their heyres,
That Soldiours sterve, or prech at Tiborne crosse,
That lawyers buye, and purchase deadly hate,
That merchants clyme, and fal againe as fast,
That roysters brag, aboue their betters rome,
That sicophants, are counted idly guests,
That Lais leades a Ladies life alofte,
And Lucrece lurkes, with sobre bashful grace.

This is the cause (or else my Muze mistakes)
That things are thought, which neuer yet were wrought
And castels buylt, aboue in lofty skies,
Which neuer yet, had good foundation.
And that the same may seme no feined dreame,
But words of worth, and worthy to be wayed,
I haue presumde, my Lord for to present
With this poore glasse, which is of trustie Steele,
And came to me, by wil and testament
Of one that was, a Glassemaker in deede.

Lucylius [12], this worthy man was namde,
Who at his death, bequeathd the christel glasse,
To such as loue, to seme but not to be,
And vnto those, that loue to see themselues,
How foule or fayre, soeuer that they are,
He gan bequeath a glasse of trustie Steele,
Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,

[11] Overweening conceit, from the French. *C.*
[12] A famous old satyrical Poete.

Bycause it shewes, all things in their degree.
And since myselfe (now pride of youth is past)
Do loue to be, and let al seeming passe,
Since I desire, to see my selfe in deed,
Not what I would, but what I am or should,
Therfore I like this trustie glasse of Steele.

Wherin I see, a frolike fauor frounst [13]
With foule abuse, of lawlesse lust in youth:
Wherein I see, a Sampsons grim regarde
Disgraced yet with Alexanders beарde [14]:
Wherein I see, a corps of comely shape
(And such as might beseeme the courte full wel)
Is cast at heele, by courting al to soone:
Wherein I see, a quick capacitie [15],
Berayde with blots of hight Inconstancie:
An age suspect, bycause of youthes misdeedes,
A poets brayne, posseste with layes of loue:
A Cæsars minde, and yet a Codrus might,
A Souldiours hart, suppresst with feareful doomes
A Philosopher, foolishly fordone.
And to be playne, I see myselfe so playne,
And yet so much vnlike that most I seemde,
As it were not, that Reason ruleth me,
I should in rage, this face of mine deface,
And cast this corps, downe headlong in dispaire,
Bycause it is, so farre vnlike it selfe.

And therewithal, to comfort me againe,
I see a world, of worthy gouernment,
A common welth, with policy so rulde,
As neither lawes are sold, nor iustice bought,
Nor riches sought, unlesse it be by right,
No crueltie, nor tyrannie can raigne,
No right reuenge, doth rayse rebellion,
No spoyles are tane, although the sword preuaile,
No ryot spends, the coyne of common welth,
No rulers hoard, the countries treasure vp,
No man growes riche, by subtilty nor sleight:
All people dreade, the magistrates decree,
And al men feare, the scourge of mighty loue.
Lo this (my lord) may wel deserue the name,
Of such a land, as milke and hony flowes.
And this I see, within my glasse of Steel,
Set forth euen so, by Solon (worthy wight)
Who taught king Crœsus, what it is to seme,
And what to be, by proofe of happie end.
The like Lycurgus, Lacedemon king,
Did set to shew, by viewe of this my glasse,
And left the same, a mirrour to behold,
To euery prince, of his posterity.

But now (aye me) the glasing christal glasse (rych,
Doth make us thinke, that realmes and townes are
Where fauor sways, the sentence of the law,
Where al is fishe, that cometh to the net,
Where mighty power, doth ouer rule the right,
Where iniuries, do foster secret grudge,
Where bloudy sword, makes euery booty prize,
Where banquetting, is compted comly cost,
Where officers grow rich by princes pens,
Where purchase comes by couin and deceit,
And no man dreads, but he that cannot shift,
Nor none serue God, but only tong tide men.
Againe I see, within my glasse of Steele,
But some estates, to serue eche country soyle,

[13] The authior himselfe.
[14] Alexander Magnus had but a small beard.
[15] He which will rebuke other mens faults, shal doo wel not to forget hys owne imperfections.

The King, the Knight, the Pesant, and the Priest.
The King should care for al the subjects still,
The Knight should fight, for to defende the same,
The Peasant he, should labour for their ease,
And Priests should pray, for them and for themselues.

But out alas, such mists do bleare our eyes,
And christal glasse, doth glister so therwith,
That Kings conceiue, their care is wonderous great
When as they beat, their busie restles braynes,
To maintaine pompe, and high triumphant sights,
To fede their fil, of daintie delicates,
To glad their harts, with sight of pleasant sportes,
To fil their eares, with sound of instruments,
To breake with bit, the hot coregious horse, [gold,
To deck their handes, with sumpteous cloth of
To cloth themselues, with silkes of straunge deuise,
To search the rocks, for pearles and pretious stones,
To delue the grounde, for mines of glistering gold:
And neuer care, to maynteine peace and rest,
To yeld relicfe, where neady lacke appears,
To stop one eare, vntil the poore man speake,
To seme to sleepe, when Iustice still doth wake,
To gard their lands, from sodaine sword and fier
To feare the cries of giltles suckling babes, [bloud,
Whose ghosts may cal, for vengeance on their
And stirre the wrath, of mightie thundring Ioue.

I speake not this, by any englishe king, o
Nor by our Queene, whose high forsight prouids.
That dyre debate, is fledde to foraine Realmes,
Whiles we enjoy the golden fleece of peace.
But there to turn my tale, from whence it came,
In olden dayes, good kings and worthy dukes,
(Who sawe themselues in glasse of trusty Steele)
Contented were, with pompes of little pryce,
And set their thoughtes, on regal gouernement.

An order was, when Rome did flourish most,
That no man might triumph in stately wise,
But such as had, with blowes of bloudy blade
Five thousand foes in foughten field foredone[16].
Now he that likes, to loke in Christal glasse,
May see proud pomps, in high triumphant wise,
Where neuer blowe, was delt with enemie.

When Sergius, deuised first the meane
To pen up fishe, within the swelling floud,
And so content his mouth with daintie fare,
Then followed fast, excesse on Princes bordes,
And euery dish, was chargde with new conceits,
To please the taste, of vncontented mindes.
But had he seene, the strein of straunge deuise,
Which Epicures, do now adayes inuent,
To yeld good smacke, vnto their daintie tongues:
Could he conceiue, how princes paunch is fillde
With secret cause, of sickenesse (oft) vnseene,
Whiles lust desires, much more than nature craues,
Then would he say, that al the Romane cost
Was common trash, compard to sundrie Sauce
Which princes vse, to pamper Appetite.

O Christal Glasse, thou settest things to shew,
Which are (God knoweth) of little worth in dede.
Al eyes behold, with eagre deep desire,
The Faulcon flye, the greyhounde runne his course,
The bayted Bul, the Beare at stately stake,
These Enterluds, these new Italian sportes,
And euery gawde, that glads the minde of man:

[16] Val. Max. lib. 2. cap. 3.

But fewe regard, their needy neighbours lacke
And fewe beholde, by contemplation,
The ioyes of heauen, ne yet the paines of hel,
Few loke to lawe, but al men gaze on lust.

A swete consent, of Musicks sacred sound,
Doth rayse our mindes (as rapt) al vp on high,
But sweeter soundes, of concorde, peace, and loue,
Are out of tune, and iarre in euery stoppe.

To tosse and turne, the sturdie trampling stede,
To bridle him, and make him meete to serue,
Deserues (no doubt) great commendation.
But such as haue, their stables ful yfraught,
With pampred Iades, ought therewithal to wey,
What great excesse, vpon them may be spent,
How many pore, (which nede nor brake nor bit)
Might therwith al, in godly wise be fedde,
And kings ought not, so many horse to haue.

The sumpteous house, declares the princes state,
But vaine excesse, bewrayes a princes faults.

Our bumbast hose, our treble double ruffes,
Our sutes of Silke, our comely garded capes,
Our knit silke stockes, and spanish lether shoes,
(Yea velvet serues, oft times to trample in)
Our plumes, our spangs, and al our queint aray,
Are pricking spurres, prouoking filthy pride,
And snares (vnseen) which leade a man to hel.

How liue the Moores, which spurne at glistring perle,
And scorne the costs, which we do hold so deare?
How? how but wel? and weare the precious pearle
Of peerlesse truth, amongst them published,
(Which we enjoy, and neuer wey the worth.)
They would not then, the same (like vs) despise,
Which (though they lacke) they liue in better wise
Than we, which holde, the worthles pearle so deare.
But glittring gold, which many yeares lay hidde,
Til gredy mindes, gan search the very guts
Of earth and clay, to finde out sundrie moulds
(As redde and white, which are by melting made
Bright gold and silver, mettals of mischiefe)
Hath now enflamde, the noblest Princes harts
With foulest fire, of filthy Auarice,
And seldome seene, that kings can be contente
To kepe their bounds, which their forefathers left
What causeth this, but greedy gold to get?
Euen gold, which is, the very cause of warres,
The neast of strife, and nourice of debate,
The barre of heauen, and open way to hel.

But is this strange? when Lords when Knights and Squires
(Which ought defende, the state of common welth)
Are not afrayd to couet like a King?
O blinde desire: oh high aspiring harts.
The country Squire, doth couet to be Knight,
The Knight a Lord, the Lord an Erle or a Duke,
The Duke a King, the King would Monarke be,
And none content, with that which is his own.
Yet none of these, can see in Christal glasse
(Which glistereth bright, and bleares their gasing eyes)
How euery life, beares with him his disease.
But in my glasse, which is of trustie steele.
I can perceiue, how kingdomes breede but care,
How Lordship liues, with lots of lesse delight,
(Though cappe and knee, do seeme a reuerence,

And courtlike life, is thought an other heauen)
Than common people finde in euery coast.

The Gentleman, which might in countrie keepe
A plenteous boorde, and feed the fatherlesse,
With pig and goose, with mutton, beefe and veale,
(Yea now and then, a capon and a chicke)
Wil breake vp house, and dwel in market townes,
A loytring life, and like an Epicure.

But who (meane while) defends the common welth?
Who rules the flocke, when shepherds are so fled?
Who stayes the staff, which shuld vphold the state?
Forsoth, good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in,
Nay rather leapes, both ouer hedge and ditch,
And rules the rost, but fewe men rule by right.

O Knights, O Squires, O Gentle blouds yborne,
You were not borne, al onely for your selues:
Your countrie claymes, some part of al your paines. [toyle,
There should you liue, and therin should you
To hold vpright, and banish cruel wrong,
To helpe the pore, to bridle backe the riche,
To punish vice, and vertue to aduance,
To see God serude, and Belzebub suppresst.
You should not trust, lieftenaunts in your rome,
And let them sway, the sceptre of your charge,
Whiles you (meane while) know scarcely what is don,
Nor yet can yeld, accompt if you were callde.

The stately lord, which woonted was to kepe
A courte at home, is now come vp to courte,
And leaues the country for a common prey,
To pilling, polling, brybing, and deceit:
(At which his presence might haue pacified,
Or else haue made offenders smel the smoke.)
And now the youth which might haue serued him,
In comely wise, with countrey clothes yclad,
And yet therby bin able to preferre
Vnto the prince, and there to seke aduance:
Is faine to sell, his landes for courtly cloutes,
Or else sits still, and liueth like a loute.
(Yet of these two, the last fault is the lesse:)
And so those imps which might in time haue sprong
Alofte (good lord) and serude to shielde the state,
Are either nipt, with such vntimely frosts,
Or else growe crookt, bycause they be not proynd.

These be the Knights, which shold defend the land,
And these be they, which leaue the land at large.
Yet here percase, it wil be thought I roue
And runne astray, besides the kings high way,
Since by the Knights, of whom my text doth tell
(And such as shew, most perfect is my glasse)
Is ment no more, but worthy Souldiours
Whose skil in armes, and long experience
Should still vphold the pillers of the worlde.
Yes out of doubt, this noble name of Knight,
May comprehend, both Duke, Erle, Lorde, Knight, Squire,
Yea gentlemen, and euery gentle borne.

But if you wil, constraine me for to speake
What souldiours are, or what they ought to be
(And I my selfe, of that profession)
I see a crew, which glister in my glasse,
The brauest bande, that euer yet was sene:
Behold behold, where Pompey comes before,
Where Manlius, and Marius insue,
Æmilius, and Curius I see,
Palamedes, and Fabius Maximus,
And eke their mate, Epaminondas loe,
Protesilaus and Phocyan are not farre,
Pericles stands, in raneke amongst the rest,
Aristomenes, may not be forgot,
Vnlesse the list, of good men be disgrast.

Behold (my lord) these souldiours can I spie
Within my glasse, within my true Steele glasse.
I see not one therin, which seekes to heape
A world of pence, by pinching of dead payes
And so beguiles, the prince in time of nede,
When muster day, and foughten fielde are odde.
Since Pompey did, enrich the common heaps,
And Paulus he, (Æmilius surnamed)
Returnde to Rome, no richer than he went,
Although he had, so many lands subdued,
And brought such treasure, to the common chests,
The fourscore yeres, the state was (after) free
From greuous taske, and imposition.
Yea since againe, good Marcus Curius,
Thought sacrilege, himselfe for to aduaunce,
And see his souldiours, pore or liue in lacke.

I see not one, within this glasse of mine,
Whose fethers flaunt, and flicker in the winde,
As though he were, all onely to be markt,
When simple snakes, which go not halfe so gay,
Can leaue him yet a furlong in the field:
And when the pride, of all his peacockes plumes,
Is daunted downe, with dastard dreadfulnesse.
And yet in towne, he ietteth euery streete,
As though the god of warres (euen Mars himself)
Might wel (by him) be liuely counterfayte,
Though much more like, the coward Constantine.
I see none such (my Lorde) I see none such,
Since Phocion, which was in deede a Mars
And one which did, much more than he wold
Contented was to be but homely clad. [vaunt,
And Marius, (whose constant hart could bide
The very vaines, of his forwearied legges
To be both cut, and carued from his corps)
Could neuer yet, contented be to spend,
One idle groate, in clothing nor in cates.

I see not one, (my Lord) I see not one
Which stands so much, vpon his painted sheath
(By cause he hath, perchaunce at Bolleyn bene
And loytered, since then in idlenesse)
That he accompts, no Soldiour but himselfe,
Nor one that can, despise the learned brayne,
Which joyneth reading with experience.
Since Palamedes, and Vlisses both,
Were much esteemed for their pollicies
Although they were not thought long trained men.
Epamynondas, eke was much esteemde,
Whose Eloquence, was such in all respects,
As gaue no place, vnto his manly hart.
And Fabius, surnamed Maximus,
Could ioyne such learning, with experience,
As made his name, more famous than the rest.

These bloody beasts, apeare not in my glasse,
Which cannot rule, their sword in furious rage,
Nor haue respeete, to age nor yet to kinde:

But downe goeth al, where they get vpper hand,
Whose greedy harts so hungrie are to spoyle,
That few regard, the very wrath of God,
Which greeued is, at cries of giltlesse bloud,
Pericles was, a famous man of warre,
And victor eke, in nine great foughten fields,
Whereof he was the general in charge.
Yet at his death he rather did reioyce
In clemencie, than bloudy victorie.
Be still (quoth he) you graue Athenians,
(Who whispered, and tolde his valiant facts)
You haue forgot, my greatest glorie got,
For yet (by me, nor mine occasion)
Was neuer sene, a mourning garment worne.
O noble words, wel worthy golden writ.
Beleue me (Lord) a soldiour cannot haue
Too great regarde, wheron his knife should cut.

Ne yet the men, which wonder at their wounds,
And shewe their skarres to euery commer by,
Dare once be seene, within my glasse of Steele,
For so the faults, of Thraso and his trayne,
(Whom Terence told, to be but bragging brutes)
Might sone appeare, to euery skilful eye.
Bolde Manlius, could close and wel convey
Ful thirtie wounds, (and three) vpon his head,
Yet neuer made, nor bowes nor bragges therof.

What should I speake of drunken Soldiours?
Or lechers lewde, which fight for filthy lust?
Of whom that one, can sit and bybbe his fil,
Consume his coyne (which might good corage yeld,
To such as march, and moue at his commaunde)
And makes himselfe, a worthy mocking stocke
Which might deserue (by sobre life) great laude.
That other dotes, and drieth forth his dayes
In vaine delight, and foule concupiscence,
When works of weight, might occupie his hedde.
Yea therwithal, he puts his owne fonde heade
Vnder the belt, of such as should him serue,
And so becoms, example of much euil,
Which should haue servde, as lanterne of good life:
And is controlde, wheras he should commaund.
Augustus Ceesar, he which might haue made
Both feasts and banquets brauely as the best,
Was yet content (in campe) with homely cates,
And seldome drank his wine unwatered.
Aristomenes, dayned to defende
His dames of prize, whom he in warres had won,
And rather chose, to die in their defence,
Then filthy men, should foyle their chastitie.
This was a night, wel worthy fame and prayse.

O Captayns come, and Souldiours come apace,
Behold my glasse, and you shall see therin,
Proud Crassus bagges, consumde by couetise,
Great Alexander, drounde in drunkennesse,
Ceesar and Pompey, spilt with priuy grudge,
Brennus beguild, with lightnesse of beliefe,
Cleomenes, by ryot not regarded,
Vespasian, disdayned for deceit,
Demetrius, light set for by his lust,
Wherby at last he dyed in prison pent.

Hereto percase, some one man will alledge,
That Princes pence, are pursed up so close,
And faires do fall so seldome in a yeare,
That when they come, prouision must be made
To fende the frost, in hardest winter nights.

Indeede I finde, within this glasse of mine,
Justinian, that proude vngrateful prince,
Which made to begge, bold Belisarius
His trustie man, which had so stoutly fought
In his defence, with euery enimy.
And Scypio, condemnes the Romaine rule,
Which suffred him (that had so truely serued)
To leade pore life, at his (Lynternum) ferme,
Which did deserue, such worthy recompence.
Yea herewithal, most Souldiours of our time,
Beleeve for truth, that proude Justinian
Did neuer die, without good store of heyres.
And Romanes race, cannot be rooted out,
Such yssence springs, of such vnpiesant budds.

But shal I say? this lesson learne of me,
When drums are dumb, and sound not dub a dub,
Then be thou eke, as mewt as a mayde
(I preach this sermon but to souldiours)
And learn to liue, within thy bravries bounds.
Let not the Mercer, put thee by the sleeue
For sutes of silke, when cloth may serue thy turne,
Let not thy scores, come robbe thy needy purse,
Make not the catchpol, rich by thine arrest.

Art thou a Gentle? liue with gentle friendes,
Which wil be glad, thy companie to haue,
If manhoode may, with manners well agree.
Art thou a serving man? then serue againe,
And stint to steale as common souldiours do.

Art thou a craftsman? take thee to thine arte,
And cast off slouth, which loytreth in the Campes.
Art thou a plowman pressed for a shift?
Then learne to clout, thine old cast cobled shoes,
And rather bide, at home with barly bread,
Than learne to spoyle, as thou hast seen some do.

Of truth (my friendes, and my companions eke)
Who lust, by warres to gather lawful welth,
And so to get, a right renoumed name,
Must cast aside, al common trades of warre,
And learne to liue, as though he knew it not.

Well, thus my Knight hath held me al to long,
Bycause he bare, such compasse in my glasse.
High time were then, to turne my wery pen,
Vnto the Peasant comming next in place.
And here to write, the summe of my conceit,
I do not meane, alonely husbandmen,
Which till the ground, which dig, delve, mow, and sowe, [snort,
Which swinke and sweate, whiles we do sleepe and
And serch the guts of earth, for greedy gain,
But he that labours any kind of way,
To gather gaines, and to enrich himselfe,
By King, by Knight, by holy helping Priests,
And al the rest, that liue in common welth,
(So that his gaines, by greedy guyles be got)
Him can I compt, a Peasant in his place.
Al officers, all aduocates at lawe,
Al men of arte, which get goodes greedily,
Must be content, to take a Peasants rome.

A strange deuise, and sure my Lord wil laugh,
To see it so, desgested in degrees.
But he which can, in office drudge, and droy,
And craue of al, (although euen now a dayes,
Most officers, commaund that should be cravde)
He that can share from euery pention payde
A Peeter peny weying halfe a pounde,
He that can plucke, sir Bennet by the sleeue,
And finde a fee, in his pluralitie,
He that can winke at any foule abuse,

As long as gaines, come trayling in therwith,
Shal such come see themselues in this my glasse?
Or shal they gaze, as godly good men do?
Yea let them come: but shal I tell you one thing?
How ere their gownes, be gathred in the backe,
With organe pipes, of old king Henries clampe,
How ere their cappes, be folded with a flappe,
How ere their beards, be clipped by the chinne,
How ere they ride, or mounted are on mules,
I compt them worse, than harmless homely hindes,
Which toyle in dede, to serue our common vse.

Strange tale to tel: all officers be blynde,
And yet their one eye, sharpe as Linceus sight,
That one eye winks, as though it were but blynd,
That other pries and peekes in euery place.
Come naked neede? and chance to do amisse?
He shal be sure, to drinke vpon the whippe.
But priuie gaine, (that bribing busie wretch)
Can finde the meanes, to creepe and couch so low,
As officers, can neuer see him slyde,
Nor heare the trampling of his stealing steppes.
He comes (I thinke) vpon the blinde side stil.

These things (my Lord) my glasse now sets to show,
Whereas long since, all officers were seene
To be men made, out of another moulde.
Epamynond, of whom I spake before
(Which was long time, an officer in Thebes)
And toylde in peace, as wel as fought in warre,
Would neuer take, or bribe, or rich reward.
And thus he spake, to such as sought his helpe:
If it be good, (quoth he) that you desire,
Then wil I do it, for the vertues sake:
If it be badde, no bribe can me infecte.
If so it be, for this my common weale,
Then am I borne, and bound by duetie both
To see it done, withouten furder words.
But if it be, vnprofitable thing,
And might empaire, offende, or yeld anoy
Vnto the state, which I pretende to stay,
Then al the gold (quoth he) that growes on earth
Shal neuer tempt, my free consent thereto.

How many now, wil treade Zeleucus steps?
Or who can byde, Cambyses cruel dome?
Cruel? nay iust, (yea softe and peace good sir)
For Iustice sleepes, and Troth is iested out.
O that al kings, would (Alexander like)
Hold euermore, one finger streight stretcht out,
To thrust in eyes, of all their master theeues[17].
But Brutus died, without posteritie,
And Marcus Crassus had none issue male,
Cicero slipt, vnsene out of this world,
With many mo, which pleaded romaine pleas[18],
And were content, to vse their eloquence,
In maintenance, of matters that were good.
Demosthenes, in Athens vsde his arte,
(Not for to heape, himselfe great hourds of gold
But) stil to stay, the towne from deepe deceite
Of Philips wyles, which had besieged it.
Where shal we reade, that any of these foure
Did euer pleade, as carelesse of the trial?
Or who can say, they builded sumptcously?
Or wroong the weake, out of his own by wyles?
They were (I trowe) of noble houses borne,
And yet content, to use their best deuoire,
In furdering, eche honest harmelesse cause.

They did not rowte (like rude ynringed swine)
To roote nobilitie from heritage.
They stoode content, with gaine of glorious fame,
(Bycause they had, respect to equitie)
To leade a life, like true Philosophers.
Of all the bristle bearded Aduocates
That euer lorde their fees aboue the cause,
I cannot see (scarce one) that is so bolde
To shewe his face, and fayned Phisnomie
In this my glasse: but if he do (my Lorde)
He shewes himselfe, to be by uery kinde
A man which meanes, at euery time and tide,
To do smal right, but sure to take no wrong.

And master Merchant, he whose trauail ought
Commodiously, to doe his countrie good,
And by his toyle, the same for to enriche,
Can finde the meane, to make Monopolyes
Of euery ware, that is accompted strange.
And feeds the vaine, of courtiers vaine desires
Vntil the court, haue courtiers cast at heele,
" Quia non habent vestes Nuptrales."

O painted fooles, whose hairbrainde heads must haue
More clothes attones, than might become a king:
For whom the rocks, in forain realmes must spin,
For whom they carde, for whom they weaue their webbes
For when no wool, appeareth fine enough,
(I speake not this by english courtiers
Since english wool, was euer thought most worth)
For whom al seas, are tossed to and fro,
For whom these purples come from Persia,
The crimosine, and liuely red from Inde:
For whom soft silks, do sayle from Sericane,
And al queint costs, do come from fardest coasts:
Whiles in meane while, that worthy Emperour,
Which rulde the world, and had all welth at wil,
Could be content, to tire his wearie wife,
His daughters and, his nieces everychone,
To spin and worke the clothes that he shuld weare,
And neuer carde, for silks or sumpteous cost,
For cloth of gold, or tinsel figurie,
For Baudkin, broydrie, cutworks, nor conceits.
He set the shippes, of merchantmen on worke,
With bringing home, oyle, graine, and savrie salt
And such like wares, as serued common vse.

Yea for my life, those merchants were not woont
To lend their wares, at reasonable rate,
(To gaine no more, but Cento per cento)
To teach yong men, the trade to sel browne paper,
Yea Morrice bells, and byllets too sometimes,
To make their coyne, a net to catch yong frye.
To binde such babes, in father Derbies bands,
To stay their steps, by statute Staples staffe,
To rule yong roysters, with Recognisance,
To read Arithmeticke once euery day,
In Woodstreat, Bredstreat, and in Pultery [house
Where such schoolmaisters keepe their counting
To fede on bones, when flesh and fell is gon,
To keepe their byrds, ful close in caytiues cage,
(Who being brought, to libertie at large, [shine
Might sing perchaunce, abroade, when sunne doth
Of their mishaps, and how their fethers fel)
Vntil the canker may their corpse consume.

These knackes (my lord) I cannot cal to minde
Bycause they showe not in my glasse of steele.
But holla: here, I see a wondrous sight,

[17] False judges. [18] Advocates.

I see a swarme, of Saints within my glasse:
Beholde, behold, I see a swarme in deede
Of holy Saints, which walke in comely wise,
Not deckt in robes, nor garnished with gold,
But some vnshod, yea some ful thinly clothde,
And yet they seme, so heauenly for so see,
As if their eyes, were al of Diamonds,
Their face of Rubies, Saphires and Iacinets,
Their comly beards, and heare, of siluer wiers.
And to be short, they seeme Angelycall.
What should they be, (my Lord) what should they be?

O gratious God, I see now what they be.
These be my priests, which pray for evry state,
These be my priests, deuorced from the world,
And wedded yet, to heauen and holynesse,
Which are not proude, nor couet to be riche.
Which go not gay, nor fede on daintie foode,
Which enuie not, nor knowe what malice meanes,
Which loth all lust, disdayning drunkenesse,
Which cannot faine, which hate hypocrisie.
Which neuer sawe, Sir Simonies deceits.
Which preach of peace, which carpe contentious,
Which loyter not, but labour al the yeare,
Which thunder threts, of Gods most greuous wrath,
And yet do teach, that mercie is in store.

Lo these (my Lord) be my good praying priests,
Descended from Melchysedec by line
Cosens to Paule, to Peter, James, and John,
These be my priests, the seasning of the earth
Which wil not leese, their savrinesse, I trowe.
Not one of these (for twenty hundreth groats)
Wil teach the text, that byddes him take a wife,
And yet be combred with a concubine.
Not one of these, wil reade the holy write
Which doth forbid, all greedy usurie,
And yet receiue, a shilling for a pounde.
Not one of these, wil preach of patience,
And yet be found, as angry as a waspe.
Not one of these, can be content to sit
In Tauerns, Innes, or Alehouses all day,
But spends his time, devoutly at his booke.
Not one of these, wil rayle at rulers wrongs,
And yet be blotted, with extortion.
Not one of these, wil paint out worldly pride,
And he himselfe, as gallaunt as he dare.
Not one of these, rebuketh auarice,
And yet procureth, ploude pluralities,
Not one of these, reproueth vanitie
(Whiles he himselfe, with hauke upon his fist
And houndes at heele) doth quite forget his text.
Not one of these, corrects contentions,
For trifling things: and yet wil sue for tythes.
Not one of these (not one of these my Lord)
Wil be ashamde, to do euen as he teacheth.
My priests haue learnt, to pray vnto the Lord,
And yet they trust not in their lyplabour.
My priests can fast, and vse al abstinence,
From vice and sinne, and yet refuse no meats.
My priests can giue, in charitable wise,
And loue also, to do good almes dedes,
Although they trust, not in their owne deserts.
My priestes can place, all penaunce in the hart,
Without regard, of outward ceremonies.
My priests can keepe, their temples vndefyled,
And yet defie, all Superstition.

Lo now my Lorde, what thinke you by my priests?
Although they were, the last that shewed themselues,
I said at first, their office was to pray,
And since the time, is such euen now a dayes,
As hath great nede, of prayers truely prayd,
Come forth my priests, and I wil bydde your beades
I wil presume (although I be no priest)
To bidde you pray, as Paule and Peter prayde.

Then pray my priests, yea pray to God himselfe,
That he vouchsafe, (euen for his Christes sake)
To giue his word, free passage here on earth,
And that his church (which now is Militant)
May soone be sene, triumphant ouer all,
And that he deigne, to ende this wicked world,
Which walloweth stil, in Sinks of filthy sinne.

Eke pray my priests, for Princes and for Kings,
Emperours, Monarks, Duks and all estates,
Which sway the sworde, of royal gouernment,
(Of whome our Queene, which liues without compare
Must be the chiefe, in bydding of my beades,
Else I deserue, to lese both beades and bones)
That God giue sight, vnto their noble mindes,
To maintaine truth, and therwith stil to wey
That here they reigne, not onely for themselues,
And that they be but slaues to common welth,
Since al their toyles, and all their broken sleeps
Shal scant suffize, to hold it stil vpright.
Tell some (in Spaine) how close they kepe their closets,
How selde the winde, doth blow vpon their cheeks,
While as (mene while) their sunburnt sutours sterue
And pine before, their processe be preferrde.
Then pray (my priests) that God wil giue his grace,
To such a prince, his fault in time to mend.
Tell some (in France) how much they loue to dance,
While sutours daunce, attendaunce at the dore.
Yet pray (my priests) for prayers princes mende.
Tel some (in Portugale) how colde they be,
In setting forth, of right religion:
Which more esteme, the present, pleasures here,
Then stablishing, of God his holy worde.
And pray (my Priests) least God such princes spit,
And vomit them, out of his angrie mouth.
Tel some (Italian) princes, how they winke
At stinking stewes, and say they are (forsooth)
A remedy, to quench foule filthy luste:
When as (in dede) they be the sinkes of sinne.
And pray (my priests) that God wilt not impute
Such wilful facts, unto such princes charge,
When he himselfe, commaundeth euery man
To do none ill, that good may growe therby.

And pray likewise, for all that rulers be
By kings commaundes, as their lieftenants here,
Al magistrates, al councellours, and all
That sit in office or Authoritie.
Pray, pray, (my priests) that neither loue nor mede
Do sway their minds, from furdering of right,
That they be not, too saintish nor too sowre,
But beare the bridle, euenly betwene both,
That stil they stoppe, one eare to heare him speake,
Which is accused, absent as he is:
That euermore, they mark what moode doth moue
The mouth which makes, the information,
That faults forpaste (so that they be not huge,

Nor do exceed, the bonds of loyaltie)
Do neuer quench, their charitable minde,
When as they see, repentance hold the reines
Of heady youth, which wont to runne astray.
That malice make, no mansion in their minds,
Nor enuy frete, to see how vertue clymes.
The greater Birth, the greater glory sure,
If deeds mainteine, their auncestors degree.

Eke pray (my Priests) for them and for yourselues, [Priests.
For Bishops, Prelats, Archdeans, Deanes, and
And al that preach, or otherwise professe
Gods holy word, and take the cure of soules.
Pray pray that you, and euery one of you,
May walke upright, in your vocation.
And that you shine like lamps of perfect life,
To lende a light, and lanterne to our feete.

Say therwithal, that some (I see them I
Wheras they ling, in Flaunders all afarre,
For why my glasse, wil shew them as they be)
Do neither care, for God nor yet for deuill,
So libertie, may launch about at large.
And some again (I see them wel enough [lurke)
And note their names, in Liezeland where they
Vnder pretenee, of holy humble harts
Would plucke adowne, al princely Dyademe.
Pray, pray (my priests) for these, they touch you neere.
Shrinke not to say, that some do (Romanelike)
Esteme their pall, and habyte ouermuche.
And therefore pray (my priests) lest pride preuaile.
Pray that the soules, of sundrie damned gosts,
Do not come in, and bring good euidence
Before the God, which iudgeth al mens thoughts,
Of some whose welth, made them neglect their charge
Til secret sinnes (untoucht) infecte their flocks
And bredde a scab, which brought the shep to bane.
Some other ranne, before the greedy woolfe,
And left the folde, vnfended from the fox [eares.
Which durst nor barke, nor bawle for both theyr
Then pray (my priests) that such no more do so.

Pray for the nources, of our noble Realme,
I meane the worthy Vniuersities,
(And Cantabridge, shal haue the dignitie,
Wherof I was, vnworthy member once)
That they bring vp their babes in decent wise:
That Philosophy, smel no secret smoke,
Which Magike makes, in wicked mysteries:
That Logike leape, not ouer euery stile,
Before he come, a furlong neare the hedge,
With curious Quids, to maintain argument.
That Sophistrie, do not deceiue it selfe,
That Cosmography keepe his compasse wel,
And such as be, Historiographers,
Trust not to much, in euery tatlyng tong,
Nor blynded be, by partialitie.
That Phisicke, thriue not ouer fast by murder:
That Numbring men, in al their euens and odds
Do not forget, that only Vnitie
Vnmeasurable, infinite and one.
That Geometrie, measure not so long,
Til all their measures out of measure be:
That Musike with, his heauenly harmonie,
Do not allure, a heauenly minde from heauen,
Nor set mens thoughts, in worldly melodie,
Til heauenly Hierarchies be quite forgot:
That Rhetorick, learne not to ouerreache:
That Poetrie, presume not for to preache,
And bite mens faultes, with Satyres corosiues,
Yet pamper up hir owne with pultesses:
Or that she dote not vpon Erato,
Wherin should inuoke the good Caliope:
That Astrologie, looke not ouer high,
And light (meane while) in euery pudled pit:
That Grammer grudge not at our english tong,
Bycause it stands by Monosyllaba,
And cannot be declind as others are.
Pray thus (my priests) for vniuersities.
And if I haue forgotten any Arte,
Which hath bene taught, or exercised there,
Pray you to God, the good be not abusde,
With glorious shewe, of ouerloding skill.

Now these be past, (my priests) yet shal you
For common people, eche in his degree, [pray
That God vouchsafe to graunt them al his grace.
Where should I now beginne to bidde my beades?
Or who shal first be put in common place?
My wittes be wearie, and my eyes are dymme,
I cannot see who best deserues the roome,
Stand forth good Peerce, thou plowman by thy
Yet so the Sayler saith I do him wrong: [name,
That one contends, his paines are without peare,
That other saith, that none be like to his,
In dede they labour both exceedingly.
But since I see no shipman that can liue
Without the plough, and yet I many see
Which liue by lande, that neuer saw the seas:
Therefore I say, stand forth Peerce plowman first,
Thou winst the roome, by verie worthinesse.

Behold him (priests) and though he stink of sweat
Disdaine him not: for shal I tel you what?
Such clime to heauen, before the shauen crownes:
But how? forsooth, with true humilytie.
Not that they hoord, their grain when it is cheape,
Nor that they kill, the calfe to haue the milke,
Nor that they set, debate betwene their lords,
By earing vp the balks, that part their bounds:
Nor for because, they can both crowche and creep
(The guilefulst men, that euer God yet made)
When as they meane, most mischiefe and deceite,
Nor that they can, crie out on landelordes lowde,
And say they racke, their rents an ace to high,
When they themselues, do sel their landlords lambe
For greater price than ewe was wont be worth.
I see you Peerce, my glasse was lately scowrde.
But for they feed, with frutes of their gret paines,
Both King and Knight, and priests in cloyster
Therefore I say, that sooner some of them [pent:
Shal scale the walles which leade vs vp to heauen,
Than cornfed beasts, whose bellie is their God,
Although they preach, of more perfection.

And yet (my priests) pray you to God for Peerce,
As Peerce can pinch, it out for him and you.
And if you haue a Paternoster spare
Then shal you pray, for Saylers (God them send
More mind of him, when as they come to lande,
(For towarde shipwracke, many men can pray)
That they once learne, to speake without a lye,
And meane good faith, without blaspheming othes:
That they forget, to steale from euery fraight,

And for to forge, false cockets, free to passe,
That manners make them giue their betters place,
And vse good words, though deeds be nothing gay.

But here me thinks, my priests begin to frowne,
And say, that thus they shal be ouerchargde,
To pray for al, which seme to do amisse:
And one I heare, more saucie than the rest,
Which asketh me, when shal our prayers end?

I tell thee (priest) when shoomakers make shoes,
That are wel sowed, with neuer a stitch amisse,
And vse no crafte, in vttring of the same:
When Taylours steale, no stuffe from gentlemen,
When Tanners are, with Corriers wel agreede,
And both so dresse their hydes, that we go dry:
When Cutlers leaue, to sel old rustie blades,
And hide no crackes, with soder nor deceit:
When tinkers make, no more holes than they
founde, [worke,
When thatchers thinke, their wages worth their
When colliers put no dust into their sacks,
When maltemen make, vs drink no firmentie,
When Davie Diker diggs, and dallies not,
When smithes shoo horses, as they would be shod,
When millers, toll not with a golden thumbe,
When bakers make, not barme beare price of
wheat,
When brewers put, no bagage in their beere,
When butchers blowe, not ouer al their fleshe,
When horsecorsers, beguile no friendes with Jades,
When weauers weight, is found in huswiues web.
(But why dwel I, so long among these lowts?)

When mercers make, more bones to swere and
lye,
When vintners mix, no water with their wine,
When printers passe, none errours in their bookes,
When hatters vse, to bye none olde cast robes.
When goldsmithes get, no gaines by sodred
crownes,
When vpholsters, sel fethers without dust,
When pewterers, infect no tin with leade,
When drapers draw, no gaines by giuing day,
When perchmentiers, put in no ferret silke,
When Surgeons heale, al wounds without delay.
(Tush these are toys, but yet my glas sheweth al.)

When purveyours, prouide not for themselues,
When Takers, take no brybes, nor vse no brags,
When custumers, conceale no covine vsde,
When Searchers see, al corners in a shippe,
(And spie no pens by any sight they see)
When shrives do serue, al processe as they ought,
When baylifes strain, none other thing but strays,
When auditours, their counters cannot change,
When proude surueyours, take no parting pens,
When siluer sticks rot on the Tellers fingers,
And when receiuers, pay as they receiue,
When al these folke, haue quite forgotten fraude.
(Againe (my priests) a little by your leaue)
When Sicophants, can finde no place in courte,
But are espied, for Ecchoes, as they are,
When roysters ruffle not aboue their rule,
Nor colour crafte, by swearing precious coles:
When Fencers fees, are like to apes rewards,
A peece of brende, and therwithal a bobbe
When Lais liues, not like a ladies peare,
Nor vseth art, in dying of hir heare.
When al these thinges, are ordred as they ought,
And see themselues, within my glasse of steele,
Euen then (my priests) may you make holyday
And pray no more but ordinarie prayers.

And yet therin, I pray you (my good priests)
Pray stil for me, and for my Glasse of steele
That it (nor I) do any minde offend,
Bycause we shew, all colours in their kinde.
And pray for me, that (since my hap is such
To see men so) I may perceiue myselfe.
O worthy words, to end my worthlesse verse,
Pray for me Priests, I pray you pray for me.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

EPILOGUS.

ALAS (my lord) my hast was al to hote
I shut my glasse, before you gasde your fill,
And at a glimse, my seely selfe haue spied,
A stranger trowpe, than any yet were sene:
Behold (my lorde) what monsters muster here,
With Angels face, and harmefull helish harts,
With smyling lookes, and depe deceitfull thoughts,
With tender skinnes, and stony cruel mindes,
With stealing steppes, yet forward feete to fraude.
Behold, behold, they neuer stand content,
With God, with kinde, with any help of Arte,
But curle their locks, with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their heare, with sundry subtill sleights,
But paint and slicke, til fayrest face be foule,
But bumbast, bolster, frisle, and perfume:
They marre with muske, the balm which nature
And dig for death, in dellicatest dishes. [made,
The yonger sorte, come pyping on apace,
In whistles made of fine enticing wood,
Til they haue caught, the birds for whom they
The elder sorte, go stately stalking on, [bryded.
And on their backs, they beare both land and fee,
Castles and towres, revenewes and receits,
Lordships, and manours, fines, yea farmes and al.
What should these be? (speake you my louely
lord)
They be not men: for why? they haue no beards.
They be no boyes, which weare such side long
gowns.
They be no Gods, for al their gallant glosse.
They be no diuels (I trow) which seeme so
saintish.
What be they? women? masking in mens weedes?
With dutchkin dublets, and with ierkins iaggde?
With Spanish spangs, and ruffes fat out of France,
With high copt hattes, and fethers flaunt a flaunt?
They be so sure euen Wo to Men in dede,
Nay then (my lorde) let shut the glasse apace,
High time it were, for my pore Muse to winke,
Since al the hands, al paper, pen, and inke,
Which euer yet, this wretched world possest,
Cannot describe, this Sex in colours dewe,
No, no (my Lorde) we gased haue inough,
(And I too much, God pardon me therfore)
Better loke of, than loke an ace to farre:
And better mumme, than meddle ouermuch.
But if my Glasse, do like my louely lorde,
We wil espie, some sunny Sommers day,
To loke againe, and see some semely sights.
Meane while, my Muse, right humbly doth besech,
That my good lorde, accept this ventrous verse,
Vntil my braines, my better stuffe deuise.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

THE COMPLAYNT OF PHYLOMENE.

An Elegye compyled by
GEORGE GASCOIGNE
Esquire
Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

To the right honorable, my singuler good Lord, the L. Gray of Wilton, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter.

Ryght noble, when I had determined with myself to write the Satire before recited (called the Steele Glasse) and had in myne Exordium (by alle: orie) compared my case to that of fayre Phylomene, abused by the bloudy king hir brother by lawe: I called to minde that twelue or thirtene yeares past, I had begonne an Elegye or sorrowfull song, called the Complainte of Phylomene, the which I began too deuise riding by the high way between Chelmisford and London, and being ouertaken with a sodaine dash of Raine, I changed my copy, and stroke ouer into the *De Profundis* which is placed amongst my other Poesies, leuing the complaint of Phylomene vnfinished: and so it hath continued euer since vntil this present month of April 1575, when I begonne my Steele Glasse. And bycause I haue in mine Exordium to the Steele Glasse, begonne with the Nightingales notes: therfore I haue not thought amisse now to finish and pece up the said Complaint of Philomene, obseruing neuerthelesse the same determinate inuention which I had propounded and begonne (as it is saide) twelue yeeres nowe past. The which I presume with the rest to present vnto your honor, nothing doubting but the same wil accept my good entente therin. And I furder beseeche that your lordship wil voutsafe in reading therof, to gesse (by change of style) where the renewing of the verse may bee most apparantly thought to begin. I wil no furder trouble your honor with these rude lines, but besech of the Almightie long to preserue you to his pleasure. From my pore house in Walkamstowe the sixtenth of April 1575.

Your L. bounden and most assured
George Gascoigne.

PHILOMENE

In sweet April, the messenger to May
When hoonie drops, do melt in golden showres,
When euery byrde, records hir louers lay,
And western windes, do foster forth our floures,
Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
To heare the descant of the Nightingale,
And as I stoode, I heard hir make great moane,
Waymenting much, and thus she tolde hir tale.
These thriftles birds (quoth she) which spend the day,
In nedlesse notes, and chaunt withouten skil,
Are costly kept, and finely fedde alway
With daintie foode, wherof they feede their fil.
But I which spend, the darke and dreadful night,
In watch and ward, when those birds take their rest,
Forpine my selfe, that Louers might delight,
To heare the notes, which breake out of my breste.
I leade a life, to please the Louers minde,
(And though god wot, my foode be light of charge,
Yet seely soule, that can no fauour finde)
I begge my breade, and seke for seedes at large.
The Throstle she, which makes the wood to ring
With shryching lowde, that lothsome is to heare,
Is costly kept, in case: (O wondrous thing)
The Mauis eke, whose notes are nothing cleare,
Now in good sooth (quoth she) sometimes I wepe
To see Tom Tyttimouse, so much set by.
The Finche, which singeth neuer a note but peepe,
Is fedde aswel, nay better farre than I.
The Lennet and the Larke, they sing alofte,
And coumpted are, as Lordes in high degree.
The Braudlet saith, for singing sweete and softe,
(In hir conceit) there is none such as she.
Canara byrds, come in to beare the bell,
And Goldfinches, do hope to get the gole:
The tatling Awbe doth please some fancie wel,
And some like best, the byrde as Blacke as cole.
And yet could I, if so it were my minde,
For harmony, set al these babes to schole,
And sing such notes, as might in euery kinde
Disgrace them quight, and make their eorage [coole.
But should I so? no no so wil I not.
Let brutish beasts, heare such brute birds as those.
(For like to like, the prouerbe saith I wot)
And should I then, my cunning skil disclose?
For such vnkinde, as let the cukowe fiye,
To sucke mine eggs, whiles I sit in the thicke?
And rather praise, the chattring of a pye,
Than hir that sings, with brest against a pricke?
Nay let them go, to marke the cuckowes talke,
The iangling Jay, for that becomes them wel.
And in the silent night then let them walke,
To heare the Owle, how she doth shryche and yel.
And from henceforth, I will no more constraine
My pleasant voice, to sounde, at their request.
But shrowd my selfe, in darkesome night and raine,
And learne to cowche, ful close upon my neast.
Yet if I chaunce, at any time (percase)
To sing a note, or twaine for my disporte,
It shal be done, in some such secret place,
That fewe or none, may thervnto resorte.
These flatterers, (in loue) which falshood meane,
Not onee aproch, to heare my pleasant song
But such as true, and stedfast louers bene,
Let them come neare, for else they do me wrong.
And as I gesse, not many miles from hence,
There stands a squire, with pangs of sorrow prest,
For whom I dare, auowe (in his defence)
He is as true, (in Loue) as is the best.

Him wil I cheare, with chaunting al this night:
And with that word, she gan to cleare hir throate.
But such a tiuely song (now by this light)
Yet neuer hearde I such another note.
It was (thought me) so pleasant and so plaine,
Orphæus harpe, was never halfe so sweete,
Tereu, Tereu, and thus she gan to plaine,
Most piteously, which made my hart to greeue.
Hir second note, was fy, fy, fy, fy, fy,
And that she did, in pleasant wise repeate,
With sweete reports, of heauenlie harmonie,
But yet it seemd, hir gripes of griefe were greate.
For when she had, so soong and taken breath,
Then should you heare, hir heauy hart so throbbe,
As though it had bene, ouercome with death,
And yet alwayes, in euery sigh and sobbe,
She shewed great skil, for times of vnisone,
Hir Jug, Jug, Jug, (in griefe) had such a grace.
Then stinted she, as if her song were done.
And ere that past, not ful a furlong space,

She gan againe, in melodie to melt,
And many a note, she warbled wondrous wel.
Yet can I not (although my hart should swelt)
Remember al, which hir sweete tong did tel.
But one strange note, I noted with the rest
And that said thus: Nêmesis, Nêmesis,
The which me thought, came boldly from hir brest,
As though she blamde, (therby) something amisse.
Short tale to make, hir singing sounded so,
And pleasde mine eares, with such varietie,
That (quite forgetting all the wearie wo,
Which I my selfe felt in my fantasie)
I stoode astoynde, and yet therwith content,
Wishing in hart that (since I might aduante,
Of al hir speech to knowe the plaine entent,
Which grace hirselfe, or else the Gods did graunt)
I might therwith, one furder fauor craue,
To vnderstand, what hir swete notes might meane.
And in that thought, (my whole desire to haue)
I fell on sleepe, as I on staffe did leane.
And in my slomber, had I such a sight,
As yet to think theron doth glad my minde.
Methought I sawe a derling of delight.
A stately Nimph, a dame of heauenly kinde,
Whose glittring gite, so glimsed in mine eyes,
As (yet) I not, what proper hew it bare,
Ne therewithal, my wits can wel deuise,
To whom I might hir louely lookes compare,
But trueth to tel, (for al hir smyling cheere)
She cast sometimes, a grieuous frowning glance,
As who would say: by this it may appeare,
That iust reuenge, is prest for euery chance.
In hir right hand, (which to and fro did shake)
She bare a skourge, with many a knottie string,
And in her left, a snaffle Bit or brake,
Bebost with gold, and many a gingling ring:
She came apace, and stately did she stay,
And whiles I seemd, amazed very much,
The courteous dame, these words to me did say:
Sir Squire (quoth she) since thy desire is such,
To vnderstande, the notes of Phylomene,
(For so she hight, whom thou calst Nightingale)
And what the sound, of euery note might meane,
Giue eare a while, and hearken to my tale.
The Gods are good, they heare the harty prayers,
Of such as craue without a craftie wil,
With fauor eke, they furder such affaires,
As tende to good, and meane to do none il.
And since thy words, were grounded on desire,
Wherby much good, and little harme can growe,
They graunted haue, the thing thou didst require,
And louingly, haue sent me here by lowe,
To paraphrase, the piteous pleasant notes,
Which Phylomene, doth darkely spend in spring,
For he that wel, Dan Nasoes verses notes,
Shal find my words to be no fained thing.
Giue eare (Sir Squire quoth she) and I wil tel
Both what she was, and how hir fortunes fel.

THE FABLE OF PHILOMELA.

In Athens reignde somtimes
A king of worthy fame,
Who kept in courte a stately traine,
Pandyon was his name.

And had the Gods him giuen,
No holly breade of happe,
(I meane such fruts as make men thinke
They sit in fortunes lappe)

Then had his golden giftes,
Lyen dead with him in toombe
Ne but himselfe had none endurde,
The daunger of his doome.

But smyling lucke, bewitcht,
This peerelesse Prince to thinke,
That poyson cannot be conueyde
In draughts of pleasant drinke.

And kinde became so kind,
That he two daughters had,
Of bewtie such and so well giuen,
As made their father gladde.

See: see: how highest harmes,
Do lurk in ripest joyes,
How couertly doth sorow shrowde,
In trymmest worldely toyes.

These iewels of his ioy,
Became his cause of care,
And beawtie was the guileful bayte,
Which caught their liues in Snare.

For Tereus, Lord of Thrace,
Bycause he came of kings,
(So weddings made for worldly welth
Do seme triumphant things)

Was thought a worthy matche,
Pandyons heire to wedde:
Whose eldest daughter chosen was,
To serue this king in bedde.

That virgine Progne hight,
And she by whom I meane,
To tell this woful Tragedie,
Was called Phylomene.

The wedding rytes performde,
The feasting done and past,
To Thrace with his new wedded spouse
He turneth at the last.

Where many dayes in mirth,
And iolytie they spent,
Both satisfied with deepe delight,
And cloyde with al content.

At last the dame desirde
Hir sister for to see,
Such coles of kindely loue did seme
Within hir brest to be.

She praies hir Lorde, of grace,
He graunts to hir request,
And hoist vp saile, to seke the coaste,
Where Phylomene doth rest.

He past the foming seas,
And findes the pleasant porte,
Of Athens towne, which guided him
To king Pandyons court.

There, (louingly receiude,
And) welcomde by the king,
He shewde the cause, which thither then
Did his ambassade bring.

His father him embrast,
His sister kist his cheeke,
In al the court his comming was
Reioyst of euerie Greeke.

Oh see the sweete deceit,
Which blindeth worldly wits.
How common peoples loue by lumpes,
And fancie comes by fits.

The foe in friendly wise,
Is many times embraste,
And he which meanes most faith and troth
By grudging is disgrast.

Fair Phylomene came forth
In comely garments cladde,
As one whom newes of sisters helth
Had moued to be gladde.

Or womans wil (perhappes)
Enflamde hir haughtie harte,
To get more grace by crimes of cost,
And prinake out hir parte.

Whom he no sooner sawe
(I meane this Thracian prince)
But streight therwith his fancies fume
All reason did conuince.

And as the blazing bronde,
Might kindle rotten reeds:
Euen so hir looke a secret flame,
Within his bosome breedes.

He thinkes al leysure
Til he (with hir) were gone,
And hir he makes to moue the mirth,
Which after made hir mone.

Loue made him eloquent
And if he craude too much,
He then excusde him selfe, and saide
That Prognes words were such.

His teares confirmed all
Teares: like to sisters teares,
As who shuld say by these few drops
Thy sisters griefe appeares.

So finely could he faine,
That wickednesse seemde wit,
And by the lawde of his pretence,
His lewdnesse was acquit.

Yea Phylomene set forth
The force of his request,
And cravde (with sighes) hir fathers leaue
To be hir sisters guest.

And hoong about his necke
And collingly him kist,
And for hir welth did seke the woe
Wherof she little wist.

Meane time stoode Tereus,
Beholding their affectes,
And made these prieks for his desire
A spurre in all respects.

And wisht himselfe hir sire,
When she hir sire embrast,
For neither kith nor kin could then
Haue made his meaning chast.

The Grecian king had not
The powre for to denay,
His own deare child, and sonne in lawe
The thing that both did pray.

And downe his daughter falles,
To thanke him on hir knee,
Supposing that for good successe,
Which fardest happe must be.

But (least my tale seeme long)
Their shipping is preparde:
And to the shore this aged Greeke,
Ful princely did them guard.

There (melting into mone)
He vsde this parting speech:
Daughter (quoth he) you haue desire
Your sisters court to seech.

Your sister seemes likewise,
Your companie to craue,
That craue you both, and Tereus here
The selfe same thing would haue.

Ne coulde I more withstande
So many deepe desires,
But this (quoth he) remember al
Your father you requires,

And thee (my sonne of Thrace)
I constantly coniure,
By faith, by kin, by men, by gods,
And all that seemeth sure,

That father like thou fende
My daughter deare from scathe,
And (since I counte al leasure long)
Returne hir to me rathe.

And thou my Phylomene,
(Quoth he) come soone againe,
Thy sisters absence puts thy syre,
To too much priuie paine.

Herewith he kist hir cheeke,
And sent a second kisse
For Progne's part, and (bathde with teares)
His daughter doth he blisse.

And tooke the Thracyans hand
For token of his truth,
Who rather laught his teares to scorn,
Than wept with him for ruth.

The sayles are fully spredde,
And winds did serue at will,
And forth this traitour king conueies
His praie in prison still.

Ne could the Barbrous bloud,
Conceale his filthy fyre,
Hey: Victorie (quoth he) my shippe
Is fraught with my desire.

Wherewith he fixt his eyes,
Vppon hir feareful face,
And stil beheld hir gestures all,
And all hir gleames of grace.

Ne could he loke a side
But like the ervel catte
Which gloating casteth many a glance
Vpon the selly ratte.

Why hold I long discourse?
They now are come on lande,
And forth the ship the feareful wenche
He leadeth by the hande

Vnto a selly shrowde,
A sheepecote closely builte
Amid the woodds, where many a lamb
Their guiltlesse bloud had spilte.

There (like a lambe) she stoode,
And askte with trimbling voice,
Where Progne was, who only sight
Might make hir to reioyce.

Wherewith this caytife king
His lust in lewdnesse lapt,
And with his filthy fraude ful fast
This simple mayde entrapt.

And forth he floong the raines
Vnbridling blinde desire,
And ment of hir chast minde to make
A fewel for his fire.

And al alone (alone)
With force he hir supprest,
And made hir yelde the wicked weede
Whose flowre he liked best.

What could the virgine doe?
She could not runne away,
Whose forward feete, his harmfull hands
With furious force did stay.

Alas what should she fight?
Fewe women win by fight:
Hir weapons were but weake (God knows)
And he was much of might.

It booted not to crie,
Since helpe was not at hande,
And still before hir feareful face,
Hir cruel foe did stande.

And yet she (weeping cride)
Vppon her sisters name,
Hir fathers, and hir brothers, oh;
Who facte did foyle her feme.

And on the Gods she calde,
For helpe in hir distresse,
But al in vaine he wrought his wil
Whose lust was not the lesse.

The filthie facte once done,
He gaue hir leaue to greete,
And there she sat much like a birde
New scapte from falcons feete.

Whose blood embrues hir selfe,
And sitts in sorrie plight,
Ne dare she proine hir plumes again,
But feares a second flight.

At last when hart came home,
Discheveld as she sate,
With hands vphelde, she tried hir tongue,
To wreake hir woful state.

O Barbrous blood (quoth she)
By Barbarous deeds disgrast,
Could no kinde coale, nor pitties sparke,
Within thy brest be plaste?

Could not my fathers hests
Nor my most ruthful teares,
My maydenhoode, nor thine owne yoke,
Affright thy minde with feares?

Could not my sisters loue
Once quench thy filthy lust?
Thou foilst us al, and eke thy selfe,
We grievd, and thou vnjust.

By thee I have defilde
My dearest sisters bedde
By thee I compte the life but lost,
Which too too long I ledde.

By thee (thou Bigamus)
Our fathers griefe must growe,
Who daughters twain (and two too much)
Vppon thee did bestowe.

But since my fault, thy facte,
My fathers just offence,
My sisters wrong, with my reproche,
I cannot so dispence.

If any Gods be good
If right in heauen do raigne,
If right or wrong may make reuenge,
Thou shalt be paid againe.

And (wicked) do thy wurst,
Thou canst no more but kil:
And oh that death (before this gilte)
Had ouercome my will.

Then might my soule beneath,
Haue triumpht yet and saide,
That though I died discontent,
I livde and dide a mayde.

Herewith hir swelling sobbes,
Did tie hir tong from talke,
Whiles yet the Thracian tyrant there
To heare these words did walke.

And skornefully he cast
At hir a frowning glaunce,
Which made the mayde to striue for spech,
And stertling from hir traunce,

I wil reuenge (quoth she)
For here I shake off shame,
And wil (my selfe) bewray this facte
Therby to foile thy fame.

Amidde the thickest throngs
(If I haue leaue to go)
I will pronounce this bloudie deede,
And blotte thine honor so.

If I in deserts dwel,
The woods, my words shal heare,
The holts, the hilles, the craggie rocks,
Shall witnesse with me beare.

I wil so fil the ayre
With noyse of this thine acte,
That gods and men in heauen and earth
Shal note the naughtie facte.

These words amazde the king,
Conscience with choller straue,
But rage so rackte his restles thought,
That now he gan to raue.

And from his sheath a knife
Ful despratly he drawes,
Wherwith he cut the guiltlesse tong
Out of hir tender jawes.

The tong that rubde his gall,
The tong that tolde but truthe,
The tong that movde him to be mad,
And should have moued ruth.

And from his hand with spight
This trustie tongue he cast,
Whose roote, and it (to wreake this wrong)
Did wagge yet wondrous fast.

So stirres the serpents taile
When it is cut in twaine,
And so it seemes that weakest willes,
(By words) would ease their paine.

I blush to tell this tale,
But sure best books say this:
That yet the butcher did not blush
Hir bloudy mouth to kisse.

And ofte hir bulke embrast,
And ofter quencht the fire,
Which kindled had the furnace first,
Within his foule desire.

Nor herewithal content,
To Progne home he came,
Who askt him streight of Philomene:
He (faigning griefe of game)

Brust out in bitter teares,
And sayde the dame was dead,
And falsly tolde what wery life
Hir father (for hir) ledde.

The Thracian Queene cast off
Hir gold, and gorgeous weede,
And drest in dole, bewailde her death
Whom she thought dead in deede.

A sepulchre she builds
(But for a liuing corse)
And praide the gods on sisters soule
To take a just remorse:

And offred sacrifice,
To all the powers aboue.
Ah traiterous Thracian Tereus,
This was true force of loue.

The heauens had whirle aboute
Twelue yeeres in order due
And twelue times euery flowre and plant,
Their liueries did renew,

Whiles Philomene full close
In shepcote stil was clapt,
Enforst to bide by stonie walles
Which fast (in hold) hir kapt.

And as those walles forbadde
Hir feete by flight to scape,
So was hir tong, by knife, restrainde,
For to reueale this rape.

No remedie remaynde,
But mely womens witte,
Which sodainly in queintest chance,
Can best itselfe acquit.

And Miserie amongst
Tenne thousand mischieues moe,
Learnes pollicie in practises,
As proofe makes men to knowe.

With curious needle worke,
A garment gan she make,
Wherin she wrote what bale she bode,
And al for bewties sake.

This garment gan she giue
To trustie seruants hande,
Who streight conueid it to the queen
Of Thracian Tirants lande.

When Progne red the writ,
(A wondrous tale to tell)
She kept it close: though malice made
Hir venging hart to swell.

And did deferre the deede,
Til time and place might serue,
But in hir minde a sharpe reuenge,
She fully did reserue.

O silence seldome seene,
The women counsell keepe,
The cause was this, she wakt hir wits
And lullde hir tong on sleepe.

I speake against my sex,
So haue I done before,
But truth is truth, and muste be tolde
Though daunger keepe the dore.

The thirde yeres rytes renewed,
Which Bacchus to belong,
And in that night the queene prepares
Reuenge for al hir wrongs.

She (girt in Bacchus gite)
With sworde hir selfe doth arme,
With wreathes of vines about hir browes
And many a needles charme.

And forth in furie flings,
Hir handmaides following fast,
Vntil with hastie steppes she founde
The shepcote at the last.

There howling out aloude,
As Bacchus priests do crie,
She brake the dores, and found the place
Where Philomene did lye.

And toke hir out by force,
And drest hir Bacchus like,
And hid hir face with boughes and leaues
For being knowen by like.

And brought hir to hir house,
But when the wretch it knewe
That now againe she was so neere
To Tereus untrue,

She trembled oft for dreade
And lookt like ashes pale.
But Progne (now in priuie place)
Set silence al to sale.

And tooke the garments off,
Discouering first hir face,
And sister like did louingly
Faire Philomene embrace.

There she (by shame abasht)
Held downe hir weeping eyes,
As who should say: Thy right (by me)
Is reft in wrongful wise.

And down on ground she falles,
Which ground she kist hir fill,
As witnesse that the filthie facte
Was done against hir wil.

And cast hir hands to heauen,
In steede of tong to tell,
What violence the lecher vsde,
And how hee did hir quell.

Wherewith the Queene brake off
Hir piteous pearcing plainte,
And sware with sworde (no teares) to venge
For craft of this constrainte.

Or if (quoth she) there bee
Some other meane more sure,
Mere stearne, more stoute, than naked sword
Some mischiefe to procure,

I sweare by al the Gods,
I shall the same embrace,
To wreake this wrong with bloudie hande
Vppon the king of Thrace.

Ne will I spare to spende
My life in sisters cause,
In sisters? ah what said I wretch?
My wrong shall lend me lawes.

I wil the pallace burne,
With al the princes pelfe,
And in the midst of flaming fire,
Wil caste the king him selfe.

I wil scrat out those eyes,
That taught him first to lust,
Or teare his tong from traitors throte,
Oh that reuenge were iust.

* * * * *

Or sleeping let me seeke
To sende the soule to hel
Whose barbarous bones for filthy force,
Did seeme to beare the bel.

These words and more in rage
Pronounced by this dame,
Hir little sonne came leaping in
Which Itis had to name.

Whose presence, could not please
For (vewing well his face)
Ah wretch (quoth she) how like his groweth
Vnto his fathers grace.

And therwithal resolvde
A rare revenge in deede
Wheron to thinke (withouten words)
My woful hart doth bleede.

But when the lad lokt vp,
And cheerefully did smile,
And hung about his mothers necke
With easie weight therewhile,

And kist (as children vse)
His angrie mothers cheeke,
Hir minde was movde to much remorce
And mad became ful meeke.

Ne could she teares refrayne,
But wept against hir will,
Such tender rewth of innocence,
Hir cruell moode did kill.

At last (so furie wrought)
Within hir brest she felt,
That too much pitie made hir minde
Too womanlike to melt,

And saw hir sister sit,
With heauy harte and cheere,
And now on hir, and then on him,
Full lowringly did leare,

Into these words she burst
(Quoth she) why flatters he?
And why againe (with tong cut out)
So sadly sitteth she?

He, mother, mother calles,
She sister cannot say,
The one in earnest doth lament,
That other whines in plaie.

Pandions line (quoth she)
Remember stil your race,
And neuer marke the subtil shewes
Of any soule in Thrace.

You should degenerate,
If right reuenge you slake,
More right reuenge can neuer bee,
Than this reuenge to make.

Al ill that may be thought,
Al mischief vnder skies,
Were pietie, compard to that
Which Tereus did deuise.

She holds no longer hande,
But (Tygrelike) she toke
The little boy ful boistrously
Who now for terror quooke.

And (craving mothers helpe)
She (mother) toke a blade,
And in hir sonnes smal tender hart
An open wound she made.

The cruel dede dispatcht,
Betwene the sisters twaine
They tore in peces quarterly
The corps which they had slaine.

Some part, they hoong on hooks,
The rest they laide to fire,
And on the table caused it,
Be set before the fire.

And counterfaite a cause
(As Greeians order then)
That at such feasts (but onely one)
They might abide no men.

He knowing not their crafte,
Sat downe alone to eate,
And hungerly his owne warme bloud
Devoured there for meate.

His ouersight was such,
That he for Itis sent,
Whose murdered members in his mawe,
He priuily had pent.

No longer Progne then,
Hir joy of griefe could hide,
The thing thou seekst, O wretch, (quoth she)
Within thee doth abide.

Wherwith (he waxing wroth,
And searching for his sonne)
Came forth at length, faire Philomene
By whom the griefe begonne,

And (clokt in Bacchus copes,
Wherwith she then was cladde)
In fathers bosom cast the head
Of his selly laddе:

Nor euer in hir life
Had more desire to speeke,
Than now: wherby hir madding mood
Might al hir malice wreake.

The Thracian prince stert vp,
Whose hart did boyle in brest,
To feele the foode, and see the sawce,
Which he could not disgest.

And armed (as he was)
He followed both the Greekes,
On whom (by smarte of sword, and flame)
A sharpe reuenge he sekes.

But when the heauenly benche,
These bloudie deedes did see,
And found that bloud stil couits bloud
And so none ende could be.

They then by their forsight
Thought meete to stinte the strife,
And so restraind the murdring king,
From sister and from wife.

So that by their decree,
The yongest daughter fledde
Into the thicks, where couertly,
A cloister life she ledde.

And yet to ease hir woe,
She worthily can sing,
And as thou hearst, can please the eares
Of many men in spring.

The eldest dame and wife
A Swallow was assignde,
And builds in smoky chimney toppes
And flies against the winde.

The king him selfe condemnde,
A Lapwing for to be,
Who for his yong ones cries alwais,
Yet neuer can them see.

The lad a Pheasaunt cocke
For his degree hath gaind,
Whose blouddie plumes declare the bloud
Wherwith his face was staind.

But there to turne my tale,
The which I came to tell,
The yongest dame to forrests fled,
And there is dampnde to dwell.

And Nightingale now namde
Which (Philomela hight)
Delights for feare of force againe
To sing alwayes by night.

But when the sunne to west,
Doth bend his weerie course,
Then Philomene records the rewth,
Which craueth iust remorse.

And for hir foremost note,
Tereu, Tereu, doth sing,
Complaining stil vppon the name
Of that false Thracian king.

Much like the childe at schole
With byrchen rodds sore beaten,
If when he go to bed at night
His maister chaunce to threaten,

In euery dreame he starts,
And (O good maister) cries,
Euen so this byrde vppon that name,
Hir foremost note replies.

Or as the red breast byrds,
Whome prettie Merlynes hold
Ful fast in foote, by winters night
To fende themselues from colde:

Though afterwards the hauke,
For pitie let them scape,
Yet al that day, they fede in feare,
And doubte a second rape.

And in the nexter night,
Ful many times do crie,
Remembring yet the ruthful plight
Wherein they late did lye.

Euen so this selly byrde,
Though now transformde in kinde,
Yet euermore hir pangs forepast,
She bearest stil in minde.

And in hir foremost note,
She notes that cruel name,
By whom she lost hir pleasant speech
And foiled was in fame.

Hir second note is fye,
In Greeke and Latine phy,
In English fy, and euery tong
That euer yet read I.

Which word declares disdaine,
Or lothsome leying by
Of any thing we tast, heare, touche,
Smel, or beholde with eye.

In tast, phy sheweth some sowre,
In hearing, some discorde,
In touch, some foule or filthy toye,
In smel, some sent abhorde.

In sight, some lothsome loke,
And euery kind of waie,
This byword phy betokneth bad,
And thinge to cast away.

So that it semes hir will,
Phy, phy, phy, phy, to sing,
Since phy befytteth him so well,
In euery kind of thing.

Phy filthy lecher lewde,
Phy false vnto thy wife,
Phy coward phy, on womankinde,
To vse thy cruel knife.

Phy for thou wert vnkinde,
Phy fierce, and foule forsworne,
Phy monster made of murdring mould
Whose like was neuer borne.

Phy agony of age,
Phy ouerthrowe of youth,
Phy mirrour of mischeuousnesse,
Phy, tipe of al vntruth.

Phy fayning forced teares,
Phy forging fyne excuse,
Phy periury, fy blasphemy,
Phy bed of al abuse.

These phyes, and many moe,
Poor Philomene may meane;
And in hir selfe she findes percase,
Some phy that was vncleane.

For though his fowle offence,
May not defended bee,
Hir sister yet, and she transgrest,
Thou not so deepe as he.

His doome came by deserte,
Their dedes grewe by disdaine,
But men must leaue reuenge to Gods,
What wrong soeuer raigne.

Then Progne phy for thee,
Which kildst thine only child,
Phy on the cruel crabbed hart
Which was not movde with milde.

Phy, phy, thou close conveydst
A secret il vnsene,
Where good to keepe in councel close
Had putrifide thy splene.

Phy on thy sisters facte,
And phy hir selfe doth sing,
Whose lack of tong nere toucht hir so
As when it could not sting.

Phy on us both saith she,
The father onely faulted,
And we (the father free therewhile)
The selly sonne assalted.

The next note to hir phy
Is Jug, Jug, Jug, I gesse,
That might I leaue to latynists
By learning to expresse.

Some commentaries make
About it much adoe:
If it should only Jugum meane
Or Jugulator too?

Some think that Jugum is
The Jug, she iugleth so,
But Jugulator is the word
That doubleth al hir woe.

For when she thinkes thereon,
She beares them both in minde,
Him breaker of his bonde in bed,
Hir, killer of hir kinde.

As fast as furies force
Hir thoughts on him to thinke,
So fast hir conscience choks hir vp,
And wo to wrong doth linke.

At last (by griefe constrainde)
It boldely breaketh out,
And makes the hollow woods to ring
With Eccho round about.

Hir next most note (to note)
I neede no helpe at al,
For I my selfe the partie am
On whom she then doth call.

She calls on Némesis
And Némesis am I,
The Goddesse of al just reuenge,
Who let no blame go by.

This bridle bost with gold,
I beare in my left hande,
To holde men backe in rashest rage,
Vntil the cause be scand.

And such as like that bitte
And beare it willingly,
May scape this scourge in my right hand
Although they trode awry.

But if they hold on head,
And scorne to beare my yoke,
Oft times they buy the rost ful deare,
It smelleth of the smoke.

This is the cause (Sir Squire
Quoth she) that Phylomene
Doth cal so much vpon my name,
She to my lawes doth leane:

She feeles a iust reuenge
Of that which she hath done,
Constrainde to vse the day for night,
And makes the moone hir sunne.

Ne can she now complaine,
(Although she lost hir tong)
For since that time, ne yet before,
No byrde so swetely soong.

That gift we Gods hir gaue,
To countervaile hir woe,
I sat on bench in heauen my selfe
When it was graunted so.

And though hir foe be fledde,
But whither knowes not she,
And like hir selfe transformed eke
A selly byrde to bee:

On him this sharpe reuenge
The Gods and I did take,
He neither can beholde his brats,
Nor is belovde of make.

As soone as coles of kinde
Haue warmed him to do
The selly shift of dewties dole
Which him belongeth to:

His hen straight way him hates,
And flieth farre him fro,
And close conueis hir eggs from him,
As from hir mortal foe.

As sone as she hath hatcht,
Hir little yong ones runne,
For feare their dame should serue them efte,
As Progne had begonne.

And rounde about the fields
The furious father flies,
To seke his sonne, and filles the ayre
With loude lamenting cries.

This lothsome life he leads,
By our almightie dome,
And thus sings she, where company
But very seldome come.

Now feet my faithful tale
For fable should be taken,
And therevpon my courtesie,
By thee might be forsaken:

Remember al my words,
And beare them wel in minde,
And make thereof a metaphore,
So shalt thou quickly finde,

Both profite and pastime,
In al that I thee tel:
I knowe thy skill wil serue therto,
And so (quoth she) farewell.

Wherewith (methought) she flong so fast away,
That scarce I could, hir seemely shaddow see.
At last: my staffe (which was mine onely stay)
Did shippe, and I, must needes awaked be,
Against my wil did I (God knowes) awake,
For willingly I could my selfe content,
Seuen dayes to sleepe for Philomelas sake, [spent.
So that my sleepe in such swete thoughts were
But you my Lord which reade this ragged uerse,
Forgive the faults of my so sleepy muse,
Let me the heast of Nemesis rehearse,
For sure I see, much sense thereof ensues.
I seeme to see (my Lord) that lechers lust, [est,
Procures the plague, and vengeaunce of the high-
I may not say, but God is good and iust,
Although he scourge the furdest for the nighest:
The fathers fault lights sometime on the sonne,
Yea farre discents it beares the burden stil,
Whereby it falles (when vaine delight is done)
That dole steppes in and wields the world at wil.
O whoredome, whoredome, hope for no good happe,
The best is bad that lights on lechery
And (al wel weyed) he sits in Fortunes lappe,
Which feeles no sharper scourge than beggery.
You princes, peeres, you comely courting knights,
Which vse al arte to marre the maidens mindes,
Which win al dames with baite of fonde delights,
Which bewtie force, to loose what bountie bindes:
Think on the scourge that Nemesis doth beare,
Remember this, that God (although he winke)
Doth see al sinnes that euer secret were.
Væ vobis then which still in sinne do sinke.
Gods mercy lends you brydles for desire,
Hold backe betime, for feare you catch a foyle,
The flesh may spurre to euerlasting fire,
But sure, that horse which tyreth like a roile,
And lothes the griefe of his forgalded sides,
Is better, much than is the hairbrainde colte
Which headlong runnes and for no bridle bydes,
But huntes for sinne in euery hit and holte.
He which is single, let him spare to spil
The flowre of force, which makes a famous man:
Lest when he comes to matrimonies will,
His finest graine be burnt, and ful of branne.
He that is yokte and hath a wedded wife,
Be wel content with that which may suffyse,
And (were no God) yet feare of worldly strife
Might make him lothe the bed where Lays lies:
For though Pandyons daughter Progne shee,
Were so transformde into a fethered foule,
Yet seemes she not withouten heires to be,
Who (wrongde like hir) ful angrely can scoule,
And beare in brest a right reuenging mode,
Til time and place, may serue to worke their will.
Yea surely some, the best of al the broode
(If they had might) with furious force would kil.
But force them not, whose force is not to force.
And way their words as blasts of blustring winde,
Which comes ful calme, when stormes are past by course:
Yet God aboue that can both lose and bynde,
Wil not so soone appeased be therefore,
He makes the male, of female to be hated,
He makes the sire go sighing wondrous sore,
Because the sonne of such is seldome rated.
I meane the sonnes of such rash sinning sires,
Are seldome sene to runne a ruly race.
But plagude (be like) by fathers foule desires
Do gadde abroade, and lack the guide of grace.
Then (Lapwinglike) the father flies about,
And howles and cries to see his children stray,
Where he him selfe (and no man better) mought
Haue taught his bratts to take a better way.
Thus men (my Lord) be Metamorphosed,
From seemely shape, to byrds, and ougly beasts:
Yea brauest dames (if they amisse once tredde)
Finde bitter sauce, for al their pleasant feasts.
They must in fine condemned be to dwell
In thickes vnseene, in mewes for minyons made,
Vntil at last (if they can bryde it wel)
They may chop chalke, and take some better trade.
Beare with me (Lord) my lusting dayes are done,
Fayre Philomene forbad me fayre and flat
To like such loue, as is with lust begonne.
The lawful loue is best, and I like that.
Then if you see, that (Lapwinglike) I chaunce,
To leape againe, beyond my lawful reache,
(I take hard taske) or but to giue a glaunce,
At bewties blase: for such a wilful breache,
Of promise made, my Lord shal do no wrong,
To say, George, thinke on Phylomelaes song.

FINIS.

Tam Martin, quam Mercurio.

And thus my very good L. may se how cobler-like I haue clouted a new patch to an olde sole, beginning this complainte of Philomene, in Aprill, 1562, continuing it a little further in Aprill 1575, and now thus finished this thirde day of Aprill, 1576. At which mine April showers are humbly sent vnto your good Lordship, for that I hope very shortly to see the May flowers of your fauour, which I desire, more than I can deserue. And yet rest

Your Lordships bownden and assured.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

[From Gascoigne's Prose Works, Dramas, &c.]

CHORUSSES FROM JOCASTA.

CHORUS TO ACT. II.

O FIERCE and furious Mars, whose harmefull
Reioyceth most to shed the giltlesse blood, [harte,
Whose headie wil doth all the world subuert,

And doth enuie the pleasant mery moode,
Of our estate that erst in quiet stoode.
Why doest thou thus our harmelesse towne annoye,
Which mightie Bacchus gouerned in ioye?

Father of warre and death, that dost remoue
With wrathfull wrecke from wofull mothers breast,
The trustie pledges of their tender loue,
So graunt the Gods, that for our finall rest,
Dame Venus pleasant lookes may please thee best,
Wherby when thou shalt all amazed stand,
The sword may fall out of thy trembling hand.

And thou maist proue some other way full well
The bloudie prowesse of thy mightie speare,
Wherwith thou raisest from the depth of hell,
The wrathfull sprites of all the furies there,
Who when the weake, doe wander euery where,
And neuer rest to range about the coastes,
Tenriche that pit with spoile of damned ghostes.

And when thou hast our fieldes forsaken thus,
Let cruell discorde beare thee companie,
Engirt with snakes and serpents venemous,
Euen she that can with red virmilion dye
The gladsome greene that florisht pleasantly,
And make the greedie ground a drinking cup,
To sup the bloud of murdered bodyes vp.

Yet thou returne O ioye and pleasant peace,
From whence thou didst against our wil depart,
Ne let thy worthie minde from trauell cease,
To chase disdaine out of the poysned harte,
That raised warre to all our paynes and smarte,
Euen from the brest of Oedipus his sonne,
Whose swelling pride hath all this iarre begonne.

And thou great God, that doest all things decree,
And sitst on highe aboue the starrie skies,
Thou chiefest cause of causes all that bee,
Regard not his offence but heare our cries,
And spedily redresse our miseries,
For what cause we poore wofull wretches doe
But craue thy aide, and onely cleaue therto.[1]?

CHORUS TO ACT. III.

When she that rules the rolling wheele of chaunce,
Doth turne aside hir angrie frowing face,
On him, whom erst she deigned to aduance,
She neuer leaues to gaulde him with disgrace,
To tosse and turne his state in euery place,
Till at the last she hurle him from on high
And yeld him subiect vnto miserie:
And as the braunche that from the roote is reft,
He neuer winnes like life to that he lefte:
Yea though he do, yet can not tast of ioy
Compare with pangs that past in his annoy.

Well did the heauens ordeine for our behoofe
Necessitie, and fates by them alowde,
That when we see our high mishappes aloofe
(As though our eyes were mufled with a cloude)
Our froward will doth shrinke it selfe and shrowde
From our anaile wherwith we runne so farre:
As none amends can make that we do marre:
Then drawes euilf happe and striues to shew his strength,
And such as yeld vnto his might, at length
He leades them by necessitie the way
That destinie preparde for our decay.

The Mariner amidde the swelling seas
Who seeth his barke with many a billowe beaten,
Now here, now there, as wind and waues best please,
When thundring Ioue with tempest list to threaten,
And dreades in depest gulfe for to be eaten,
Yet learnes a meane by mere necessitie
To saue himselfe in such extremitie:
For when he seeth no man hath witte nor powre
To flie from fate when fortune list to lowre,
His only hope on mightie Ioue doth caste,
Whereby he winnes the wished heauen at last.

How fond is that man in his fantasie,
Who thinks that Ioue the maker of vs al,
And he that tempers all in heauen on high,
The sunne, the mone, the starres celestiall,
So that no leafe without his leaue can fall,
Hath not in him omnipotence also
To guide and gouerne all things here below?
O blinded eies, O wretched mortall wights,
O subiect slaues to euery ill that lights, [scorne,
To scape such woe, such paine, such shame and
Happie were he that neuer had bin borne.

Well might duke Creon driuen by destinie,
(If true it be that olde Tyresias saith)
Redeme our eitie from this miserie,
By his consent vnto Meneceus death,
Who of himselfe would faine haue lost his breth:
" But euery man is loth for to fulfill
The heauenly hest that pleaseth not his will.
That publique weale must needes to ruine go
Where priuate profite is preferred so."
Yet mightie God, thy only aide we craue,
This towne from siege, and vs from sorowe saue.

FROM THE ADUENTURES OF FERDINANDO IERONIMI.

Of thee deare Dame, three lessons would I learne:
What reason first persuades the foolish Fly
(As soone as shee a candle can discerne)
To play with flame, till shee bee burnt thereby?
Or what may moue the Mouse to byte the bayte
Which strikes the trappe, that stops hir hungry breth?
What calles the bird, where snares of deepe deceit
Are closely coucht to draw hir to hir death?
Consider well, what is the cause of this,
And though percase thou wilt not so confesse,
Yet deepe desire, to gayne a heauenly blisse,
May drowne the minde in dole and dark distresse:
Oft is it seene (whereat my hart may bleede)
Fooles play so long till they be caught in deede.
And then
It is a heauen to see them hop and skip,
And seeke all shiftes to shake their shackles off:
It is a world, to see them hang the lip,
Who (earst) at loue, were wont to skorne and skoff.

[1] " In the favourite address to Mars (See Phoeniss. page 140. edit. Barnes.) Gascoigne has totally deserted the rich imagery of Euripides, yet has found means to form an original ode, which is by no means destitute of pathos or imagination."
WARTON.

But as the Mouse, once caught in crafty trap,
May bounce and beate against the boorden wall,
Till shee haue brought hir head in such mishap,
That downe to death hir fainting lymbes must fall:
And as the Flie once singed in the flame,
Cannot commaund hir wings to waue away:
But by the heele, shee hangeth in the same
Till cruell death hir hasty iourney stay:
So they that seeke to breake the linkes of loue
Striue with the streame, and this by paine I proue.
For when
I first beheld that heauenly hewe of thine,
Thy stately stature, and thy comly grace,
I must confesse these dazled eies of mine
Did wincke for feare, when I first viewd thy face:
But bold desire did open them againe,
And bad mee looke till I had lookt to long,
I pitied them that did procure my paine,
And lou'd the lookes that wrought me all the wrong:
And as the byrd once caught (but woorks hir woe)
That striues to leaue the limed twigges behind:
Euen so the more I straue to parte thee fro,
The greater grief did growe within my minde:
Remedilesse then must I yeeld to thee,
And craue no more, thy seruaunt but to bee.

SONNET.

Loue, hope, and death, do stirre in me sueh strife,
As neuer man but I led such alife.
First burning loue doth wound my hart to death,
And when death comes at call of inward griefe,
Colde lingering hope doth feede my fainting breath
Against my will, and yeeldes my wound reliefe:
So that I liue, but yet my life is such,
As death would neuer greue me halfe so much.
No comfort then but only this I tast,
To salue such sore, such hope will neuer want,
And with such hope, such life will euer last,
And with such life, such sorrowes are not skant.
Oh straunge desire, O life with torments tost,
Through too much hope, mine onely hope is lost.

In prime of lustie yeares when Cupid caught me in, [best begin:
And nature taught the waie to loue, how I might
To please my wandring eie, in beauties tickle trade,
To gaze on eache that passed by, a carelesse sporte I made.

With sweete entising baite, I fisht for manie a dame, [the flame:
And warmed me by manie a fire, yet felt I not
But when at last I spied, that face that pleasde me most, [I began to tost.
The coales were quicke, the woods was drie, and

And smiling yet full oft, I haue behelde that face,
When in my hearte I might bewaile mine owne vnluckie case: [griefe,
And oft againe with lokes that might bewraie my
I pleaded harde for iust rewarde, and sought to finde reliefe.

What will you more? so oft my gazing eies did seeke, [cheeke:
To see the rose and lillie striue vpon that liuelie
Till at the last I spied, and by good proofe I founde,
That in that face was painted plaine, the pearcer of my wound.

Then (all to late) agast, I did my foote retire,
And sought with secret sighes to quench my gredie skalding fire
But lo, I did preuaile asmuche to guide my will,
As he that seeks with halting heele, to hop against the hill.

Or as the feeble sight, woulde searche the sunnie beame, [the streame.
Euen so I founde but labour lost, to striue against
Then gan I thus resolue, since liking forced loue.
Should I mislike my happie choice, before I did it proue?

And since none other ioye I had but her to see,
Shoulde I retire my deepe desire? no no it would not bee: [well deserue,
Though great the duetie were, that shee did
And I poore man, vnworthie am so worthie a wight to serue.

Yet hope my comfort staide, that she would haue regard, [for iust reward:
To my good will that nothing crau'd, but like
I see the faucon gent sometime will take delight,
To seeke the solace of hir wing, and dallie with a kite.

The fairest Woulf will choose the foulest for hir make, [hir sake:
And why? because he doth indure most sorrow for
Euen so had I like hope, when dolefull daies were spent
When wearie wordes were wasted well, to open true entent.

When fluddes of flowing teares, had washt my weeping eies,
When trembling tongue had troubled hir, with loud lamenting cries:
At last hir worthy will would pittie this my plaint,
And comfort me hir owne poore slaue, whom feare had made so faint.

Wherefore I made a vowe, the stoany rocke should start,
Ere I presume, to let her slippe out of my faithfull heart.

LENVOIE.

And when she sawe by proofe, the pith of my good will,
She tooke in worth this simple song, for want of better skill:
And as my iust deserts, hir gentle hart did moue,
She was content to answere thus: I am content to loue.

A cloud of care hath coured all my coste,
And stormes of strife doo threaten to appeare:
The waues of woe, which I mistrusted moste,
Haue broke the bankes wherein my life lay cleare:
Chippes of ill chaunce, are fallen amyd my choyce,
To marre the mynd, that ment for to reioyce.

Before I sought, I founde the hauen of hap,
Wherein (once found) I sought to shrowd my ship,
But lowring loue hath lifte me from hir lap,
And crabbed lot beginnes to hang the lip:
The proppes of darke mistrust do fall so thick,
They pearce my coate, and touch my skin at quick.

What may be saide, where truth cannot prevaile?
What plea maie serue, where will it selfe is iudge?
What reason rules, where right and reason faile?
Remedilesse then must the guiltlesse trudge:
And seeke out care, to be the carving knife,
To cut the thred that lingreth such a life.

A MOONESHYNE.

DAME Cinthia her selfe (that shines so bright,
And dayneth not to leaue hir loftie place:
But onely then, when Phœbus shewes his face.
Which is her brother borne and lendes hir light,)
Disdained not yet to do my Lady right:
To prooue that in such heauenly wightes as she,
It sitteth best that right and reason be.
For when she spied my Ladies golden raies,
Into the cloudes,
Her head she shroudes, [plaies.
And ashamed to shine where she hir beames dis-

Good reason yet, that to my simple skill,
I should the name of Cynthia adore:
By whose high helpe, I might beholde the more,
My Ladies louely lookes at mine owne will,
With deepe content, to gare, and gaze my fill:
Of courtesie and not of darcke disdaine,
Dame Cynthia disclosde my Lady plaine.
Shee did but lende hir light (as for a lite)
With friendely grace,
To shew hir face,
That else would shew and shine in hir dispight.

Dan Phœbus hee with many a lowring looke,
Had hir beholde in yore in angrie wise:
And when he coulde none other meane deuise
To staine hir name, this deepe deceit he tooke,
To be the baite that best might hide his hooke:
Into hir eies his parching beames he cast,
To skorche their skinnes, that gaz'd on hir full fast:
Whereby when many a man was sunne burnt so
They thought my Queene,
The sonne had beene.
With skalding flames, which wrought them all that wo.

And that when many a looke had lookt so long,
As that their eyes were dimme and dazaled both:
Some fainting heartes that were both leude and loth
To looke agayne from whence that error sprong,
Gan close their eye for feare of farther wrong:
And some againe once drawen into the maze,
Gan leudly blame the beames of beauties blaze:
But I with deepe foresight did soone espie,
How Phœbus ment,
By false intent,
To slaunder so her name with crueltie.

Wherefore at better leasure thought I best,
To trie the treason of his trecherie:
And to exalt my Ladies dignitie
When Phœbus fled and drewe him downe to rest,
Amid the waues that walter in the west,
I gan behold this louely Ladies face.
Whereon dame nature spent hir giftes of grace:
And found therein no parching heat at all,
But such bright hew,
As might renew,
An Aungels ioyes in raigne celestiall.

The courteouse Moone that wisht to do me good,
Did shine to shew my dame more perfectly,
But when she sawe hir passing iolitie,
The Moone for shame, did blush as red as bloud,
And shrounke aside and kept hir hornes in hoode:
So that now when Dame Cynthia was gone,
I might enioye my Ladies lokes alone,
Yet honoured still the Moone with true intent,
Who taught vs skill,
To worke our will,
And gaue vs place, till all the night was spent.

A CHALLENGE TO BEAUTIE.

BEAUPIE shut vp thy shop, and trusse vp all thy trash,
My Nell hath stolne thy finest stuffe, and left thee in the lash [wot,
Thy market now is marde, thy gaines are gone god
Thou hast no ware, that maie compare, with this that I haue got
As for thy painted pale, and wrinekles surfled vp:
Are deare ynough, for such as lust to drinke of euery cup: [bagges,
Thy bodies bolstred out, with bumbact and with
Thy rowles, thy ruffes, thy caules, thy coifes, thy lerkins and thy Jagges.
Thy curling, and thy cost, thy friesling and thy fare,
To court to court with al those tois, and there set forth such ware
Before their hungrie eies, that gaze on euery gest,
And choose the cheapest chaffaire still, to please their fancy best. [a glaunce,
But I whose stedfast eies, coulde neuer cast
With wandring loke, amid the prese, to take my choise by chaunce
Haue wonne by due desert, a peece that hath no peere, [there:
And left the rest as refuse all, to serue the market
There let him chuse that list, there catche the best who ean: [a gazing man.
A painted blazing baite may serue, to choke
But I haue slipt thy flower, that freshest is of hewe:
I haue thy corne, goe sell thy chaffe, I list to seeke no new.
The windowes of mine eies, are glaz'd with such delight, [in my sight:
As eche new face seemes full of faultes, that blaseth
And not without iust cause, I can compare her so,
Loe here my gloue I challenge him, that can, or dare say no.
Let Theseus come with clubbe, or Paris bragge with brand, [the Grecian land:
To proue howe faire their Hellen was, that skourg'd
Let mighty Mars himselfe, come armed to the field:
And vaunt dame Venus to defend, with helmet, speare, and shield. [embrace,
This hand that had good hap, my Hellen to
Shal haue like lucke to stil hir foes, and daunt them with disgrace.

And cause them to confesse by verdict and by othe,
How farre hir louelie lookes do steine, the beauties of them both.
And that my Hellen is more faire then Paris wife,
And doth deserue more famous praise, then Venus for hir life.
Which if I not perfourme, my life then let me leese,
Or else be bound in chaines of change, to begge for beuties feese.

SONNET.

THE stately Dames of Rome, their Pearles did weare,
About their neckes to beautifie their name:
But she (whome I doe serue) hir pearles doth beare,
Close in hir mouth, and smiling shewe, the same.
No wonder then, though eu'ry word she speakes,
A Iewell seeme in iudgement of the wise,
Since that hir sugred tongue the passage breakes,
Betweene two rockes, bedeckt with pearles of price,
Hir haire of golde, hir front of Iuory,
(A bloody heart within so white a breast)
Hir teeth of Pearle lippes Rubie, christall eye,
Needes must I honour hir aboue the rest:
Since she is fourmed of none other moulde,
But Rubie, Christall, Iuory, Pearle, and Golde.
Ferdinando Ieronimy.

IELOSIE.

WHAT state to man, so swete and pleasaunt weare,
As to be tyed, in linkes of worthy loue?
What life so blist and happie might appeare,
As for to serue Cupid that god aboue?
If that our mindes were not sometimes infect,
With dread, with feare, with care, with cold suspect:
With deepe dispaire, with furious frenesie,
Handmaides to her, whome we call ielosie.

For eu'ry other sop of sower chaunce,
Which louers tast amid their sweete delight:
Encreaseth ioye, and doth their loue aduaunce,
In pleasures place, to haue more perfect plight.
The thirstie mouth thinkes water hath good taste,
The hungrie iawes, are pleas'd, with eche repaste:
Who hath not prou'd what dearth by warres doth growe,
Cannot of peace the pleasaunt plenties knowe.

And though with eye, we see not eu'ry ioye,
Yet maie the minde, full well support the same,
And absent life long led in great annoye.
When presence comes, doth turne from griefe to game,
To serue without reward is thought great paine,
But if dispaire do not therewith remaine,
It may be borne for right rewardes at last,
Followe true seruice, though they come not fast.

Disdaines, repulses, finallie eche ill,
Eche smart, eche paine, of loue eche bitter tast,
To thinke on them gan frame the louers will,
To like eche ioye, the more that comes at last:
But this infernall plague if once it tutch,
Or venome once the louers mind with grutch,
All festes and ioyes that afterwardes befall,
The louer comptes them light or nought at all.

This is that sore, this is that poisoned wound,
The which to heale, nor salue, nor ointmentes serue,
Nor charme of wordes, nor Image can be founde,
Nor obseruaunce of starres can it preserue,
Nor all the art of Magicke can preuaile,
Which Zoroactes found for our auaile,
Oh cruell plague, aboue all sorrowes smart,
With desperate death thou sleast the louers heart.

And me euen now, thy gall hath so enfect,
As all the ioyes which euer louer found,
And all good haps, that euer Troylus sect,
Atchieued yet aboue the luckles ground:
Can neuer sweeten once my mouth with mell,
Nor bring my thoughtes, againe in rest to dwell.
Of thy mad moodes, and of naught else I thinke,
In such like seas, faire Bradamant did sincke

FROM THE PRINCELY PLEASURES AT KENELWORTH CASTLE.

SONG.

COME Muses, come, and helpe me to lament,
Come woods, come waues, come hils, come doleful dales
Since life and death are both against me bent,
Come Gods, come men, beare witnesse of my bales.
O heauenly Nimphs, come helpe my heauy heart:
With sighes to see dame pleasure thus depart.

If death or dole, could daunt a deepe desire,
If priuie pangs could counterpoise my plaint:
If tract of time, a true intent could tire,
Or cramps of care, a constant miude could taint,
O then might I, at will here liue and sterue:
Although my deedes did more delight deserue.

But out alas, no gripes of greefe suffice,
To breake in twaine this harmelesse heart of mine
For though delight be banisht from mine eies,
Yet liues Desire, whom paines can neuer pine.
O straunge effects, I liue which seeme to die
Yet die to see my deere delight go by.

Then farewell sweet, for whom I taste such sower
Farewell delight, for whom I dwell in dole:
Free will, farewell, farewell my fancies flower,
Farewell content whom cruell cares controle.
Oh farewell life, delightfull death farewell,
I dye in heauen, yet liue in darksome hell.

FROM THE GLASSE OF GOUERNEMENT.

CHORUS TO ACT I.

WHEN God ordeynd the restlesse life of man,
And made him thrall to sundry greeuous cares:
The first borne griefe or sorow that began,
To shew it self, was this: to saue from snares

The pleasant pledge, which God for vs prepares,
I meane the seede, and offspring that he giues,
To any wight which in this world here lyues.

Few see themselues, but each man seeth his chylde,
Such care for them, as care not for themselfe,
We care for them, in youth when witte is wilde,
We care for them, in age to gather pelf:
We care for them, to keepe them from the shelf
Of such quicke sands, as we our selues first founde,
When headdy will, dyd sett our shippes on grounde.

The care which Christ dyd take to saue his sheepe,
Hath bene compard, to fathers care on child,
And as the hen, her harmles chicks can keepe
From cruell kyte: so must the father shylde
His youthfull Sonnes, that they be not beguylde,
By wicked world, by fleshly foule desire,
Which serue the deuill, with fewell for his fire.

Fyrst parentes care, to bring their children forth,
To breede them then, to bring them vp in youth,
To match them eke, with wightes of greatest worth,
To see them taught, the trusty tracke of trueth:
To braue excesse, from whence all sin ensueth.
And yet to geue, enough for common neede,
Least lothsome lacke make vice for virtue breede.

Let shame of sinne, thy Childrens bridle be,
And spurre them foorth, with bounty wysely used:
That difference, each man may plainly see,
Tweene parentes care, and maisters bodes abused:
So Terence taught, whose lore is not refused,
But yet where youth is prone to follow ill,
There spare the spurre, and use the brydell *still*.

Thus infinite, the cares of Parentes are.
Some care, to save their children from myshappe,
Some care for welth, and some for honours care,
Whereby their Sonnes may sitte in fortunes lappe:
Yet they which cram them so with worldly pappe,
And neuer care, to geue them heauenly crommes,
Shall see them sterue, when happe of hunger comes.

Said Socrates; that man which careth more
To leaue his chyld, much good and rych of rent:
Then he forseeth, to furnish him with store
Of vertues welth, which neuer can be spent:
Shall make him lyke, the steed that styll is pent
In stable close: which may be fayre in sight,
But seldome serues, such horse in field to fight.

So Xenophon, his freend Dan Tully told,
And so do here, Phylopœs[1] and his pheare
Phylocalus[1], that selfe same lesson hold:
They rather loue to leaue their sonnes in feare
Of God aboue: then wealth to wallow heare.
Which godly care, O God, so deigne to blisse,
That men may see how great thy glory is.

[1] Characters in the Glass of Gouernement, the object of which is to shew the errours of education. The other chorusses are much in the same strain. *C.*

THE

POEMS

GEORGE TURBERVILE.

LIFE OF GEORGE TURBERVILE.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS poet, descended from a family of considerable note in Dorsetshire, was a younger son of Nicholas Turbervile of Whitchurch, and supposed to have been born about the year 1530. He received his education at Winchester school, and became fellow of New College, Oxford, in 1561; but left the university without taking a degree, and resided for some time in one of the inns of court. He appears to have accumulated a stock of classical learning, and to have been well acquainted with modern languages. He formed his ideas of poetry partly on the classics, and partly on the study of the Italian school. His poetical pursuits, however, did not interfere with more important business, as his well-known abilities recommended him to the post of secretary to Thomas Randolph, esq. who was appointed queen Elizabeth's ambassador at the court of Russia.

While in this situation he wrote three poetical epistles to as many friends, Edward Davies, Edmund Spenser (not the poet[1]), and Parker, describing the manners of the Russians. These may be seen in Hackluyt's Voyages, vol. I. p. 384. After his return he was much courted as a man of accomplished education and manners; and the first edition of his Songs and Sonnets, published in 1567, seems to have added considerably to his fame. A second edition appeared in 1570, with many additions and corrections[2].

His other works were, translations of the Heroical Epistles of Ovid, of which four editions were printed; and the Eclogues of B. Mantuan, published in 1567. The only copy known of this volume is in the royal library. Wood, who appears to have seen it, informs us that one Thomas Harvey afterwards translated the same Eclogues, and availed himself of Turbervile's translation, without the least acknowledgement. Among the discoveries of literary historians, it is to be regretted that such tricks are to be traced to very high antiquity. Another very rare production of our author, although twice

[1] Such at least is Mr. Park's opinion, preferable in this instance to that of Dr. Tanner, and certainly to that of Dr. Berkenhout. *C.*

[2] A perfect copy of this edition is very rare. That used on the present occasion was obligingly lent by Mr. Hill. There is another in Trinity College, Cambridge, a present from Mr. Capell. *C.*

printed in 1576 and 1587, is entitled "Tragical Tales, translated by Turbervile, in time of his troubles, out of Sundrie Italians, with the argument and L'Envoye to ech tale." What his troubles were we are not told. To the latter edition of these Tales were annexed "Epitaphs and Sonets, with some other broken pamphlettes and Epistles, sent to certaine of his friends in England, at his being in Moscovia, Anno 1569." Wood has mistaken this for his "Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs and Sonets," from which it totally differs.

Our author was living in 1594, and in great esteem; but we have no account of his death. There appear to have been two other persons of both his names, both natives of Dorsetshire, and nearly contemporaries; one of whom was a commoner of Gloucester Hall in 1581, aged eighteen, and the other a student of Magdalen Hall in 1595, aged seventeen. Wood was not able to tell which of the three was the author of "Essays, politic and moral," which were published in 1608, nor of the "Booke of Falconrye and Hawking, heretofore published by G. Turbervile, Gent. and now revived, corrected and augmented by another hand, Lond. 1611." But the intelligent editor of Phillips's Theatrum is of opinion that this work was the production of our poet, from its having commendatory verses prefixed by Gascoigne; and, I may add, that the present collection confirms our poet's intimacy with the art of falconry and hawking. The curious biographical tract of Whetstone now printed in this volume before Gascoigne's works, notices a production of that author on hunting, which Mr. Park thinks is the one printed with the above Booke of Falconrye, and usually attributed to Turbervile. Besides these, our poet wrote commendatory verses to the works of several of his contemporaries[3]

Among the "Elegant and Witty Epigrams of sir John Harrington, 1625," we find the following *Epitaph in commendation of George Turberville, a learned gentleman.*

"When times were yet but rude, thy pen endeavour'd
To polish barbarism with purer style:
When times were grown most old, thy heart persever'd,
Sincere and just, unstain'd with gifts or guile.
Now lives thy soul, tho' from thy corpse dissever'd:
There high in bliss here clear in fame the while:
To which I pay this debt of due thanksgiving:
My pen doth praise thee dead: thine grac'd me living."

Turbervile has a place in these volumes as a sonnetteer of great note in his time; although, except Harrington, his contemporaries and successors appear to have been sparing of their praises. It is probably to some adverse critics that he alludes in his address to Sycophants. We have seen Gascoigne complain of the Zoilus's of his time.

There is a considerable diversity of fancy and sentiment in his pieces; the verses in praise of the countess of Warwick are ingeniously imagined, and perhaps in his best stile, and his satirical effusions if occasionally flat and vulgar, are characteristic of his age. Many of his allusions, as was then the fashion, are taken from the amusement of hawking, and these and his occasional strokes on large noses and other personal redundancies or defects, descended afterwards to Shakspeare, and other dramatic writers. He entitles his pieces Epitaphs and Epigrams, Songs and Sonnets, but the reader will

[3] See Ritson's Bibliographia, art. Turbervile. C.

seldom recognize the legitimate characteristics of those species of poetry. His epitaphs are without pathetic reflection, being stuffed with common place railing against "the cursed cruelty" of death; and his epigrams are often conceits without point, or, in some instances, the point is placed first, and the conclusion left "lame and impotent." His love sonnets, although seemingly addressed to a real mistress, are full of the borrowed passion of a translator, and the elaborate and unnatural language of a scholar. The classics in his age began to be studied very generally, and were no sooner studied than translated; this retarded the progress of invention at a time when the language was certainly improving: and hence among a number of authors who flourished in this period, we seldom meet with the glow of pure poetry. It may, however, be added in favour of Turbervile, that he seldom transgresses against morals or delicacy: it is also necessary to apprize his readers that his obsolete words are almost all to be found in the glossary to Chaucer.

TO

THE RIGHT NOBLE AND HIS SINGULAR GOOD LADY,

LADY ANNE, COUNTESSE WARWICK, &c.

GEORGE TURBERUILE WISHETH INCREASE OF HONOR AND ALL GOOD HAPPES.

As at what time (Madame) I first published this fond and slender treatise of Sonets, I made bolde with you in dedication of so vnworthy a booke to so worthie a Ladie: so haue I now also rubde my browe and wiped away al-shame in this respect, aduenturing not to cease, but to increase my former follie, in adding moe Sonets to those I wrote before. So much the more abusing in mine owne conceite your Ladishippes pacience, in that I had pardon before of my rash attempt. But see (Madame) what presumption raignes in retchlesse youth. You accepted that my first offer of honorable and meere curtesie, and I thereby encouraged, blush not to procede to the lyke trade of follie, always hoping for the like acceptance at your hands, which if it should faile me (as I hope it shall not faile) then should I hereafter not once so much as dare to set pen to Paper for feare of controlment and check, which howe grieuous it is to a yong man nowe (as it were) but tasting with his lippe the brim of learnings fountaine, and saluting the Muses at the doore and thresholl, neyther is your Ladiship ignoraunt, and I my selfe presume to know. Wherfore as I haue (Madame) by a little enlarging this Booke, enlarged not a little my follie: so is my humble sute to you a little to inlarge your bounteous curtesie. I meane in well accepting the increase of these my follies, proceding not so much vpon any light affection, as desire to acknowledge a greater dutie. It shall not be long (I hope) but that my hande shall seeke in some part the requitall of your bountye by some better deuise, though not more learned treatise. But what shoulde I stand vpon terms of skill? knowing that it is not the worke that your Ladiship doth so much regarde as the Writer, neither the worthinesse of the thing, as the good will and meaning of the deuiser thereof, offering his dutie in such wise as best aunsweres his abilitie and power. For as if subiectes shoulde haue respect more to the vnworthinesse of such things as they giue their Princes, than regard the worthie mindes and good natures of their Souereignes in well accepting such slender trifles at their vassels handes, they should quite be discouraged from euer offering the like and slender giftes: so if I shoulde cast an eie rather to the basenesse of my Booke, than account of your Noble nature and accustomed curtesie in well receyuing the same; neither should I heretofore enboldned my selfe so farre as to haue offred you this trifling treatise, nor now haue the hart to aduenture anew, although somewhat purged of his former faults and scapes. I cannot leaue to molest your noble eies with suruey of my rash compiled toyes. It may please your Ladyship to wey my well meaning heart, at what time occasion ministers you the perusing of my booke, and this to deeme, that desire alone to manifest my dutie to you, was the onely cause of this my enterprize. Which done, I haue at this time no more to trouble your Ladiship, but ending my Epistle, to craue the Gods your happie preseruation of present Honor, and luckie increase of blessed happes in all your life.

Your Ladiships daily Orator

GEORGE TURBERUILE.

TO THE READER.

HERE haue I (Gentle Reader) according to promise in my Translation, giuen thee a fewe Sonets, the vnripe seedes of my barraine braine, to pleasure and recreate thy wearye mind and troubled hed withal. Trusting that thou wylte not loth the bestowing thy tyme at vacant houres in pervsing the same. Waying that for thy solace alone (the bounden dutie which I owed the noble Countesse reserued) I vndertoke this slender toyle, and not for anye pleasure I did my selfe in penning thereof. As I deeme thou canst not, so do I hope thou wilt not mislike it at all. But if there be any thing herein that may offend thee, refuse it, reade and pervse the reast with pacience. Let not the misliking of one member procure thee rashlye to condemne the whole. I stand to thy iudgement, I expect thy acquitie. Reade the good, and reiect the euill: yea rather condemne it to perpetuall silence. For so woulde I wyshe thee to deale wyth vnworthye Bookes: But assuredlye there is nothing in thys whole slender Volume that was ment amisse of me the Writer, howsoeuer the Letter goe in thy iudgement that arte the Reader.

Whatsoeuer I haue penned, I write not to this purpose, that any youthlie head shoulde folow or pursue such fraile affections, or taste of amorous bait: but by meere fiction of these Fantasies, I woulde warne (if I mighte) all tender age to flee that foude and filthie affection of poysoned and vnlawfull loue. Let this be a Glasse and Myrror for them to gaze vpon: the soner may I (I trust) preuayle in my perswasion, for that my selfe am of their yeares and disposition. And as I am not the first that in this sort hath written and imployde hys tyme: so shall I not be the last, that without desarte (perhaps) shall be misdeemed for attempting the same. But let those curious Knightes cast an eye to home, and looke well about whether they themselues are blamelesse, or as well worthie reproche as others. This done and my intent considered, hoping of thy curtesie, I ende, alwayes readie to pleasure thee by my pains, wishing vnto thee, that arte the pacient Reader, as to my self the Writer and thy verie Friend

GEORGE TURBERVILE.

POEMS

OF

GEORGE TURBERVILE.

TO THE RAYLING ROUTE OF SYCOPHANTS.

IF he that once encountred with his Foes
In open fielde at sound of blasted Trumpe,
Doe dare to yeelde his hewed head to bloes,
And go again to heare the Canons thumpe:
With dreadlesse hart and vnappalled brest
Not fearing till he be by Foes opprest:

If such as earst in cutting of the Surge
By passing to the straunge and forraine lande
Bide bitter blast and scorneful Neptunes scurge,
Dreade not to take the like attempt in hande,
But rashly runne like sturdie ventrous Wights
Not fearing wind nor waue when Boreas fights:

If these (I say) doe nothing doubt at all
But valiantly giue freshe assault anew,
Not dreading daunger that is like to fall,
As they long earst by proufe and practise knew:
Then why should I of yore that haue assayde
The force of Zoylls[1] mouth, be ought dismayde?

Then why should I, like one that fearde to fight
Or never crusht his head with Helmet's heft,
Now shew my selfe a weak and coward Wight
As long as life or lym uncut is left?
For Ouid earst did I attempt the like,
And for my selfe now shall I stick to strike?

No, no, I march gainst Momus once againe,
My courage is not quailde by cruell fo.
Though Zoyll did his best my Flag to gaine,
Twas not his hap to haue the conquest so:
And since it was my luck to scape his might,
I here assaile the Beast with nouell fight.

[1] Zoilus.

Thou Sycophant, unsheath thy shamefull blade
Plucke out thy bloudie fawchon (Dascard thou)
Wherewith thou hast full many a skirmish made
And scotcht the braynes of many a learned brow.
Now doe thy worst, I force not of thy stroke,
Thou shalt not bring my neck to servage yoke.

Though thou affirme with rash and railing jawes
That I *invita* have *Minerva* made
My other Booke, I gave thee no such cause
By any deede of mine to drawe thy blade:
But since thou hast shot out that shamelesse worde,
I here gainst thee uncote my cruell sworde.

I know thou wilt eche worde and sentence wrie
That in this slender Booke of me is write,
And wilt the same unto thy sense applie
Hoping for loue thereby to breede dispite:
And looke what I amisse did neuer meane,
Thou wilt mistake and eke misconster cleane.

Thou wilt the wylie braine that ought is bent
To fowle suspect and spot of fell distrust,
Perswade that here something of him was ment,
And Jealous Coales into his bosome thrust,
Thinking thereby thy purpose to aspire
In setting of his boyling breast a fire.

But as thou art in all thy other deedes
Deseruing no beleefe or trust at all:
Likewise what so from thy vile Jawes proceedes,
Is loathsome lie, fowle fitton, bitter Gall.
Beleue him not but reade the Treatise through,
He sowes debate with helpe of hafeful Plough.

The modest mind that meanes but vertues trade
And shunnes the shameful shop of bawdie sect,
This spitefull Beast will (if he may) perswade
That these are Toyes: for that he should reject
And not pervse the meaning of the same,
Thus Zoyll seekes but blot of black defame.

But thou that vewste this stile with stayd brow,
Marke erie worde, unjoint eche Verse of mine,
Thy judgement I and censure will allow,
Nor once will seeme for rancour to repine:
Thou art the man whose sentence I expect,
I scorne the scoffes of Zoylls shamefull sect.

FINIS.

IN PRAYSE OF THE RENOWMED LADIE ANNE, LADIE COWNTESSE WARWICKE.

When nature first in hande did take,
The Clay to frame this Countesse corse
The earth a while she did forsake,
And was compelde of verie force
With mowlde in hande to flee to Skies,
To ende the worke she did deuies.

The Gods that tho' in counsell sate,
Where halfe amazde (against their kinde)
To see so neere the stoole of state
Dame Nature stande, that was assignde
Among hir worldly Impes to wonne,
As she untill that day had donne.

First Jove began: what (Daughter deere)
Hath made thee scorne thy Fathers will?
Why doe I see thee (Nature) heere,
That oughtst of dutie to fulfill
Thy undertaken charge at home:
What makes thee thus abroade to rome?

Disdainfull Dame, how didst thou dare
So retchlesse to depart the grownde,
That is alotted to thy share?
(And therewithall his Godhead frownde)
I will (quoth Nature) out of hande
Declare the cause I fled the lande.

I undertooke of late a peece
Of Clay a featurde face to frame,
To match the courtly Dames of Greece
That for their beautie beare the name:
But (Oh good Father) now I see
This worke of mine it will not bee.

Vicegerent since you thee assignde
Below in Earth, and gaue me lawes
On mortal Wightes, and willde that kinde
Should make and marre, as she sawe cause:
Of right (I thinke) I may appeale
And crave your help in this to deale.

When Joue saw how the case did stande
And that the worke was well begunne,
Hee prayde to have the helping hande
Of other Gods till he had donne:
With willing mindes they all agreede
And set upon the clay with speede.

First Jove eche limme did well dispose
And makes a creature of the Clay;
Next Ladie Venus she bestowes
Hir gallant giftes as best she may,
From face to foote, from top to toe
She let no whit untoucht to goe.

When Venus had donne what she coulde
In making of hir carkas braue,
Then Pallas thought she might be bolde
Among the reast a share to haue,

Then.

A passing wyt shee did conuaye
Into this passing peece of claye.

Of Bacchus shee no member had
Saue fingers fine and feate to see,
Her head with heare Apollo clad
That Gods had thought it golde to bee:
So glistring was the tresse in sight
Of this new formde and featurde wight.

Diana held hir peace a space
Untill those other Gods had donne:
At last (quoth shee) in Dian's chase
Wyth Bowe in hande this Nymph shall ronne,
And chiefe of all my Noble traine
I will this Virgin entertaine.

Then joyfull Juno came and sayde
Since you to hir so friendly are,
I doe appoint this Noble Mayde
To match with Mars his peere for warre:
She shall the Cowntesse Warwick bee
And yeeld Diana's Bowe to mee.

When to so good effect it came
And every member had his grace,
There wanted nothing but a name:
By hap was Mercurie then in place,
That sayde: pray you all agree
Pandora graunt hir name to bee.

For since your Godheads forged haue
With one assent this Noble Dame
And eche to hir a vertue gaue,
This terme agreeth to the same:
The Gods that heard Mercurius tell
This tale, did lyke it passing well.

Report was Summonde then in hast
And willde to bring his Trumpe in hande
To blowe therewith a sounding blast
That might be heard through Brutus lande:
Pandora streight the Trumpet blewe
That eche this Cowntesse Warwicke knewe.

O sielie Nature borne to paine,
O wofull wretched kinde (I say)
That to forsake the soile were faine
To make this Cowntesse out of Claye:
But oh most friendly Gods that woulde
Vouchsafe to set your hands to mowlde.

THE ARGUMENT

TO THE WHOLE DISCOURSE AND TREATISE FOLLOWING.

By sodaine sight of vnacquainted shape
Tymetes fell in loue with Pyndara,
Whose beautie farre excellde Sir Paris rape,
That Poets cleape the famous Helena.

His flame at first he durst not to displaye,
For feare he should offended Pyndara:
But couert kept his torments many a daye,
As Paris did from worthie Helena.

At length the Coale so fierie redde became,
Of him that so did fancie Pyndara,
That fuming smoke did wrie the hidden flame
To hir that farre exeeeded Helena.

Which when shee saw, shee seemde with friendly eye
To like with him that lyked Pyndara:
And made as though shee would eftsoone applye
To him, as to hir guest did Helena.

Tymetes (louing man) then hoped well,
And mooude his sute to Ladie Pyndara:
He plyde his Penne and to his wryting fell,
And sude as did the man to Helena.

Within a while dispayring wretched Wight
He found his Loue (the Ladie Pyndara) light
So straunge and coye, as though she tooke de-
To paine hir friend, as did faire Helena.

Another time hir cheere was such to see,
That poore Tymetes hopte that Pyndara
Would yeelde him grace: But long it would not bee,
Shee kept aloofe as did Dame Helena.

Thus twixt dispaire and hope the doubtfull man
Long space did liue that loued Pyndara,
In wofull plight: At last the Nymph began
To quite his loue as did faire Helena.

Then ioyed hee, and cheerefull *ditties* made
In prayse of his atchiued Pyndara:
But soone (God wote) his pleasure went to glade,
Another tooke to wife this Helena.

Thus euer as Tymetes had the cause
Of ioy or smart, of comfort or refuse:
He glad or griefull woxe, and euer drawes
His present state with Penne as here ensues.

TO A LATE ACQUAINTED FRIEND.

If Vulcan durst presume
that was a Enooffe to see,
And strake with Hammer on the Stithe
a cunning Smith to bee,

Whose chiefe and whole delight
was aye to frye at Forge,
And listen to that melodie
Smithes sorrowes to disgorge:

If Vulcan durst (I saye)
Dame Venus to assaile
That was the worthyste Wight of all,
if witnesse may preuaile:

Then may you muse the lesse
though fansie force mee wright
To you a second Venus (friende)
and Helen in my sight.

For what he sawe in hir
a Goddesse by hir kinde,
That I in you (my chosen friend)
and somewhat else doe finde.

And as that sillie Smyth
by Cupid was procurde
To fawne on hir, to whome in fine
hee firmely was assurde:

So by none other meanes
my senses are in thrall,
But by procurement of the God
that conquers Gods and all.

T'is hee that makes mee bolde,
t'is hee that willes me sue
To thee (my late acquainted friende)
loues torments to eschue.

Not too this day was seene
that any durst rebell
Or kicke at Cupid Prince of Loue,
as antique Poets tell:

But rather would with free
and vncoacted minde
Applie to please in any case
what so the God assignde.

What neede I here displaye
the spoyles by Cupid wonne?
Not I, but you (my friende) woulde faint
ere halfe the tale were donne.

His Banner doth declare
what hearts haue bene subdude:
Where they are all in Sabells set
with blood and gore imbrude.

Not mightie Mars alone,
nor Hercules the stoute:
But other Gods of greater state,
there standing in a route.

There may you plainely see
how Joue was once a Swanne,
To lure faire Leda to his lust
when raging Loue beganne.

Some other when a Bull,
some other time a showre
Of golden drops: as when he coyde
the closed Nunne in towre.

Apollos Loue appeares
and euer will be knowne,
As long as Lawrell leaues shall last,
and Daphnes brute be blowne.

May brainsick Bacchus brag
or boast himselfe as free?
Not I, but Aryadnas crowne
shewes him in loue to bee.

Since these and other mo
that Gods were made by kinde
Might not auoide that guilefull God
that winged is and blinde:

Should I haue hope to scape
by force, or else by flight,
That in respect of those his thralls
am of so slender might?

As they did yeelde to Loue
for feare of Cupids yre:
Euen so am I become his thrall
by force of flaming fyre.

What time I first displayde
mine eyes vpon thy face,
(That doth allure eche lookers heart)
I did the P. imbrace.

And since that time I feele
within my breast such ioye,
As Paris neuer felt the lyke
when Helen was at Troye.

How coulde so barraine soyle
bring forth so good a Graffe,
To whom the reast that seeme good Corne
are in respect but Chaffe?

(O God) that Cupid woulde
vpon thy breast bestowe
His golden shaft, that thou the force
of liking loue mightst knowe.

Then should I staude in hope
and well assured bee,
That thou wouldst be as friendly (P.)
as I am now to thee.

Whome (tyll thy friendship fayle,
and plighted Hest doe swarue)
I vaunt and vowe by mightie loue,
with heart and hande to sarue.

My senses all take heede,
and yee my wittes beware
That you attentiue be on hir
and for none other care.

You eyes that woonted were
light louing lookes to cast,
I giue commaundment on hir hue
that yee be ankred fast.

Mine cares admit no sounde
ne womans woords at all:
Be shutte against such Syrens Songes
repleate with lurcking gall.

Tongue see that thou be tyde,
and vse no wanton stile:
By lawe of Loue I thee coniure
such fonde toyes to exile.

Legges looke that yee be lame
when you should reache a place
To take the vewe of Venus Nymphes
P. beautie to deface.

For such a one is shee
whome I would will you serue,
As to be plaste for Pallas peere
for wisedome may deserue.

So constant are hir lookes
and eake so chaste a face:
As if that Lucrece liuing were,
shee Lucrece would disgrace.

So modest is hir mirth
in euery time and tyde,
As they that prick most nearste of all
their shiuerde shafts are wyde.

Pause Pen awhile therefore,
and vse thy woonted meane:
For Boccas braine, and Chaucers Quill
in this were foyled cleane.

Of both might neither boast
if they did liue againe:
For P. would put them to their shifts
to Pen hir vertues plaine.

Yet one thing will I vaunt
and after make an ende,
That Momus can not for his lyfe
deuise one iote to mende.

Thus to conclude at length,
see thou (my friend) pervse
This slender verse, till leysure serue
abrode to bring my Muse.

For then you shall perceiue
by that which you shall see,
That you haue made your choyce as well
as I by chooing P.

THE LOUER

EXTOLLETH THE SINGULAR BEAUTIE OF HIS LADYE.

LET Myron muse at Natures passing might,
And quite resigne his pietish Painters right;
For sure hee can not frame hir featurde shape
That for hir face excells the Greekishe rape.

Let Zeuxis Grapes not make him proude at al,
Though Fowles for them did skyr against a wal:
For if hee should assay my Loue to paint,
His Art would fayle, his cunning fist would faint.

Let Praxitell presume with Pencill rude,
Base things to blaze the people to delude:
Hir featurde limmes to drawe let him not dare
That with the fayre Diana may compare.

Though Venus forme Apelles made so well,
As Greece did iudge the Painter to excell:
Yet let not that enbolde the Greeke to graue
Hir shape, that beauties prayse deserues to haue.

For Nature when shee made hir, did entende
To paint a peece that no man might amende:
A paterne for the reast that after shoulde
Be made by hande, or cast in cunning moulde.

THE LOUER

DECLARETH HOW FIRST HE WAS TAKEN AND ENAMOURED BY THE SIGHT OF HIS LADIE.

I THAT had neuer earst
the craft of Cupid tride,
Ne yet the wylie wanton wayes
of Ladie Venus spide,

But spent my time in sporte
as youth is woont by kinde,
Not forcing Fancies pinching powre
that other Wights did blinde:

By fortune founde a Face
that likte my heart so well,
As by the sodaine vewe thereof
to fancies frame I fell.

No sooner had mine eyes
vpon hir beautie stayde,
But Wit and Will without respect
were altogither wayde.

Unwarely so was none
in such a snare before:
The more I gazde vpon hir face,
I lyke my Loue the more.

Forthwith I thought my heart
oute of his roome was rapte:
And witts (that woonted were to wayte
on Reason) were intrapte.

Downe by mine eyes the stroke
descended to the harte:
Which Cupid neuer crasde before
by force of Golden darte.

My bloud that thought it bounde
his Maisters part to take,
No longer durst abide abrode,
but outwarde limmes forsake.

When it had bene in breast
and frostye colde dismayde:
It hasted from the heart againe
externall parts to ayde.

And brought with it such heate
as did inflame the face,
Distayning it with Scarlet redde
by rashnesse of the race.

And since that time I feele
such pangues and inwarde fitts,
As now with hope, and then with feare
encombred are my witts.

Thus must I Myser liue
till shee by friendly ruth
Doe pitie mee hir looking thrall
whose deedes shall trie his truth.

Thrise luckie was the daye,
thrise happie eake the place,
And yee (mine eyes) thrise blessed were
that lighted on hir face.

If I in fine may force
hir pittie by my plaint:
I shall in cunningste verse I may
hir worthie prayse depaint.

Thereis one thing makes mee ioy
and bids me thinke the best:
That cruell rigor can not lodge
where Beautie is possest.

And sure vnlesse she salue
and heale this cankred wounde
By yeelding grace, it must in time
of force my corps confounde.

For long it may not last
that in such anguish lyes:
Extreames in no case can endure
as Sages did deuise.

No Tyger gaue hir Teate,
she is no Lyons whelpe:
Ne was she bred of cruell rockes,
nor will renounce to helpe

Such as she paynes with loue,
and doth procure to wo:
She is not of the Currish kynde,
hir nature is not so.

MAISTER GEORGE HIS SONET OF THE PAINES OF LOVE.

Two lines shall tell the griefe,
that I by loue sustaine:
I burne, I flame, I faint, I freeze,
of Hell I feele the paine.

TURBERVILE'S AUNSWERE AND DISTICH TO THE SAME.

Two lines shall teach you how
to purchase loue anewe:
Let reason rule where Loue did raigne
and ydle thoughts eschewe.

AN EPITAPH ON THE DEATH OF DAME ELYZABETH ARHUNDLE.

Here graued is a good and godly wight,
That yeelded hath hir cynders to the soyle,
Who ran hir race in vertues tyit aright
And neuer had at Fortunes hande the foyle:
The guide was God whome shee did aye ensue,
And Vertue was the marke whereat she thrue.

Descending of a house of worthie fame
Shee linckt at length with one of egall state,
Who though did chaunge hir first and former name,
Did not enforce hir virtues to rebate:
For Dannat shee Dame Arundel was hight,
Whose Feere was knowne to be a worthy Knight.

Hir beautie I not blaze ne brute at all,
(Though with the best she might therin compare)
For that it was to age and fortune thrall:
Hir thewes I touch which were so passing rare,
As being eartht and reft hir vital breath,
Hir chiefest part doth liue and conquer death.

Let Spite not spare to speake of hir the wurst,
Let Envie feede upon hir godly life,
Let Rancour rage, let Hatreds bellie burst,
Let Zoill now unsheath his cutting knife:
For death hath closde hir corse in marble graue,
Hir soule is fled in Skies his seate to haue

Let Leyster laugh that such a Mirrour bred:
Let Matrons mourne for losse of their renowne,
Let Cornwall crie since Dannat now is ded,
Let Vertue eke doe on hir mourning gowne:
For she is reft that was at Vertues beck
Whome Fortune had no power to giue the check.

TO PIERO OF PRIDE.

Friend Piero, Pride infects a friendly minde,
The haughtie are pursued with deadly hate:
Wherefore eschue the proude and Peacocks kinde
That greedie are to sit on stoole of state:
The lowly hart doth winne the loue of all,
But Pride at last is sure of shamefull fall.

PIERO TO TURBERVILE.

Good is the counsell (Turberuile) you giue
It is a vertue rare well to aduise,
But if your selfe in Peacocks sort doe liue
Men may deeme you are not perfite wise:
Whose chiefest point in act consisteth aye,
Well doing farre excelleth well to saye.

VERSE IN PRAYSE OF LORDE HENRIE HOWARDE ERLE OF SURREY.

WHAT should I speake in praise of Surreys skil
Unlesse I had a thousand tongues at will?
No one is able to depaint at full,
The flowing fountaine of his sacred skull.
Whose Penne approoude what wit he had in mue
Where such a skill in making Sonets grue.
Eche worde in place with such a sleight is coucht,
Eche thing whereof he treates so firmely toucht,
As Pallas seemde within his noble breast
To haue soiournde, and bene a dayly guest.
Our mother tongue by him hath got such light,
As ruder speach thereby is banisht quight:
Reproue him not for fancies that he wrought,
For Fame thereby and nothing else he sought.
What though his verse with pleasant toies are fright?
Yet was his honours life a Lampe of light.
A myrrour he the simple sort to traine,
That euer beate his brayne for Britans gaine.
By him the Nobles had their vertues blazde,
When spiteful death their honors liues had razde.
Eche that in life had well deserued aught,
By Surreys meanes an endles Fame hath caught
To quite his boone and aye well meaning minde,
Whereby he did his Sequell seeme to binde:
Though want of skill to silence me procures,
I write of him whose fame for aye endures,
A worthie Wight, a Noble for his race,
A learned Lord that had an Earles place.

OF IALOUSIE.

A STRAUNGE disease, a griefe exceeding great,
A man to haue his heart in flame inrolde,
In sort that he can neuer choose but sweat,
And feele his feete benumde with frostie colde.
No doubt if he continue in this heate,
He will become a Cooke hereafter olde,
Of such diseases such is the effect,
And this in him we may full well suspect.

TO HIS LADIE,

THAT BY HAP WHEN HE KISSED HIR AND MADE HIR LIPPE BLEEDE, CONTROLDE HIM AND TOOKE DISDAINE.

DISCHARGE thy dole,
Thou subtile soule,
It standes in little steede
To cursse the kisse
That causer is
Thy chirrie lippe doth bleede.

Thy bloud ascends
To make amends
For domage thou hast donne:
For by the same
I felt a flame
More scorching than the Sunne.

Thou reftst my harte
By secret Arte,
My sprites were quite subdude:
My Senses fled
And I was ded,
Thy lippes were scarce imbrude.

The kisse was thine,
The hurt was mine,
My hart felt all the paine:
Twas it that bled
And lookte so red,
I tell thee once againe.

But if you long
To wreake your wrong
Upon your friendly fo:
Come kisse againe
And put to paine
The man that hurt you so.

MAYSTER GOOGE HIS SONET.

ACCUSE not God if fansie fonde
doe moue thy foolishe braine
To wayle for loue, for thou thy selfe
art cause of all the paine.

TURBERVILE'S AUNSWERE.

NOT God (friend Googe) the louer blames
as worker of his woes:
But Cupid that his fierie flames
so frantickly bestowes.

A COMPARISON

OF THE LOUERS ESTATE WITH THE SOULDIOURS PAINEFUL LYFE.

IF Souldiers may for seruice done,
and labours long sustainde,
For wearie watch, and perils past,
and armes with armour painde:

For push of pike, for holbers stroke,
for standing in the frunt,
If they expect rewarde (I say)
for byding battayles brunt:

Then what shall Cupids Captaines craue,
what recompense desire,
That warde the day, and wake the night
consumde with fretting fire?

No roome of rest, no time of truce,
no pleading for a peace:
When Cupid soundes his warlike Trumpe,
the fight will neuer cease.

First you shall see the shivering shafts
and view the thirled darts
Which from their eies they cast by course
to pierce their enmies harts.

But if the Foe doe stande aloofe
(as is the Louers guise)
Then Canons with their cruell cracks
as thicke as thunder flies.

Sweete wordes in place of powder stande
by force which thinke to win,
That louing lookes of late had lost
when fight did first begin.

But on the breast to beare the brunt
and keepe them from the hart,
A sure and priuie cote is worne
repelling pellets smart.

They stop their eares against the sound,
which is the surest shielde
Against the dreadful shot of wordes
that thousundes had beguilde.

But when Cupidians flatly see
nor gunne, nor bowe prevaile,
Then they begin their friendly foes
with other fight t' assaile.

Then set the daskardes dread aside
and to the walles they run,
As though they would subdue the Forte
or ere the fight begun.

Forthwith the scaling Ladders come,
and to the walles are set,
Then sight and sobbes begin to clime,
but they are quickly met.

Thus Cupid and his Souldiers all
the sharpe repulse sustaine:
Whome Beauty batters from the walles
whose Captaine is Disdaine.

When all are gone and yeelde it lost,
comes Hope and whot Desire,
To see where they can haue the hap
to set the Fort a fire.

But naught preuailes their lingring fight
they can not Beautie win:
Yet doe they skirmish still behinde
in hope to enter in.

At length when Beautie doth perceyve
those soldiers are so true,
That they will neuer from the walles
till they the holde subdue:

She calles for Pittie for the keyes
and bids hir let them in:
In hope they will be true to hir
as they to Loue had bin.

The gates no sooner are unloekt,
but souldiers all retire:
And enter into Beauties Forte
with Hope and hote Desire.

Now judge by this that I haue saide
of these two fightes aright,
Which is the greatest toyle of both
when warlike Tents are pight.

For Mars his men sometime haue ease,
and from their battaile blin:
But Cupids souldiers euer serue
till they Dame Beautie win.

THE LOUER

AGAINST ONE THAT COMPARED HIS MISTRESSE WITH HIS LADIE.

A MADNESSE to compare
the Pipler with the Pine,
Whereof the Mariner makes his Mast
and hanges it all with line.

A follie to preferre
a Lampe before the Sunne,
Or brag that Balam's lumpish asse
with Bucephall shall runne.

Then cease for shame to vaunt,
and crowe in craking wise
Of hir that least deserues to haue
hir beauties fame arise.

Thou foolish Dame beware
of haughtie Peacocks pride:
The fruite thereof in former age
hath sundrie times been tride.

Arachne can expresse
how angrie Pallas was,
When shee in needle worke would seeme
the Heauenly Wight to passe.

The Spider showes the spite
that she (good wench) abid,
In token of hir pride shee hanges
at roofe by rotten thrid.

No foode she hath allowde
lesse Fortune sende the Flie:
The Cobweb is hir costly Couch
appointed hir to lie.

With venim ranck and vile
hir wombe is like to burst,
A token of hir inward hate
and hawtie minde at furst.

And thou that surely thinkst
thy Ladie to excell,
Example take of others harme
for judgement that befell:

When Pan the Pastors prime,
and Rex of rustick route,
To passe Apollo in his play
and Musick went aboute:

Mount Tmolus was the Judge
that there the roome possest,
To giue his verdite for them both
which uttered Musick best.

First came the Rustick forth
with Pipe and puffed bag,
That made his eies to runne like streames,
and both his lips to wag.

The noyse was somewhat rude
and ragged to the eare:
The simplest man aliue would gesse
that pievish Pan was there.

Then Phœbus framde his frets,
and wrested all his pinnes,
And on his curious strings to strike
the skilfull God beginnes.

So passing was his play
as made the trees to daunce,
And stubborn Rocks in deepest vales
for gladsome ioy to praunce.

Amphyon blusht as red
as any glowing flame:
And Orpheus durst not shew his face,
but hide his head for shame.

Ynough quoth Tmolus tho,
my judgement is that Pan
May pipe among the ruder sort
that little Musick can.

Apollos playe doth passe
of all that ere I hearde:
Wherefore (as reason is) of mee
the Luter is preferde.

Meanwhile was Mydas prest
not pointed Iudge in place:
But (lyke a dolt that went about
Apollo to deface)

Tushe Tmolus, tushe quoth hee,
Pan hath the better skill:
For hee the emptie bagge with winde
and strowting blast doth fill.

Apollo wagges his ioints
and makes a jarring sounde:
Lyke pleasure is not in the Lute
as in the Bagpipe founde.

No sooner had hee spoke,
those witlesse wordes and sed,
But Phœbus graft on Asses eares
vpon his beastly hed.

In proof of judgement wrong
that Mydas did maintaine,
He had a paire of sowsing eares
to shilde him from the raine.

Wherefore (my Friend) take heede
of afterclaps that fall:
And deeme not hir a Dearling that
deserues no prayse at all.

Your iudgement is beguilde,
your Senses suffer shame:
That so doe seeke to blaze hir armes,
and to aduaunce hir fame.

Let hir go hide hir head
in lothsome lurcking mue,
For crabbed Crowfoote marres hir face
and quite distaines hir hue.

THE LOUER

TO A GENTLEWOMAN, THAT AFTER GREAT FRIENDSHIP WITHOUT DESART OR CAUSE OF MISLYKING, REFUSED HIM.

Haue you not heard it long ago
of cunning Fawkeners tolde,
That Hauks which loue their kepers Cal
are woorth their weight in Golde?

And such as knowe the luring voice
of him that feedes them still:
And neuer ranglp farre abrode
against the Keepers will,

Doe farre exceede the haggarde Hauke
that stoopeth to no stale:
Nor forceth on the Lure awhit,
but mounts with euery gale?

Yes, yes, I knowe you know it well,
and I by proufe haue tride,
That wilde and haggard Hawkes are worse
than such as will abide.

Yet is there eke another kinde,
farre worser than the rest:
And those are they that flie at check,
and stoupe to euerie gest.

They leaue the lawe that nature taught
and shunne their wonted kinde,
In fleeing after euerie Foule
that mounteth with the winde.

You know what I doe meane by this,
if not, giue eare a while:
And I shall shewe you my conceite
in plaine and simple stile.

You were sometime a gentle Hawke,
and woont to feede on fist:
And knew my luring voice right well
and would repaire at list.

I could no sooner make a beck
or token with my hand,
But you would quickly iudge my will
and how the case did stand.

But now you are become so wylde
and rammage to be seene,
As though you were a haggard Hawke
your maners altred cleene.

You now refuse to come to fist,
you shun my wonted call:
My luring liketh not your eare,
you force mee not at all.

You flee with winges of often chaunge
at random where you please:
But that in time will breede in you
some fowle and fell disease.

Liue like a haggard still therefore,
and for no luring care:
For best (I see) contents thy minde
at wishe and will to fare.

So some perhaps will liue in hope
at length to light on thee,
That earst reclaimde so gentle werte
and louing birde to mee.

But if thou chaunce to fall to check,
and force on erie fowle,
Thou shalt be worse detested then,
than is the nightish Owle.

This counsell take of him that once
did keepe thee at his beck:
But now giues up in open field
for feare of filthie check.

THE LOUER

OBTAYNING HIS WISHE BY ALL LYKELYHODE, YET NOT ABLE TO ATTAINE HIS DESIRE, COMPARES HIMSELF TO TANTALUS.

Of Tantalus plight,
The Poets wright,
Complayning
And fayning
In sorrowfull sownding songes:
Who feeles (they saye)
For Apples gaye
Such payning
Not gayning
The fruite for which hee longes:

For when hee thinkes to feede therone,
The fickle flattring Tree is gone:
And all in vaine hee hopes to haue
his famine to expell
The flitting fruite that lookes so braue
and likes his eie so well:
And thus his hunger doth increase,
And hee can neuer finde release.

As want of Meate
Doth make him freate
With raging
And gazing,
To catch the fruite that flees:
Euen so for drythe
The Miser crythe,
Not swaging
But waging,
For licour that he sees:
For to his painefull parched mouth
The long desired water flouth,
And when he gapes full gredilie
unthriftie thirst to slake,
The river wasteth speedilie,
and awaywarde goes the Lake:
That all the licour from his lips
And dryed chaps away it slips.

This kind of paine
Doth he sustaine
Not ceasing
Increasing,
His pittiful pining wo:
In plenties place,
Devoide of grace,
Releasing
Or ceasing
The pangs that pinch him so:
Of all the fretting fits of Hell
This Tantals torment is most fell:
For that the reast can haue no hope
their freedome to attaine,
And he hath graunted him such scope
as makes the Myser faine:
But all for naught in fine it serues,
For he with dryth and hunger sterues.

Euen so fare I
That am as nie
My pleasure,
My treasure,
As I might wishe to bee:
And haue at will
My Ladie still
At leasure,
In measure,
As well it lyketh mee.
The amorous blyncks flee to and fro,
With sugred wordes that make a show
That fansie is well pleasde withall
and findes itselfe content:
Eche other friendly friend doth call
and eche of us consent:
And thus we seeme for to possesse
Eche others hart and haue redresse

We coll, we chip,
We kisse with lip,
Delighted,
Requighted,
And merely spend the day:
The tales I tell
Are fancide well,
Recited,
Not spited,
Thus weares the time away.
Looke what I like shee doth imbrace,
She giues good eare vnto my case
And yeeldes mee lawfull libertie
To fraame my dolorus plaint,
To quite hir friend from ieopardie
Whome Cupid hath attaint:
Respecting nought at all his welth
But seeking meane to woork his helth.

I seeme to haue
The thing I craue,
Shee barres not,
Shee iarres not,
But with a verie good will
Shee heares my sute,
And for the frute
Shee warres not,
But dares not
To let mee feede my fill.
Shee would (I know) with heart agree,
The fault is neyther in hir nor mee,
I dare auowe full willinglie
shee would consent thereto,
And gladly would mee remedie
to banish away my wo:
Lo thus my wish I doe possesse,
And am a Tantal naythelesse.

For though I stande
And touch with hande
Allured,
Procured,
The Sainct I doe desire:
And may be bolde
For to enfolde,
Assured,
Indured,
The Corps that I require:
Yet by no meanes may I attaine
To haue the fruite I would so faine
To ryd mee from extremitie
and cruell oppressing care,
Euen thus with Tantals penaltie
my destnie may compare:
Who though endure excessiue paine,
Yet mine is not the least of twaine.

THE LOUER

TO THE TEMS OF LONDON TO FAUOR HIS LADIE PASSING THEREON.

THOU stately Streame that with the swelling Tide
Gainst London walles incessantly dost beate,
Thou Tems (I say) whefe barge and bote doth ride,
And snowhite Swans do fish for needefull meate:

When so my Loue of force, or pleasure shall
Flit on thy floud as custome is to do:
Seeke not with dread hir courage to appall,
But calme thy tyde, and smoothly let it go:
As shee may ioy, arriude to siker shore,
To passe the pleasant streame shee did before.

To weltre vp and surge in wrathfull wise,
(As did the flood where Helle drenched was,)
Would but procure defame of thee to rise:
Wherefore let all such ruthlesse rigor passe,
So wish I that thou mayst with bending side
Haue powre for aye in woonted Goulfe to glide.

TO HIS RING

GIUEN TO HIS LADIE, WHEREIN WAS GRAUEN THIS VERSE:

MY HEART IS YOURS.

THOUGH thou (my Ring) be small,
and slender be thy price:
Yet hast thou in thy compasse coucht
a Louers true deuice.

And though no Rubie redde,
ne Turkesse trimme thy toppe,
Nor other Iuell that commends
the golden Vulcans shoppe:

Yet mayst thou boldely vaunt
and make a true report
For mee that am thy Mayster yet
in such a semblant sort,

That aye (my heart is hirs)
of thee I aske no more:
My Pen and I will shew the reast,
which yet I keepe in store.

Be mindefull of thy charge,
and of thy Maysters case:
Forget not that (my heart is hirs)
though I be not in place.

When thou hast tolde thy tale
which is but short and sweete:
Then let my Loue coniect the reast
till she and I doe meete.

For as (my heart is hirs)
so shall it be for aye:
My heart, my hand, my life, my limmes
are hirs till dying day.

Yea when the spirite giues vp
and bodie breathes his last,
Say naythelesse (my heart is hirs)
when life and all is past.
Sit fast to hir finger,
But doe thou not wring her.

THE DISPAIRING LOUER

CRAUES EITHER MERCIE IN TIME AT HIS LADYES HANDS, OR CRUELL DEATH.

LIKE as the fearefull Foule
within the Fawcons foote
Doth yeelde him selfe to die,
and sees none other boote;

Euen so dread I (my Deare)
least ruth in thee will want,
To mee that am thy thrall,
who fearing death doe pant.

So fast I am in Gyue
within your Beauties Gayle,
As thence to make a breach
no engin may preuayle.

The heart within my breast
with trembling feare doth quake:
And saue your loue (my Deare)
nought can my torment slake.

To slea a yeelding pray
I iudge it not your kinde:
Your Beautie bids mee hope
more ruth in you to finde.

Where Nature hath yforminde
such featurde shape to showe,
There hath she closde in breast
a heart for grace to growe.

Wherefore my lingring paines
redresse with ruthfull hart:
And doe in time become
Phisition to my smart.

Oh showe thy selfe a frinde
and Natures Impe to bee,
As thou a Woman art by kinde
to Womans kinde agree.

But if you can not finde
in hart my lyfe to saue,
But that you long to see
your thrall lye dead in graue:

Send mee the fatall bole,
and cruell cutting Knife:
And thou shalt see me rid
my wretched limmes of lyfe.

No lesse to like thy minde
than to abridge my smart:
Which were an yll rewarde
for such a good desart.

Of both I count it least
by cursed fate to fall,
Than ruthlesse here to liue
and aye to be a thrall.

TO HIS FRIEND

TO BE CONSTANT AFTER CHOYCE MADE.

WHAT made Vlysses Wife
to be renoumed so?
What forced Fame hir endlesse brute
in blasting trumpe to blow?

What Cleopatra causde
to haue immortall prayse?
What did procure Lucrecias laude
to lasten to our dayes?

Cause they their plighted hestes
vnbroken aye resarude:
And planted Constance in their hearts
from whome they neuer swarude.

What makes the Marble stone
and Diamonde so deare?
Saue that they longest last of all,
and alwayes one appeare?

What makes the waxen forme
to be of slender price?
But cause with force of fire it melts
and wasteth with a trice:

Then if thou long for prayse
or blasted Fame to finde,
(My friend) thou must not chaunge thy choyce
or turne lyke Cock with winde.

Be constant in thy worde
and stable in thy deede:
This is the rediest way to winne
and purchase prayse with speede.

THAT LOUERS MUST NOT DISPAIRE THOUGH THEIR LADIES SEEME STRAUNGE.

THOUGH Neptune in his rage
the swelling Seas doe tosse,
And crack the Cables in despite
To further Shipmens losse:

Though Anckre holde doe fayle,
and Mysson go to wrack,
Though Sayles with blustring blast be rent,
and Keale begin to crack:

Yet those that are a boorde
and guide the Ship with steare,
Although they see such daungers prest
and perils to appeare:

Yet hope to light at last
vpon some harbour holde,
And finde a Porte where they to cast
their Anckers may be bolde.

Though Theeues be kept in Gayle
fast bound in surest Gyues,
They lay not all good hope aside
for sauing of their lyues.

They trust at length to see
such mercie in the Iudge,
As they in open presence quit
may from the Prison trudge.

And those for gieedie gaine
and hope of hidden golde
In deepest Mynes and Dongeon darke
that bide the bitter colde:

In fine doe looke to light
vpon some Golden vaine,
Which may be thought a recompence
for all their passed paine.

The Ploughman eke that toyles
and turnes the ground for graine,
And sowes his seede (perhaps to losse)
yet standes in hope of gaine.

He will not once dispaire,
but hope till Haruest fall:
And then will looke assuredly
to stuffe his Barnes withall.

Since these in perils poynt
will neuer once dispaire,
Then why should Louers stand in dread
of stormes in weather faire?

Why should they haue mistrust
some better hap to finde,
Or thinck that women will not chaunge
as is their woonted kinde?

Though straunge they seeme a while
and cruell for a space:
Yet see thou hope at length by hap
to finde some better grace.

For Tygers will be tame,
and Lyons shal were woode,
In time their Keepers learne to knowe
and come to them for foode.

What though they scorne as now
to listen to thy sute?
Yet thou in time when fortune serues
shalt reape some better frute.

And though thy sighes they scorne
and mock thy Welling teares:
Yet hope (I say) for after stormes
the shining Sunne appeares.

And neuer cease to sue,
nor from lamenting stint:
For often drops of falling raine
in time doe pierce the Flint.

Was neuer stone so strong
nor womans heart so harde,
But th' one with toole, and th' other with teares
in processe might be searde.

COUNSELL RETURNED BY PYNDARE TO TYMETES, OF CONSTANCIE.

WHAT made the Troyan Duke
that wandring Prince to haue
Such yll report, and foule defame
as him Carthago gaue?

What faythlesse Iason forst
a Traytors name to gaine?
When he to Colchos came, and did
the golden Fleese attaine?

What Theseus causde to bee
reported of so yll,
As yet record thereof remaynes
(I think) and euer wyll?

Cause they their faythfull Friendes
that sayde their doubtfull lyues
Forsooke at last, and did disdaine
to take them to their wyues.

They broke their vowed hestes,
by ship away they went:
And so betrayde those siely soules
that craft nor falsehood ment.

Wherefore if you (my Friend)
the like report will flee
Stand euer to the promise made,
and plighted troth to mee.

Those Dames of whome you spake
were constant (as you say)
But sure these Lovers I alleage
vnfaithfull partes did play.

More cause haue I to doubt
of you, Tymetes, then,
For (as you see) we Women are
more trustie than you men.

A LETTER SENT BY TYMETES TO HIS LADIE PYNDARA, AT THE TIME OF HIS DEPARTURE.

OF Pennes I had good store,
ne Paper did I want
When I began to write to thee:
but Inck was somewhat scant.

Yet Loue deuisde a fetch,
a friendly sleight at neede:
For I with pointed Pensill made
my middle finger bleede.

From whence the bloud as from
a clouen Conduite flue,
And these fewe rude and skillesse lines
with quaking quill I drue.

Now Friend I must depart
and leaue this lyked lande:
Now cankred Hap doth force mee take
a new founde toyle in hande.

Shee spites that I should liue,
or leade a quiet life:
Aye seeking how to breede my bale
and make my sorrowes rife.

From whence I passe I knowe,
a place of pleasant blisse:
But whither I shall I wote not well,
I know not where it is.

Where she by Sea or Lande
me (cruell) will compell
To passe, or by the Desert Dales,
were verie hard to tell.

But needes I must away,
the Westerne winde doth blowe
So full against my back that I
of force from hence doe go.

Yet naythelesse in pawne
(O Friend) I leaue with you
A faithfull Heart, that lasting lyfe
will shew it selfe as true,

As loouing earst it hath:
and if mee trust you dare,
Fill vp the emptie place with yours,
if you the same may spare.

Inclose it in my breast,
in safetie shall it lie:
And thou shalt haue thy Heart againe
if I doe chaunce to die.

Thus dubble is your gaine,
a dubble Heart to haue:
To purchase thee another Heart,
and eke thine owne to saue.

Liue mindefull of thy Friend,
forget no promise past:
Be stouta gainst the stubburne strokes
of frowarde Fortunes blast.

Penelope be true
to thy Vlysses still:
Let no newe chosen Friend break off
the threed of our good will.

Though I on seas doe passe,
the surge will have no powre
To quench the flame that in my breast
increaseth day and houre.

And thus (the heart that is
your owne) doth wishe thee well,
With good increase of blessed haps
sinister chaunce to quell.

Adue my chosen Friend;
if fortune say Amen,
From hence I go thine owne, and will
thine owne returne agen.

PYNDARA'S AUNSWERE TO THE LETTER WHICH TYMETES SENT HIR AT THE TIME OF HIS DEPARTURE.

WHEN first thy Letters came
(O louing Friend) to mee
I leapt for joy, in hope to haue
receyvde good newes of thee.

I never stayde upon
those lines that were without:
But rashly ript the seale, to rid
my minde from dreadfull dout.

Which done (O cruell griefe)
I saw a mournfull sight
This Verse "Of Pennes I had good store"
with purple bloud ywright.

With flouds of flowing teares
straight drowned were mine eies,
On eyther Cheeke they trickled fast
and ranne in river wies.

My minde did yll abode,
it yrkt to reade the rest:
For when I saw the Inck was such,
I thought I saw the best.

Long stoode I in a dumpe,
my hart began to ake:
My Liver leapt within my bulck,
my trembling hands did shake.

My Senses were bereft,
my bowing knees did bende:
Out from my nose the bloud it brake
much like the Letter pende.

Up start my staring Locks,
I lay for dead a space:
And what with bloud and brine I all
bedewde the dreerie place.

From out my feeble fist
fell Needle, cloth and all,
I knewe no Wight, I saw no Sunne,
as deaf as stone in wall.

At last when standers by
had brought my Sense againe,
And force of life had conquerd griefe
and banisht deadly paine:

I thought the worst was past,
I deemde I could abide
No greater torment than I had,
unlesse I should haue dide.

To vewing then againe
of bloudie lynes I go:
And euer as I read the wordes,
mee thought I saw the blo.

Which pointed Pensell gave,
from whence that dolefull Inck
As from a cloven Conduit flue:
remembraunce made me shrinck.

Oh Friend Tymetes why
so cruell were thou than?
What didst thou meane to hurt thy flesh
thou rashe and retchlesse man?

What! didst thou deeme that I
could vew that gorie scrole
Withouten anguishe of the minde?
or thinke upon the hole

Of that thy friendly fist
and finger that did bleede?
No, no, I haue a womans hart,
I am no Tygers seede.

As great a griefe it was
for me to think in hart
Of thy mishap, as if my selfe
had felt the present smart.

O cruell cursed want
of fitter Inck to write:
Good fayth that lycour was unmeete
Such loving lines t'indite.

But yet in some respect
it fitted with the case:
For (out alas) I read therein
that thou hast fled the place,

Where friendly we were woont
like faithfull friends to bee:
Where thou moughtst chat with mee thy fill
And I conferre with thee.

Oh spitefull cruell Chaunce
oh cursed canckred Fate:
Art thou a Goddesse (Monster vile)
deseruing stoole of state?

O blinde and muffled Dame,
couldst thou not see to spare
Two faithfull harts, but reauing th' one
must breede the others care?

No wonder 'tis that thou
dost stande on whirling whelle:
For by thy deedes thou dost declare
thou canst doe naught but reele.

Art thou of Womans kinde
and ruthfull Goddesse race,
And hast no more respect unto
a sielie womans case?

Avaunt thou froward Fiend,
thou so my Friend dost driue
From shore well knowne to forraine coast
our sugred ioyes to riue.

If so thy minde be bent
that my Tymetes shall
Depart the presence of his Friend:
yet so doe guide the ball

As he at land may liue
not trying surge of seas:
Nor ship him from the Hauens mouth
to breede him more unease.

(Good Friend) aduenture not
so rashly on the flould,
As earst thou did in writing of
this Letter with thy bloud.

Seek not tincrease my cares
or dubble griefe begoon:
Think of Leanders bolde attempt
the lyke distresse to shoon.

What suretie is in ship?
what trust in oken plancks?
What credit doe the windes deserue
at land that play such prancks?

If houses strongly built
and Towers battled hie,
By force of blast be ouerthrowne
when Æols impes doe flie:

In puffing windes the Pine
and aged Oke doe teare,
And from the bodies rent the boughes
and lofty lugges they beare:

Then why shouldst thou affie
in Keale or Cable so,
Or hazard thus thy selfe upon
the tossing Seas to go?

Hast thou not harde of yore
how good Vlysses was
With stormie tempest chased sore
when he to Greece did passe?

A wearie trauaile hee
for ten yeares space abid.
And all the while this noble Greeke
on waltring wallow slid.

Hast thou not read in Bookes
of fell Charybdis goulfe,
And Scyllas Dogs, whom ships do dread
as Lambes doe feare the Woulfe?

Nor of the raggie Rocks
that under lurck the waue?
And rent the Barcks that Æols blasts
into their bosome draue?

Nor of the Monster huge
that belch out frothie fleame,
And singing Sirens that doe drowne
both man and ship in streame?

Alas the thought of Seas,
and of thy passage paines
(If once thou gage thy selfe to surge)
my hart and members straines

The present fits of feare
of afterclaps to cum,
Amaze my louing tender breast
And senses doe benum.

But needes thou must away,
(oh Friend) what hap is this
That ere thou flee this friendly coast
thy lips I can not kisse?

Nor with my folded armes
imbrace that neck of thine:
Nor clap unto thy manly breast
these louing Dugs of mine?

Nor shed my trilling teares
upon thy moisted face?
Nor say to thee, Tymet adue,
when thou departst the place?

O that I had thy forme
in waxen table now,
To represent thy liuely lookes
and friendly louing brow.

That mought perhaps abridge
some part of pinching paine:
And comfort me till better chaunce
did send thee home againe.

Both winde and waue at once
conspire to worke my wo,
Or else thou shouldst not so be forste
from me (thine owne) to go.

O wayward Westerne blast
what didst thou meane so fell
Against Tymetes back to blow,
and him from hence to pull?

Hast thou been counted earst
a gentle gale of winde,
And dost thou now at length bewray
thy fiereé and froward kinde?

I thought the Northren blast
from frostie Pole that came
Had beene the worst of all the windes
and most deserued blame.

But nowe I plainly see
that Poets did but faine:
When they of Borias spake so yll
and of his cruell raigne.

For thou of Æols brats
thy selfe the woorst dost showe:
And hauing no just cause to rage
to soone beginst to blowe.

If needes thou wouldst have usde
thy force and fretting moode,
Thou shouldst have broylde among the trees
that in the Mountaines stoode:

And let us friends alone
that liude in perfite blisse.
But to request the windes of ruth
but labor lost it is.

Well Friend though cruell hap
and windes did both agree,
That thou on sodaine shouldst forgo
both Countrie coast and mee.

Yet haue I founde the pawne
which thou didst leave behinde:
I meane thy louing faithfull hart,
that neuer was unkinde.

And for that firme behest
and plighted truth of youre,
Wherein you vow that loue begoon
shall to the death endure:

To yeelde thee thy demaunde
my written lines protest,
Inclose my hart within thy bulck
as I will thine in brest.

Shrine up that little lumpe
of friendly flesh (my Friend)
And I will lodge in louing wise
the guest that thou didst send.

I ioy at this exchaunge
for I assured stande,
Thy tender hart that I doe keepe
shall safelie lie at lande.

Nor doe I doubt at all
but thou wilt haue regarde
Of that thy charge, and womans hart,
committed to thy warde.

Why dost thou write of death?
I trust thou shalt not die,
As long as in thy manly breast
a womans hart doth lie.

To cruell were the case,
the Sisters eke were shroes:
If they would seeke the death of us
that are such friendly foes.

But if the worst should fall
and that the cruell death
Doe stop the spindles of our life,
and reaue us both of breath:

Yet this doth make me joy,
that thou shalt be the graue
Unto my hart, and in my brest
thy hart his Hierce shall haue.

For sure a sunder shall
these members neuer go,
As long as life in limmes doth lodge
and breath in lungs byfow.

I mindefull liue of thee,
and of my promise past:
I will not seeke to chaunge my choise,
my loue is fixed fast.

To my Tymetes I
as faithfull will be found:
As to Vlysses was his wife
while Troie was laide on ground.

As for new choise of Friends
presume upon thy P.
Thou knowst I haue thy hart in breast
and it will none but thee.

Abandon all distrust
and dread of mistie minde:
For to the hart (that is mine owne)
I will not be unkinde.

Adue my chosen Friend,
adue to thee agen:
Remaine my loue, but pray the write
no more with bloudie Pen.

Thine owne in life, thine owne death,
Thine owne whilst lungs shall lende me breath:
Thine owne whilst I on earth doe wonne,
Thine owne whilst eie shall see the Sunne.

TO HIS ABSENT FRIEND THE LOUER WRITES OF HIS VNQUIET AND RESTLESSE STATE.

THOUGH curious skill I want to wel endite,
And I of sacred Nymphs and Muses nine
Was never taught with Poets pen to write,
Nor barrain braine to learning did incline
To purchase praise, or with the best to shine:
Yet cause my Friend shall finde no want of will,
I write, let hir accuse the lack of skill.

No lesse deserues the Lamme to be imbrast
Of lowring Ioue at sacred Altar slaine,
If with good zeale it offered be at last
By Irus, that doe Crœsus bullocks twaine:
For no respect is to be had of gaine
In such affayres, but to the giuers hart
And his good will our Senses must conuart.

Wherefore to thee (my Friend) these lines I send
As perfite proofe of no dissembling minde,
But of a hart that truely doth intend
To show it selfe as louing and as kinde,
As woman woulde hir Louer wish to finde:
And more than this my Paper can declare,
I loue thee (Friend) and wishe thee well to fare.

I would thou wist the torment I sustaine
For lack of hir that should my wo redresse,
And that you knew some parcell of my paine.
Which none may wel by deeming judgement gesse,
Nor I with quill haue cunning to expresse:
I know thou couldst but rue my wofull chaunce,
That by thy meanes was brought into this traunce.

The day doth breede my doole, and ranckling rage
Of secret smart in wounded breast doth boyle,
No pleasant pangue my sorrowes may asswage,
Nor giue an ende unto my wofull toyle:
The golden Sunne that glads the earthly soyle,
And erie other thing that breedes delight
Of kinde, to mee are forgers of my spite.

I long for Phœbus glade and going downe,
My drearie teares more couertly to shed:
But when the night with uglie face doth frowne,
And that I am yplaste in quiet bed,
In hope to be with wished pleasure fed:
A greater griefe, a worser paine ensues.
My vaporde eies their hoped sleepe refues.

Then rowle I in my deepe dispairing brest
The sweete disdaines, and pleasant anger past,
The louely strifes: when Stars doe counsell rest
Incroching cares renue my griefe as faste,
And thus desired night in wo I waste:
And to expresse the harts excessiue paine,
Mine eies their deawie teares distill amaine.

And reason why they should be moysted so,
Is for they bred my hart this bitter bale:
They were the onely cause of cruell wo
Unto the hart, they were the guilefull stale[1].
Thus day and night ytost with churlish Gale
Of sighes in Sea of surging brine I bide,
Not knowing how to scape the scowring Tide.

At last the shining Rayes of Hope to finde
Your friendship firme, these cloudy thoughts repels
And calmed Skie returns to mistie minde:
Which deepe dispaire againe eftsoone compels
To fade, and ease by Dolours drift expels:
That Gods themselves (I judge) lament my fate,
And doe repine to see my wofull state.

Wherefore to purchase prayse, and glorie gaine,
Do ease your Friend that liues in wretched plight,
Doe not to death a louing hart constraine.
But seeke with loue his service to requight,
Doe not exchange a Fawlcon for a Kite:
Refuse him not for any friendship nue
A worse may chaunce, but none more just and true.

Let Cressed mirror bee that did forgo
Hir former faythfull friend king Priams Sonne,
And Diomed the Greeke imbraced so,
And left the loue so well that was begonne:
But when his Cards were tolde and twist ysponne
She found hir Troian friend the best of both
For he renownst hir not, but kept his oth.

This don, my griping griefs wil somwhat swage
And sorrow cease to grow in pensiue breast,
Which otherwise will neuer blim[2] to rage
And crush the hart within his careful Chest
Of both for you and mee it were the best,
To saue my life and win immortall fame,
And thus my Muse shall blase your noble name
For ruine on my wofull case.

THE AUNSWERE OF A WOMAN TO HIR LOUER, SUPPOSING HIS COMPLAINT TO BE BUT FAYNED.

YOU want no skill to paint
or shew your pangues with Pen,
It is a worlde to see the craft
that is in subtile men.

You seeme to write of woes
and wayle for deadly smart,
As though there were no griefe, but that
which gripes your faythlesse hart.

Though we but women are
and weake by law of kinde,
Yet well we can discerne a Friende,
we winke, but are not blinde.

Not every thing that giues
a gleame and glittering showe,
Is to be counted Gold in deede
this prouerbe well you knowe:

Nor euery man that beares
a faire and fawning cheere,
Is to be taken for a Friend
or chosen for a Feere:

Not euerie teare declares
the troubles of the hart,
For some doe weepe that feele no wo
some crie that taste no smart.

[1] Decoy.

[2] Or blin, to cease.

The more you seeme to me
in wofull wise to playne,
The sooner I perswade my selfe
that you doe naught but fayne.

The Crocodile by kinde
a floud of teares doth shed
Yet hath no cause of cruell erie
by craft this Fiend is led.

For when the siely soule
that ment no hurt at all
Approcheth neere, the slipper ground
doth give the beast a fall,

Which is no sooner done
but straight the monster vyle,
For sorrow that did weepe so sore
for ioy beginnes to smyle:

Euen so you men are woont
by frawde your friends to traine
And make in wise you could not sleepe
in carefull Couch for paine:

When you in deede doe naught
but take your nightly nap,
Or hauing slept doe set your snare
and tylle your guilefull trap.

Your braynes as busy bee
in thinking how to snare
Us women, as your pillowes soft
and bowlsters pleasant are.

As for your dayes delights
our selues can witnesse well
To sundrie women sundrie tales
of sundrie iestes you tell:

And all to win their loues:
which when you doe attaine
Within a whyle you shew your kindes,
and giue them up in plaine.

A Fawcon is full hard
amongst you men to finde,
For all your maners more agree
unto the Kytish kinde:

For gentle is the one
and loues his keepers hande,
But thother Busserdlike doth scorne
on Fawconers fist to staude.

For one good turne the one
a thousand will requite,
But use the other neere so well
he shewth himselfe a Kite.

If Cresyd did amisse
the Trojan to forsake
Then Dyomedes did not well
that did the Ladie take.

Was never woman false,
but man as false as shee
And commonly the men doe make
that women slipper bee.

Wherefore leaue off your plaintes
and take the sheete of shame
To shrowde your cloking hands from colde
and fayning browes from blame.

If she that reades this rime,
be wise as I could wishe,
She should auoyde the bayted hooke
that takes the byting fishe.

And shoon the lymed twig
the flying fowle that tyes
Tis good to feare of erie bushe
where threed of thraldome lyes.

THE LOUER

EXHORTETH HIS LADIE TO TAKE TYME, WHILE TYME IS.

THOUGH braue your beautie bee
and feature passing faire,
Such as Apelles to depaint
might vtterly dispaire:

Yet drowsie drowping Age
incroching on apace,
With pensiue Plough will raze your hue
and Beauties beames deface.

Wherefore in tender yeares
how crooked Age doth haste
Reuoke to minde, so shall you not
your time consume in waste.

Whilst that you may, and youth
in you is fresh and greene,
Delight your selfe: for yeares to flit
as fickle Flouds are seene.

For water slipped by
may not be calde againe:
And to reuoke forepassed howres
were labour lost in vaine.

Take time whilst time applies
with nimble foote it goes:
Nor to compare with passed Prime
thy after age suppoes.

The Holtes that now are hoare,
both bud and bloume I sawe:
I ware a Garland of the Bryer
that puts mee now in awe.

The time will be when thou
that doste thy Friendes defye,
A colde and crooked Beldam shalt
in lothsome Cabbin lye:

Nor with such nightlie brawles
thy posterne Gate shall sounde,
Nor Roses strawde afront thy dore
in dawning shall be founde.

How soone are Corpses (Lorde)
with filtie furrowes filde?
How quickly Beautie, braue of late,
and seemely shape is spilde?

Euen thou that from thy youth
to haue bene so, wilt sweare:
With turne of hand in all thy head
shalt haue graye powdred heare.

The Snakes with shifted skinnes
their lothsome age doo waye:
The Buck doth hang his head on pale
to liue a longer daye.

Your good without recure
doth passe, receiue the flowre:
Which if you pluck not from the stalke
will fall within this howre.

THE LOUER

WISHETH TO BE CONIOYNED AND FAST LINCKT WITH HIS LADIE NEUER TO SUNDER.

I READE how Salmacis sometime with sight
On suddain looude Cyllenus Sonne, and sought
Forthwith with all hir powre and forced might
Too bring to passe hir close conceyued thought:
Whome as by hap shee saw in open mead
Shee sude vnto, in hope to haue bene speed.

With sugred words she wood and sparde no speach,
But bourded him with many a pleasant tale,
Requesting him of ruth to be hir Leach
For whome shee had abyd such bitter bale:
But hee replcate with pride and scornefull cheare
Disdainde hir earnest sute and Songs to heare.

Away shee went a wofull wretched Wight,
And shrouded hir not farre from thence a space:
When that at lenght the stripling saw in sight
No creature there, but all were out of place,
Hee shifts his robes and to the riuer ran,
And there to bath him bare the Boy began.

The Nymph in hope as then to haue attainde
Hir long desired Loue, retirde to flood
And in hir armes the naked Nourie strainde:
Whereat the Boy began to striue a good,
But strugling nought auailed in that plight
For why the Nymph surpast the Boy in might.

O Gods (quoth tho the Girle) this gift I craue
This Boy and I may neuer part againe,
But so our corpses may conioyned haue
As one we may appeare, not bodies twaine:
The Gods agreed, the water so it wrought,
As both were one, thy selfe would so haue thought.

As from a tree we sundrie times espie
A twissell grow by Natures subtile might,
And beeing two, for cause they grow so nie
For one are tane, and so appeare in sight:
So was the Nymph and Noorie ioynde yfere,
As two no more but one selfe thing they were.

O Ladie mine, howe might we seeme yblest?
How friendly mought we Gods accoumpt to bee?
In semblant sort if they would breede my rest
By lincking of my carkasse vnto thee?
So that we might no more asunder go,
But limmes to limmes, and corse to carkasse grow?

O, where is now become that blessed Lake
Wherein those two did bath to both their ioy?
How might we doe, or such prouision make
To haue the hap as had the Mayden Boy?
To alter forme and shape of eyther kinde,
And yet in proufe of both a share to finde?

Then should our limmes with louely linck be tide,
And hearts of hate no taste sustaine at all,
But both for aye in perfect league abide
And eche to other liue as friendly thrall:
That th' one might feele the pangues the other had
And partner be of ought that made him glad.

O blessed Nymph, O Salmacys I say,
Would thy good luck vnto hir lot would light
Whom I imbrace, and louen shall for aye,
By force of floud to chaunge hir nature quight:
And that I might haue hap as had the Boy
To neuer part from hir that is my Joy.

I would not striue, I would not stirre awhit,
(As did Cyllenus Sonne that stately Wight:)
But well content to be Hermaphrodit,
Would cling as close to thee as ere I might,
And laugh to thinke my hap so good to bee,
As in such sort fast to be linckt with thee.

THE LOUER

HOPING ASSUREDLY OF ATTAYNING HIS PURPOSE, AFTER LONG SUTE, BEGINS TO IOY RENOUNCING DOLORS.

BE farre from mee you woful woonted cries,
Adue Dispaire, that madste my heart agries:
Ye sobbing sighes farewel and pensiue plaint,
Resigne your rooms to ioy, the long restraint
Without desart endurde.

Reiect those ruthfull Rymes you (quaking Quill)
Which both declarde my wo and want of skill:
(Mine eyes) that long haue had my Loue in chase,
With teares no more imbrue your Mistresse face
But to your Springs retyre.

And thou (my heart) that long for lacke of Grace
Forepinde hast bene and in a doolefull case,
Lament no more, let all such gripings go
As bred thy bale, and nurst thy cankred wo
With Milke of mournefull Dug.

To Venus doe your due (you Senses all)
And to hir Sonne to whome you are in thrall:
To Cupid bend thy knee and thankes repay
That after lingred sute, and long delay
Hath brought thy shippe to shore

Let crabbed Fortune now expresse hir might,
And doe thy worst to mee thou stinging Spite:
My heart is well defenst against your force,
For she hath vowde on mee to haue remorce
Whome I haue looude so long.

Henceforth exchaunge thy cheere and wofull voice
That hast yfounde such matter to reioyce:
With mirrie Quill and Pen of pleasant plight
Thy blisfull haps and fortune to endight
Enforce thy barraine skull.

THE LOUER

TO HIS CAREFULL BED DECLARING HIS RESTLESSE STATE.

THOU that wert earst a restfull place
dost now renue my smart,
And woonted eake to salue my sore
that now increasest wo,
Unto my carefull Corse an ease,
a torment to my hart,
Once quieter of minde perdie,
now an vnquiet fo:

The place sometime of slumbring sleepe
wherein I may but wake,
Drenched in Sea of saltish brine
(O bed) I thee forsake.

No Ise of Apenynus top
my flaming fire may quent,
Ne heate of brightest Phœbus beames
may bate my chillie colde,
Nought is of stately strength ynough
my sorrowes to relent,
But (such is hap) renewed cares
are added to the olde:
Such furious fits and fonde affects
in mee my fancies make,
That bathed all in trickling teares
(O bed) I thee forsake.

The dreames that daunt my dazed hed
are pleasant for a space,
Whilst yet I lie in slumbring sleepe
my carkasse feeles no wo,
For cause I seeme with clasped armes
my Louer to imbrace:
But when I wake, and finde away
that did delight me so,
Then in comes Care to Pleasures place
that makes my limmes to quake,
That all besprent with brackish bryne
(O bed) I thee forsake.

No sooner styrres Auroras Starre,
the lightest Lampe of all,
But they that rousted were in rest
not fraught with fearefull dreames,
Do pack apace to labours left
and to their taske doe fall:
When I awaking all inragde
doe baine my breast with streames,
And make my smokie sighes to Skyes
their vpwarde waie to take,
Thus with a Surge of teares bedewde
(O bed) I thee forsake.

Thus hurlde from hungrie Hope by Hap
I die, yet am aliue
From pangues of plaint to fits of fume
my reslesse minde doth runne,
With Rage and Fancie Reason fights,
they altogither striue,
Resistaunce vayleth nough at all,
for I am quickly wunne:
Thus seeking rest no ruth I finde
that gladsome ioy may make,
Wherfore consumde with flowing teares
(O bed) I thee forsake.

AN EPITAPH AND WOFUL VERSE

OF THE DEATH OF SIR IOHN TREGONWELL KNIGHT, AND LEARNED DOCTOR OF BOTH LAWES.

And can you cease from plaint,
or keepe your Conduits drie?
May saltish brine within your breasts
in such a tempest lie?

Where are your scalding Sighes
the fittest foode of paine?
And where are now thy welling teares
I aske thee once againe?

Hast thou not heard of late
the losse that hath befell?
If not, my selfe (vnhappie Wight)
will now begin to tell:

(Though griefe perhaps will grutch,
and stay my foltring tongue)
From whence this ragged roote of ruth
and mourning moode is sprong.

Was dwelling in this sheere
a man of worthie fame:
A Justicer for his desart,
Tregonwell was his name.

A Doctor at the Lawes,
a Knight among the mo:
A Cato for good counsell callde
as he in yeares did grow.

A Patrone to the poore,
a Rampire to the rest:
As leefe vnto the simple sort
as friendly to the best.

No blinde Affect his eye
in iudgement bleard at all:
Whose rightous verdit and decree
was quite deuoide of gall.

If hee in hatefull hearts
(where roote of rancour grew)
Of faythfull friendship seedes might sow,
no paynes he would eschew.

Minerua thought of like
and Nature did consent,
To proue in him by skilfull Arte
what eyther could inuent.

A plot of such a price
was neuer framde before:
To show their powre the Heauens had
Tregonwell kept in store.

The Prince did him imbrace,
and sought him to aduaunce,
And better former state of byrth
by furthering of his chaunce.

He still was readie bent
his seruice to bestowe,
Thereby vnto his natiue soyle
if gratefull gaine might growe.

If sage aduice were scarce
and wholsome counsell scant,
Then should you see Tregonwels helpe
ne wisedome would not want.

When Legats came from farre
(as is there woonted gise)
To treate of truce, or talke of warre
as matters did arise:

Tregonwell then was callde
his verdit to expresse:
Who for the most part in the case
of fruitfull things could gesse.

Or if him selfe were sent
(which hap Tregonwell had)
Into a farre and forraine lande,
then was Tregonwell glad.

For so he might procure
wealepublick by his paine:
It was no corsie to this Knight
long trauaile to sustaine.

But what? vndaunted death
that seekes to conquer all,
And Atropos that Goddesse sterne
at length haue spit their gall:

And reft vs such a one
as was a Phœnix true,
Saue that now of his cindrie Corse
there ryseth not a nue.

Where may you see his match?
where shall you find his leeke?
None, though you from the farthest East
vnto the Ocean seeke.

O house without thy head,
O ship without a steare:
Thy Palynurus now is dead
as shortly will appeare.

In daūnger of distresse
this Knight was euer woont
To yeelde him selfe to perils prest,
and bide the greatest broont.

No tumults tempest could
subdue his constant hart:
Ne would the man by any meanes
once from his Countrie start.

But (oh) it nought auayles.
for death doth strike the stroke
In things humaine, no worldly wealth
his friendship may prouoke.

Let Troians now leaue off
By mourning to lament
The losse of Priam and his towne,
when ten yeares warre was spent.

Yee Romaynes lay your Hoods
and black attyre away:
Bewaile no more your Fabians fall,
nor that sinister day

That reft a noble race
which might haue flowrisht long:
For neyther losse is like to this
our not deserued wrong.

Now Cornewall thou mayst crake,
and Dorset thou mayst crie:
For th' one hath bred, and th'other lost
Tregonwell sodainlie.

Whose corps though earthed bee
in lothsome lumpes of soyle,
His peerlesse prayse by vertue woonne
shall neuer feare the foyle.

Who so therefore shalt see
this Marble where he lyes:
Wish that Tregonwels soule may find
a place aboue the Skies,

And reach a rowme of rest
appointed for the nones:
For in this Tombe interred is
but flesh and bared bones.

THE LOUER

CONFESSETH HIM SELFE TO BE IN LOUE AND ENAMORED OF MAISTRESSE P.

If banisht sleepe, and watchfull care,
If minde affright with dreadfull dreames:
If torments rife, and pleasure rare,
If face besmearde with often streames:

If chaunge of cheare from ioy to smart,
If altred hue from pale to redde:
If fōltring tongue with trembling hart,
If sobbing sighes with furie fed:

If sodaine hope by feare opprest,
If feare by hope supprest againe,
Be prooues that loue within the brest
Hath bound the heart with fancies chaine:

Then I of force no longer may
In couert keepe my piersing flame,
Which euer doth it selfe bewray
But yeelde my selfe to fancies frame.

And now in fine to be a thrall
To hir that hath my heart in Gyue,
Shee may enforce mee rise or fall
Till Death my limmes of life depriue.

P. with hir beautie hath bereft
My freedome from my thralled minde,
And with hir louing lookes yeleft
My Reason through both Barke and Rinde.

Yet well therewith I am content
In minde to take it paciently,
Since sure I am she will relent
And not enforce hir Friend to die.

So I in recompence may haue
Naught but a faythfull hart againe:
Then other friendship will I craue,
But thing my loue ylent to gaine.

THAT ALL THINGS HAUE RELEASE OF PAINE SAUE THE LOUER, THAT HOPING AND DREADING NEUER TAKETH EASE.

Whatso the Golden Sunne
beholds with blazing light,
When paine is past hath time to take
his comfort and delight.

The Oxe with lumpish pace
and leysure that doth drawe,
Hath respite after toyle is past
to fill his emptie mawe.

The loiearde Asse that beares
the burden on his back,
His dutie done to stable plods,
And reacheth to the rack.

The Deere hath woonted soyle
his fervent heate to swage:
When worke hath ende to respite runnes
the Peasant and the Page.

The Owle that hates the day
and loues to flee by night,
Hath quenchie bushes to defende
him from Apollos sight.

Eche Cunnie hath a Cave,
eche little foule a neast
To shroud them in at needefull times
to take their needefull reast.

Thus vewing course of kinde
it is not on the grounde,
That at sometime doth not resort
where is his comfort founde:

Saue me (O cursed man)
whome neither Sunne ne shade
Doth serue the burthen of my breast
and sorrowes to unlade.

Eche sport procures my smart,
eche seemely sight annoy:
Eche pleasaunt tune torments mine ease
and reaves my hoped ioy.

No Musick soundes so sweete
as doth the doolefull drum,
For somewhat neare unto my smart
that mournfull sounde doth cum.

A Gally slave I seeme
unto my selfe to bee:
The Maister that doth guide the ship
hath neare an eie to see.

You know were such a one
as Cupid is doth steare,
Amid the Goulfe of deepe dispaire
great perilf must appeare.

Insteade of streaming sayles
hee wishes hanges aloft:
Which if in tempest chaunce to teare
the Barck will come to nought.

For winde are sealding sighes
and secrets sobbings prest:
Mixt with a clowde of stormie teares
to baine the Louers brest.

Though Cupid neare so well
his beaten Barck doe guie,
By fleeing flats and sinking sandes
that in the wallow lie:

Yet those that are a boarde
must ever stand in awe,
For cause a Bussard is their guide
not forcing any flawe:

That followes none aduice,
but bluntly runnes on hed,
As proude as Peacock over those
that in his chaine are led.

Thus you may plainly see
that eche thing hath release
Of pensive paine, save Cupids thralls
whose torments aye increase.

A POORE PLOUGHMAN TO A GENTLEMAN, FOR WHOM HE HAD TAKEN A LITTLE PAINES.

YOUR Culter cuts the soyle that earst was sowne
Your Harvest was forercaped long agoe,
Your Sickle sheares the Medowe that was mowne,
Ere you the toyle of Tilmans trade did knowe:
Good fayth you are beholding to the man
That so for you your husbandrie began.

He craues of you no Siluer for his Seede,
Ne doth demaunde a penny for his Graine,
But if you stande at any time in neede,
(Good Maister) be as bolde with him againe,
You can not doe a greater pleasure than
To choose you such a one to be your man.

TO HIS FRIENDE P. OF COURTING, TRAUAILING, DYSING AND TENYS.

TO liue in Court among the True is care,
Is nothing there but daylie diligence,
Nor cap nor knee, nor money must thou spare,
The Prince his Haule is place of great expence.

In rotten ribbed Barck to passe the Seas
The forraine landes and straungie sites to see,
Doth daunger dwell: the passage breedes disease,
Not safe the soyle, the men unfriendly bee.

Admit thou see the straungest things of all:
When eye is turnde the pleasant sight is gone:
The treasure then of trauaile is but small,
Wherefore (friende P.) let all such toyes alone.

To shake the bones and cog the craftie Dice
To carde in care of sodaine losse of Pence,
Unseemely is, and taken for a vice:
Unlawfull play can haue no good pretence.

To band the Ball doth cause the Coine to wast
It melts as Butter doth against the Sunne,
Naught saue thy payne, when play doth cease, you
To study then is best when all is donne. [hast:
For studie stayes and brings a pleasant gaine,
When play doth passe as glare with gushing raine.

THE LOUER

DECLARES THAT VNLESSE HE VTTER HIS SORROWES BY SUTE, OF FORCE HE DYETH.

LYKE as the Gunne that hath to great a charge,
And Pellet to the Powder ramde so sore,
As neyther of both hath powre to go at large,
Till shiuerd flawes in sounding Skies doe rore:

Euen so my carefull breast that fraughted is
With Cupids ware, and cloide with lurcking Loue,
Unlesse I should disclose my drerinis,
And out of hande my troubled thoughts remoue:

A sunder would my cumbred Carcasse flee,
The hart would breake the ouercharged Chase
Of pensiue breast, and you (my Loue) should see
Your faythfull Friend in lamentable case.

Wherefore doe what you may in gentle wyes
The Gunner to assist in time of neede,
And when you see the Pellet pierce the Skyes,
And Powder make a proofe of hidden gleede:
Rue on his case, and seeke to quite his wo,
Least in short time his Gunne to pecces go.

THE LOUER

TO A FRIENDE THAT WROTE HIM THIS SENTENCE, "YOURS ASSURED TO THE DEATH."

O FAITHFULL Friend thrise happie was the fist
In so few words to such effect that wrought:
O friendly hart a thousand folke yblist
That hath conceivde so iust and ioyfull thought,
As not till death from pawned loue to bende
But Friend at first and Friend to be at ende.

Wherefore to counteruaile those wordes of thine,
And quit thy loue with faithfull hart againe,
I vow that I will neuer once decline
A foote from that I am for losse or gaine:
If thou be mine "till death," I thee assure
To be thy Friend "as long as life shall dure."

OF CERTAINE FLOWERS

SENT HIM BY HIS LOUE VPON SUSPICION OF CHAUNGE.

YOUR Flowers for their hue
were fresh and faire to see:
Yet was your meaning not so true
as you it thought to bee.

In that you sent me Bame,
I iudge you ment thereby
That cleane extinct was all my flame
from whence no sparkes did flie.

Your Fenell did declare
(as simple men can show).
That flattrie in my breast I bare
where friendship ought to grow.

A Dasie doth expresse
great follie to remaine,
I speake it not by roat or gesse,
your meaning was so plaine.

Rosemarie put in minde
the Bayes weare out of thought:
And Loucinydle came behinde
for Loue that long was sought.

Your Cowslips did portend
that Care was layd away:
And Eglantine did make an ende
where sweete with sower lay:

As though the leaues at furst
were sweete when Loue began:
But now in proofe the pricks were curst,
and hurtfull to the Man.

THE AUNSWERE TO THE SAME.

PERDIE I neede no Bame
ne forced heate by charme,
To set my burning breast in flame
whom Cupids gleames do warme

On Bayes is my delight,
Remembraunce is not past:
Though Daysee hit the nayle aright
my friendship aye shall last.

Though Loue in ydle bee,
yet will I not forgoe
Ne cast off care as you shall see,
and time the trouth shall showe.

So I may tast the sweete,
I force not on the sowre:
The more is ioy when friends doe meete,
that Fortune earst did lowre.

Your Fenell failed quight
where such good fayth is ment:
For Bayes are onely my delight
though I for Bayes be shent.

OF A FOXE THAT WOULD EATE NO GRAPES.

BY fortune came a Foxe,
where grue a loftie Vine,
I will no Grapes (quoth hee)
this yarde is none of mine:
The Foxe would none bicause that hee
Perceiude the highnesse of the Tree.

So men that Foxlie are,
and long their lust to haue,
But cannot come thereby,
make wise they would not craue:
Those subtle Merchants will no Wine
Bicause they cannot reach the Vine.

OF THE STRAUNGE COUNTENANCE OF AN AGED GENTLEWOMAN.

IT makes mee laugh a good to see thee lowre,
and long to looken sad:
For when thy crabbed countnance is so sowre,
thou art to seeming glad.
I blame not thee but Nature in this case,
That mought bestowde on thee a better grace.

TO THE ROUING PYRAT.

THOU winste thy wealth by warre
vngodly way to gaine:
And in an houre thy ship is sunck
goods drownd, the Pirat slaine.

The Gunne is all thy trust,
it serues thy cruell foe
Then brag not on thy Canon shotte,
as though there were no mo.

OF ONE THAT HAD LITTLE WITTE.

I THEE aduise
If thou be wise
To keepe thy wit
Though it be small:
'Tis rare to get
And farre to fet,
'Twas euer yit
Dearste ware of all.

IN COMMENDATION OF WIT.

WIT farre exceedeth wealth,
Wit Princely pompe exeels,
Wit better is than Beauties beames
Where Pride and Daunger dweis.

Wit matcheth Kingly Crowne,
Wit masters Witlesse rage:
Wit rules the fonde affects of youth,
Wit guides the steps of Age.

Wit wants no reasons skill
a faithfull Friend to know:
Wit wotes full well the way to voide
the smooth and fleering fo.

Wit knowes what best becommes
and what unseemely shewes:
Wit hath a wife to ware the worst,
Wit all good fashion knowes.

Since Wit by wisdome can
doe this and all the rest,
That I imploy my paynefull head
to come by Wit is best.

Whome if I might attaine,
then Wit and I were one:
But till time Wit and I doe cope,
I shall be post alone.

AN AUNSWERE IN DISPRAYSE OF WIT.

THE Wit you so commend
with wealth cannot compare:
For wealth is able Wit to win
when Wit is waxen bare.

Wit hath no Beauties beames,
to Kingly crowne it yeeldes:
Wit subject is to wilfull rage,
Rage Wit and Reason weeldes.

Wit rules not witlesse youth,
nor aged steps doth guide:
Wit knowes not how to win a friende,
Wit is so full of pride.

Wit wots not how to flie
the smooth and flattering gest:
Wit cannot well discern the thing
that doth become it best.

Wit hath no wyle to ware
mishap before it fall,
Wit knows not what good fashion meanes,
Wit can do naught at all.

Since Wit by wisdome can
doe nothing as you weene,
If you doe toyle to come by Wit,
then are you over seene.

Whome when you doe attaine,
though Wit and you seeme one:
Yet Wit will to another when
your backe is turnde and gone.

THE LOUER TO CUPID FOR MERCIE,

DECLARING HOW FIRST HE BECAME HIS THRALL, WITH THE OCCASION OF HIS DEFYING LOUE, AND NOW AT LAST WHAT CAUSED HIM TO CONUERT.

O MIGHTIE Lord of Loue
Dame Venus onely ioy
Whose Princely powre doth farre surmount
all other heavenly Roy:

I that haue swarvde thy lawes
and wandred farre astray:
Haue now returnd to thee againe
thy statutes to obay.

And so thou wouldst vouchsafe
to let me pleade for grace:
I would before thy Barre declare
a sielie Louers case.

I would depaint at full
how first I was thy man:
And show to thee what was the cause
that I from Cupid ran.

And how I haue since that
yspent my wearie time:
As I shall tell, so thou shalt here
declarde in doolefull rime.

In greend and tender age
(my Lorde) till xviii yeares,
I spent my time as fitted youth
in schole among my Feeres.

As then no beard at all
was growne upon my Chin,
Which well approoude that mans estate
I was not entred in.

I neede not tell the names
of Authors which I read,
Of Proes and Verse we had ynough
to fine the dullest head.

But I was chiefly bent
to Poets famous Art,
To them with all my devor I
my studie did conuert.

Where when I had with ioy
yspent my time a while:
The reast refusde, I gave me whole
To Nasos noble stile.

Whole volumes when I saw
with pleasant stories fright:
In him (I say) above the rest
I laide my whole delight.

What should I here reherse
with base and barraine Pen,
The lincked tales and filed stuffe
that I perused then?

In fine it was my leare
upon that part to light
Wherein he teacheth youth to loue,
and women win by slight.

Which Treatise when I had
with iudging eie suruayde:
At last I found thy Godly kinde
and Princely powre displayde.

Of Cupid all that Booke
and of his raigne did ring,
The Poet there of Venus did
in sugred Dittie sing.

There read I of thy shafts
And of thy golden Bow,
Thy shafts which by their diuers heads
their diuers kindes did show.

I saw how by thy force
thou madest men to stoope:
And grisely Gods by secret slight
and Deuilish Imps to droope.

There were depainted plaine
thy quick and quiver wings,
And what so else doth touch thy powre
there Ovid sweetely sings.

There I thy conquests sawe
and many a noble spoyle:
With names annexed to the same
of such as had the foyle.

Theze Matrones marcht along
and Maydens in their roe,
Both Faunes and Satyrs there I saw
with Neptunes troupe also.

With other thousands else
Which Naso there doth write,
But not my Pen or barraine skull
is able to recite.

O mightie Prince (quoth I)
of such a fearefull force,
How blest were I, so thou of mee
would daine to take remorce?

And choose mee for thy thrall
among the rest to bee,
That liue in hope and serue in trust
as waged men to thee?

With that (thy Godhead knowes)
thou gavste a friendly looke:
And (though unworthie such a place)
mee to thy scruice tooke.

In token I was thine
I had a badge of Blue
With Sables set, and charge withall
that I should aye be true.

Thou badste me follow Hope
who tho thy Ensigne bare.
And so I might not doe amisse,
thus didst thy selfe declare.

Then who reioyst but I?
who thought himselfe yblest?
That was in Cupids seruice plaste
as brauely as the best?

And thus in lustie youth
I grue to be your thrall,
And was (I witnesse of thy Dame)
right well content withall.

But nowe I minde to showe
(as promise was to doe)
How first I fled thy Tents, and why
thy campe I did forgoe.

When I had been retainde
well nigh a yeare or more,
And serude in place of wage and meade
as is the Souldiours lore:

I chaunst by hap to cast
my floting eyes awrie,
And so a Dame of passing shape
my fortune was to spie.

On whom Dame Nature thought
such beautie to bestowe,
As she had neuer framde before
as proufe did playnely showe.

On hir I gazde a whyle
till use of sense was fled:
And colour paper white before
was woxen Scarlet red.

I felt the kindled sparkes
to flashing flames to growe:
And so on sodaine I did loue
the Wight I did not knowe.

Then to thy Pallace I
with frowarde foote did run,
And what I saide, I minde it yet,
for thus my tale begun.

O noble Sir (quoth I)
this is your free assent
I should pursue a Game unknowne
within your stately Tent?

If so (quoth I) thou wilt,
and givste the same in charge:
I mynde of all my brydled lust
to let the Raynes at large.

Then Hope did prick me forth
and bad mee be of cheere:
Who said I should within a while
subdue my Noble Feere.

He counselde me to shun
no dreadfull daungers place,
But follow him who Banner bore
unto your Noble grace.

He would maintaine my right
and further aye my cause,
And bannish all dispaire that grewe
by frowarde Fortunes flawes.

Tis Cupids will (quoth hee)
our Maister and our Lorde
That thou with manly hart and hande
Shouldst lay the Barck aborde.

She shall not choose but yeelde
the fruite for passed paines:
For shee is one of Cupids thralls,
and bound in Venus Chaines.

Thinkst thou our maister will
his servant live in woe?
No not for all his Golden darts
ne yet his crooked Bowe.

Wherefore with luckie Mart
giue charge unto the Wight:
Take Speare in hande, and Targe on arme,
and doe with courage fight.

With that I armde me well
as fits a warring man,
And to the place of friendly fight
with lustie foote I ran.

My Foe was there before
I came unto the fielde,
I thought Bellona had bene there
or Pallas with hir shielde.

So well shee was beset
with Plate and privie Maile
As for my life my limber Launce
might not a whit preuaile.

Yet naythelesse with Speare
and Shielde, we fought a space:
And last of all we tooke our Bowes
and Arrowes from the case.

Then Dartes we gan to fling
in wide and weightlesse Skies:
And then the fiercest fight of all
and combat did arise.

Instead of shivering shafts,
light louing lookes we cast,
And there I founde my selfe to weake
hir Arrowes went so fast.

But one above the reast
did cleave my breast so farre,
As downe it went, where lay my hart,
and there it gave a jarre.

So cruel was the stroke,
so sodaine eke the wounde,
As by the fearefull force I fell
into a senselesse sounde.

Thus having no refuge
to quite my selfe from death:
I made a vowe to loue hir well
whilst Lungs should lende me breath.

And since that time I have
endeuorde with my might
To win hir loue, but naught preuailes
shee wayes it not a Mite.

Shee scorns my yeelding hart
not forcing on my best:
But by disdaine of clowdy browe
doth further my unrest.

Yet ruthlesse though she were,
and farsed full of yre:
I lovde hir well as hart could think,
or woman might desire.

I sought to frame my speach
and countnance in such sort,
As she my couert hart might see
by shewe of outward port.

To Troilus halfe so true
unto his Creside was
And I to hir, who for hir face
did Trojan Creside passe.

At length when Reason saw
mee sotted so in loue
As I ne would, ne might at all
my fancie thence remoue:

She cause hir Trumpe be blowne
to cyte hir servaunts all
Into the place, by whose aduise
I might be rid from thrall.

Then Plato first appearde
with sage and solemne sawes:
And in his hande a golden booke
of good and Greekish lawes,

Whose honnie mouth such wise
and weightie wordes did tell:
Gainst thee and all thy troupe at once
as Reason lykte it well.

When Platoes tale was done,
then Tullie prest in place:
Whose filed tongue with sugred talke
would good a simple case.

With open mouth I heard
and jawes ystrecht awyde,
How hee gainst Venus dearlings all
and Cupids captiues cryde.

Then Plutarche gan to preache
and by examples prove,
That thousand mischiefes were procurde
by meane of guilefull loue.

Whole Cities brought to spoyle,
and Realmes to shamefull sack:
Where Kings and Rulers good advice
by meane of Loue did lack.

Next Plutarch, Senec came,
seuere in all his sawes;
Who cleane defide your wanton tricks,
and scornde your childish lawes.

I neede not name the reast
that stoode as then in place:
But thousandes more there were that sought
your Godhead to deface.

When all the Hall was husht,
and Sages all had donne:
Then Reason that in iudgement sate
hir skilfull talke begonne.

Gramercie Friends (quoth shee)
your counsell likes me well:
But now lend eare to Reasons wordes
and listen what I tell.

What madnesse may be more
than such a Lorde to haue,
Who makes the chiefetaine of his bande
a ruke and raskall slave?

Who woonted is to yeelde
in recompense of paine?
A ragged recompense God wote
that turnes to meere disdaine?

Who gladly would ensue
a Conduct that is blinde?
Or thrall himselfe to such a one
as showes himselfe unkinde?

What Ploughman would be glad
to sowe his seede for gaine,
And reape when Harvest time comes on
but trauaile for his paine?

What madman might endure
to watch and ward for nought?
To ride, to runne, and last to loose
the recompense he sought?

To waste the day in wo,
and restless night in care,
And haue in stead of better foode
but sobbing for his fare?

To bleare his eies with brine
and salted teares yshend:
To force his fainting flesh to fade,
his colour pale and dead?

And to fordoe with carke
his wretched witherde hart?
And so to breede his bitter bale
and hatch his deadly smart?

I speake it to this fine,
that plainely might appere
Cupidos craft and guilefull guise
to him that standeth here.

Whose eies with fancies mist
and errors clowdes are dim,
By meane that hee in Venus lake
and Cupids goulfe doth swim.

And hath by sodaine sight
of unacquainted shape
So fixt his hart, as hope is past
for euer to escape.

Unlesse to these my wordes
a listning eare he lende:
Which oft are woont the Louers minde
and fansie to offende.

But he that would his health
sowre Sirops must assay:
For erie griefe hath cure againe
by cleane repugnaunt way.

And who so mindes to quite
and rid himselfe from wo,
Must seeke in time for to remoove
the thing that hurts him so.

For longer that it lastes
it frets the farder in
Untill it growe to curelesse maine
by passing fell and skin.

The Pyne that beares his head
up to the haughtie skie,
Would well haue been remoovde at first
as daylie proofe doth trie:

Which now no force of man
nor engine may subvart:
So wide the creeping rootes are run
by Natures subtle Art:

So Loue by slender sleight
and little paine at furst
Would haue beene stopt, but hardly now
though thou wouldst do thy wurst.

The woonted saw is true,
shun Loue, and Loue will flee,
But follow Loue and spite thy nose
then Loue will follow thee.

And though such graffed thoughts
on sodaine may not die,
Ne be forgone; yet processe shall
their farther growth destrie.

No Giaunt for his lyfe
can cleaue a knarrie oke,
Though he would seeke to doo his wurst
and utmost at a stroke.

But let the meanest man
have spnce to fell him downe,
And he will make him bende his head
and bring his boughes to grownde.

No force of falling showre
can pierce the Marble-stone,
As will the often drops of raine
that from the gutters gone:

Wherefore thou retchlesse man
my counsell with the mo
Is, that thou peecemeale do expell
the loue that paines thee so.

Renounce the place where shee
doth make sojourne and stay:
Force not hir trayning truthlesse eies,
but turne thy face away.

Thinke that the hurtfull hooke
is couerde with such baite:
And that in such a pleasant plot
the Serpent lurkes in waite.

Waie well his scornefull cheere,
and thinke shee seekes thy spoyle:
And though thy conquest were atchivde
may not acquite thy toyle:

Not ydle see thou bee,
take aye some charge in hande:
And quickly shalt thou quench the flame
of carelesse Cupids brande.

For what (I pray you) bred
Ægistus foule defame?
And made him spoken of so yll?
what put him to the shame?

What forste the Foole to loue
his beastly ydle lyfe
Was cause that he besotted was
of Agamemnons Wyfe.

If he had fought in field
encountring with his Foe,
On stately steede, or else on foote
with glaive had giuen the bloe:

If he that Lecher lewde
had warlick walles assailde
With Cannon shot, or bownsing Ramme
his fenced enmies quailde:

He had not felt such force
of vile and beastly sin,
Cupidos shafts had fallen short
if he had busie bin.

What Myrrha made to loue,
or Byblos to desire
To quench the heate of hungrie lust
and flames of filthy fire?

What Canace enforcde
to frie with frantick brandes,
In sort as up to yeelde hir selfe
unto hir brothers handes?

And other thousand mo
of whom the Poets wright?
Nought else (good fayth) but for they had
in ydle thoughts delight.

They spent their youthfull yeares
in foule and filthie trade,
They busied not their ydle braines
but God of Pleasure made.

Wherefore if thou (I say)
dost couet to avoide
That bedlam Boyes deceitfull Bowe
that others hath anoyde:

Eschewe the ydle life,
flee, flee from doing nought:
For neuer was their ydle braine
but bred an ydle thought.

And when those stormes are past
and clowdes remoovde away:
I know thou wilt no Reason think
and minde the wordes I say.

Which are: that loue is roote
and onely crop of care,
The bodies foe, the harts annoy,
and cause of pleasures rare.

The sicknesse of the minde,
the Fountaine of unrest:
The goulfe of guile, the pit of paine,
of griefe the hollow Chest.

A fierie frost, a flame
that frozen is with ise,
A heavie burthen light to beare,
A Vertue fraught with Vice.

It is a warlike peace,
a safetie set in dred,
A deepe dispaire annext to hope,
a famine that is fed.

Sweete poyson for his taste,
a Porte Charybdis leeke,
A Scylla for his safetie thought,
a Lyon that is meeke.

And (by my Crown I sweare)
the longer thou dost loue,
The longer shalt thou liue a Thrall
as tract of time will proue.

Wherefore retire in haste
and speede thee home againe,
And pardned shall thy trespasse bee,
and thou exempt from paine.

Take Reason for thy guide
as thou hast done of yore:
And spite of Loue thou shalt not loue
ne be a thrall no more.

Repaire to Platoes schoole
and Tullies true aduice:
Let Plutarch be and Seneca
thy teachers to be wise.

This long and learned tale
had broosed so my braine;
As I forthwith to Reason ran
and gave thee up in plaine.

Fie, fie on Loue quoth I,
I now perceiue his craft:
For Reason hath declarde at large
how hee my freedome raft,

I see his promise is
farre fayrer than his pay:
I finde how Cupid blearde mine eies,
and made me run astray.

I wote how hungrie Hope
hath led me by the lip,
And made me moue an endlesse sute
well worth an oken chip.

Hee trainde mee all by trust,
I farde as Hounde at hatch:
The lesser fruite I founde, the more
I was procurde to watch.

Thus (mightie Lorde) I left
thy lawes and statutes strong
For rayling Reasons trifling talke
and offerd thee a wrong.

But now Dame Venus knowes,
and thou hir sonne canst tell
That I within my couert hart
doe loue thee passing well.

Now fully bent to be
(so thou wilt cleane put out
Of minde my passed injuries)
thy man and souldier stout:

Prest to obey thy will
and neuer swarve againe,
As long as Venus is of force
and thou shalt keepe thy Raigne.

I weigh not Tullies tale,
ne prating Platoes talke:
Let Plutarch vouch what Plutarch can,
let skurvey Senec walke.

Olde Ouid will I reade,
whose pleasant wit doth passe
The reast, as far as stubborne Steele
excells the brickle Glasse.

In him thy deedes of Armes
and manly Marts appeere,
In him thy stately spoyles are seene
as in a Mirrour cleere.

Thy mothers prayse and thine
in him are to be founde,
For conquests which you had in heauen
and here by low on grounde.

Forgiue my former guilt,
forget my passed toyes:
And graunt I may aspire againe
unto my woonted ioyes.

If euer man did loue
or serue in better steade,
Then shape my wages to the same
and doe restraine my meede.

But so I fight in fielde
as fiercely as the best:
I hope that then your Godhead will
reward me with the rest.

AFTER MISADVENTURES COME GOOD HAPS.

I NEVER thought but this that luck in fine
Would to my will and fansie well incline.
For daylie proofe doth make an open show
That common course of things would have it so.
When stormie clouds from darkned skyes are fled,
Then Phœbus shewes his gay and golden hed.
His princely pride appeeres when showres are past,
And after day the night ensues as fast.
When winter hath his trembling carkas showne,
And with his frostie foote the spring down throwne,
Then in leapes Æstas gay with gladsome gleames
That harvest brings and dries up winter streames.
The Barck that broylde in rough and churlish Seas
At length doth reach a Port and place of ease.
The wailefull warre in time doth yeelde to peace,
The Larums lowde and Trumpets sounde doth
cease:
Thus may we see that chaunce is full of chaunge,
And Fortune feedes on foode that is full straunge,
Wherefore doe not dispaire thou louing Wight,
For Seas doe ebbe and flow by Natures might:
From worse to good our haps are chaunged oft,
And basest things sometimes are raysde aloft.
So Gods would have, and Fortune doth agree,
Which proofe appeeres and is exprest by mee.

TO HIS LOVE

THAT CONTROLDE HIS DOGGE FOR FAWNING ON HIR.

IN deede (my Deare) you wrong my Dog in this
And shew your selfe to be of crabbed kinde,
That will not let my fawning whelp to kisse
You first, that faine would shew hys Maisters
minde:
A Mastife were more fit for such a one,
That can not let hir Louers dog alone.

He in his kinde for mee did seeme to sue,
That earst did stande so highly in your grace,
His Maisters minde the wittie Spanell knewe,
And thought his woonted Mistresse was in place:
But now at last (good faith) I plainely see
That Dogs more wise than women friendly bee.

Wherefore since you so cruelly entreate
My whelp, not forcing of his fawning cheere,
You shew your selfe with pride to be repleate,
And to your Friend your nature doth appeere:
The Prouerbe olde is verifide in you,
Loue mee and loue my Dog, and so adue.

Both I and hee that siely Beast sustaine
For louing well and bearing faithfull harts,
Despitous checks, and rigorous disdaine,
Where both hath well deserued for our parts,
For Friendship I, for offred seruice hee,
And yet thou neyther loouste the Dog nor mee.

VPON THE DEATH OF THE AFORENAMED DAME ELIZABETH ARHUNDLE OF CORNEWALL.

WHAT Tongue can tell the wo?
what Pen expresse the plaint?
Unlesse the Muses helpe at neede
I feel my wittes to faint.

Yee that frequent the hilles
and highest Holtes of all,
Assist mee with your skilfull Quilles
and listen when I call.

And Phœbus, thou that first
amidst the learned route,
Doe way thy Bowe, and reach thy Lute
and say to sounde it oute.

Helpe (learned Pallas) helpe
to write the fatall fall
Of hir, whose lyfe deserues to be
a Mirrour to us all.

Whose Parents were of fame
as Leyster well can showe:
Where they in worship long had liude,
with yeares did worship growe.

Of worship was the house
from whence she tooke hir line:
And shee a Dannat by discent
to worship did incline.

What neede I pen the prayse
of hir that liude so well.
That of it selfe doth yeelde a sounde
we neede not ring the Bell.

Whilst Dannat did ensue
Diana in the race,
A truer Nymph than Dannat was
was neuer earst in place.

With Beautie so adrest
with Vertue so adornde:
Was not that more imbraste the good
nor at the wicked scornde.

When fleeing Fame with Trumpe
and blasted brute had brought
This Dannats thewes to Courtlike eares
(which Dannat neuer sought)

To Court she was procurde
on Princesse to attende:
A seruice fit for such a one
hir flowring yeares to spende.

Where when she had remaynde
and serude the Princesse well,
Not rashly but with good aduice
to Iunos yoke shee fell.

A Woulfe by hap espide
this sielie Lambe in place,
And thought hir fittest for his pray:
not gastly was his face,

Not Woulflike were his eyes,
ne barrish was his voyce:
Nor such as Lambes might feare to heare
but rather might reioyce.

A heart not bent to hate
or yeelding pray to spill:
Unto Licaon farre vnlike
whose pleasure was to kill.

Arhundle was his name,
his stock of great discent:
Whose predecessors all their liues
in Vertues path had spent.

Hee not vnlike the rest
behaude him selfe so well,
As he in fine became a Knight,
so to his share it fell.

Thus was this Ladie fast
conioynde in sacred knot:
Whose prime and tender yeres were spent
deuoyde of slaunders blot.

The match no sooner made,
when mariage rites were donne:
But Dannat ranne hir race as right
as she hir course begonne.

And sooth it is, she liude
in wiuely bond so well,
As she from Collatinus wife
of Chastice bore the bell.

Vlysses wife did blush
to heare of Dannats prayse:
Admetus Make (the good Alcest)
did yeelde vp all hir Kayes.

The Greeks might take in griefe
of such a one to heere,
Who for hir well deserued fame
could haue no Greekish Peere.

Thus manie yeares were spent
with good and soothfast life;
Twixt Arhundle that worthie Knight
and his approued wife.

Of whome such Impes did spring,
such fruite began to grow,
Such issue did proceede as we
them by their braunches know.

The Oke will yeelde no grapes,
the Vine will beare no Hawes:
Ech thing must follow kindely course
by Natures fixed lawes.

Euen so that worthie Tree
such fruite is seene to beare,
As yet commends the withred stocks
and them to Welkin reare.

Thus did they liue in ioy,
till chaunce and spitefull death
These louing Turtles did deuide
and reft the Cock his breath.

Then first the bale began,
then black attire came on:
And Dannats dreerie doole was seene
with neuer stinting mone.

Nought might hir sorrow swage,
but still she did bewaile
The Cinders of hir seuerd Make
with teares of none auaile.

Seuen yeares she spent in wo
refusing other Make:
For such is Turtles kinde you know
they will none other take.

I doubt where Dido fealt
the like tormenting rage,
When that the guileful Guest was gone
that layde his fayth to gage.

This Dannats vertues were
so rife and eke so rare,
As few with hir for honest life
and wisedome might compare.

Minerua did soiourne
within that wifely brest:
Hir deedes declarde that in hir head
Dame Pallas was a guest.

But what we couet most
or cheefest holde in price,
With greedie gripe of darting death
is reaued with a trice.

The cruell Sisters three
were all in one agreede,
To let the spindle runne no more
but shrid the fatall threede.

And Fortune, (to expresse
what swing and sway she bare)
Allowde them leaue to vse their force
vpon this Jewell rare.

Thus hath the Welkin wunne,
and we a losse sustainde:
Thus hath hir corse a Vaute found out,
hir sprite the Heauens gainde.

Since sobbing will not serue,
ne shedding teares anaile
To bring the soule to corps againe
his olde and woonted Gaile:

Leaue off to bath hir stone
with Niobs teares to long,
For thou shalt aide hir nought at all
but put thy selfe to wrong.

Wish that hir soule may reach
the place from whence it came:
And shee be guerdond for hir life
with neuer dying fame.

For sure she well deserude
to haue immortall prayse,
And laud more light than clearest sunne
or Phœbus golden rayes.

If ought my slender skill
or writing were of powre,
No processe of ingratefull time
hir Vertues should deuour.

DISPRAYSE OF WOMEN THAT ALLURE AND LOUE NOT.

When so you vew in Verse
and Poets rimes the prayse,
Of Lucrece and Vlysses wife
so famous in their dayes:

When Hippo comes by hap
or good Alcest yfeare,
And other some that by desert
with fame renowmed weare,

Then you with hastie doome
and rashfull sentence straight,
Will vaunt that women in that age
were all with Vertue fraight.

And for those fewe that liude
in wiuely bonde so well:
You will esteeme the reast by those
that onely bare the bell.

But follow sound aduice,
let eche receyue his doome,
As eche in vertue did surmount
or sit in highest roome.

So cleane was neuer seede
ysifted, but among
For all their paynes were weedes that grow
to put the graine to wrong.

That troupe of honest Dames
those Grisels all are gone:
No Lucrece now is left aliue,
ne Cleopatra none.

Those dayes are all ypast,
that date is fleeted by:
They myrrors were Dame Nature made,
hir skilfull hande to try.

Now course of kinde exchaungde
doth yeelde a worser graine,
And women in these latter yeares
those modest Matrons staine.

Deceite in their delight,
great fraude in friendly lookes:
They spoyle the fish for friendships sake
that houer on their Hookes.

They buie the bayte to deare
that so their freedome lose:
And they the more deceitfull are
that so can craft and glose.

With beautie to allure,
and murder with disdaine:
What more may be gainst womens kind
where ruth of right should raigne?

So Memphite Crocodile
(as we in Poets fine)
Where Nylus with his seuenfold streame
to Seaward doth incline.

With truthlesse tricking teares
and lamentable sound,
The siely beast with pitie mooude
doth cruelly confound.

So Marmaides in the floud
and Syrens sweetely sing,
Till they the musing Mariner
to speedie fate doe bring.

Now Helen for hir traine
with Dian may compare:
Such sundrie Helens now are found,
and Dians Nymphes so rare.

Who if by craft espie
thy Senses once to bende,
And bow by Cupids subtile breach
that burning gleames doth sende:

Then will they seeke in hast
by force of friendly blinck,
And wrested looke into the breast
their beauties shape to sinck.

Which if be brought to passe,
then haue they their desire:
And standing farre doe smile to see
the flaming of the fire.

Then looke they on a loofe,
and neuer once repaire
To ende the strife that they haue stirrde
twixt Louer and Dispaire.

As shepheirdes when they see
the Ganders foe in snare
Reioyce, that from their foldes of late
their siely cattle bare:

Or Boy that knowes the Foule
to be in pithole caught,
That woonted was to steale the stale
and set the snare at naught:

So wily women woont
to laugh, when so they spie
The louing Wight ytrainde by trust
in point and pinch to die.

But if such chaunce doe chaunce
(as often chaunce we see)
The fish that earst was hangde on Hooke
by better chaunce be free,

If he by happie hap
doe cast off Cupids yoke,
Not setting of hir Loue a Lecke
that gaue the cruell stroke:

Then are remooude the cloudes
of hir disdainefull brow:
And friendships flood that earst was drie
a fresh begins to flow.

Then wresteth shee hir grace,
and makes a seeming show
As though she meant no chaunge at all,
ne would hir Hestes forgo.

Thus are they fright with wiles
whome Nature made so plaine,
Thus Sinons shifts they put in vre
their purpose to attaine.

Wherefore let bee our care
Vlysses trade to trie:
And stop our eares against the sounde
of Syrens when they crie.

Think when thou seest the baite
whereon is thy delite,
That hidden Hookes are hard at hande
to bane thee when thou bite.

Think well that poyson lurckes
in shape of Sugar sweete:
And where the freshest flowres are seene
there most beware thy feete.

But chiefely women shoonne
and follow mine aduice,
If not, thou mayst perhaps in proufe
of follie beare the price.

To trust to rotten boughes
the daunger well is seene:
To treade the tyled trap vnwares
hath alwayes perill beene.

Haue Medea still in minde,
let Circe be in thought:
And Helen that to vtter sack
both Greece and Troie brought

Let Creside be in coumpt
and number of the mo,
Who for hir lightnesse may presume
with falsest on the row.

Else would she not haue left
a Troian for a Greeke:
But what? by kinde the Cat will hunt,
hir Father did the like.

As wilie are their wits,
so are their tongues vntrue:
Unconstant and aye fleeting mindes
that most imbrace the nue.

When fixed is their fayth
it restes on brittle sande:
And when thou deemste them surste of all
they beare thee but in hande.

Though Argus did reuiue,
whose eyes in numbre were
As many as Dame Iunos Birde
in glaring taile doth beare:

Yet women by their wyles
and well acquainted drifts,
Woulde soone deceiue his waking head,
and put his eyes to shifts.

Nought haue they neede at all
Cyllenns Pipe to blow
To forge their fraud, their tongues will serue
as learned writers show.

First trie, and then tell
Where I haue sayd well
For without a triall
There vailes no deniall.

OF A PHISITION AND A SOOTHSAYER.

MARCKE fealt himselfe diseasde,
The Soothsayer sayd: There bee
Sire yet remaynder dayes of life,
no mo (Friend Marcke) to thee.

Then skilfull Alcon came,
he fealt the Pulses beate:
And out of hande this Marcus dyde,
there Phisick wrought his feate.

This showes Phisition doth
the Soothsayer farre exceede:
For th' one can make a short dispatch,
when th' other makes no speede.

A CONTROVERSIE OF A CONQUEST TWIXT FORTUNE AND VENUS.

WHILST Fissher kest his line
the houering fish to hooke:
By hap a rich mans daughter on
the Fissher kest hir looke.

Shee fryde with frantick Loue,
they maride eke at last:
Thus Fissher was from lowe estate
in top of Treasure plast.

Stoode Fortune by and smylde:
how say yow (Dame) quoth shee
To Venus? was this conquest yours
or is it due to mee?

'T was I (queth Vulcans wife)
with helpe of Cupids bowe,
That made this wanton wench to rage,
and match hir selfe so lowe.

Not so: 't was Fortune I
that brought the Trull in place:
And Fortune was it that the man
stoode so in Maydens grace.

By Fortune fell their loue,
't was Fortune strake the stroke:
Then detter is this man to mee
that did this match prouoke.

THE LOUER

VOWETH HOW SO EUER HE BE GUERDONED TO LOUE FAITHFULLY.

IN thankfull though she were
and had disdainfull browe,
Regarding nought my constant heart,
ne forcing of hir vowe:

Since sowen is the seede
of faithfull friendships lore,
Vnconstant will I neuer be
ne breake my Hest therefore.

Let Fortune vse hir force
to Cupide stand mine ayde,
And Cyprid laugh with louely looke,
I will not bee afrayde.

By me the Noble kinde
of man shall not be shamde,
Recorde through me shall neuer force
our sequell be defamde.

Albe that I consume
my greene and growing youth,
Yea age and all quite guerdonlesse
yet nill I swarue my truth.

Eche that shall after come,
and liue when I am Dust,
My louing heart shall well descrie
the key of perfect trust.

Hir while my vitall breath
these fainted limmes shall moue:
Yea, after death in hollow Vawte
ytombed, will I loue.

Force shee my seruice true
I force it not at all:
Rue shee by ruth my dreerie life
or it to mercie call:

In stay my Loue shall stande,
ne will I false my faith,
Ne breake my former plighted hest
or promisse to the death.

Disdaine shall neuer force
my friendship wrest awrie:
Ere that I craue immortall powres
that ye will let me die.

Let Dido still complaine
Æneas broken Hest,
Of all that came to Carthage Coast
the most vnfaithfull guest.

Untrustie Theseus eke
let Ariadne clepe,
That fleeted from his friendly Feere
yled in slumbring sleepe:

So let Meden accuse
the Knight that wonne the Flise,
Who forced naught at all in fine
hir cleepings and hir cries:

Haue thou the faithfull heart
of thine assured Friend,
Ere he be of that retchelesse race
the Sunne awrie shall wende.

Where so thou yeelde him grace
or as an outcast shoon:
Expect his former plighted Hest
as thou tofore hast doon.

Loue will hee neuer blame
ne Venus lawes forgo,
Life sooner shall than loue decrease
his faith is fixed so.

HE SORROWES THE LONG ABSENCE OF HIS LADIE. P.

Now once againe my Muse renue my woes
Which earst thou hast in doolefull dittie soong,
For greater cause of sorrow not arose
To mee at all, then now of late is sproong:
As you shall heare in sad and solemne Verse,
A wofull Wight his haplesse hap rehearse.

Come (Clio) come with pensiue Pen in hande
And cause thy sisters chaunge their cheereful voice,
Ye Furies felt that lurck in Plutos lande,
Come skip to Skies, and raise a doolefull noice:
Helpe to lamент the Louers wofull chaunce,
And let Alecto leade the lothsome daunce.

All ye that Ladies are of Lymbo Lake
With hissing haire, and Snakie bush bedect,
Your beddes of steele and dankish Dennes forsake,
And Stix with stinking Sulpher all infect:
Do what you may to ayde my carefull Quill,
And helpe to ring a Louers latter knill.

And time (I trow) sith she from hence is fled
Who was the guide and giuer of my breath,
By whome I was with wished pleasure fed
And haue escapt the ruthlesse hande of Death:
Who was the Key and Cable of my life,
That made me scape Charybdis carefull clife.

A Starre whereby to steare my bodies Bark,
And ship of soule to shoare in safetie bring,
To quite my Corse from painefull pining cark,
And fierie force of craftie Cupids sting:
Euen she that me from Syllas shelfe did shroude,
That light is lost, that Lodestarre vnder cloude.

Whose absence breedes the tempest I sustaine,
And makes my thoughts so cloudie backe to bee,
And brackish teares from swolen eyes to raine,
And churlish gale of surging Sighes to flee:
That Ancor scarce ne harbour I may haue
From deepe dispaire my shaken Ship to saue.

The Rubie from the Ring is reft I finde,
The foile appeares that vnderneath was set:
The Saint is gone, the Shrine is left behinde,
The fish is scapt, and here remaines the Net:
That other choise for me is none but this,
To waile the want of hir that is my blisse.

I cursse the Wight that causde hir hence to goe,
I hate the Horse that hence hir Corse conuaide,
The Bit, the Saddle all I cursse aroe,
And ought that else might this his iourney staide:
I curse the place where she doth now soiourne,
And that whereto she mindes to shape retourne.

My mouth, that kist hir not before she went,
Mine eyes, that did not seeke to see hir face,
My head, that it no matter did inuent,
My hande, that it in Paper did not place:
My feete, that they refusde to trauell tho,
My legges I curse that were so loth to go.

My tongue, that it no parle did then procure
To vtter all my close and couert minde,
To hir who long hath had my wounds in cure,
In whome such ruth and mercie I did finde:

My heart I curse, that sought not to bewray
It selfe to hir or ere shee went hir way.

And last my selfe and euerie thing beside,
My life, my limmes, my carrion Corse I cursse:
Saue hir for whome these torments I abide,
That of my life is onely well and sourse:
Ioue shroude hir salfe, and keepe hir from annoy,
And sende hir soone to make returne with ioy.

TO HIS LOUE

LONG ABSENT, DECLARING HIS TORMENTS.

O LINGRING Loue, O friend
that absent are so long,
Where so thou bee, the Gods the guide
And quit thy Corse from wrong:

And sende thee harmelesse health,
and safely to reuart,
How soone your selfe may deeme full well
to saue a dying hart.

For since your parture I
haue lead a lothsome state:
And saue the hope of your returne
nought might my woes abate.

And will you know the time
how I haue spent away?
And doe you long in ruthfull rime
my torments to suruay?

Though but with weeping eyes
I may the same recite:
Yet naythelesse the truth herein
to thee (my Friend) I write.

When flickring Fame at first
vnto mine eares had brought
That you to trauell were addrest,
and fixed was your thought

In London long to lodge,
and flee your friendly soile:
Then dolour first in daunted Corps
and wounded breast did boile.

I felt how griefe did giue
the onset on my hart,
And sorrow sware that pensiue panges
should neuer thence depart.

With clinching Clawes there came
and talants sharplie set,
A flock of greedie griping Woes
my grunting heart to fret.

The more I sought the meane
by pleasant thought to ease
My growing griefe, the more I felt
increase my new disease

When other laught for ioy,
it brought to minde my woe:
When Musick slakte their sorowes, then
my secret sore did growe.

When they at meate were set
their daintie foode to taste,
In stead of Viands heartie sighes
I had for my repaste.

When Bacchus came to Boorde,
and eche to other drincks:
My swolen floud of salted teares
did ouerflow his brincks,

And out did gush amaine
of drinck to-stande in steede
To me, that of such straungie meate
as sorrow was did feede.

From boorde to bed I go
in hope to finde reliefe,
And by some pleasant nap to rid
my troubled ghost from griefe:

But slumbring sleepe is fled,
and Morpheus shewes his spite:
That will not yeelde one minuts reast
in all a Winters night.

O Lord, what sundrie kindes
of care doe then begin
T'assault my wearie waking head,
and trembling hart within?

A thousand thoughts arise,
eche thought his torment brings:
And thus the lothed night I spend
and feele how sorrow springs.

And if in dawning chaunce
some drouping sleepe do light
Upon the careful Corse that thus
hath spent the waking night:

It standes in little steade,
so dreadfull are my dreames
As they by force of wo procure
mine eies to runne with streames.

Then bathe I bed with brine,
and cloy my couch with teares:
And mid my sleepe thy grisly Ghost
in straungie sort appeares.

Not with such friendly face
and brow of gladsome cheare
As earst thou hadst: those louely lookes
and blincks are all areare.

More grimmer is your grace
more coye your countnance eake,
More lowring lookes than were of yore
and Brow more bent to wreake.

In hande mee thinkes I see
thee holde the hatefull knyfe
To flea thy Friend, and for good will
to reaue deserued lyfe.

Wherewith I wake afright
and strain my pillow fast
To garde me from the cruell toole
untill your wrath be past.

At length I see it plaine
that fansie did enforce
Unto his ugly monstrous dreame
my weake and slumbring Corse.

I vewe thy secret hart,
and how it longs to bee
With him that for unfayned loue
unpawnde his faith to thee.

For mercie then I call
of you that iudge so yll,
Whose pleasure is to gurde your Friend,
and not your Foe to kyll.

Of dreames a thousand such
eche night I haue a share.
To bannish sleepe from pining corse
and nurse my cancked care.

Thus day and night I line,
this night and day I die:
In death I feele no smart at all,
in life great wo I trie.

Wherefore to rid my griefes
and bannish all annoie
Retire from Greece and doe soiourne
here with thy Friend in Troie.

Who longs to see thy face
and witnesse of thy state:
And partner be of thy delights
his furious fits to bate.

THAT DEATH IS NOT SO MUCH TO BE FEARED AS DAYLIE DISEASES ARE.

What? yet not follie for to dread
and stand of Death in feare,
That Mother is of quiet reast,
and griefs away doth weare?

That brings release to want of wealth,
and poore oppressed Wights?
He comes but once to mortall men,
but once for all he smites.

Was neuer none that twise hath fealt
of cruell Death the Knife:
But other griefes and pining paines
doe linger on the life,

And oftentimes one selfe same Corse
with furious fits molest,
When Death by one dispatcht of life
doth bring the soule to rest.

THE EPICURES COUNSELL,

EATE, DRINCK, AND PLAIE.

My Friend, where as thou seest thy selfe
to be a man in deede,
Eate, quaffe, and play, with present ioyes
thy greedie fancie feede.

For I (thou seest) am dust become
that earst so wealthie was:
I haue that I aliue did eate,
the reast away did passe.

What so I poorde in pampred paunch
and to my guts connaide,
To gaping ground with mee I bore,
the reast behinde is staide.

My haughtie buildings huge to see,
my Turrets and my traine,
My Horse, my Hounds, my cofred Coine
for others doe remaine.

Wherefore a Myrrour make of mee
and drowne thee in delight:
For Death will sweepe away thy wealth
and reaue thy pleasures quight.

TO BROWNE OF LIGHT BELIEFE.

Beware my Browne of light beliefe,
trust not before you trie:
For under cloke of great good will
doth fained friendship lie.

As wylie Adder lurckes in leaues
and greenest grasse of all,
And stings the stalking Wight that thought
no daunger would befall.

So is the plaine unplayted man
by subtile dealing guilde
And soonest snarde by subtile shifts
of him that smoothly smilde

We neuer see the frowning Friend
that frets to outwarde showe,
Beguile or seeke to false his Friend,
as doth the fleering Foe:

The Mastiffe Dog is voyded well
that barcks or ere he bite:
But (oh) the Cur is cruell that
doth neuer barck a whit.

Deale thou as Courtiers dayly doe
in wordes be franck and free,
Speake fayre and make the weather cleere
to him that gybes with thee.

For so thou shalt assured stande
from hurt to be as farre,
As from the grounde of true good will
those glosing Marchaunts are.

A wisedome to beware of Woulfes
and Foxes guilefull guise:
For t'one is craftie by his kinde,
the other passing wise.

So that it is a matter harde
their double drifts to flee:
And yet thou shalt auoyde the worst
if thou be rulde by mee.

quoth G. T.

THE AUNSWERE TO THE VILE AND CANCKRED COUNSELL OF THE OUTRAGIOUS EPICURE.

My Friend, for that I see my selfe
to be a man in deede,
Thy quaffing counsell I refuse,
vnlesse to serue my neede.

I muse no whit that thou art dust,
thy beastly liuing here
Was meane to bring thee to thy bane,
the sooner for thy chere.

Thou thoughtst to pamper vp thy paunch
but thou didst feede ywis
The greedie wormes that gnaw thy guts,
for them a daintie dish.

Good reason that thou shouldst forgo
and leaue thy goods behinde,
For that a beast so like a beast
didst liue against thy kinde.

A man in name, no man in deede
thou art that counselst mee
To liue as thou hast liude, and die
a Monster like to thee.

For since thy life so lothsome was,
and shamefull eake thy death:
I will beware, and make a Glasse
of thee whilst I haue breath,

To shunne thy sluttish sinfull Sect,
thy tipling and thy toyes:
For after death those pleasures passe
as did thy fickle ioyes.

OF HOMER AND HIS BIRTH.

The Poet Homer Chius claimes,
Colophon doth the lecke:
And Smyrne sweares that he is hirs
that was the learned Greeke.

Of Salamine some say he was,
of Iō other some:
And diuers make report that he
of Thessale line did come.

Thus sundred and deuided are
the peoples mindes of thee
(Thou Princely Poet) but my thought
with neyther doth agree.

For I assuredly suppose
and deeme the Heauenly Speare
The soyle, and Pallas lap the wombe
that did thy bodie beare.

Hir breast the Dug that thou didst suck
in Cradle when thou layst:
With haughty stile somuch (thou Greeke)
my mazed head dismayst.

THAT TIME CONQUERETH ALL THINGS.

Was neuer Bull so fell
with wrinckle-fronted face,
But Time would make him yeeld to yoke
and toyle the ground apace.

The Horse ybred in Holte
and fed in lustie Lease
In Time will champe the fomie Bit
his Riders will to please.

The Lions that are woode
and raging in their kinde,
By tract of Time their keepers know
in whome they friendship finde.

Those Beastes that come from Inde
and farthest partes of all,
In Time do swerue their sauage sect
and to their dutie fall.

Time makes the Grape to growe
and Vine to spreade at large,
So that the skin scarse able is
to holde his inwarde charge:

So Ceres fruite doth sproute
by force of growing Time,
Which makes the strength of hidden seede
into the stalke to clime.

Time makes the tender twig
to bousteous tree to grow:
It makes the Oke to overlooke
the slender shrubs bylow.

It frets the Culter keene
that eats the froting soyle,
It forceth hardest Flint of all
and Marble to recoyle.

Time wreakefull wrath subdues
it breaketh angers gall,
And eche disease in Time hath helpe:
thus Time doth conquer all.

Though these and other like
by processe are procurde,
Yet naythelesse my festred wounde
can not in Time be curde.

For that which sendeth salue
and comfort to the reast,
Doth cause my ranckling sore to rage
and dubble in my breast.

As springs that from a Mount
doe take their downewarde sourse
To whome there may no barre be found
to stop their headlong course:

So Lordlike Loue ystaulde
and ceazde in yeelding minde
May not be disposest againe,
Such is his stately kinde.

TO HIS FRIEND RIDING TO LONDONWARDE.

As Troylus did reioyce
when Cresid yeelded grace,
And dained him from seruice true
so neare hir heart to place:

So haue I ioyde (my Deare)
for friendship which I found,
And loue requited with the like
which curde my carefull wound.

As he full shrilly shrieht
and doolde his woull chaunce,
On Greekish Steede from Troian towne
when Cresid gan to praunce,

And leaue the liked soyle
where did soo ime hir ioie,
I meane the worthie Troylus
the louingst youth in Troie:

Euen so I waile at thy
departure, wouldst thou wist,
And out I crie a wretched Wight
that thought himselfe yblist.

O London lothsome Lodge
why dost thou so procure
My Loue to leaue this pleasant soyle
that hath my heart in cure?

Since needes it must be so,
gainsend hir home in hast:
Let hir retire with harmelesse health
that sicklesse hence is past.

Yeelde mee a good accompt
of hir that is my ioie,
And send hir to hir Troylus
that longs for hir in Troie.

OF THE RAINE AND CLOUDY WEATHER AT THE TIME OF HIS FRIENDS DEPARTURE FROM TROIE.

No meruaile though the Sunne do hide his hed
And vnder Cloud do keepe his lowring lookes,
No wonder that the Skie his teares doth shed
And with his streames increase the water brookes:
The cause is knowne, the proofe is passing plaine,
My Loue and I be sundred to our paine.

Now she is gone that did sustaine my breath
And saude my Ship of bodie from the wrack,
By whome I scapte the cruell hande of Death
Which thought to bring my Corse to vtter sack:
The Welkin weepes and helpes me to bewaile
With gushing showres the losse of mine auaile.

Wherfore O Heauenly States that Rulers bee
Of starrie Skies from whence these teares discend
And flush so fast as Mortall Wights doe see:
Of ruth in needefull time my woes to end,
Procure my loue to make returne in post,
To gard from griefe hir Friends afflicted ghost.

If not, with flashing flame and thunder dint
By Vulcan forgde and hammered for the nones,
Consume to dust my fleshe my wo to stint,
And with thy Mace (O Ioue) unioint my bones:
That by such scath and losse of vital breath
I may auoide a worse and straunger death.

For like the teene that now my hart sustaines
Was neuer felt nor such oppressing care:
Of force my life must yeelde to pinching paines
Of hasting Death, the fits so furious are:
Which though be so, when I am wrapt in Clay.
(My soule) to hir thou shalt repaire and say,

That whilst the lyfe would suffer me to woonne
With mortal Wights, my hart was hirs at will,
And now my Spindle hath his course yronne
And twist is none yleft, thou wilt fulfill
The dutie which thy Maister ought of right,
And which he would accomplish if he might.

OF A COUETOUS NIGGARD, AND A NEEDIE MOUSE.

Asclepiad that greadie Carle,
by fortune found a Mouse
(As he about his lodgings lookte)
within his niggish house.

The chiding Chuffe began to chafe,
and (sparefull of his cheere)
Demaunded of the siely Beast
and sayde what makste thou heere?

You neede not stand in feare (good Friend)
the smyling Mouse replide;
I come not to devoure your Cates
but in your house to bide,

No man this Miser I account
that chid this hurtlesse Elfe:
No Mouse the Mouse, but wiser than
the Patch that owde the Pelfe.

A PRETIE EPIGRAM

OF A SCHOLER, THAT HAVING READ VERGILS ÆNEIDOS, MARIED A CURST WYFE.

A scholer skillde in Vergils verse
and reading of his booke
(Arma virumque) that begins,
was caught in Cupids hooke.

At length to mariage flat he fell,
when wedding day was doon,
To play hir prancks, and bob the Foole
the shrowish Wife begoon.

The Husband daylie felt the fistes
and buffets of his Wife:
Untill at last he thus began
to plaine of painefull life.

(Oh Caitiffe mee) the Scholer cryde
well worthy of this wo,
For Arma I Virumque read
in Vergill long ago:

Yet could not see, to scape the plague
whereof the Poet spake.
No doubt that Noble Poet for
a Prophet I will take.

For Arma now Virumque I
both day and night sustaine
At home, I need not runne to Schoole
to read the Verse againe.

Would (Virum) were away, and then
let (Arma) doe their wurst:
But when I matcht with such a shrew
I think I was accurst.

TO A YONG GENTLEMAN OF TAKING A WYFE.

Long you with greedie minde to leade a lyfe,
That pleasant is in deede, and voyde of care?
I neuer wishe you then to take a Wyfe
Nor set your foote in craftie Cupids snare.

A filthie Trull is yrkesome to the eie,
A gallant girle allures the lookers minde:
A wanton wench will have the head too die
An aged Trot to lyke is hard to finde.

A bearing Wyfe with brats will cloy thee sore,
A greater carcke than childrens care is none,
A barraine beast will greene thee ten times more,
No joy remaines when hope of fruite is gone.

Wherefore let wyuing go, lyue single aye,
Apply the Booke and bande the Ball among:
A shrew (we see) is wedded in a day
But ere a man can shift his handes tys long.

THE AUNSWERE FOR TAKING A WYFE.

Long you with greedie minde to bleare mine eie
And make mee thinke of mariage thus amisse?
I cannot deeme so yll of wyuing I,
To loue and wed for loue is perfite blisse.

A filthy trull (you say) is lothsome sight,
Put case she be not passing faire to vewe?
If she with vertue do the want requight
Of comely shape thou hast no cause to rue.

A gallant girle allures the lookers minde,
What shall we say the womans is the shame?
Bicause the cleerest eyes by course of kinde
Can not abide the Sunne, is he to blame?

A wanton wench to die will have the hed,
Canst thou not see before thou wade so farre?
His be the hurt that lookes not ere he wed,
The Husband may the woman make or marre.

Put case an aged trot be somewhat tough?
If coyne shee bring the care will be the lesse,
If shee haue store of muck and goodes ynough
Thou needste not force so much of handsomnesse.

A bearing Wife doth make the husband glad,
A greater ioy than Childrens may not bee:
A barraine wench sometime must needes be had
There doth not fruite spring out of every tree.

So that I finde no reason, none at all
In that thou wist a man to single life,
And quite to shun the comfort that may fall
And daylie doth to him that hath a Wife.

For sure though some be shrewes as some ther be,
(As of the sheepe are some that beare no wull)
Yet must we prayse the match whereby we see
The earth maintainde with men, and stored full.
But if you thinke so ill to take a Wyfe,
Let others wedde, leade you the single lyfe.
Quoth G. T.

OF A DEAFE PLAINTIFFE, A DEAFE DEFENDANT, AND A DEAFE IUDGE.

By hap a man that coulde not heare
but borne deafe by kinde,
Another cited to the Court
much like himselfe to finde,

Whose hearing Sense was quite bereft:
the Iudge that of the case
Should give his verdit, was as deafe
as deafest in the place.

To Court they came: the Plaintife praide
to haue the unpaide rent.
Defendant saide, in grinding I
this wearie night have spent.

The Iudge beheldc them both a while,
is this at last (quoth hee)
Of all your stirred strife the cause?
you both hir children bee:

Then Reason wils, and Law allowes
your Mother should have aide
At both your handes that are hir Sonnes.
When thus the Iudge had saide,

The People laught a good to heare
this well discussed case,
Twixt two deafe men, and thought him fit
to sit in Iudges place.

Upon so blinde a matter that
was deafe as any rock:
And thus the simple men were shamde,
the Iustice had a mock.

A PROMISE

OF OLDE GOOD WILL, TO AN OLDE FRIENDE AT THE BEGINNING OF NEW YERE.

The Chuffes for greedie gaine
and lukers looue expende
Their New yeares gifts upon their Lords
as erie yeare hath ende:

But I in token that
the yeare his course hath roon,
And proofe that ioyfull Ianus hath
a nouell yeare begoon.

(As Loue and Dutie wylles)
the Herauld of my hart
Here send to you to make a shewe
that Friendship shall not start.

Though yeares doe chaunge by course
and alter by their kinde:
My olde good will and faith to slip
I trust you shall not finde.

Timetes will be true,
his loue shall neuer blin:
But gather strength and grow to more
than when it did begin.

A VOW TO SERUE FAITHFULLY.

In greene and growing age, in lustie yeeres,
In latter dayes when siluer bush appeers:

In good and gladsome hap when Fortune serues,
In lowring luck when good auenture swarves
By day when Phœbus shewes his princely pride,
By night when golden Starres in skies doe glide,
In Winter when the groues haue lost their greene
In Sommer when the longest dayes are seene,
In happie helth when sicklesse limmes have lyfe,
In griefull state, amids my dolors ryfe,
In pleasant peace when Trumpets are away,
In wreakful warre when Mars doth beare the sway,
In perillous goulfe amid the sinking sande,
In safer soyle and in the stable lande.
When so you laugh, or else with grimmer grace
You beare your faithfull Friend unfriendly face,
In good report and time of woorser fame,
I will be yours, yea though I loose the game.

FUNERALL VERSE

UPON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN HORSEY KNIGHT.

That welth assigned is to waste away,
And stately pomp to vanish and decrease.
That worship weares and worldly wights decay,
And fortunes gifts though nere so braue do cease
May well appeere by Horseys hateful hierce,
Whose Corse (alas) untimely Death did pierce.

Who thought thereby as Nature to subdue
By reauing breath and rowne in worldly stage:
So blasted brute to blot, and Fame that flue
Of him that well deservde in all his age
For worship and renowne to have his share
Among the reast that prayse for Vertue bare.

But seeking wails to wrong this worthy wight,
Shee fowly mist hir purpose in the fine:
For Horsey gaynes by deaths outragious spight,
And endlesse fame, whereat his Foes repine:
But eche man else laments and cries alowde
That Horsey was to soone ywrapt in shrowde.

The rich report that ruth in him did reigne,
And pittie lodgde within his loouing brest,
The simple say that for no maner gaine
He hath at any time the poore opprest:
Thus both estates his worthy life commende,
And both lament his overhasting ende.

Then cease (I say) such flushing teares to shed,
Doo way thy doole, represse thy ruthfull mone,
For Horsey lives, his soule to Skies is fled,
The onely Corse is closde in Marble stone.
So that thou hast no cause to waile his chaunce,
Whome spitefull death by hatred did aduaunce.

TO HIS FRIEND T.

HAUING BEEN LONG STUDIED AND WELL EXPERIENCED, AND NOW AT LENGTH LOVING A GENTLEWOMAN THAT FORCED HIM NAUGHT AT ALL.

I thought good fayth, and durst haue gagde my hand
For you (Friend T.) that beautie should now hight
Haue rasde your hart, nor Cupid with his brand
Haue brought thy learned breast to such a plight

I thought Minerua's gift had beene of powre
By holsome reade to roote this fansie out:
But now I see that Venus in an howre
Can bend the best, and dawnt the wise and stout.

Why shouldst thou seeke to make the Tiger tame?
To win a Woulfe so cruell by his kinde?
To suffer Æsops Snake thou art to blame
That stoonge the man where he reliefe did finde.

Is naught in her but Woman's name alone,
No Woman sure she is, but Monster fell,
That scornes hir friende, and makes him die with mone:
Who makes an Idoll of a Deuill of Hell.

She was cut out of some sea beaten rock,
Or taken from the cruell Lyons tet,
That feedes hir Friend for friendship with a mock
And smiles to see him matcht in Follies net.

If thou were wise (as thou art full of loue)
Thou wouldst account hir beautie but a Glasse,
And from thy hart such fansies fond remoue
I loth to see the Lyon wex an Asse.

If so she were thy faythfull Friend in deede,
And sought a salue to cure thy cruell sore,
(As now shee seekes to make thy heart to bleede)
Good fayth thou couldst account of her no more.

But waying now hir great abuse to thee
A Friend to hir, but to thy selfe a Foe:
Why shouldst thou loue, or so enamoured bee?
Leaue off be time, let all such dotage goe.

Should I embrace the man that hates my life?
Should I account of him that settes me light?
Should I yeeld by my throate to murdring knife?
Or seeke for to reclaime a haggard Kite?

Hast thou not read how wise Ulysses did
Enstuffe his eares with waxe, and close them up,
Of Cyrces filthie loue himself to rid,
That turnd his Mates to Swine by witches cup:

And how he did the lyke upon the Seas
The pleasant noysome Syrens songues t'endure,
That otherwise had wrought him great uncase
If once they mought his mates and him allure?

Put thou the Greekes deuise againe in ure,
Stop by thine eares this Syren to beguile,
Seale up those wanton eies of thine, be sure
To lend no eare unto hir flattering stile.

For all hir talke but to deceit doth tende,
A canckred hart is wrapt in friendly lookes:
Shee all hir wittes to thy decay doth bende,
Thou art the Fish, she beares the byting hookes.

No savage beast doth force a man a whit,
That loues him not: we see the dogged Curre
Fawnes not on him that with the whip doth smite
The horse hates him that pricks him with the spurre.

And wilt thou loue, or place within thy brest
The cruell Dame that weaues thy web of woe?
Wilt thou still fawne upon so false a guest:
In stead of Doue wilt thou retaine a Crowe?

Beware in time, ere Beautie pierce to farre,
Let fancies go, lone where is loue againe:
For doubtlesse now to much to blame you arre.
To sowe good will and reape but foule disdaine.

I counsaile thus that may thee best aduise,
For that my selfe did serue a cruell Dame
The blinde recurde can iudge of bleared eies,
The cripie healde, knowes how to heale the lame.

Shake thou betimes the yoke from off thy neck,
For feare the print thereof remaine behind:
A happie man is he that feares no check,
But liues at freedome with contented minde.

AN EPITAPH

UPON THE DEATH OF THE WORSHIPFULL MAYSTER RICHARDE EDWARDES LATE MAYSTER OF THE CHILDREN IN THE QUEENES MAJESTIES CHAPPELL.

If teares could tell my thought,
or plaints could paint my paine,
If doubled sighes could shew my smart,
If wayling were not raine:

If gripes that gnawe my brest
Coulde well my griefe expresse,
My teares, my plaints, my sighes, my wayling neuer should successe.

By mean whereof I might,
unto the world disclose
The death of such a man (alas)
as chaunced us to lose.

But what auayles to mone?
If life for life might bee
Restorde againe, I would exchaunge
my lyfe for death with thee.

Or if I might some way,
to pay thy rawnsome know,
(O Edwards) then beleue me sure
thou shouldst not lie so low:

That O then cruell Death,
so fierce with dint of dart
Due courses on my knees I yeelde
to thee with all my hart.

For that it list thee trie
thy foule and cankred spite
On that so rare a peece, on that
so wise and worthy Wight.

Suffisde thee (since thou must
be mad) the simple sort
To slea, or on the brutish blood
of beastes to take thy sport,

And not in furious wise
with haste and headlong rage
To kill the flowre of all our Realme
and Phœnix of our age.

The fact doth crie reuenge,
the Gods repay thine hire,
Deepe darckned Lake of Lymbo lowe,
and still consuming fire.

His death not I but all
good gentle harts doe mone:
O London, though thy griefe be great,
thou dost not mourne alone.

The seate of Muses nine
where fiftene Welles doe flowe,
Whose sprinckling springs and golden streames
ere this thou well didst knowe.

Lament to loose this Plant
for they shall see no more
The braunch that they so long had bred,
whereby they see such store.

O happie House, O Place
of Corpus Christi, thou
That plantedste first and gauste the roote
of that so braue a bowe:

And Christ Church which enioydste
the fruite more rype at fill,
Plunge by a thousand sighes, for griefe
your trickling teares distill.

Whilst Childe and Chappel dure
whilst Court a Court shall bee
(Good Edwards) eche estate shall much
both want and wishe for thee.

Thy tender tunes and Rimes
wherein thou woontst to play
Eche princely Dame of Court and Towne
shall beare in minde alway.

Thy Damon and his Friend
Arcyte and Palemon
With woe full fit for Princes eares,
though thou from earth art gone,

Shall still remaine in fame,
and like so long to bide
As earthly things shall liue, and God
this mortall Globe shall guide.

For loe, thus Vertue list,
hir Pupils to aduance:
Yet for my part I would that God
had giuen thee better chaunce.

A longer time on earth,
thy hastned death before,
But Edwardes, now farwell, for teares
will let me write no more.

Well may thy bones be lodgde
thy fame abroade may flie,
Thy sacred soule possesse a place
aboue the starrie Skie.

Quoth THO. TWINE.

TO HIS LOUE

THAT SENT HIM A RING WHEREIN WAS GRAUDE, "LET REASON RULE."

Shall Reason rule where Reason hath no right
Nor neuer had? shall Cupid loose his landes?
His claim? his crown? his kingdom? name of might?
No, (Friend) thy Ring doth will me thus in vaine,
Reason and Loue haue euer yet been twaine.

They are by kind of such contrarie mould
As one mislikes the others lewde devise,
What Reason will a Cupido neuer would,
Loue neuer yet thought Reason to be wise.
To Cupid I my homage earst haue donne,
Let Reason rule the hearts that she hath wonne.

TO HIS FRIEND FRANCIS TH:

LEADING HIS LIFE IN THE COUNTRIE AT HIS DESIRE.

My Francis, whilst you breath your foming steede
Athwart the fields in peace to practise warre,
In Countrie whilst your keneld Hounds doe feede,
Or in the wood for taken pray doe jarre:

Whilst you with Haukes the sielie Foule doe slaye,
And take delight a quick retriue to haue,
To fee to marke, and heare the Spanels baye
Wasting your age in pleasure passing braue:

In Citie I my youthfull yeares do spende
At Booke perhaps sometime to weare the day:
Where man to man not friend to friend doth lende,
With us is naught but pitch (my Friend) and pay.

Great store of Coyne, but fewe enjoy the same,
The owners hold it fast with lymed handes.
We liue by losse, we play and practice game
Wee by and sell, the streate is all our landes.

Well storde we are of eric needfull thing,
Wood, water, coale, flesh, fishe we haue ynow:
(What lack you) Wyues and Maides doe daily sing
The horns is rife, it sticks on many a brow.

But yes (I say) the Countrie hath no peere,
The Towne is but a toyle, and wearie lyfe:
We like your Countrie sportes (Friend Francis) heere.
The Citie is a place of hate and strife.
Wherefore I thinke thee wise and full of thrift
That fledst the Towne, and hast that blessed gift.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN

THAT ALWAYES WILLED HIM TO WEARE ROSE-MARIE, (A TREE THAT IS ALWAYES GREENE) FOR HIR SAKE, AND IN TOKEN OF HIS GOOD WILL TO HIR.

The greene that you did wish mee weare
aye for your loove,
And on my helme a braunch to beare
not to remoove:
Was euer you to haue in minde,
Whom Cupid hath my Feere assignde.

As I in this haue done your will,
and minde to doo:
So I request you to fulfill
my fansie too:
A greene and louing heart to haue,
And this is all that I doe craue.

For if your flowring heart should chaunge
his colour greene.
Or you at length a Ladie straunge
of mee be seene:
Then will my braunch against his use
His colour chaunge for your refuse.

As Winters force can not deface
this braunch his hue:
So let no chaunge of loue disgrace
your friendship true:
You were mine owne and so be still,
So shall we liue and loue our fill.

Then may I thinke my selfe to bee
well recompenst,
For wearing of the Tree that is
so well defenst
Agaynst all weather that doth fall,
When waywarde Winter spits his gall.

And when wee meete, to trie me true,
looke on my hed,
And I will craue an oth of you
where Faith be fled:
So shall we both assured bee,
Both I of you, and you of mee.

AN EPITAPH OF THE LADY BR.

Staie (gentle Friend) that passest by
and learne this lore of mee,
That mortell things doe liue to die,
and die againe to bee.

For daylie proufe hath daylie taught
and yet doth teache it plaine,
That all our substance comes to naught,
and worldly welth is vaine.

No rawnsome may redeeme thy flesshe
from lothsome lumpes of soyle,
The Wormes will soone thy Beautie freshe
with greedie gripe dispoyle.

I that was earst of gentle bloud
that neuer sufferd staine,
Haue nothing but a winding shrowde
in stead of all my gaine.

I twise was bound by solemne oth
unto a louing Make:
Yet twas my luck to burie both,
and eke a thirde to take.

The ioy that fourtie yeares had growne
by those two husbands dayes,
In two yeares space was ouerthrowne
and altred sundrie wayes.

As luck would not allow my choice,
so Death mislikte the same:
Those two agreed with common voyce
my bondage to unframe.

The Lady (Br.) quoth Fortune tho
hir worship shall not loose:
Then shee (quoth Death) shall haue no mo,
nor other husbande choose.

Thus did they both contend at once
who mought the friendlist bee:
Thus Death and Fortune for the nonce
did make my body free.

Pray gentle Friend therefore for me,
to Mightie Ioue on hie:
For as I am so thou shalt bee
since thou dost liue to die.

Trust neuer Fortunes fickle fate,
but Vertue still retaine:
Thou mayst in time exchaunge estate,
yet Vertue will remaine.

OF THE TIME HE FIRST BEGAN TO LOUE AND AFTER HOW HE FOREWENT THE SAME.

Howe may it be that Snow and Ise
ingender heate?
Or how may Glaze and Frost intise
a fervent sweate?
Or how may Sommer season make
of heate a colde?
How may the Spring the leaves downe shake
and trees unfolde?
Though these too others seeme full rare,
To mee no newes at all they are.

For I my selfe in Winter tide
when colde was rife,
Whote gleames of Cupid did abide
and stormes of strife.
In frostie weather I was warme
and burning whot,
But when the Bees and Birds did swarme,
full colde God wot:
In Winter time began my loone,
Which I in Sommer did remooue.

THE ASSURED PROMISE OF A CONSTANT LOUER.

When Phenix shall haue many Makes,
And Fishes shun the silver Lakes:
When Woulfes and Lambes yfeare shall play,
And Phœbus cease to shine by day:
When Grasse on Marble stone shall groe,
And euerie man imbrace his foe:
When Moles shall leaue to dig the grounde,
And Hares accorde with hatefull Hounde:
When Lawrell leaues shall lose their hue,
And men of Crete be counted true:
When Vulcan shall be colde as Ise
Chorœlus eake approved wise:
When Pan shall passe Apollos skill,
And Fooles of fansies haue their fill:
When Hawkes shall dread the sielie Fowle,
And men esteeme the nightish Owle:
When Pearle shall be of little price,
And golden Vertue friend to Vice:
When Fortune hath no chaunge in store,
Then will I false and not before.
Till all these Monsters come to passe
I am Timetes as I was.
My Loue as long as lyfe shall last,
Not forcing any Fortunes blast.
No threate, nor thraldome shall preuaile
To cause my fayth one iote to faile,
But as I was, so will I bee,
A Louer and a Friend to thee.

THE PINE TO THE MARINER.

O man of little wit,
What meanes this frantick fit,
To make thy ship of mee
That am a slender Tree,
Whome erie blast that blowes
Full lightly ouerthrowes?
Doth this not moue thy minde
That rage of roring winde
Did beate my boughes agood
When earst I grue in Wood?
How can I here auoyde
The foe that there anoyde?
Thinkst thou now I am made
A Vessel for thy trade,
I shall be more at ease
Amid the flashing Seas?
I feare if Æole frowne,
Both thou and I shall drowne.

c

AGAINE OTHERWISE.

A vessel to the winde
when earst I grew in wood,
How shall I favour finde
now fleeting in the flood?
For there whilst reaching rootes did holde
I thought I mought be somewhat bolde.
But now that I am cut
and framde another way,
And to this practise put
in daunger erie day.
I feare the force of cruell foe,
my ribbes are thin, my sides be lowe,
But if thou venter life,
then I will hazard him,
For thee is all my griefe,
for lightly I shall swim:
Though top and tackle all be torne,
yet I aloft the surge am borne.

TO AN OLDE GENTLEWOMAN, THAT PAINTED HIR FACE.

Leaue off good Beroe now
to sleeke thy shrivled skin,
For Hecubes face will neuer be
as Helens hue hath bin.

Let Beautie go with youth,
renownce the glosing Glasse,
Take Booke in hand: that seemely Rose
is woxen withred Grasse.

Remooue thy Pecocks plumes
thou cranck and curious Dame:
To other trulls of tender yeares
resigne the flagge of Fame.

OF ONE THAT HAD A GREAT NOSE.

STANDE with thy Nose against
the Sunne with open chaps,
And by thy teeth we shall discerne
what 'tis oclock perhaps.

OF ONE WHOSE NOSE WAS GREATER THAN HIS HAND.

O PROCLUS, tis in vaine
that thou about dost stande,
For well I see thou mindste to wipe
thy Nares with thy hande.

Truth is that though thou be
fowle fisted out of frame:
Yet doth this tossing Nose of thine
in bignesse passe the same.

When neezing thou on Ioue
for succour seemste to crie
Thou canst not heare, thy Nose debarres
the noyse to Eare to flie.

It beateth back the sounde,
it stands in middle place
Twixt Eare and Mouth, but sure it castes
A shade to all the face.

OF A NIGHTINGALE THAT FLUE TO COLCHE TO SIT ABROODE.

THOU sielie foule what meanes this foolish paine,
To flie to Colche too hatch thy chickins there?
A mother thou mayst hap returne againe,
Medæa will destroy thy broode I feare.
For shee that spared not to spoile hir owne,
Will she stand friend to Fowles that are unknowne?

AGAINE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHAT (Philomela) meanes this fond intent
To hatch thy broode in fell Medæas lap?
What? doste thou hope hir rigor will relent
Towarde thy Babes, that gaue hir owne no pap?
But slue them all at once, and at a clap?
I wote not what thou meanste: unlesse that shee
Should kill thy Brats, to make the Mother free.

OF A CONTRERIE MARIAGE.

AN aged Trot and tough
did marrie with a lad:,
Againe, a Gallant Girl to
hir Spouse, a Graybeard had,

A monstrous match (God wote)
for others she doth wed:
And he bestowes his seede on ground
that lets it take no hed.

In fayth, a foolish choyce;
for neither hath his wishe,
For tone doth lacke his wife and tother feedes on filthie fishe.

OF DRONKENNESSE.

AT night when Ale is in,
like friends we part to bed:
In morrow graye when Ale is out,
then hatred is in hed.

AGAINE OF DRONKENNESSE.

MEN hauing quaft
are friendly overnight:
In dawning drie
a man to man a spright.

OF THE PICTURE OF A VAINE RHETORICIAN.

THIS Rufe his Table is,
can nothing be more true:
If Rufus holde his peace, this peece
and hee are one to vewe.

OF THE FOND DISCORD OF THE TWO THEBAN BROTHERS, OETEOCLES AND POLYNICES.

IN death you part the fire,
you cut the cruell flame:
If so you had deuided Thebes
you might enioyde the same.

OF A MARVEILOUS DEFORMED MAN.

TO drawe the minde in Table to the sight
Is harde: to paint the limmes is counted light:
But now in thee these two are nothing so,
For Nature splayes thy minde in open show.
We see by proofe of thy unthriftie deedes,
The couert kinde from whome this filthe proceedes.
But who can paint those shapelesse lims of thine,
When eche to vewe thy carkasse doth repine?

A MYRROUR OF THE FALL OF PRIDE.

SOMETIME the Giants did rebell
against the mightie Ioue,
They thought in Olymp mount to dwell
and long for that they strove.

A hundred handes eche Monster had
by course of cursed kinde:
A stock so stubborne and so mad
I no where else can finde.

Dame Tellus was their Mother thought
of pleasant poets all,
By whome they would have brought to nought
the seate Olympicall.

First Briareus began the broyle
who tooke a hill in hand,
And layde it on another soyle
that thereabout did stand:

Still calling on his monstrous mates
exhorting them the same,
And with the reast the Gmffe debates
how stately Gods to tame.

Ossa was layde on Pindus backe,
and Pelion on hie:
And thus they thought to bring to sack
in time the starrie skie.

They did enuie the Gods the place
by nature them assignde:
And thought it meeter for a race
which Tellus bred by kinde.

They would haue had the highest throne
that Ioue had long possest:
And downe they would the Gods haue throwne
and Princely powre represt.

At length the rowte began to rore
in making dreadfull sound,
The like was neuer harde before
in Heaven from the ground.

Then Iupiter began to gaze
and looke about the Skie,
And all the Gods were in a maze
the Monsters were so nie.

They callde a counsaile then in haste
the Gods assembled tho:
And common sentence was at last
that mightie Ioue should throw

His thunderbolt that Vulcan lame
prepared for the nonce,
Whereby he might eftsoone make tame
the haughtie Giants bones.

Then might you see the Mountaines fall
and hill from hill depart,
And Monsters in the valley crawle
whome Thunder did subvart.

The Mountaines were not rayde so quick
but downe they fell as fast:
And Giants in a cluster thick
to Tellus fell at last.

Such plagues had pride in former time,
the Gods abhorred so
That mortal men should dare to clime
the heavens hie to know.

And not alone the heauenly rowte
the loftie lookes correct
Of such as prowdly go about
their Empire to reject:

But other Gods of meaner state
(of whome the Poets write)
Such pievish Peacocks pride doe hate
and seeke reuenge by might.

The grisly God whome floods obay
and drenching Seas imbrace,
Who in the waters beares the sway
where Nereus shewes his face:

Whome forceth he by surge of Seas
into Charybdis clues?
Or whome doth Neptune most disease?
or whome to Scylla driues?

Not him that beares his Sailes alowe,
nor him that keepes the shoare:
Ne yet the Bargeman that doth rowe
with long and limber oare.

Not those that haunt the Haven sure
and port of perill voide,
They cannot Neptunes wrath procure,
the Chanell that auoide:

But those that voide of carck and care
and feare of Neptunes yre,
Doe hoise their Sailes and neuer spare
to further their desyre,

And doe receiue whole Gales of winde
from mightie Æole sent:
Those, those are they by course of kinde
that Neptune makes repent.

He spoiles the Sailes, and tackle teares,
the Mast is gone to wrack:
The Ribbes they rent, the Shipmen feares
when Cables gin to crack.

Then whereto serues the Pilots pride
that boyst his Sailes so hie?
And where is he that fearde no tide
nor threatning from the Skie?

His pride procurde his fearfull fate
and fortune that befell
Which Neptune most of all doth hate
as Shipmen know right well.

Let Giants fall and Shipmens case
a myrrour be therefore
To such as seeke to hie a place,
for like shall be their lore.

Narcissus may example bee
and myrrour to the prowde,
By whome they may most plainely see
how pride hath beene allowde.

His beautie braue such loftie cheere
in him did breede in time:
That Gods themselues agreeved were
with such a hayinous crime.

No looving Lasse might him allure,
nor Dians nymphs at all
By ought his friendship might procure:
but wote ye well his fall.

In Sommer time as Fortune would
his Fortune was to bee
In open fielde, where no man could
his blazing beautie see.

At length in raging to and fro
his fortune was to finde
A Fountaine freshe that there did flow
as Gods (I think) assignde.

He thought forthwith his thirst to quent
by pleasant traunile gote,
But there he found or ere he went
a greater drougth God wote.

In stooping downe to take the taste
of Christall waters theare,
(Unhappie Boy) had spide at last
a little Boy appeare.

Whose beautie braue, and liking looke
his fansie pleasde so well:
That there himselfe the Boy forsooke
and in a frensie fell.

He had that he so fondly looude:
and yet it was not so:
And from himselfe he was remooude
that thence did neuer go.

He was the Boy that rooke the vewe,
he was the Boy espide,
And being both he neyther knewe,
such was the ende of pride.

Then gan he shed his teares adowne,
then gan he make his plaint:
And then at length he fell to grounde
sore feebled all with faint.

His spirite that earst so prowde was seene
converted into winde:
But of his Corps a flower greene
still there abode behinde,

Narcissus callde (as Poets tell)
as Narcisse was before,
In token that to Narcisse fell
this most unhappie lore.

I could recite the hystories
of many other moe,
Whome pievish Pride the miseries
of Fortune forst to knowe.

But I of purpose will let passe
Apollos Bastard Sonne,
Who Phaeton ycleped was
when first his fame begonne.

I minde not to rehearse at all
the charge he tooke in hande,
I wittingly omit his fall
into Eridan sande.

But this I say assuredly
had it not bene for Pride,
The Charret had not gone awrie
though Phaeton were guide.

But glorie vaine and want of skill
enforste his haughtie hart,
Of Phœbe to crave to worke his will
in ruling Phœbus cart.

The like attempt tooke Icarus
from Creta that did flie
By wings of Wax with Dedalus
when Icar flue to hie.

His Fathers wordes preuailed not
nor lesson taught before,
Till fained fethers were so whot
as he could flie no more.

For want of winges then gan he clap
his breast with open armes
Till downe he fell: such was his hap,
whose pride procurde his harmes.

When wrastling windes from Æole sent
befight themselues so long
That East against the West is bent,
and North, puts South to wrong:

Then may you heare the Pine to crack
that beares his heade so hie
And loftie lugs go then to wrack
which seeme to touch the Skie.

When Ioue flings downe his thundring bolts
our vices to redresse,
They batter downe the highest holtes
and touch not once the lesse.

The Cotte is surer than the Hall
in proofe we daylie see:
For highest things doe soonest fall
from their felicitee.

What makes the Phœnix flame with fire
a Birde so rare in sight?
What causeth him not to retire
from Phœbus burning light?

In faith if he would liue belowe
as Birds Dame Nature tought,
The Esterlings should neuer knowe
their Phœnix burnt so oft.

All ye therefore that suretie loue
and would not have a fall,
From you the Peacocks pride remooue
and trust not Fortunes Ball.

Let Phaetons fate be fearde of you
and Icars lot also:
Remember that the Pine doth rue
that he so high doth grow.

OF THE CLOCK AND THE COCK.

Good reason thou allowe
one letter more to mee
Than to the Cock: For Cocks doe sleepe
when Clocks doe wake for thee.

OF A TAYLER.

Though Tayler cut thy garment out of frame,
And strie thy stuffe by sowing it amis:
Yet must we say the Tayler makes the same,
To make and marre is one with them ywis.

THE LOUER

FINDING HIS LOUE FLITTED FROM WONTED TROTH LEAUES TO WRITE IN PRAYSE OF HIR.

Though cleane contrarie by my Verse
to those I wrote before,
Yet let not retchlesse doome accuse
my wandring wits the more.

As time doth shape and shew (they say)
so ought our stile to frame,
In Sommer Sunne, we neede no fire,
yet Winter asketh flame:

So that I earst found cause of sport
and matter to reioyce,
Of force by fancie was procurde
to use a gladsome voyce.

And now since deepe dispaire hath dreneht
my hope, I will assay
To turn my tune and chaunge my cheere
and leaue my woonted lay.

Not farre unlike the chirping Foule
in Sommer that doth sing,
And during Winter hides his head
till next returne of Spring.

They say when altred is the cause
of force effect doth sue:
As new repaire of better blood
doth cause a Hawke to mue.

Though Ætna burne by kindly course
and belke out fire with fume:
When Sulpher vaine is cleane extinct
the fier will consume.

Whereby I may conclude aright
that eche effect must bee
As is his cause: So fruite ensues
the nature of the Tree.

Then I of force must shape my stile
as matter is I write:
Unlesse I would be thought to match
a Fawcon with a Kite.

When winde and waue at Sea doe rore
and Barck is in distresse,
Then time requires that shipmen should
their Tackles all addresse.

Then crooked Ancors must be cast
the shaken ship to stay
From sincking Sands, and ruthlesse Rocks
that Shipmen oft affray.

No sooner Triton blowes his Trumpe
and swolen waters quailes,
And Æole makes his windes retire:
but hoyse they vp the Sailes.

Then fleete they forward in the floud,
then cut they waues in twaine:
Then launch they on (as earst they did)
with all their might and maine.

So I hereafter must assay
my woonted tune to chaunge
As time requires, and I in loue
shall finde my Ladie straunge.

If she be one of Cresids crue
and swarue hir former Hest,
No Lucreee must I tearme hir then,
for that were but a iest.

For if she false hir fixed fayth,
Vlysses wiues renowne
Unsitting is for hir whose loue
endureth but a stowne.

Wherefore I will as time shall shape
and she hir loue prolong,
Applie my Pen, and tell the troth
as best I may in song.

HE SORROWES OTHER TO HAUE THE FRUITES OF HIS SERUICE.

Some men would looke to haue
a recompence of paine,
And Reason wils it so to be
vnlesse we list to faine:

Some would expect for loue
to haue vnfained hart,
And think it but a fit reward
for such a good desart.

But I (vnhappie Wight)
that spend my loue in vaine,
Doe seeke for succour at hir hands
while other get the gaine.

As thirstie ground doth gape
to swallow in the shoure:
Euen so fare I poore Harpalus
whome Cupids pains deuoure.

I holde the Hiue in hande
and paine my selfe thereby,
While other eate the hidden foode
that are not halfe so dry.

I plough the soyle with paine
and cast my seede thereon:
And other come that sheare the sheaues
and laugh when I am gon.

Mine is the Winters toile,
and theirs the Sommers gaine:
The Haruest falles out of their share
that felt no part of paine.

I beare the pinching yoke
and burden on my back,
And other driue when I must draw,
and thus I go to wrack.

I fast when other feede,
I thirst when other drinek:
I mourne when they triumph for ioy,
they swimme when I must sinck.

They haue the hoped gaine
whiles I the losse indure:
They whole at heart, whilst I my griefe
by no meanes can recure.

They shroud them selues in shade,
I sit in open Sunne:
They leape as Lambes in lustie Leaze,
I lie as one vndunne.

They tast their nightly rest,
my troubled head doth wake:
I tosse and turne from side to side
while they their sorrowes slake.

I would, but they enioye,
I craue that is debard:
They haue, what will you more I say?
their seruice is prefard.

Thus I procure my woe
by framing them their ioy:
In seeking how to salue my Sore
I breede my chiefe annoy,

So sheepe with Woolle are clad
their Maisters haue the gaine,
So Birds doe build their Nests on Brakes
and put them selues to paine,

But other tast the fruite
when so their Broode is hatcht:
The Nest remaines, the Birds are gone,
the Chickens are dispatcht.

So Bees for Honnie toyle
in fleeing to and fro,
And sielie wretches take great paynes
for whome they little know.

I thinck it is procurde
by griesly Gods aboue
That some should gape, and other gaine
the guerdon of their loue.

But sure if Womans will
be forged of my wo,
And not the mightie Gods ordaine
my destnie to be so:

Then must I needes complaine
and cursse their ruthlesse kinde,
That in requitall of good will
do shew them selues vnkinde.

But whether be the cause,
hereafter I intende
To fawne on them that force on mee,
and bow when other bende.

This one abuse shall make
me take the better heede
On whome I fixe my fancie fast,
or make a friend indeede.

THE LOVER

SEING HIMSELFE ABUSDE, RENOUNCETH LOVE.

THOUGH men accoumpt it shame
and folly to repent,
Or grutcht good will that was bestowde
when nought saue fayth was ment:

Yet can they not withsay
but if the knot be burst
Then may we shew our selues vnkinde
that friendly were at furst.

He runnes an endlesse race
that neuer turnes againe,
And he a fonded Louer is
that wastes his Loue in vaine.

Nought can he iudge of hues,
that can not see when guile
In place of friendship cloakes his selfe
in forme of forged wile.

And he that plainely sees
the Trap before his eie
And will not shunne from perill, tis
no matter though he die.

I tell my tale by proufe
I speake it not by rot,
To loue a subtile Lasse of late
was fallen to my lot,

On whome I set such store
such comfort and delight,
As life it was to see his face,
a death to want his sight.

So I might doe the thing
that might abridge his smart,
And bannish all annoy that grew
by froward fortunes Art:

What daunger should I dread?
or perill seeme to shunne?
None that is here below on earth
or subiect to the Sunne.

To shew my selfe a Friend
to his, I was my Foe:
She was the onely Idoll whome
I honorde here belowe.

This is (thought I) the same
that was Vlysses wife:
Who in the absence of his Make
did lead a doolefull life.

Or else tis she at least
whome Tarquyn did enforce
By beastly rape with piercing sworde
so to fordoe his corse,

But such is his abuse
so froward eke his grace,
As loue it may no longer last
since frindship hides his face.

I did not well adoise
I built on sincking Sande,
And when I thought she looude me best
shee bore me but in hande.

Where I had thought a Porte
and Hauen sure to bee:
There founde I hap and dreadfull Death,
as gazers on may see.

As Mouse that treades the trap
in hope to finde repast,
And bites the bread that breeds his bane
and is intrapped fast:

Like was my doolefull case
that fed vpon my wo,
Till now repentance forceth mee
such fancies to forgo.

And (thancked be good hap)
now once againe I fleete
And swim aloft, that sanck of late
fast hampred by the feete.

Now is my fortune good
so Fortune graunt it last:
And I as happie as the best
now stormie Cloudes are past.

I finde the bottom firme
and stable where I passe,
There are no haughtie Rocks at hande
ne yet no ground of glasse.

Good Ancor holde I haue
so I may vse it still,
I am no more a bounden thrall
but free I liue at will.

But that which most torments
my minde, and reaues my ioy
Is, for I serude a fickle Wench
that bred me this annoy.

But Gods forgiue my guilt
and time mispent before,
And I will be another man
then I haue bene of yore.

AGAYNST THE IELOUS HEADES THAT ALWAYES HAUE LOUERS IN SUSPECT.

WHEN Ielous Iuno saw hir mighty Make
Had Iō turnde into a brutish kinde
More couertly of hir his lust to take:
To work hir will and all his fraud to finde
She craude the Cowe in gift at Ioue his hande,
Who could not well his Sisters sute withstande.

When yeelded was hir boone and Hest fulfillde
To Argus charge committed was the Cow,
For he could wake so well, him Iuno wilde
To watch the Beast with neuer sleeping browe:
With hundred eyes, that hatefull Hierds hed
Was deckt, some watcht when som to sleepe were led.

So warded he by day, so wakte by night
And did Dame Iunos will accomplish so,
As neyther Ioue might once delude his sight
Nor Iō part hir pointed pasture fro:
His staring eies on Iō still were bent,
He markt hir march, and sude hir as shee went.

Till Ioue at lenght to ruth and pitie mooude
To see the spitefull hate that Argus bare
To hir, whome he so feruently had looude
And who for him abode suche endelesse care:
His fethred Sonne Cylenus sent from Skies
To reaue the carefull Clowne his watchfull eies.

Who to fulfill his Lord and Fathers Hest
Tooke charmed Rod in hand and Pipe to play,
And girt him with a Sworde as likte him best
And to the fielde he flue where Argus lay,
Disguised like a Shepheird in his weede
That he his purpose might the better speede.

When eche had other salued in his sort,
To brag vpon his Pipe the Clowne begoon,
And sayd, that for that noise and gallant sport
All other mirthes and Maygames he wold shoon,
His onely ioy was on his Pipe to play:
And then to blow the Rustick did assay.

In fine when Argus had his cunning showde,
And ech to other chatted had a space
Of this and that as was befalne abrode,
Mercurius tooke his Pipe from out his case
And theron playde hee so passing well,
As most of Argus eies to slumber fell.

And as they slept with charmed Rod he stroke
The drowsie Dolte to keepe him in that plight,
And playde so long till time he did prouoke
Alf Argus eies to bid the beast God night:
Whome when he sawe in such a slumber led,
He stale the Cowe, and swapt of Argus hed.

Such was the fine of his dispitous hate,
Such was the boone and guerdon of his hire,
And all the good the carefull Coward gate
For seeking to debarre the Gods desire:
A fit reward for such a good desart,
The Cowarde might haue playde a wiser part.

God sende the like, and worse to such as vse,
(As Argus did) with euer waking eie
The blamelesse sort of Louers to abuse,
That alwayes readie are and prest to prie
The purpose to bewray and couert toyes
Of faithfull friends, and barre their blisseful ioyes.

I trust there will be found in time of neede
A Mercurie with charmed Twig in hand
And pleasant Pipe, their waking eies to feede
With drowsie dumps, their purpose to withstand:
That Ielous heads may learne to be wies
For feare they lose (as Argus did) their eies.

For Cupid takes disdaine and scorne to see
His thralls abusde in such vnseemely sort,
Who seeke no greedie gaine nor filthie fee,
But pleasant play, and Venus sugred sport:
A slender hire (God wote) to quite the paine
That Louers bide, or they their loue attaine.

THAT IT IS HURTFULL TO CONCEALE SECRETS FROM OUR FRIENDES.

A SMART in silence kept
(as Ouid doth expresse)
Doth more torment th' afflicted man
than him that seekes redresse.

For then it respite takes,
and leysure to procure
Such mischiefe as for want of helpe
the longer doth endure.

As if thou set no salue
where rankleth swelling sore,
It will in further proeesse paine
and thee torment the more.

I sundrie times haue seene
a wound that earst was small,
In time for want of Surgions sight
to greater mischiefe fall:

And eke the balefull blowe
so grieuous that was thought,
Full quickly curde by Surgions sleight
if he were quickly sought.

So fareth it by man,
that keepes in couert breast
The pinching paine that breedes within
increasing great vnreast:

That neuer will disclose
the secrets of his hart,
But rather suffer feruent paine
and deeper piercing smart.

For why was friendship found
and quickly put in vre,
But that th' one of th' others helpe
should think himselfe full sure?

Why are they like in minde
and one in erie part?
Why are they two in bodies twaine
possessing but one hart?

And why doth one mislike,
that so displeaseth his Feere,
But that they two are one in deede
it plainely might appeare?

Did Tullie euer dreade
his secrets to disclose
To Atticus his louing Friend,
in whome he did repose

Such credit and such trust
and in him selfe he might,
To whome alwayes with painefull Pen
this Tullie did indight?

What euer Theseus thought
Perythous could tell,
With wearie trauell that pursude
his louing friend to Hell.

Was Damon daintie found
to Pythias at all,
For whome he would with Tyran staid
as pledge to liue in thrall?

In Pylades was nought
but that Orestes knew,
Who priuie was from time to time
how care or comfort grew.

Gysippus felt no griefe
but Titus boade the same:
And where that Titus found reliefe
their Gysippe had his game.

When Lælius did laugh
then Scipio did ioy:
And what Menetus Soune mislikte
Achylles did annoy.

Æurialus his thoughts
and secrets of his hart
To Nysus would declare at large
were they of ioy or smart.

All these conioyned were
in surest league of loue,
Whome neyther Fortune good or bad,
nor Death might once remoue.

They would not think in minde
nor practise that at all:
But to that same their trustie Friend
they would in councell call.

All those therefore that wish
their inward paines redresse,
Must to their most assured Friend
it outwardly expresse.

So may they chaunce to finde
a salue for secret sore,
Which otherwise in couert kept
will soone increase to more.

OF THE DIUERS AND CONTRARIE PASSIONS AND AEFECTIONS OF HIS LOUE.

To Phisick those that long haue gone
and spent their time in griefe,
Affirme that Patients in their paynes
will shunne their best reliefe.

They will refuse the Tysants taste
and wholesome drinkes despise,
Which to recure diseases fell
Machaon did deuise:

But when they be debard the same
which so they shunde before,
They crie and call for Tysants then
as soueraigne for their sore.

Such is the wayward guise of those
with pangues that are opprest,
They wish for that they neuer had,
and shunne that they possest.

I may to those right well compare
the Louers diuers thought,
That likes, and then mislikes againe
that they long earst had sought.

They will not, when they may, enioy
their hearts desired choise:
They then defie, they then detest
with lowde and lothsome voice.

They will refuse when time doe serue,
but when such time is gone,
They sigh and schreach with mournefull crie
and make a ruthfull mone.

They little think that Time hath wings
or knoweth how to flie:
They hope to haue it still at hande
that swiftly passeth bie.

They think that Time will tarie them
and for their fancie stay,
But Time in little time is gone
it fleeteth fast away.

So standes the foole by fleeting floud
and looketh for a turne:
But Riuer runnes and still will runne
and neuer shape returne.

What? doe they hope that beauties glasse
will still continue bright?
Nay, when the day is gone and past
by course appeeres the night.

For crooked age his wonted trade
is for to plough the face
With wrinckled furrowes, that before
was chiefe of Beauties grace.

Perhaps they thinke that men are mad,
and once intrapt in loue
Will neuer striue to breake the snare
nor neuer to remoue.

No Fowler that had wylie witte
but will forsee such hap,
That Birds will alway buske and bate
and scape the Fowlers Trap.

And if their Fortune favour so,
then who doth mount so hie
As those that guilefull Pitfall tooke
prepared for to die?

What Fish doth fleete so fast as that
which lately hangde on hooke?
By happie hap if he escape,
he will not backwarde looke.

Take time therefore thou foolishe Feeme,
whilst Time doth serue so well:
For Time away as fast doth flee
as any sound of Bell.

And thou perhaps in after Time
when Time is past and gone,
Shall lie lamenting losse of Time
as colde as any stone.

Yet were thou better take thy time
whilst yet thy Beautie serues,
For Beautie as the Flower fades
whome lack of Phœbus sterues.

OF DIDO AND THE TRUTH OF HIR DEATH.

I DIDO and the Quene of Carthage ground,
Whose limmes thou seest so lively set to sight:
Such one I was, but never to be found
So farre in loue as Vergill seemes to wright,
I liude not so in lust and fowle delight.

For neither he that wandring Duke of Troie
Knewe mee, nor yet at Lybie land ariude:
But to escape Iarbos that did anoie
Mee sore, of lyfe my Carcasse I depriude,
To keep my Hest that he would tho haue riude.

No storme of loue nor dolour made me die,
I slue my selfe to saue my Sheete of shame
Wherein good Sycheus wrapped me perdie:
Then Vergill then the greater be thy blame,
That so by loue doest breede my fowle defame.

OF VENUS IN ARMOUR.

IN complete armour Pallas saw
the Ladie Venus stande:
Who said, let Paris now be iudge
encounter we with hande.

Replide the Goddesse: what?
scornste thou in Armour mee,
That naked earst in Ida Mount
so foylde and conquerde thee?

OF A HARE COMPLAINING OF THE HATRED OF DOGS.

THE senting Hounds pursude
the hastie Hare of foote:
The sielie Beast to scape the Dogs
did iumpe vpon a roote.

The rotten scrag it burst,
from Cliffe to Seas he fell:
Then cride the Hare, vnhappie mee,
for now perceyue I well

Both lande and Sea pursue
and hate the hurtlesse Hare:
And eake the dogged Skies aloft,
if so the Dog be theare.

TO ONE THAT PAINTED ECCHO.

THOU witles wight, what menes this mad intent
To draw my face and forme, vnknowne to thee?
What meanst thou so for to molesten mee?
Whome neuer eie behelde, nor man could see?

Daughter to talking Tongue, and Ayre am I,
My Mother is nothing when things are waid:
I am a voyce without the bodies aid.
When all the tale is tolde and sentence said,

Then I recite the latter worde afresh
In mocking sort and counterfayting wies:
Within your eares my chiefest harbour lies,
There doe I woonne, not seene with mortall eies.

And more to tell and farther to proceede,
I Eccho height of men below in ground:
If thou wilt draw my Counterfait in deede,
Then must thou paint (O Painter) but a sound.

TO A CRUELL DAME FOR GRACE AND PITTIE.

As I doe lack the skill
to show my faithfull hart:
So doe you want good will
to rue your Louers smart.

The greater is my fire
the lesser is your heate:
The more that I desire
the lesse you seeme to sweate.

O quench not so the Coale
of thys my faithfull flame,
With nayes thou frowarde soule,
let yeas increase the same.

Let us at length agree
whome Cupid made by law
Eche others friend to bee
in fansies yoke to draw.

If I doe plaie my part
at any time amis,
Then doe bestowe thy hart
where greater Friendship is.

But if in true good will
I beare my selfe upright,
Let mee enjoy thee still
my seruice to requight.

Go thou my fierie Dart
of scalding whote desire
To pierce hir ysie hart
and set hir brest on fire.

That I may both prolong
my painefull pyning dayes,
And eke auendge hir wrong
that paine for pleasure payes.

I neuer sawe the stone
but often drops would wast:
Nor Dame but daylie mone
would make hir yeelde at last.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN FROM WHOME HE TOOKE A RING.

WHAT needes this frowning face?
what meanes your looke so coye?
Is all this for a Ring,
a trifle and a toye?

What though I reft your Ring?
I tooke it not to keepe:
Therefore you neede the lesse
in such dispite to weepe.

For Cupid shall be iudge
and Umpire in this case,
Or who by hap shall next
approche into this place.

You tooke from mee my heart,
I caught from you a Ring:
Whose is the greatest losse?
where ought the griefe to spring?

Keepe you as well my heart,
as I will keepe your Ring,
And you shall iudge at last
that you haue lost nothing.

For if a Friendly heart
so stuft with staide loue,
In value doe not passe
the Ring you may reproue

The reauing of the same,
and I of force must say
That I deserude the blame
who tooke your Ring away.

But what if you doe wreake
your malice on my hart?
Then giue me leaue to thinck
you guiltie for your part.

And when so ere I yeald
to you your Ring againe,
Restore me vp my heart
that now you put to paine.

For so we both be pleasde,
to say we may be bold
That neyther to the losse
of vs hath bought or sold.

THE LOUER

BLAMES HIS TONGUE THAT FAILED TO VTTER HIS SUTE IN TIME OF NEEDE.

FORCAUSE I still preferde the truth before
Shamelesse vntruth, and lothsome leesings lore,
I finde my selfe ill recompenst therefore
Off thee my Tongue.

For good desart and guiding thee aright,
That thou for aye mightst liue deuoide of spight,
I reape but shame, and lack my chiefe delight
For silence kept.

When happie hap by hap aduaunst my case,
And brought mee to my Ladie face to face,
Where I hir Corps in saftie might imbrace,
Thou heldst thy peace.

Thou madst my voice to cleaue amids my throte,
And sute to cease vnluckylie (God wote)
Thou wouldst not speak, tho thou hadst quite forgote
My hearts behest.

My heart by thee suspected was of guile,
For cause thou ceast to vse a louing stile,
And wordes to forge and frame with finest file
As Louers woont.

Thou madste my bloud from paled face to start,
And flie to seeke some succor of the hart,
That wounded was long earst with dreadfull dart
Off Cupids Bowe.

And thou as colde as any Marble stone
When from my face the chillie bloud was gone
Couldst not deuise the way to make my mone
By wordes appeare.

And (yee my teares) that wonted were to flowe
And streame adowne as fast as thawed Snowe,
Were stopt, as then yee had no powre too showe
A Louers sute.

My sighes that earst were woont to dim the Skie,
And cause a fume by force of flame to flie,
Were tho as slack as Welles of weeping drie
Too showe my Loue.

The heart that laie incombred all within
Had fainted quite had not my lookes ybin:
For they declarde the case my heart was in
By tongues vntroth.

THAT ALL THINGS ARE AS THEY ARE VSED.

WAS neuer ought by Natures Art
Or cunning skill so wisely wrought,
But Man by practise might conuart
Too worser vse than Nature thought.

Ne yet was euer thing so ill
Or may be of so small a prise,
But man may better it by skill
And chaunge his sorte by sound aduise.

So that by proofe it may be seene
That all things are as is their vse,
And man may alter Nature cleene,
And things corrupt by his abuse.

What better may be found than flame,
Too Nature that doth succor paie?
Yet we doe oft abuse the same
In bringing buildings to decaie.

For those that minde to put in vre
Their malice, mooude to wrath and yre:
To wreake their mischiefe, will be sure
Too spill and spoyle thy house with fyre.

So Phisick that doth serue for ease
And to recure the grieued soule,
The painefull Patient may disease,
And make him sick that earst was whole.

The true Man and the Theefe are leeke
For sworde doth serue them both at neede,
Saue one by it doth saftetie seeke
And th' other of the spoile too speede.

As law and learning doth redresse
That otherwise would go to wrack:
Euen so it doth oft times oppresse
And bring the true man to the rack.

Though Poyson paine the drincker sore
By boyling in his fainting breast,
Yet is it not refusde therefore,
For cause sometime it breedeth reast:

And mixt with Medicines of proofe
According to Machaons Arte,
Doth serue right well for our behoofe
And succor sends to dying harte.

Yet these and other things were made
By Nature for the better vse,
But we of custome take a trade
By wilfull will them to abuse.

So nothing is by kinde so voide
Of vice, and with such vertue fraught,
But it by vs may be anoide,
And brought in trackt of time too naught

Againe there is not that so ill
Bylowe the Lampe of Phœbus light,
But man may better if he will
Applie his wit to make it right.

THE LOUER

EXCUSETH HIMSELFE FOR RENOWNCING HIS LOUE AND LADIE IMPUTING THE SAME TO HIS FATE AND CONSTELLATION.

THOUGH Dydo blamde Æneas truth
for leauing Carthage shore
Where he well entertainde had beene,
and like a Prince before:

Though Theseus were vnthriftie thought
and of a cruell race,
That in reward of death escapte
by Aryadnas Lace,

Amid the desart woods so wilde
his louing Lasse forsooke,
Whome by good hap and luckie lore
the drousie Bacchus tooke.

Yet if the Iudges in this case
their verdit yeelde aright,
Nor Theseus nor Æneas fact
deserue such endlesse spight,

As wayward Women stirde to wrath
beare fixed fast in minde,
Still seeking waies to wreake their yre
vpon Æneas kinde.

For neither lack of liking loue,
nor hope of greater gaine,
Nor fickle fancies force vs men
to breake of friendships chaine.

They loth not that they loonde before,
they hate not things possest:
Some other weightie cause they haue
of chaunge, as may be gest.

And waying with my selfe eche one,
I can none fitter finde,
Than that to men such blessed hap
is by the Gods assignde.

The golden Starres that guide their age,
and Planets will them so:
And Gods (the Rulers of their race)
procure them to forgo

Their forged faith and plighted truth,
with promise made so sure,
That is to seeming strong as Steele,
and likely to endure.

For did not mightie Ioue himselfe
the swift Cyllenus send
To will the Troyan Prince in hast
into Italia bend:

And leaue the liked land so well,
and Carthage Queene forsake,
That made him owner of hir heart,
and all that shee could make?

And such was Theseus lot perdye,
so hard the Maydens hap,
That shee in desart should be left
and caught in Bacchus trap.

Should Iason be proclaimde and cride
a Traitor to the Skies
For that he Medea left at last
by whome he wan the Flise?

No, such was Oetes Daughters chaunce
in Cradle hir assignde,
And Iasons Birthstarre forst the Greeke
to showe himselfe vnkinde:

For if rewards might binde so fast,
and knit the knot so sure,
Their faith (no doubt) and lincked loue
should then of force endure.

For Dido gaue him Carthage Kayes,
the wealth, and soile withall:
Those other two preserude their liues
that else had liude in thrall.

Then sithens streaming Starres procure,
and fatall powers agree,
And stawled Gods doe condiscend
that I my friendship flee:

And reaue your Bells and cast you off
to liue in baggards wies,
That for no priuate stale doe care,
but loue to range the Skies:

I must not seeme then to rebell
nor secret Treason forge,
But change my choice, and leaue my loue
and fancies fond disgorge.

I craue of Cupid Lorde of loue
a pardon for the same,
For that I now reiect his lawes
and quight renownce his game.

OF THE CRUELL HATRED OF STEPMOTHERS.

THE Sonne in lawe his Stepdame being dead,
Began hir Hierce with Garlands too commend:
Meanewhile there fell a stone vpon his head
From out the Tombe that brought the Boy abed,
A proofe that Stepdames hate hath neuer end.

AGAINE.

GLAD was the sonne of frowning Beldames death,
To witnesse ioy to deck hir Tomb gan trudge:
A piece of Marble fell and reft his breath
As he (good Lad) stood strowing floures beneath,
A signe that Death dawnts not the mothers grudge.

TO CUPID

FOR REUENGE OF HIS VNKIND AND CRUELL LOUE. DECLARING HIS FAITHFULL SERVICE AND TRUE HEART BOTH TO THE GOD OF LOUE AND HIS LADIE.

IF I had beene in Troyan ground
When Ladie Venus tooke hir wound:
If I in Grekish Campe had beene,
Or clad in armour had beene seene:
If Hector had by mee beene slaine,
Or Prince Æneas put to paine:
If I the Machin huge had brought
By Grecian guile so falsely wrought,
Or raysed it aboue the wall,
Of Troie that procurde the fall:
Then could I not the (Cupid) blame,
If thou didst put mee to this shame.
But I haue alwaies beene as true
To thee and thine in order due,
As euer was there any wight,
That faith and truth to Cupid plight.
I neuer yet despisde thy lawe,
But aie of thee did stand in awe:
I neuer calde thee Bussard blinde,
I no such fault in thee did finde,
But thought my time well spent to bee
That I imploide in seruing thee.
I wiste thou wert of force and powre
To conquere Princes in an howre
When thou retaindst mee as thy man
I thought my selfe most happie than.
Since this is true that I haue saide,
Good Cupid let mee haue thy aide,
Helpe mee to wreake my wrath aright
And succor mee to worke my spight.
To thee it appertaines of due
Him to assist that is so true:
And thou of reason shouldst torment
Such as by wilfull will are bent
To triumph ouer those that serue
Thee in the field, and neuer swerue.
Go bend thy Bowe with hastie speede,
And make hir Tigers heart to bleede,
Cause hir that little sets by mee,
Yet still to stand in awe of thee.
Let hir perceiue thy feruent fyre,
And what thou art in raging yre.
Now showe thy selfe no man to bee,
Let hir a God both feele and see.
She forceth not my cutting paine,
Hir vowed othes shee wayes as vaine,
Shee sits in peace at quiet rest,
And scornes at mee so dispossest.
Shee laughes at thee, and mocks thy might,
Thou art not Cupid in hir sight.
She spites at mee without cause whie,
Shee forceth not although I die.
I am hir captiue bounde in Giue
And dare not once for life to striue,
The more to thee I call and crie,
To rid mee from this crueltie,
The more shee seekes to woorke hir yre,
The more she burnes with scalding fyre.
And all for Cupids sake I bide,
From whose decrees I doe not glide:
Wherefore (I say) go bende thy Bow,
And to hir heart an Arrow throw:
That Dart which breaketh hearts of Flint
And giues the cruell crasing dint,
Upon hir crabbed breast bestow,
That shee thy force and powre may know:
That shee a Myrour may be knowne
To such as be thy deadly foue,
So shall they good example take,
How to abuse men for thy sake.
Let hir (good Cupid) vnderstande,
That I am thine both heart and hande,
And to play quittance, force a fire,
That shee may frie with whote desire
Of me, whome earst she put to paine,
And this is all that I would gaine.

AN ANSWERE TO HIS LADIE,

THAT WILLED HIM THAT ABSENCE SHOULD NOT BREEDE FORGETFULNESSE.

THOUGH Noble Surrey sayde
that absence woonders frame,
And makes things out of sight forgot,
and therof takes his name:

Though some there are that force
but on their pleasures prest,
Unmindefull of their plighted truth
and falsely forged hest:

Yet will I not approue
nee giltie of this crime,
Ne breake the friendship late begoon
as you shall trie in time.

No distance of the place
shall reaue thee from my brest:
Not fawning chaunce, or frowning hap
shall make mee swarue my Hest.

As soone may Phœbus frame
his fierie Steades to roon
Their race from path they woonted were,
and ende where they begoon:

As soone shall Saturne cease
his bended broowes to show,
And frowning face to friendly Starres
that in their Circles go:

As soone the Tiger tame
and Lion shall you finde:
And brutish beastes that sauage were
shall swarue their bedlam kinde:

As soone the frost shall flame,
and Ætna cease to burne,
And restlesse Riuers to their springs
and Fountaines shall returne:

As absence breede debate,
or want of sight procure
Our faithfull friendships writh awrie
whilst liuely breath indure.

As soone I will commit
my selfe to Lethes lake
As the (sweete friend) whome I a Friend
haue chose for vertues sake.

How may a man forget
the coale that burnes within?
Augmenting still his secret sore
by piercing fell and skin?

May Martirs cease to mourne
or thinck of torments prest,
Whilst paine to paine is added aie
to further their vnrest?

May Shipmen in distresse
at pleasure of the winde
Tost too and fro by surge of Seas
that they in tempest finde,

Forget Neptunus rage,
or blustering Borias blast,
When Cables are in sunder crackt,
and tackle rent from Mast?

Ne may I (Friend) forget
(vnlesse I would but faine)
The salue that doth recure my sore
and heales the scarre againe.

I send thee by the winde
ten thousand sighes a day,
Which dim the Skies with cloudie smoke
as they doe passe away.

Oft gazing on the Sunne
I compt Apollo blest,
For that he vewes thee once aday
in passing to the West.

Oh that I had his powre
and blasing Lampe of light
Then thou my friend should stand asurde
to neuer see the night.

But since it is no so,
content thy selfe a while:
And with remembrance of thy Friend
the lothsome time begile.

Till Fortune doe agree
that we shall meete againe:
For then shall presence breede our ioyes
whome absence put to paine.

And of my olde good will
(good Friend) thy selfe assure,
Haue no distrust, my loue shall last
as long as life shall dure.

OF A THRACYAN THAT WAS DROWNDE BY PLAYING ON THE ISE.

A THRACYAN Boy well tipled all the day
Upon a frozen Spring did sport and play,
The slipper Ise with hieft of bodies sway
On sodain brake, and swapt his head away:
It swam aloft, bylowe the Carcas lay.
The Mother came and bore the head away:
When shee did burie it thus gan shee say.
This brought I foorth in flame his Hierce to haue,
The rest amids the flood to finde a graue.

THE LOUER

HOPING IN MAY TO HAUE HAD REDRESSE OF HIS WOES, AND YET FOULYE MISSING HIS PURPOSE, BEWAILES HIS CRUELL HAP.

YOU that in May haue bathde in blis
And found a salue to ease your sore:
Doe May obseruance, Reason is
That May should honord be therfore.

Awake out of your drowsie sleepe
And leaue your tender Beds of Downe,
Of Cupids Lawes that taken keepe
With Sommer floures deck your Crowne.

As soone as Venus Starre doth showe
That brings the dawning on his back
And chearefull light begins to growe,
By putting of his Foe to wrack:

Repaire to heare the wedded Make
And late ycoupled in a knote,
The Philomele that sits in Brakes
And telles of Tereus truth by note:

The Thrussell, with the Turtle Doue,
The little Robin eke yfeare
That makes rehearsall of their loue,
Make hast (I say) that yee were there.

Into the fields where Dian dwels
With Nimphes enuirond round about,
Hast yee to dance about the Wels,
a fit pastime for such a rout.

Let them doe this that haue receaude
In May the hire of hoped grace:
But I as one that am bereaude
Of blissefull state, will hide my face,

And doole my daies with ruthfull voice
As fits a retchlesse Wight to doe:
Since now it lies not in my choice
To quite mee from this cursed woe.

I harbourd in my breast a thought
Which now is turnde another way,
That pleasant May would mee ybrought
From Scylla to a better bay.

Since all (quoth I) that Nature made,
And placed here in earth bylowe,
When Spring returnes, of woonted trade
Doe banish griefe that erst did growe,

And chaungeth eke the churlishe cheare
And frowning face of Tellus hew,
With vernant flowers that appeare
To clad the soyle with Mantell new:

Since Snakes do cast their shriueled skinnes,
And Bucks hang vp their heads on pale,
Since frisking Fishes lose their finnes,
And glide with new repaired scale:

Then I of force with greedie eie
Must hope to finde to ease my smart,
Since eche anoy in Spring doth die,
And cares to comfort doe conuart.

Then I (quoth I) shall reach the port
And fast mine Ancker on the ground,
Where lyes my pleasure and disport
Where is my suretie to be found:

There shall my beaten Barke haue rode,
And tackle torne be new repaird,
My sorrowes quite shall be vnlode,
Euen thus vnto my selfe I said.

But (out alas) it falles not so,
May is to mee a Month of mone,
In May though others comfort gro,
My seedes of griefe are surely sowne.

My bitter Teares for water serue
Wherewith the Garden of my brest
I moist, for feare the seedes should sterue,
And thus I frame mine owne vnrest.

Let others then that feelen ioy
Extole the merrie Mouth of May,
And I that tasted haue annoy,
In praise thereof will nothing say.

But wish returne of winters warre
And blustering Borias force againe,
These sower seedes of wo to marre.
By force of winde and wisking raine.

And so perhaps by better fate,
At next returne of Spring, I may
By chaunging of my former state
Cast off my care, and chaunge my lay.

THE LOUER

TO HIS LADIE THAT GASED MUCH VP TO THE SKIES.

My Girle, thou gazest much
vpon the Golden Skies:
Would I were Heauen, I would behold
thee then with all mine eies.

THE PENITENT LOUER

VTTERLY RENOUNCING LOUE, CRAUES PARDON OF FOREPASSED FOLLIES.

If such as did amisse
and ran their race awrie
May boldly craue at Iudges hand
some mercie ere they die,

And pardon for their gilt
that wilfully transgrest,
And sawe the bownds before their eies
that vertue had redreast:

Then I that brake the bancks
which Reason had assignde
To such as would pursue hir traine,
may stand in hope to finde

Some fauour at hir hand:
since blind forecast was cause,
And not my wilfull will in fault
that I haue swerude hir lawes.

Misguided haue I beene
and trayned all by trust,
And Loue was forger of the fraude,
and furtherer of my lust.

Whose vele did dase mine eies,
and darckned so my sight
With errors foggie mist at first,
that Reason gaue no light.

And as those wofull Wightes
that saile on swelling Seas,
When windes and wrathfull waues conspire
to banish all their ease,

When heauenly Lamps are hid
from Shipmens hungrie eies,
And Lodestarres are in couert kept
within the cloudie Skies:

As they without respect
doe follow Fortunes lore,
And run at randome in the flood
where Æols Impes doe rore,

Till golden crested Phebe,
or else his Sisters light,
Haue chasde away those noysome clouds,
and put the stormes to flight:

So I (vnhappie man)
haue followde Loue a space,
And felt the whottest of his flame,
and flashing fierie blase.

In darcknesse haue I dwelt,
and Errours vglie shade,
Unwitting how to raise a Starre
from perill to euade.

Few daies came on my head
wherein was cause of ioy,
But day and night were readie both
to hasten mine anoy.

Short were my sleepes (God wot)
most dreadfull were my dreames,
Mine eies (as Conduits of the heart)
did gush out saltish streames.

Tormented was my Corse,
my minde was neuer free,
But both repleate with anguish aie
disseuerde sought to bee.

No place might like mee long,
no pleasure could endure,
In stead of sport was smart at hande,
for pastime paine in vre.

A Bondman to my selfe,
yet free in others sight,
Not able to resist the rage
of winged Archers might.

Thus have I spent my time
in seruage as a thrall,
Till Reason of hir bountie list
mee to hir mercie call.

Now haue I made returne,
and happylie retirde,
From Cupids Camp, and deepe dispaire,
and once againe aspirde

To Ladie Reasons stawle
where wisedome throned is,
On promise of amends releast
is all that was amis.

To Plato now I flie
and Senecs sound aduice:
A Fatch for Loue, I force not now
what Chaunce fall on the dice.

OF LADIE VENUS,

THAT HAUING LOST HIR SONNE CUPID GOD OF LOUE, AND DESIROUS TO VNDERSTAND OF HIM AGAINE, DECLARES BY THE WAY THE NATURE OF LOUE AND AFFECTIONS OF THE SAME, BY PRETIE DISCRIPTION AS FOLLOWETH.

WHAT time the Ladie Venus sought hir little Sonne [begonne:
That Cupid hight, and found him not, she thus
My friends (quoth she) if any chaunce in open streete [to meete,
Or crossing pathes, the wandring amorous Elfe
That Runnagate (I say) is mine: who so by hap
Shall first bring tydings of the Boy, in Venus lap
Is sure to sit, and haue in price of taken paine,
A sugred kisse. But he that brings him home againe,
A busse? yet not a busse alone doubtlesse shall haue
But like a Friend I will entreate him passing braue. [Lim
I tell you tis a proper youth. Marke every
And member of my straide Sonne that is so trim.
Not sallow white his bodie is, but like to flame,
A fierce and fierie roling eie sets out the same.
A mischievous wylie hart in Breast the Boy doth beare,
But yet his wordes are Honnie like and sweete to eare. [goe:
His talking tongue and meaning minde a sunder
Smooth filed stile for little cost he will bestowe.
But being once inflamde with ire and raging wrath,
A cruell canckred dogged hart the Urchin hath.
False Foxely subtile Boy, and glosing lying Lad,
He sports to outward sight, but inward chafes like mad. [browe:
A curled Sconce he hath, with angrie frowning
A little hand, yet Dart a cruell way can throwe.
To shadie Acheron sometime he flings the same,
And deepest damp of hollow Hell those Impes to tame.
Upon his Carkasse not a cloth, but naked hee
Of garments goes, his minde is wrapt, and not to see.
Much like a fethred Foule he flies, and wagges his wings [Miser wrings
Now here now there: the man sometime this
Sometimes againe the Lasse to loue he doth enforce, [remorce:
Of neither kinde, nor man nor maide, he hath
A little Bow the Boy doth beare in tender hande,
And in the same an Arrow nockt to stringe doth stande.
A slender shafte, yet such a one as far will flie,
And being shot from Cupids Bow will reach the Skie.
A pretie golden Quiuer hangs there albehinde
Upon his back, wherein whoso doth looke, shall finde [Boy
A sort of sharpe and lurching shafts, unhappie
Wherewith his Ladie Mother she he doth annoy
Sometimes, but most of all the foolish fretting elfe
In cruell wise doth cruelly torment and vex himselfe.
Doe beate the Boy and spare him not at all, if thou [ish brow
On him doe chaunce to light, although from child-
And moisted eies the trickling teares like flouds distill, c
Beleeue him not, for chiefly then beguile he will.
Nor if he smile unlose his pyniond armes take heede, [do feede
With pleasant honie words though he thine eares
And craue a kisse, beware thou kisse him not at all:
For in his lips vile venom lurcks, and bitter Gall.
Or if with friendly face he seeme to yeelde his Bow
And shafts to thee, his proferde gifts (my Friend) forgo. [Dart
Touch not with tender hand the subtile flattring
Of Loue, for feare the fire thereof doe make thee smart.

Where this that I haue sayde be true
Yee Louers I appeale to you.
For ye doe knowe Cupidos toyes,
Yee feele his smarts, yee taste his ioyes.
A fickle foolish God to serue,
I tearme him as he doth deserue.

TO A FICKLE AND VNCONSTANT DAME, A FRIENDLY WARNING.

WHAT may I thinke of you (my Fawlcon free)
That having hood, lines, buets, bels of mee,
And woonted earst when I my game did spring
To flie so well and make such nimble wing,
As might no Fowle for weightnesse well compare
With thee, thou wert a Birde so passing rare:
What may I deeme of thee (faire Fawlcon) now,
That neither to my lure nor traine wilt bow.
But this that when my backe is turnde and gon,
Another gives thee rumpes to tyre upon.
Well wanton well, if you were wise in deede
You would regard the fist whereon you feede.
You would the Horse devouring Crow refuse,
And gorge yourselfe with fleshe more fine to chuse.
I wishe thee thys for woonted olde good will
To flie more high, for feare the stooping will
Breede him that now doth keepe thee out of loue
But thinke his Fawlcon will a Bussard proue.
Which if he deeme, or doe suspect at all,
He will abate the flesh, and make thee fall.

So that of force thou shalt enforced bee
Too do by him as now thou doste by mee:
That is to leaue the keper, and away,
Fawlcon take heede, for this is true I say.

TO HIS FRIEND

THAT REFUSDE HIM WITHOUT CAUSE, WHY, BUT ONELY VPON DELIGHT OF CHAUNGE.

You showe your selfe to bee
a woman right by kinde:
You like and then mislike againe
where you no cause doe finde.

I can not thinke that loue
was planted in your brest,
As did your flattring lookes declare,
and periurde tongue protest.

Thou swarste alone that I
thy fansie did subdue,
Then why should frensie force thee now
to show thy selfe untrue?

Fie faythlesse woman fie,
wilt thou condemne the kinde
Because of just report of yll
and blot of wauering minde?

Too plaine it nowe appeares
that lust procurde thy loue.
Or else it would not so decaye
and causelesse thus remooue.

I thought that I at first,
a Lucrece had subdude,
But now I finde that fansie fonde
my senses did delude.

I deemde that I had got
a Fawlcon to the fist,
Whome I might quickly have reclaimde,
but I my purpose mist.

For (oh) the worser hap
my Fawlcon is so free,
As downe she stoups to straungers lure
and forceth least of mee.

Goode shape was yll bestowde
upon so vile a kite,
That Haggard wise doth loue to liue
and doth in chaunge delight.

Yeelde mee thy flanting Hood,
shake off those Belles of thine,
Such checking Bussards yll deserue
or Bell or Hood so fine.

With Fowles of baser sort
how can you brooke to flie,
That earst your Nature did to Hawkes
of stately kinde applie?

If want of pray enforste
this chaunge thou art to blame:
For I had euer traines in store
to make my Fawlcon game.

I had a Tassel eke
full gentle by his kinde,
Too flie with thee in use of wing
the greater ioy to finde.

No, doubtlesse wanton lust
and fleshly fowle desire
Did make thee loath my friendly lure,
and set thy hart on fire.

Too trie what mettall was
in Bussards to be founde
This, this was it that made thee stowpe
from loftie gate to grounde.

Wherefore if euer luck
doe let me light on thee,
And Fortune graunt me once againe
thy keeper for to bee:

Thy diet shall be such,
thy tyring rumpes so bare,
As thou shalt know thy keeper well
and for none other care.

Meanwhile on carren feede,
thy hungrie gorge to glut:
That all thy lust in daylie chaunge
and diet new dost put.

Diseases must of force
such feeding fowle ensue:
No force to me, thou wert my Birde,
but (Fawlcon) now adue.

TO ONE THAT VPON SURMISE OF ADUERSITIE, FORWNED HIR FRIEND.

As too the whyte, and lately lymed house
The Doues doe flock in hope of better fare,
And leaue their home of Culvers cleane and bare;
As to the Kitchen postes the peeping Mouse

Where Vittailes fine and curious cates are drest,
And shoons the shop where lyuelyhood waxeth thin,
Where he before had fillde his empty skin,
And where he chose him first to be a guest:

As Lyse unto the lyuing Carcase cleaue,
But balke the same made readie to the Beare,
So you that earst my Friend to seeming weare,
In happie state: your needie Friend doe leaue.

Unfriendly are those other, Doue and Mouse
That doe refuse olde harbour for a newe
And make exchaunge for lodge they neuer knewe,
Unfriendly eke the slowe and lumpishe Lowse.

But more unciuill you that wittie arre
To judge a Friend, your Friendship to forego,
Without a cause and make exchaunges so:
For friendes are needed most in time of warre.

Put case that Chaunce withdrew hir olde good will
And frownde on mee to whome shee was a friend?
Is that a reason why your loue should end?
No, no, you should a friend continue still.
Fortrue good will in miserie is tride,
For then will none but faithfull friends abide.

TO MAISTER GOOGES FANCIE

THAT BEGINS, GIUE MONIE MEE TAKE FRIENDSHIP WHO SO LIST.

FRIEND Googe, giue me the faithfull friend to trust,
And take the fickle Coine for mee that lust.
For Friends in time of trouble and distresse
With help and sound aduise will soone redresse
Ech growing griefe that gripes the pensiue brest,
When Monie lies lockt vp in couert Chest.
Thy Coine will cause a thousand cares to grow,
Which if thou hadst no Coine, thou couldst not know.
Thy Friend no care but comfort will procure,
Of him thou mayst at neede thy selfe assure.
Thy Monie makes the Theefe in waite to lie,
Whose fraude thy Friend and falsehood will descrie.
Thou canst not keepe vnlockt thy carefull Coine,
But some from thee thy Monie will purloine:
Thy faithfull Friend will neuer start aside,
But take his share of all that shall betide.
When thou art dead thy Monie is bereft
But after life thy trustie Friend is left:
Thy Monie serues another Maister than,
Thy faithfull friend lincks with none other man.
So that (Friend Googe) I deeme it better I,
To choose the Friend and let the Monie lie.

THE LOUER ABUSED RENOWNCETH LOUE.

FOR to reuoke to pensiue thought
And troubled head my former plight,
How I by earnest sute haue sought
And griefull paines a louing Wight
For to accoy, accoy,
And breede my ioy,
Without anoy, makes saltish bryne
To flush out of my vapord eyne.

To think vpon the sundrie snares
And priuie Panthers that were led
To forge my daily doolefull cares,
Whereby my hoped pleasures fled,
Doth plague my hart, my hart,
With deadly smart,
Without desart, that haue indurde
Such woes, and am not yet recurde.

Was neuer day came on my hed
Wherein I did not sue for grace,
Was neuer night but I in bed
Unto my Pillow told my case,
Bayning my brest, my brest,
For want of rest,
With teares opprest, yet remedie none
Was to be found for all my mone.

If she had dained my good will
And recompenst me with hir Loue,
I would haue beene hir Vassell still,
And neuer once my heart remoue:
I did pretend, pretend,
To be hir Friend
Unto the end, but she refusde
My louing heart, and mee abusde.

I did not force vpon the spite
And venemous stings of hissing Snakes,
I wayed not their wordes a Mite,
That such a doe at Louers makes:
I did reioyce, reioyce,
To haue the voyce
Of such a choyce, and smild to see
That they reported so of mee.

Oh mee most luckie Wight (quoth I)
At whome the people so repine,
I trust the rumor that doth flie
Will force hir to my will incline,
And like well mee, well mee
Whome shee doth see,
Hir loue to bee, vnfainedly,
In whome she may full well affie.

But now at length I plainely vew
That woman neuer gaue hir brest,
For they by kindly course will rue
On such as seeme to loue them best:
And will relent, relent,
And be content,
When nought is ment, saue Friendly hart
And loue for neuer to depart.

Some cruell Tiger lent hir Tet
And fostred hir with sauage Pap,
That can not finde in heart to let
A man to loue hir, since his hap
Hath so assignde, assignde
To haue his minde
To loue inclinde, in honest wise
Whom she should not of right despise.

But since I see hir stonie hart
Cannot be pierst with pitties Launce,
Since nought is gainde but wofull smart,
I doe intend to breake the daunce,
And quite forgo, forgo
My pleasant Fo,
That paines mee so, and thinks in fine
To make me like to Circes Swine:

I cleane defie hir flattering face,
I quite abhorre hir luring lookes:
As long as loue shall giue me grace
She neuer comes within my bookes,
I doe detest, detest
So false a Guest
That breedes vnrest, where she should plant
Hir loue, if pittie did not want.

Let hir go seeke some other Foole,
Let hir inrage some other Dolt:
I haue beene taught in Platos Schoole
From Cupids Banner to reuolt:
And to forsake, forsake
As fearefull Snake,
Such as doe make, a man but smart
For bearing them a faithfull heart.

THE FORSAKEN LOUER

LAMENTS THAT HIS LADIE IS MATCHED WITH ANOTHER.

AS Menelaus did lament
When Helena to Troie went,

And to the Teucrian Guest applide
And all hir Countrie Friends defide:
Euen so I feele tormenting paine
To lurck in euerie little vaine,
And ransack all my Corse, to see
That she hath now forsaken mee,
The faithfu'st Friend that she could finde:
But fickle Dames will to their kinde.
A simple chaunge in faith it was
To leaue the Flower for the Grasse,
Such chopping will but make you bare
And spend your life in carck and care,
You might haue taken better heede
Then left the Graine, and choose the weede:
Your Haruest would the better beene
If you had to your Bargin seene,
But to recant it is to late,
Go too, a Gods name to your Mate.
Tis Muck that makes the Pot to play
As men of olde were woont to say,
And Women marrie for the gaine
Though oft it fall out to their paine:
And so I gesse thou hast ydoon
When all thy twist is throughly spoon,
It will appeare vnto thy fose,
Thou pluckst a Nettle for a Rose:
In faith thy Friend would loth to see
Thy cursed luck so ill to bee.

THAT ALL HURTES AND LOSSES ARE TO BE RECOUERED AND RECURED SAUE THE CRUELL WOUND OF LOUE.

THE Surgion may deuise
a Salue for erie sore,
And to recure all inwarde griefes
Phisicions haue in store

Their simples to compownd
and match in mixture so,
As ech disease from sicklie Corse
they can enforce to go.

The wastfull wrack of wealth
that Merchants doe sustaine,
By happie vent of gotten wares
may be supplide againe.

A Towne by Treason lost,
a Fort by falsehood woon,
By manly fight is got againe
and helpe of hurtfull Goon.

Thus eche thing hath redresse
and sweete recure againe:
Saue onely Loue, that farther frets,
and feedes on inward paine.

No Galen may this griefe
by Phisickes force expell:
No Reasons rule may ought preuaile
where lurcking Loue doth dwell.

The Patient hath no powre
of holesome things to tast:
No Drench, no Drug, nor Sirrop sweete
his hidden harme may wast.

No comfort comes by day,
no pleasant sleepe by night:
No needefull nap at Noone may ease
the Louers painefull plight.

In deepe dispaire he dwels,
then in comes hope of ease,
Which somewhat lessens paines of loue,
and calmes the surge of Seas.

His head is fraught with thoughts,
his heart with throwes repleate:
His eies amazde, his quaking hand,
his stomack lothing meate.

This bale the Louer bides
and hatefull hurtes of Hell,
And yet himselfe doth deeme that hee
in Paradice doth dwell.

OF THE CHOISE OF HIS VALENTINE.

WITH others I to choose a Valentine
Addrest my self: Ech had his dearest friend
In Scrole ywrit, among the reast was mine.
See now the luck by lot that Chaunce doth send
To Cupids crewe, mark Fortune how it falls,
And mark how Venus Imps are Fortunes thralls.

The Papers were in couert kept from sight,
In hope I went to note what hap would fall:
I chose, but on my Friend I coulde not fight,
(Such was the Goddesse wil that wilds the Ball)
But see good luck, although I mist the same,
I hapt on one that bare my Ladies name.

Unegall though their beauties were to looke,
Remembrance yet of hir well feauturde face
So often seene, thereby my Senses tooke,
Unhappie though shee were not then in place:
Long you to learne what name my Ladie hight?
Accompt from V. to A. and spell aright.

OF ONE THAT WAS IN REUERSION.

ANOTHER hath that I did bie,
and I enioy that hee imbraste:
I reape the Graine, and pluck the Peare,
but he had Peare and Corne at laste.

Which sithens Fortune had allowde,
let eyther well contented bee:
I hate him not for his delights,
then let him doe the lyke too mee.

For so we both be pleasde, I say,
this bargaine was deuised well:
Let him with present good delight
as I what time to mee it fell.

If euer he by hap forgo,
I trust my hope is not in vaine,
I hope the thing I once enioyde
will to his owner coine againe.

Which if be so, then happie I
that had the first, and haue the laste:
What better Fortune may there bee
than in Reuersion to be plaste.

OF AN OPEN FOE AND A FAYNED FRIEND.

Not he so much anoies
that sayes: I am thy Fo,
As he that beares a hatefull hart;
and is a Friend to sho.

Of t'one we may beware
and flie his open hate,
But tother bites before he barck,
a hard anoyded Mate.

AGAINE.

Of both give mee the man
that sayes, I hate in deede:
Than him that hath a Knife to kill,
yet weares a friendly weede.

OF A RITCH MISER.

A MISERS minde thou hast,
thou hast a Princes pelfe:
Which makes thee welthy to thine Heire,
a Beggar to thy selfe.

OF A PAINTER THAT PAINTED FAVOUR.

Thou (Painter fond) what meanes this mad deuise
Favour to drawe? sith uncouth is the hed
From whence it comes, and first of all was bred?
Some deeme that it of Beautie doth arise.
Dame Fortunes Babie and undoubted Sonne,
Some other doe surmise this Favour was:
Againe, some thinke by Chaunce it came to passe,
Another saies of Vertue it begonne.
What Mate is he that daylie is at hand?
Faire speaking he and glosing Flattrie hight.
What he that slowly comes behind? Auns. Despight.
What they (I pray) that him inviron stand?
Wealth, Honor, Pride, and noble needefull Lawes.
And leading Lust that drives to thousand ills.
What meane those wings, and painted quiuering Quills?
Cause upward aie Dame Fortune Favour drawes.
Why blinde is Favour made? (Auns.) for cause
That is unthriftie once yplast amownt [that he
From baser step not had in any cownt
Cannot discerne his Friends, or what they be.
Why treades he on the tickle turning wheele?
He followes Fortunes steps and giddie Gate
Unstaid Chaunces aye unstedfast mate:
And when that things are well, can never feele.
Then tell me one thing else to please my minde
My last demaund. What meanes his swelling so?
How chaunst that Fauour doth so prowdly go?
Good haps by course us men doe maken blinde.

THE LOUER

WHOSE LADIE DWELT FAST BY A PRISON.

One day I hide mee fast vnto the place
Where lodgde my Lque, a passing propre dame
For head, hand, leg, lim, wealth, wit, comly grace
And being there my sute I gan to frame,
The smokie sighes bewrayde my fierie flame.
But cruell she, disdainefull, coy and curst,
Forst not my words, but quaild hir friend at furst.

Whereat I lookt me vp, a wofull Wight,
And threw mine eies vp to the painted Skie,
In minde to waile my hap: And saw in sight
Not farre from thence, a place where Prisners lie,
For crimes forepast the after paynes to trie:
A Laberinth, a lothsome Lodge to dwell,
A Dungeon deepe, a Dampe as darke as Hell.

O happie you (quoth I) that feele the force
Of girding Gyue, thirst, colde and stonie bed,
Respect of mee, whose loue hath no remorse:
In death you liue, but I in life am ded,
Your ioy is yet to come, my pleasure fled.
In prison you haue minds at freedome aye,
I free am thrall, whose loue seekes his decaye.

Unworthie you to liue in such distresse
Whose former faults repentance did bewaile:
More fitter were this Ladie mercilesse
At grate to stand, with whome no teares prevaile:
More worthie she to liue in lothsome Gaile
That murders such as sue to hir for life,
And spoyles hir faithfull Friends with spiteful knife.

COMPLAINT

OF THE LONG ABSENCE OF HIS LOUE VPON FIRST ACQUAINTANCE.

O CURSED, cruell, canckred Chaunce,
O Fortune fraught with spight,
Why hast thou so on sodaine reft
from mee my chiefe delight?

What glorie shalt thou gaine perdie
or purchace by thy rage?
This is no Conquest to be cald,
wherefore thy wrath asswage.

To soone eclipsed was my ioy,
my dolors grow to fast:
For want of hir that is my life,
my life it can not last:

Is this thy fickle kind so soone
to hoise a man to ioy,
And ere he touch the top of blisse
to breede him such anoy?

Now doe I plaine perceiue and see
that Poets faine not all,
For churlish Chaunce is compted blind
and full of filthy Gall.

I thought there had bene no such Dame
ne Goddesse on a wheele:
But now too well I know hir kinde,
too soone hir force I feele.

And that which doth augment my smart
and maketh more my wo,
Is, for I felt a sodaine ioy
where now this griefe doth grow.

If thou hadst ment (vnhappie hap)
thus to haue nipt my ioy,
Why didst thou show a smiling cheere
that shouldst haue lookte aboy?

For griefes do nothing grutch at all
but where was blisse before:
None wailes the want of wealth so much
as he that had the store.

Not he that neuer saw the Sunne
complaynes for lack of light,
But such as saw his Golden gleames
and knew his chearefull might.

Too late I learne through spitefull chaunce
that ioy is mixt with wo,
And ech good hap hath hate in hoord,
the course of things is so.

So poyson lurcks in Suger sweete,
the Hooke so hides the bayte:
Euen so in greene and pleasant grasse
the Serpent lies in wayte.

Vlysses wife I learne at last
thy sorow and distresse,
In absence of thy lingring Loue;
that should thy woes redresse.

Great was your grief (ye Greekish Girls)
whilst stately Troie stood,
And kept your husbands from your laps
in perill of their blood.

Ah ye therefore that haue assayde
what torments lack procures
Of that you loue, lament my fate
which ouerlong endures.

Ye winds transport my soking sighes
to my newe chosen Friend,
So may my sorow swage perhaps
and dreerie state haue ende.

Ye sighes make true report of teares,
that so beraine my brest,
As Helens husbands neuer were
for treason of his Guest.

If thou (my Letter) maist attaine
the place of hir abode,
Doe thou, as Herauld of the heart,
my sorrowes quite vnlode.

In thee as in a Myrrour cleare
or Christall may she vewe
My pangues, my paynes, my sighes and teares
which Tigers could but rewe.

There shall she see my secret parts
encombred all with mone,
My fainting lims, my vapord eien
with heart as colde as stone.

I know she can but rue my case
when thou presentst my sute,
Wherefore play thou thy part so well
that I may reape the frute.

And if (when she hath read thee through)
she place thee in hir lap,
Then chaunge thy cheere thy Maister hath
his long desired hap.

THE VENTROUS LOUER

AFTER LONG ABSENCE CRAUES HIS LADIE TO MEETE WITH HIM IN PLACE TO ENTERPARLE OF HIR AUENTURES.

If so Leander durst
from Abydon to Sest
To swim, to Hero whom he chose
his Friend aboue the rest,

And gage his comely corse
vnto the sowsing Tyde
To lay his water beaten lims
fast by hir tender side:

Then I (my Deare) whose gleames
and ardor doth surpasse
The scorching flame and blasing heate
that in Leander was,

May well presume to take
the greatest toyle in hande,
To reach the place where thou dost lodge
the chiefe of Venus bande.

For not Leanders loue
my friendship doth excell,
Nor Hero may compare with hir
that beares Dame Beauties Bell.

There resteth nought for thee
but to assigne the place,
The mirrie day, the ioyfull houre
when I may see thy face:

Appoint the certaine Tide
and fixed stem of stay,
And thou shalt see thy faithfull Friend
will quickly come his way.

Not dreeding any doubt:
but ventrously will go
Through thick and thin to gaine a glimse
of thee his sugred so.

Where when by hap we meete,
our long endured woes
Shall stint by force of friendly thoughts
which we shall then disclose.

Then eyther may vnfolde
the secrets of the hart,
And show how long dislodge hath bred
our cruell cutting smart.

Then may we freely chat
of all forepassed toyes,
And put those pensiue panges to flight
with newe recourse of ioyes.

Then pleasure shall possesse
the lodge where Dolour lay,
And mirrie blincks put clowdes of care
and lowring lookes away.

Then kissing may be plide
and clipping put in ure,
And lingred sores by Cupids salues
aspire to quick recure.

Oh dreede thou not at all,
but set womens feare a part
And take the courage of a man,
that hast a manly hart.

T T.

In hostage aie with thee
to use at thy deuise.
In all affaires and needefull howres
as matter shall arise.

Reuoke to louing minde
how ventrous Thisbe met
In fearefull might with Pyramus
where Ninus Tombe was set.

So hazard thou to come
unto the pointed place,
To thwart thy Friend, and meete with him
that longs to see thy face.

Who better will attende
thy friendly comming there,
Than Pyramus of Thysbe did
his disappointed Feere.

For (oh) their meeting was
the reauer of their breath,
The crop of endlesse care, and cause
of either Louers death.

But we so warely will
our fixed time attende,
As no mishap shall grow thereby,
and thus I make an ende

With wishing well to thee,
and hope to meete in place
To enterparle with thee (my Friend)
and tell my dolefull case.

TO MAISTER GOOGE

HIS SONET OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF THOUGHT.

THE lesse I see, the more my teene,
The more my teene the greater griefe
The greater griefe, the lesser seene,
The lesser seene, the lesse reliefe:
The lesse reliefe the heauier spright,
When P. is farthest out of sight.

The rarer seene, the rifer sobs
The rifer sobbes, the sadder hart,
The sadder hart, the greater throbs,
The greater throbs, the worser smart,
The worser smart proceedes of this
That I my P. so often misse.

The neerer too, the more I smilde,
The more I smilde, the merier minde:
The mirrie minde doth thought exile,
And thought exilde recourse I finde
Of heauenly ioyes all this delight
Haue I when P. is once in sight.

THE LOUER

WHOSE MISTRESSE FEARED A MOUSE, DECLARETH THAT HE WOULD BECOME A CAT, IF HE MIGHT HAUE HIS DESIRE.

IF I might alter kinde,
what think you I would bee,
Nor Fish, nor Foule, nor Fle, nor Frog
nor Squirrel on the Tree.

The Fish the hooke, the Foule
the lymed twig doth catch.
The Fle the Finger, and the Frog
the Bastard doth dispatch.

The Squirrill thincking naught
that feately cracks the nut,
The greedie Goshawke wanting pray
in dread of death doth put.

But scorning all these kindes
I would become a Cat,
To combat with the creeping Mouse
and scratch the screeking Rat.

I would be present aye
and at my Ladies call,
To gard hir from the fearefull Mouse
in Parlour and in Hall.

In Kitchin for his lyfe
he should not shew his hed,
The Peare in Poke should lie untoucht
when shee were gone to bed.

The Mouse should stand in feare,
so should the squeaking Rat:
All this would I doe if I were
converted to a Cat.

THE LOUER

DRIVEN TO ABSENT HIM FROM HIS LADIE, BEWAYLES HIS ESTATE.

WHEN angrie Greekes with Trojans fought
In minde to sack their welthie Towne,
King Agamemnon needefull thought
To beate the neighbour Cities downe,
And by his Princely power to quell
Such as by Pryams Realme did dwell.

Thus forth he trauailde with his traine
Till he vnto Lyrnesus came,
Where cruell fight he did maintaine,
And slue such Wights as were of fame:
Downe went the walles and all to wrack
And so was Lyrnes brought to sack.

Two Noble Dames of passing shape
Unto the Prince were brought in fine
That might compare with Paris rape,
Their glimering beauties so did shine:
The Prince choze fayrest of the twaine,
And Achyll tother for his paine.

And thus the warlike Chieftaines liude
Eche with his Ladie in delight:
Till Agamemnon was depriude
Of hir that golden Chryses hight.
For Gods did will as (Poets faine)
That he should yeelde hir vp againe.

Which done, he reft Achylles Mate
To serue in Chrysis place at neede,
Not forcing on the fowle debate
That followde of that cruell deede:
For why Achylles grutched sore
To lose the Lasse he wan before.

And what for griefe and great disdaine
The Greeke his Helmet hoong aside,
And Swords that many a Knight had slaine,
And Shield that Troian Darts had tride:
Refusing to approch the place
Where he was woont his foes to chase.

His manly courage was appalde
His valiant heart began to yeelde,
His browned armes that earst were galde
With clattring Armour in the field
Had lost their force, his fist did faint,
His gladsome songs were growne to plaint.

His mouth refusde his woonted foode,
His tongue could feele no tast of meat,
His hanging cheekes declarde his moode,
His fealtred beard with haire vnset,
Bewraid his sodaine chaunge of cheere
For loosing of his louing Feere.

His eares but sorrowes sound could heare,
The Trumpets tune was quite forgot,
His eies were fraught with many a teare,
Whonde carcking care permitted not
The pleasant slumber to retaine,
To quite the sielie Misers paine.

The thousande part of pensiue care
The Noble Greeke endured than
In Bryseis absence, to declare
It farre surmounts the Wit of man:
But sure a Martyr right he liude
Of Bryseis beautie once beriude.

If thus Achylles valiant heart
Were wrapt in web of wailefull wo,
That was invrde too dint of Dart
His louing Bryseis to forgo.
If thus the sturdie Greeke (I say)
Bewaild the night and wept the day:

Then blame not mee a louing Wight
Whome Nature made to Cupids Bow
To liue in such a piteous plight,
Bewasht with waues of worser wo
Than euer was the Greekish Peere
Dispoiled of his Darling deere.

For I of force am faine to flee
The presse, the presence and the place
Of you my Loue a brauer B.
Than Bryseis was for foote and face,
For Head, for Hande, for Carkasse eke
Not to be matcht of any Greeke.

Whose troth you haue full often tride,
Whose heart hath bene vnfolded quight
Whose faith by friendship was discride
Whose ioy consisted in your sight,
Whose paine was pleasure if in place
He might but gaze vpon thy face.

O dolefull Greeke I would I might
Exchaunge my trouble for thy paine:
For then I hope I should acquite
My griefe with gladsome ioyes againe.
For Bryseis made retoure to thee,
Would B. might doe the like to mee.

But to exchaunge my Loue for thine,
Or B. for Bryseis I ne would:
To labour in the Leaden Mine.
And leaue the ground where growes the Golde
I minde it not, it follie were
To choose the Pare, and leaue the Peare.

THAT LOUERS OUGHT RATHER BY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE TO SHEW THEIR MEANINGS BY PEN THEN BY MOUTH.

If all that feele the fits of loue
And flanckring sparkes of Cupids fire,
By tatling tongues should say to moue
Their Ladies to their fonde desire:
No doubt a number would but gaine
A badge of Follie for their paine.

For Ladies eyther would suspect
Those sugred wordes so sweete to eare
With secret poysons baite infect:
Or else would wisely stande in feare,
That all such flame as so did burne
To dustie Cinders soone would turne.

For he that bluntly doth presume
On small acquaintaince to display
His hidden fire by casting fume
Of wanton wordes, doth misse the way
To win the Wight he honours so,
For of a Friend he makes a Fo.

For who is shee that may endure
The dapper tearmes that Louers vse?
And painted Proems to procure
The modest Matrons minde to muse?
No, first let writings go to tell
Your Ladies that you loue them well.

And when that time hath triall made
Of perfect loue and faithfull brest,
Then boldly may you further wade
This counsell I accoumpt as best:
And this (my Deare) procurde my Quill
To write, and tongue to be so still.

Which now at first shall flatly showe
(As faithful Herald of the hart)
The perfect loue to thee I owe
That breedst my ioy, and wilt my smart,
Unlesse at last (Remembraunce) rue
Upon hir (thought) that will be true.

Wherefore I say, go slender scrole
To hir the sielie Mouse that shoonnes,
Salute in friendly sort the soule
Among those pretie beastes that woonnes,
That bit the pocat for the Peare,
And breede the soule to such a feare.

AN EPITAPH

OF MAISTER WIN DROWNED IN THE SEA.

Who so thou art that passest by this place
And runst at random on this sliper way,
Recline thy listning eare to mee a space
Doe stay thy ship and hearken what I say;
Cast Ankor here vntill my tale be donne,
So maist thou chaunce the like mishaps to shonne.

Learne this of mee, that men doe liue to die
And Death decayes the worthiest Wightes of all,
No worldly wealth or kingdomes can supplie
Or garde their princes from the fatall fall:
One way to come vnto this life we see,
But to be rid thereof a thousand bee.

My gallant youth and frolick yeares behight
Mee longer age, and siluer haires to haue,
I thought my day would neuer come to night,
My prime prouokte me to forget my graue:
I thought by water to haue scapte the death
That now amid the Seas doe lose my breath.

Now, now the churlish chanell me doe chock
Now surging Seas conspire to breede my carke
Now fighting flouds enforce me to the rock,
Charybdis Whelps and Scyllas Dogs doe barke
Now hope of life is past, now, now I see
That W. can no more a liues man bee.

Yet I doe well affie for my desart
(When cruell death hath done the worst it may)
Of well renowmed Fame to haue a part
To saue my heart from ruine and decay:
And that is all that thou or I may gaine,
And so adue, I thank thee for thy paine.

AGAINE.

O NEPTUNE churlish Chuf, O wayward Woolf
O Goff of Seas by name, no God in deede,
O Tiran Ruler of the grauell Goolfe
Where greater Fish on lesser Spawne doth feede
Why dost thou drench with deadly Mace a Wight
That well deserude to run his course aright?

O cruell cursed tide, O weltring waue
That W. wrought this detestable care
O wrathfull surge, why wouldst thou not vouchsafe
A mid the rage so good a youth to spare,
And suffer him in luckie Bark to reach
The pleasant Port of ease and blisfull beach?

But what though surging Seas and tossing Tide
Haue done their worst and vttered all their force
In working W. wrack that so hath tride,
The cruelst rage that might befall his Corse:
Yet naythelesse his euer during name
Is fast ingraude within the house of Fame.

Let Fishes feede vpon his flesh apace,
Let crawling Cungers creepe about his bones,
Let Wormes awake and W: Carkasse race
For why it was appointed for the nones:
But when they haue done all the spite they can
His good report shall liue in mouth of man.

In stead of stonie Tombe and Marble Graue
In lieu of a Lamentable Verse,
Let W. on the sandie Cheasell haue
This dolefull line in stead of better Hierse:
Lo, here among the Wormes doth W. woon
That well deserue a farther race to roon.

But since his fate allotted him to fall
Amid the sowsing Seas and troublous Tide,
Let not his death his faithfull Friends appall
For he is not the first that so hath dide,
Nor shall be seene the last: as nie away
To Heauen by waters as by Land they say.

PRAISE OF HIS LOUE.

APPELLES lay the Pensile downe
and shun thy woonted skill,
Let brute no more with flattring Trumpe
the Greekish Eares fulfill:

Call not to thee such Painters praise
as thou hast done of yore,
Least thou in fine be foiled flat
and gained glorie lore.

So seeke not to disgrace the Greekes
thy louing Natiue land,
But rather from depainting formes
withdrawe thy skillesse hand.

For so thou stiffely stand and vaunt
that thou wilt frame hir like
Whome I extoll aboue the Starres,
thou art a stately Greeke.

As soone with might thou mayst remoue
the Rock from whence it growes,
As frame hir feauturde forme in whome
such flouds of graces flowes.

If I might speake unhurt of hate,
I would auaunt that kinde
In spite of Rose and Lillie both
had hir in earth assignde

To dwell among the daintie Dames
that shee hath placed heere:
Cause, by hir passing feauture might
Dame Natures skill appeere.

Hir Haire surmounts Apollos pride
in it sueh beautie raines
Hir glistring eies the Chrystall farre
and finest Saphire staines.

A little mouth with decent Chin,
a Corall lip of hue.
With Teethe as white as Whale his bone
ech one in order due.

A body blamelesse to be found,
Armes rated to the same:
Such Hands with Azure deckt, as all
that warre with hir doe shame.

As for the partes in covert kept
and what is not in sight,
I doe esteeme them by the reast
not forcing on dispight.

If I were foreman of the Quest
my verdit to expresse,
Forgiue mee (Phoebus) of thy place
shee should thee dispossesse.

P. should be raised to the clowdes
and Phœbus brought alow,
For that there should liue none in earth
but might hir vertue know.

Thus to conclude and make an ende,
to vouch I dare be bolde:
As soone as Nature had hir made
all Natures ware was solde.

THE COMPLAINT

OF A FRIEND OF HIS HAUING LOST HIS DOUE.

WHAT shold I shed my teares to show mine inward pain [again.
Since that the Iewell I have lost may not be had
Yet bootlesse though it bee to utter couart smart
It is a meane to cure the griefe, and make a ioyfull hart. [Loue,
Wherefore I say to you that haue enjoyde your
Lament with me in wofull wise for loosing of my Doue. [bereft,
You Turtle Cocks that are your louing Hennes
And dò bewaile your cruell chaunce that you alive are left:
Come hither, come I say, come hie in haste to mee.
Let eyther make his dolefull plaint amid this dreerie tree.
A fitter place than this may no where else be found
For friendly Eccho here will cause ech cry to yelde a sound.
In youth it was my lucke on such a Doue to light,
As by good nature wan my loue, she was my whole delite [hue,
A fresher fowle than mine for shape and beauties
Was neuer any man on earth that had the hap to vewe.
Dame Nature hir had framde so perfite in hir kinde
As not the spiteful man himself one fault in hir could finde.
Hir eie so passing pure, hir beake so braue and fit,
The stature of hir limmes so small, hir head so full of wit,
Hir neck of so good sise, hir plume of colour white,
Hir legs and feete so finely made, thou seldom seene in sight: [his place
Eche part so fitly pight as none mought chaunge
Nor any Bird could lightly haue so good and braue a grace.
But most of all that I did fansie, was hir voyce,
For sweete it was unto mine eare, and made the hart rejoyce
No sooner could I come in place where she was set,
But up she rose, and ioyfull would hir Mate and louer met.
About my tender neck she would haue clasped tho,
And laid hir beake betwixt my lips, sweet kisses to besto. [me at all,
And ought besides that mought haue pleasurde
Was neuer man that had a Birde so fit to play withall. [mee.
When I for ioy did sing, she would have song with
When I was wo, my grief was hirs, she wold not pleasant be. [Death,
But (oh) amid my ioyes came cruell canckred
And spiting at my pleasures reft my louing bird hir breath.
Who finding me alack, and absent on a day,
Caught bow in hand, and strak hir downe, a breding as she lay. [Doue,
Since I haue cause to waile the death of such a
(Good Turtles) help me to lament the losse of my true loue.
The tree whereon she sat shall be the place where I
Will sing my last, and end my life: for (Turtles) I must die.
You know it is our kinde, we can not liue alone,
More pleasant is the death to us then life when loue is gone.

To tell a farther tale my fainting breath denies.
And selfe same death that slue my Doue, begins to close mine eies.

THAT LOUERS

OUGHT TO SHUNNE NO PAINES TO ATTAINE THEIR LOUE.

IF Marchaunts in their warped Keales
commit themselues to waue,
And dreadfull daunger of the Goulfe
in tempest that doth raue,

To fet from farre and Forraine lands
such ware as is to sell,
And is not in their Natiue soile
where they themselues doe dwell:

If Souldiars serve in perills place,
and dread of Cannon shot,
Ech day in daunger of their liues
and Countrie losse God wot,

Whose Musick is the dreadfull Drumme
and dolefull Trumpets sounde,
Who haue in stead of better bed
the colde and stonie grounde,

And all t'attaine the spoile with speede
of such as doe withstande,
Which slender is sometime we see
when so it comes to hande:

If they for lucre hight sustaine
such perill as ensues,
Then those that serue the Lorde of Loue
no trauaile ought refuse.

But lavish of their lively breath
all tempest to abide,
To maintaine Loue and all his lawes
what Fortune so betide.

And not to shrink at erie showre
or stormie flawe that lights,
Ne yet to yeeld themselves as thrall
to such as with them fights.

Such are not fit for Cupids Campe,
they ought no wages win
Which faint before the clange of Trump
or Battels broyle begin.

They must not make account of hurt,
for Cupid hath in store
Continually within his Campe
a salue for erie sore.

Their Ensigne bearer is so stoute
ecleaped Hope by name,
As if they follow his aduise
eche thing shall be in frame.

But if for want of courage stoute
the Banner be bereft,
If hope by hap be stricken downe,
and no good hope yleft:

Tis time with Trump to blow retreate,
the Field must needes be woon:
So Cupid once be Captive tane,
his Souldiers are undoon.

Wherefore, what so they are that Loue
as waged men doe serue:
Must shun no daunger drift at all
ne from no perill swerue.

Keepe watch and warde the wakefull night
and neuer yeelde to rest:
For feare least thou a waiting naught
on sodaine be opprest.

Though hunger gripe thy emptie Maw
endure it for a while,
Till time doe serue with good repast
such famine to beguile.

Be not with chilly colde dismaide,
let Snow nor Ise procure
Thy lustfull limmes from painefull plight
thy Ladie to allure.

That is the spoyle that Cupid giues
that is the onely Wight
Whereat his Thralls are woont to roue
with Arrowes from their sight.

My selfe as one among the moe,
shall neuer spare to spend
My life, my limmes, yea hart and all
Loues quarrell to defend.

And so in recompense of paines
and toile of perills past,
He yeelde me but my Ladies loue:
I will not be agast.

Of Fortune, nor hir frowning face,
I naught shall force hir cheere,
But tend on erie turne on hir
that is my louing Feere.

A REQUEST

OF FRIENDSHIP TO VULCANS WYFE MADE BY MARS.

THOUGH fróward Fortune would that you who are
So braue a dame, with Vulcan shoulden linck:
Yet may you loue the lustie God of warre,
And bleare his eies that no such frawde will thinck.
Tis Cupids charge, and all the Gods agree,
That you be Feere to him, and Friend to mee.

THE LOUER

THAT HAD LOUED *LONG* WITHOUT REQUITAL OF GOOD WILL.

LONG did I loue, and likte hir passing well
Whose beautie bred the thraldom of my thought,
Long did I sue to hir for to expell
The foule disdain that beauties beames had wrought:
Long did I serue, and Long I would haue doon,
My minde was bent a thorow pace to roon.

Long when I had looude, sude, and serued so,
As mought haue likte as braue a Dame as shee,
Hir Friend shee forced not but let him go,
She looude at least besides him two or three:
Hir common cheare to erie one that sude,
Bred me to deeme shee did hir Friend delude.

Great was my griefe at first to be refusde
That Long had looude with true unfained hart,
But when I sawe I had been long abusde
I forste the lesse from such a friend to part:
Yet ere I gaue hir up I gainde a thing
That griefe to hir, and ease to me did bring.

TO A FRIEND

THAT WILD HIM TO BEWARE OF ENVIE.

THIS sounde aduise and counsell sent from you
With friendly hart that you (my friend) doe giue,
With willing minde I purpose to ensue,
And to beware of Enuie while I liue,
For spitefull it doth naught but malice brue
Aye seeking Loue from faithfull harts to riue,
And plant in place where perfit Friendship grue
A mortal hate good Nature to depriue:
And those that nip mee by the back behinde,
I trust you shall untrue reporters finde.

OF MISREPORTERS.

I HOPE (mine Owne) this fixed Loue of thine
Is so well staide and rooted deepe in brest
That not, unlesse thou see it with thine eine
That I from thee my loue and Friendship wrest,
Thou wilt untie the knot of thy behest.
I trust yourself of Enuie will beware
That wild your friend take heede of Enuies snare.

THAT NO MAN SHOULD WRITE BUT SUCH AS DOE EXCELL.

SHOULD no man write (say you)
but such as doe excell
This fonde deuise of yours deserues
A Bable and a Bell.

Then one alone should doe
or verie few in deede:
For that in erie Art there can
but one alone exceede.

Should others ydle bee
and waste their age in vaine,
That myght perhaps in after time
the prick and price attaine?

By practice skill is got
by practice wit is woonne.
At games you see how many doe
to win the wager roonne.

Yet one among the moe
doth beare away the Bell:
Is that a cause to say the rest
in running did not well?

If none in Phisick should
but onely Galene deale,
No doubt a thousand perish would
whome Physick now doth heale.

Eche one his Talent hath,
to use at his deuise:
Which makes that many men as well
as one are counted wise.

For if that Wit alone
in one should rest and raine,
Then God the skulles of other men
did make but all in vaine.

Let eche one trie his force,
and doe the best he can
For thereunto appointed were
the hande and hed of man.

The Poet Horace speakes
against thy reason plaine,
Who sayes, tis somewhat to attempt
although thou not attaine

The scope in erie thing:
to touch the highst degree
Is passing hard, to doe the best
sufficing is for thee.

TO HIS FRIEND,

DECLARING WHAT VERTUE IT IS TO STICK TO FORMER PLIGHTED FRIENDSHIP.

THE sage and Siluer haired Wights doe thinke
A vertue rare not to be prowde of mind
When Fortune smiles: nor cowardly to shrink
Though chaunged Chaunce do shew hir self unkind.
But chiefest prayse is to imbrace the man
In welth and wo with whome your loue began.

OF TWO DESPERATE MEN.

A MAN in deepe despaire with Hempe in hand
Went out in haste to ende his wretched dayes:
And where he thought the Gallo tree should stand
He found a pot of gold: he goes his wayes
Therewith eftsoone, and in exchaunge he left
The Rope wherewith he would his breath bereft.

The greedie Carle came within a space
That ownd the good, and saw the Pot behinde
Where Ruddocks lay, and in the Ruddocks place
A knottie Corde, but Ruddocks could not finde:
He caught the Hemp and hoong himselfe on tree,
For griefe that he his Treasure coulde not see.

OF THE TORMENTS OF HELL AND THE PAINES OF LOUE.

THOUGH they that wanted grace
and whilome liued heere,
Sustaine such pangues and paines in Hell
as doth by Bookes appeere.

Though restlesse be the rage
of that infernall route,
That voide of feare and Pitties plaint
doe flinge the fire aboute,

And tosse the blasing brandes
that neuer shall consume,
And breath on sicly Soules that sit
and suffer furious fume:

Though Tantall. Pelops Sonne
abide the Dropsie dry,
And sterue with hunger where he hath
both Foode and Water by:

Though Tytius doe indure
his Liuer to be rent
Of Vultures tyring on the same
unto his spoyle ybent:

And Sysiphe though with paine
and neuer stinting drift
Doe role the stone from Mountaynes top
and it to Mountaine lift:

Though Belydes doe broyle
and suffer endlesse paine,
In drawing water from the deepe
that falleth down againe:

Though Agamemnons Sonne
such retchlesse rage indure,
By meane of furies that with flame
his griefull smart procure:

Though Mynos hath assignde
Prometheus to the rack,
With hande and foote ystrecht awide
till all his limmes doe crack:

To leade a lothsome life
and die a living death,
Amid his paines to waste his winde
and yet to want no breath:

Though other stand in Stir
with Sulphur that doth flame,
And other plunge in Phlegiton
so gastly for the name:

Though Cerberus the kaie
of Plutos Denne that beares,
With hungrie throte and greedie gripe
the new come straunger teares:

Though these condemned Ghostes
such dreadfull paine indures,
Yet may they not compare at all
with pangues that Loue procures.

His tiring farre exceedes
the gnawing of the gripes,
And with his whip such lashes giues
that passe Megeras stripes.

He lets the Liuer lie,
tormenting aye the Hart:
He strikes and wounds his bounden thrall
with dubble hedded dart.

His fire exceedes the flame
of deepe Auernos lakes:
And where he once pretendes a plague
a spitefull spoyle he makes,

His foes doe wake by day
they dread to sleepe the night:
They banne the Sunne, they curse the Moone,
and all that else giues light.

They passe their lothsome liues
with not contented minde:
Their dolefull dayes drawe slow to date
as Cupid hath assignde.

To Tantall like, but yet
their case is worse than his:
They have that they imbrace, but straight
are quite bereft of blis.

They waste their winde in sighes
they bleare their eyes with brine:
They breake their bulcks with bowncing griefe,
their harts with lingring pine.

Though Orpheus were aliue
with Musick that appeasde
The uglie God of Lymbo Lake,
and soules so sore diseasde.

By Arte he might not ease
the Louers fervent fits,
Ne purchase him his harts desire
so troubled are his wits.

No place of quiet rest,
no roome deuoide of ruth:
No swaging of his endlesse paine
whose death doth trie his truth.

His Chamber serues for naught
but witnesse of his plaint,
His Bed and Bolster to bewaile
their Lord with Loue attaint.

The man for murther caught
and clogde with yron colde
To sweare that he more happie is
than Louers may be bolde.

For he in little space
his dreadfull day shall see,
But Cupids Thralls in dayly griefes
tormented dayly bee.

A thousand deaths they bide
whilst they in life remaine,
And onely plaints and stormie thoughts
they are the Louers gaine.

AN EPITAPH

OF THE DEATH OF MAISTER TUFTON OF KENT.

HERE may wee see the force of spitefull Death
And what a sway it beares in worldly things,
It neyther spares the one nor others breath,
He slayes the Keasers and the crowned Kings.

Nothing prevailes against his hatefull hande
He heares no suters when they pleade for life,
The rich mans purse cannot Deaths powre withstande,
Nor Souldiers sworde compare with fatall knife.

He recketh not of well renowmed fame
He forceth not a whit of golden Fee,
His greatest ioy is to obserue the name
Of such as seek immortall aye to bee.

For if that wealth, blood, lynage, or desart,
Loue, pittie, zeale or friendship mought preuaild,
If life well ledde, if true unfayned hart
Mought purchase lyfe: then Death had not assaild.

Then Tuftons lyfe with curst and cruell blade
Breaking the course of him that ranne so right
A race as he no stop at all had made
Had death not tript this Tufton for despight.

The poore haue lost, the rich haue nothing gainde,
The good haue cause to mourne, the yll to plaine:
For Tufton was to all a Friend unfainde.
Let Kent crie out that Death hath Tufton slaine,
Yet this there is whereof they may reioyce
That his good life hath wonne the peoples voyce.

AGAINE.

LET neuer man presume on worldly wealth,
Let riches neuer breede a loftie minde,
Let no man boast too much of perfite health
Let natures gifts make no man ouer blinde
For these are all but bladders full of winde.

Let friendship not enforce a retchlesse thought
Let no desart or life well led before,
Let no renowne or glorie greatly sought
Make man forget his present state the more:
For death is he that keepes and riddes the store.

If eyther health, or goods had beene of powre,
If Natures giftes, or friendship and good will,
If lyfe forepast, if glories Golden Bowre
Mought haue prevaild, or stopt the dolefull knill
Of Tufton, then had Tufton liued still.

But now you see that Death hath quight undoon
His last of lyfe, and put him to the foile:
Yet lives the vertue that aliue he woon,
The times alone are shrowded in the soile:
Thus Death is ende of all this worldlesse toile.

IN PRAYSE OF LADY P.

P. SEEMES of Venus stock to bee
for beauties comely grace
A Grysell for her grauitie
a Helen for her face:

A second Pallas for hir wit,
a Goddesse rare in sight,
A Dian for her daintinesse,
shee is so chaste a Wight.

Doe vew hir Corse with curious eie,
eche lim from top to toe,
And you shall say I tell but truth
that doe extoll hir soe.

The head as chiefe that standes aloft
and ouer looketh all,
With wisedome is so fully fraught
as Pallas there did stall.

Two Eares that trust no trifling tales
nor credit blazing brute:
Yet such againe as readie are
to heare the humbles sute.

Hir eies are such as will not gaze
on things not worthy sight,
And where she ought to cast a looke
she will not winck in spite.

The Golden Graines that greedie Guests
from Forraine Countries bring,
Ne shining Phœbus glittring beames
that on his Godhead spring:

No auncient Amber had in price
of Roman Matrons olde
May be comparde with splendent haires
that passe the Venys Golde.

Hir Nose adornes hir countnance so
in middle iustly plaste,
And at no time will permit
hir beautie be defaste.

Hir Mouth so small, hir Teeth so white
more than Whale his bone,
Hir Lips without so liuely red
that passe the Corall stone.

What needs I to describe hir Cheekes?
hir Chin? or els hir Pap?
For they are all as though the Rose
lodge in the Lillies lap.

What should I stand vpon the rest
or other partes depaint:
As little Hand with Fingers long?
my wits are all to faint.

Yet this I say in hir behalfe
if Helen were hir leeke,
Sir Paris needs not to disdaine
hir through the Seas to seeke:

Nor Menelaus was vnwise
or Troupe of Troians mad,
When he with them, and they with him,
for hir such combat had.

Leanders labour was not lost
that swam the surging Seas,
If Hero were of such a hue
whome so he sought to please.

And if Admetus Darling deare
were of so fresh a face,
Though Phœbus kept Admetus flock
it may not him disgrace.

Nor mightie Mauors way the floutes
and laughing of the rest,
If such a one were shee with whome
he lay in Vulcans Nest.

If Bryseis beautie were so braue,
Achylles needes no blame
Who left the campe and fled the field
for loosing such a Dame.

If she in Ida had bene seene
with Pallas and the rest,
I doubt where Paris would haue chose
Dame Venus for the best

Or if Pygmalion had but tane
a glimse of such a face,
He would not then his Idoll dumme
so feruently imbrace.

But what shall needs so many wordes
in things that are so plaine?
I say but that I doubt where kinde
can make the like againe.

THE LOUER

IN VTTER DISPAIRE OF HIS LADIES RETURNE, IN ECHE RESPECT COMPARES HIS ESTATE WITH TROYLUS.

My case with Troylus may compare,
For as he felt both sorrow and care:
Euen so doe I most Miser Wight,
That am a Troylus outright.
As ere he could atchieve his wish,
He fed of many a dolefull dish,
And day and night unto the Skies
The sielie Trojan kest his eies,
Requesting ruth at Cresids hande
In whome his life and death did stande:
So night and day I spent in wo,
Ere she hir pittie would bestow
To quight me from the painefull plight
That made me but a Martis right.
As when at last he favour founde,
And was recured of his wounde,
His grutching griefes to comfort grue,
And torments from the Trojan flue:
So when my Ladie did remooue
Hir rigour, and began to loove
Hir Vassel in such friendly sort,
As might appeere by outward port:
Then who began to joy but I
That stoode my Mistresse hart so nie?
Then (as the Trojan did) I soong
And out my Ladies vertues roong
So lowde, as all the world could telt
What was the meaning of the Bell.
And as that pleasaunt taste of ioy
That he endured had in Troy,
From sweetes to sower did convart,
When Cresida did thence depart:
So my forepassed pleasures arre
By spitefull Fortune put a farre
By hir departure from this place,
Where I was woont to view hir face.
So Angelike that shone in sight
Surpassing Phœbus golden light,
As when that Diomed the Greeke
Had giuen the Trojan Foe the gleeke.
And reft him Cresids comely hue
Which often made his hart to rue,

The wofull Troylus did lament,
And dolefull dayes in mourning spent:
So I bereft my louing Make,
To sighes and sobbings mee betake,
Repining that my fortune is
Of my desired Friend to misse,
And that a guilefull Greeke should bee
Esteemde of hir in such degree.
But though my fortune frame awrie,
And I dispoylde hir companie
Must waste the day and night in wo,
For that the Gods appointed so:
I maytholesse will wishe hir well
And better than to Cresid fell.
I pray she may haue better hap
Than beg hir bread with Dish and Clap,
As she the sielie Miser did
When Troylus by the Spittle rid.
God shield hir from the Lazars lore
And lothsome Leapers stincking sore,
And for the loue I earst hir bare
I wishe hir as my selfe to fare:
My selfe that am a Trojan true
As shee full well by trial knue.
And as King Priams worthie Sonne
All other Ladies seemde to shonne
For loue of Cresid: so doe I
All Venus Dearlings quight defie,
In minde to loue them all aleeke,
That leaue a Trojan for a Greeke.

THE LOUER

DECLARETH WHAT HE WOULD HAUE IF HE MIGHT OBTAINE HIS WISH.

If Gods would daine to lend
a listning eare to mee
And yeelde me my demaunde at full,
what thinke you it to bee?

Not to excell in seate
or wield the Regall Mace,
Or Scepter in such stately sort
as might commende the place.

For as their Hawle is hie,
so is their ruine rough,
As those that earst have felt the fall
declare it well ynough.

Ne would I wishe by warre
and bloudie blade in fist,
To gore the grounde with giltlesse bloud
of such as would resist.

For Tirants though a whyle
doe leade their liues in ioy,
Yet Tirants trie in trackt of time
how bloodshed doth annoy.

I would none office crave,
ne Consulship request:
For that such rule is full of rage,
and fraught with all unrest.

Ne would I wish for welth
in great excesse to flow,
Whiche keepes the Keyes of discords Denne
as all the world doth know.

But my desire should farre
such base requests excell,
That I might hir enjoy at will
whome I do loue so well.

O mighty God of Gods
I were assured than
In happie hap him to surpasse
that were the happiest man.

Then might I march in mirth
with well contented minde,
And joy to thinke that I in loue
such blissefull hap did finde.

What friendly wordes should we
together then recite?
More than my tongue is able tell
or this poore Pen to write.

Then should my hart reioyce
and thereby comfort take,
As they haue felt that earst haue had
the use of such a Make.

If Fortune then would frowne
or sought me to disgraee:
The touching of hir chirry lip
such sorrowes would displace.

Or if such griefe did growe
as might procure my smart,
Hir long and limber armes to mee
might soone reduce my hart.

For as by foming flouds
the fleating Fishes lives:
To Salamanders as the flame
their onely comfort giues:

So doth thy Beautie (P.)
my sorrowes quite expell:
And makes me fare where I should faint
unlesse thou loudste mee well.

And as by waters want,
fish falleth to decay,
And Salamander cannot liue
when flame is tane away:

So absence from hir sight
whole Sens of sorrowes makes,
Which presence of that Paragon
by secret vertue slakes.

Would Death would spare to spoyle
and crooked age to rase
(As they are woont by course of kinde)
Pees beautie in this case.

Yet though their rigour rage,
and powre by proofe be plaine:
If P. should die tomorrow next,
yet P. should liue againe.

For Phœnix by his kinde
to Phœnix will returne,
When he by force of Phœbus flame
in scalding skies doe burne.

Then P. must needes reuiue
that is a Phœnix plaine:
And P. by lack of lively breath
shall be a P. againe.

OF A GENTLEWOMAN

THAT WILDE HIR LOUER TO WEARE GREENE BAYES IN TOKEN OF HIR STEDFAST LOUE TOWARDS HIM.

B. TOLDE me that the Bay would aye be greene,
And neuer chaunge his hue for winters thret:
Wherefore (quoth shee) that plainly may be seene
What loue thy Ladie beares, the Lawrell get.

A braunch aloft upon the Helmet weare,
Presuming that untill the Lawrell die
And loze his native colour, I will beare
A faithfull hart, and neuer swerue awrie.

I (siely soule) did smile with ioyfull brow
Hoping that Daphnis would retainde hir hue
And not haue chaungde: and lykewise that the vow
My Ladie made would make my Ladie true.

O Gods, beholde the chaunce, I wore the Tree
And honord it as stay of stedfast loue:
But sodainly the Lawrell might I see
To looke as browne as doth the brownest Doue.

I marveld much at this unwoonted sight:
Within a day or two came newes to mee
That shee had chaungde, and swarvde hir friendship quight
Wherefore affie in neither trull nor tree.
For I perceive that colours lightly chaunge,
And Ladies loue on sodaine waxeth strawnge.

AN EPITAPH OF MAISTER EDWARDS

SOMETIME MAISTER OF THE CHILDREN OF THE CHAPPELL, AND GENTLEMAN OF LYNCOLNS INNE OF COURT.

YE learned Muses nine
and sacred sisters all,
Now lay your cheerfull Cithrons downe
and to lamenting fall.

Rent off these Garlands greene
doe Lawell Leaues away,
Remoove the Myrtell from your browes
and stint on strings to play.

For he that led the daunce
the chiefest of your traine,
(I meane the man that Edwards height)
by cruell death is slaine.

Yee Courtyers chaunge your cheere,
lament in wailefull wise,
For now your Orpheus hath resignde,
in clay his Carcas lyes.

O ruth, he is bereft
that whilst he liued heere
For Poets Pen and passing wit
could haue no Englishe Peere.

His vaine in Verse was such,
so stately eke his stile
His feate in forging sugred Songs
with cleane and curious file.

As all the learned Greekes
and Romaines would repine
If they did liue againe, to vewe
his Verse with scornefull eine.

From Plautus he the Palme
and learned Terence wan,
His writings well declarde the Wit,
that lurcked in the man.

O Death thou stoodste in dread
that Edwards by his art
And wisedome would haue scapt thy shaft
and fled thy furious Dart.

This feare enforste thy fist
thy cursed Bow to bende,
And let the fatall Arrow flie
that Edwards life did ende.

But spite of all thy spite
when all thy hate is tride,
(Thou cursed Death) his earned praise
in Mouth of Man shall bide.

Wherefore (O Fame) I say
in trumpe thy lipps applie,
And blow a blast that Edwards brute
may pierce the Golden Skie.

For here bylow in earth
his name is so well knowne:
As eche that know his life, laments
that he so soone is gone.

AN EPITAPH

ON THE DEATH OF MAISTER ARTHUR BROOKE DROWNDE IN PASSING TO NEW HAVEN.

AT point to ende and finish this my Booke,
Come good report to mee, and wild me write
A dolefull Verse, in praise of Arthur Brooke
That age to come lament his fortune might.

A greede (quoth I) for sure his Vertues were
As many as his yeares in number few:
The Muses him in learned laps did beare,
And Pallas Dug this daintie Bab did chew.

Apollo lent him Lute for solace sake
To sound his Verse by touch of stately string,
And of the neuer fading Bayde did make
A Lawrell Crowne, about his browes to cling,

In proufe that he for Myter did excell
As may be iudge by Iuliet and hir mate:
For there he shewde his cunning passing well
When he the Tale to Englishe did translate.

But what? as he to forraine Realme was bownd
With others moe his Soueraigne Queene to serue,
Amid the Seas unluckie youth was drownd,
More speedie death than such one did deserue.

Aye mee, that time (thou crooked Delphin)
Wast thou, Aryons help and onely stay, [where
That safely him from Sea to shore didst beare?
When Brooke was drownd why wast thou then away?

If sound of harp thyne eare delighted so
And causer was that he bestrid thy back,
Then doubtlesse thou moughst well on Brooke bestow
As good a turne to saue him from the wrack.

For sure his hande Aryons Harp excelde,
His pleasant Pen did passe the others skill,
Who so his Booke with iudging eie beheld
Gaue thanks to him, and praisde his learned quill.

Thou cruell Goulf what meanst thou to devoure
With supping Seas a Iewell of such fame?
Why didst thou so with water marre the Flowre
That Pallas thought so curiously to frame?

Unhappie was the Hauen which he sought,
Cruell the Seas whereon his Ship did glide,
The windes to rough that Brooke to ruin brought,
Unskilfull he that undertooke to glide.

But sithens teares can not reuoke the ded,
Nor cries recall a drowned man to lande:
Let this suffice t' extall the lyfe he led
And print his praise in house of Fame to stande
That they that after us shall bee and liue
Deserued praise to Arthur Brooke may giue.
quoth G..T.

OF THE RENOWMED LADY, LADY ANNE COUNTESSE WARWICK.

An Earle was your Sire a worthie wight,
A Countesse gave you Tot, a noble Dame,
An Earle is your Feere, a Mars outright,
A Countesse eke your selfe of bruted fame:
A brother Lord your Father Earles sonne,
Thus doth renowne in Lordes and Earles ronne.

You were well knowne of Russels race a childe,
Of Bedford's blood that now doth liue an Earle,
Now Warwicks wife, a warlike man in fielde,
And Venus Peere, a ritch and orient Pearle,
Wherefore to you that Sister, Childe and Wife
To Lorde and Earles are, I wishe long life.

You Alpha were when I this Booke begoonne
And formest, as became your state did stande,
To be Omega now you will not shoonne,
(O noble Dame) I trust: but take with hande
This ragged rime, and with a courteous looke
And Cowntesse eie peruse this trifling Booke.

THE AUTHOURS EPILOGE TO HIS BOOKE.

The countnance of this Noble Cowntesse marck
When she thy Verse with eie that Saphire like
Doth shine surueyes, let be thy onely carck
To note hir Lookes: and if she ought mislike
Say that thou shouldst haue hid it from hir sight
Thy Authour made the best for hir delight.

The worst he wild in couert scrole to lurke
Untill the Beare were ouerlickt afresh,
For why in deede this hastie hatched wurke
Resembleth much the shapelesse lumpe of flesh
That Beares bring forth, So when I lick thee ouer
Thou shalt (I trust) thy perfite shape recouer.

END OF VOL. II.

00043532

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 28 September, 2015